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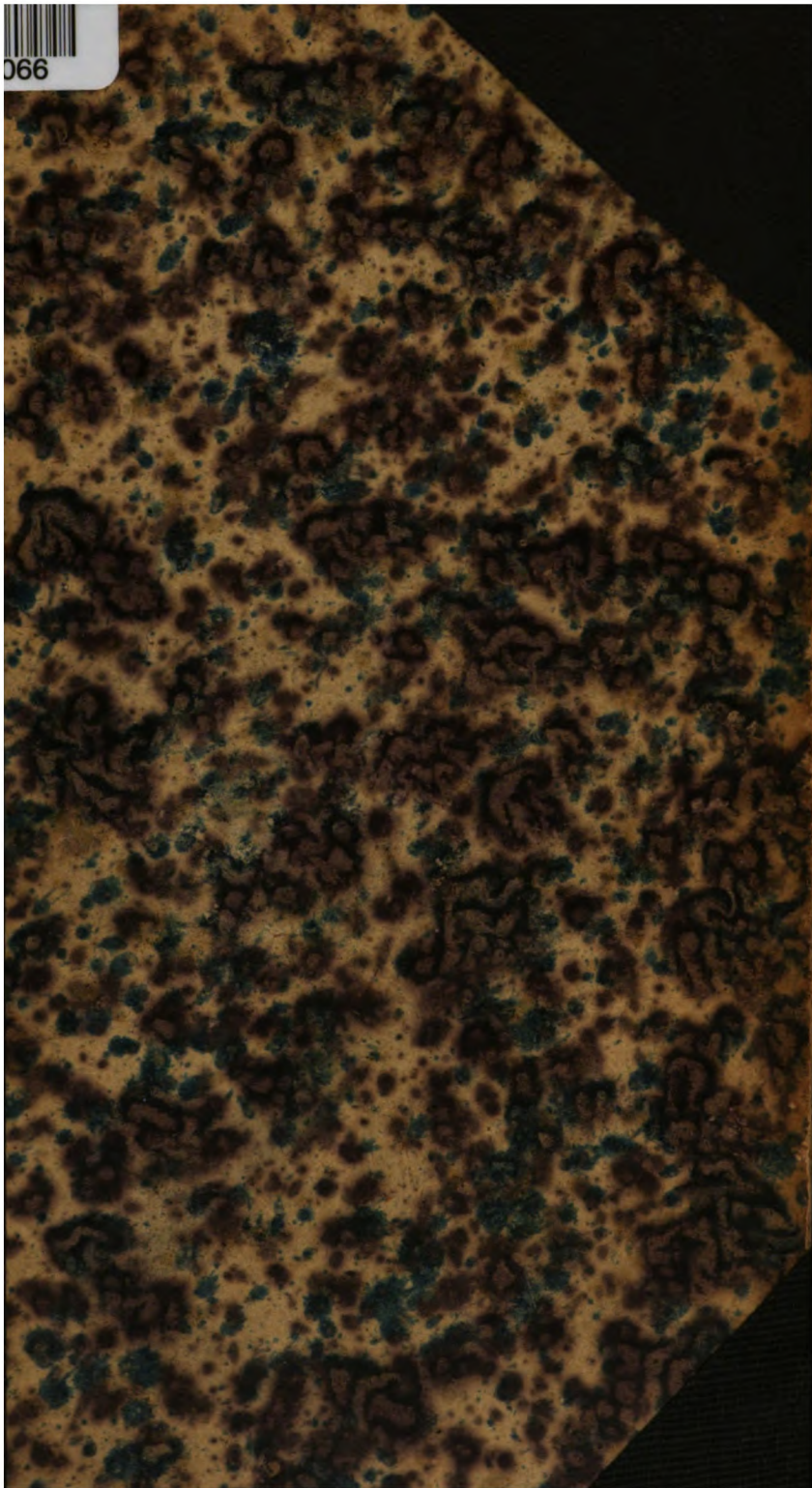
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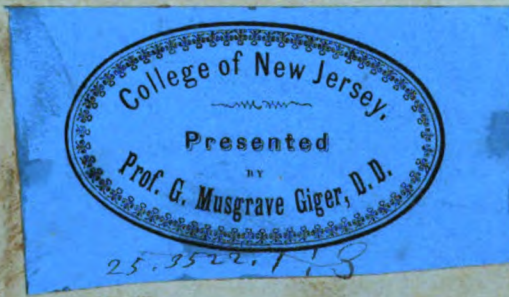
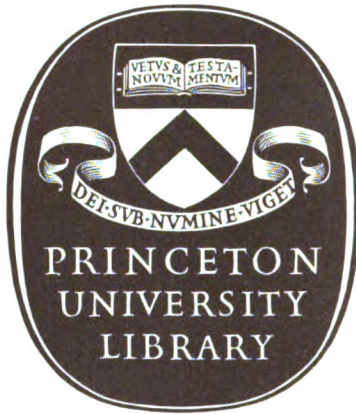
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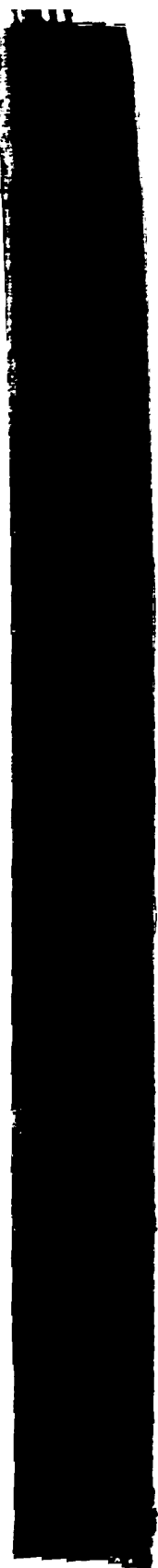
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THE
AMERICAN FREEMASON;
A MONTHLY
MASONIC MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY BRO. J. F. BRENNAN, S.: P.: R.: S.:

VOLUME III.



NEW YORK:
J. F. BRENNAN, 221 CENTRE STREET.
1859.



VOL. 8.

A. L. 5859.—JANUARY.—A. D. 1859.

No. 1.

Romance of American Masonic History.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORGAN'S ARREST.

DARK and fearful are the consequences attendant on departure from the path of rectitude. Overwhelmingly the waves of remorse roll their cold billows over the wrecked soul. Man is made to mourn, hopelessly, over his own destruction. It is too late, too late, to retrace. The unimproved past can not be recalled; but its voices come down to us in our low estate, thundering in our ears, "You might have done better, but you would not." On, on in the way to destruction the misled man has hurried, until the vortex is open before him; and as he sees its voracious mouth ready to engulf him in everlasting ruin, he shrieks forth a long, loud, piercing cry for "help! help!" There is none; he is beyond the reach of human aid; a moment more he is lost—lost forever!

The first step from the straight and narrow path of right might be easily retraced, did it not increase within us, in a tenfold ratio, the desire which prompted to this first dereliction. Could we, with eye of ancient seer, look down the future and see the dread abyss of misery in which this first fatal step must inevitably plunge us, unless retaken, we would turn with death-like horror from all temptation. The charmer, charm he never so wisely,

would be impotent to arrest our attention even for a moment. "Life! life!" we would cry. "We hasten on to life." Like the young princess in Arabian fable, we would stop our ears, then drive our fingers into them, and turning neither to the right nor the left, we would press on, with fixed eye, to the goal of all our high resolves; and never would our determination flag, until the mountain summit should be reached, and the prize secured.

And are there not block stones enough, on either hand, to warn us of the dangers of the way? Surely, surely! Are not the hideous voices of those who have "looked back," ever wailing in our ears as we journey on, warning enough to us to press on? Is not the prize which awaits us enough to nerve our hearts, amid all the trials of the way, to press on—on? Surely, surely! Talking bird and golden fountain are nought compared with the palm branch and the crown which the victor over temptation shall wear.

Morgan stepped aside from the right way. He made no effort to return, but pursued, with avidity, the road to ruin. And ruin he found, temporal and eternal. Those who, from misguided zeal, undertook to direct his way, failed in the accomplishment of their end. They, too, were wrong. Let the direful consequences

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.

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of that most terrific and mysterious history be a lasting monument of their folly. "They who sow to the wind, shall reap the whirlwind."

The morning of the 11th of September came. Gloriously it unfolded its beauty over the earth. Nature smiled as brightly and peacefully as though the evil passions of men were not stirred to their deepest depths. How striking the contrast between the Eden serenity of the great mother, and the wild, "fantastic tricks" of her senseless children. Surely the angels *must* weep tears of pitying sadness over the sinful deeds of fallen man.

Morgan rose, on the morning of the 11th of September, nervous and excitable. The scenes of the 8th and 10th, of which we shall speak hereafter, had alarmed him, giving him to feel that he was not altogether safe. He knew that he had acted shamefully. Conscience, though greatly seared, told him of the heinousness of his act. He felt that he deserved to be punished; and a sense of his own guilt, and of the power of those whom he had offended, made him apprehensive of sudden and summary vengeance. He had spent most of the day before in excited conversation with Miller and his friends. While the peaceable, order-loving citizens of Batavia had gone up to the house of God, to worship there, Miller and Morgan, and their accomplices, were discussing their plans for future operation, and canvassing the probabilities of success. The occurrences of the previous Friday night were dwelt on at length, and vows were exchanged among the company to defend, to the death, the office and manuscripts already prepared.

Morgan had gone from these scenes, at a late hour of the night, to rest. Scarcely had he fallen asleep before the cry of fire rang through the village. Jumping from his bed, he rushed to his window to hear the cry of "Miller's office on fire! Miller's office on fire!"

Dressing himself hastily, he left for the office. His wife earnestly besought him to remain at home, urging upon him that since he was so much the object of suspicion and dislike, that his life was endangered by his presence at such scenes. He heeded not her entreaties, but left her to weep over his rashness, and ran to the spot.

His services were not needed. The fire was almost extinguished when he arrived, and the assailants were gone.

He was to finish up the last few pages of the manuscript that day. His wife, now pale and worn with constant fear and excitement, assisted him in his work. She had used her utmost endeavors to prevent his engaging in such a dishonorable undertaking, but finding her efforts useless, she had been induced, partly by threats and partly by seductive entreaty, to give her husband such aid as she could.

Morgan, as we have said, had risen early, that he might finish up the few remaining pages of the copy for the book. He had seated himself by the table in the back room, having first drank freely of his brandy toddy, which he always deemed necessary in the morning, to quicken his ideas, and enable him to write, when a knock was heard at the front door. His wife was engaged preparing breakfast for the family, and he, thinking it was a messenger from Col. Miller, rose, went to the door, and opened it. A stranger presented himself.

"William Morgan?" said the stranger, whose dark brow, and little, gray eyes, betokened severity and shrewdness.

"That is my name," responded Morgan, eyeing the stranger from head to foot, while a strange fear seized upon his heart. "Will you walk in?"

"I have business with you, sir, of a private nature. Can I see you alone?" he added, as Mrs. Morgan came into the room to answer his loud rap.

Morgan invited him into the back room, trembling as he walked along. A sudden weakness had seized him.

"Take a chair," said Morgan to him, as they reached the room."

The stranger paid no attention to his invitation, but running his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, he drew forth a huge old leathern pocket-book, and after opening it, and turning over the papers it contained, he drew forth one, and like a man accustomed to his business, read it to Morgan.

"And what am I to do?" Morgan asked, trembling from head to foot, and pale as a corpse.

"You are to go with me, sir, to Canandaigua, there to be tried for petit larceny, as this warrant reads."

"And who is my accuser?" asked Morgan, convulsively, his fright having prevented him from hearing the reading of the warrant distinctly.

"E. C. Kingsley, of the town of Canandaigua; and this warrant was issued by Justice Jeffrey Chipman; so you see it is all right, and you had just as well make up your mind to go with me without further ado."

Morgan saw that resistance was useless. There was no one to give him aid or advice. He must submit. This was inevitable. A strange and sudden apprehension seized him. "Fear makes cowards of us all." He trembled like one in an ague fit, and appeared like one bereft of his wits.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he said to the officer, "I'll get ready to go with you; but let me see my wife first."

He moved toward the door. The officer did not dare to trust him. "You must not leave my sight, Mr. Morgan," he said to him, as Morgan was about to pass out.

Just at this moment Mrs. Morgan came into the adjoining room. Her husband met her, and told her that a friend of his had come for him to go with him on some business to Canandaigua, and he was going with him to the tavern to breakfast.

"To-morrow or next day, Lucinda. Take care of the children;" and he kissed her, a thing he had not done for months. This little expression of affection aroused her fears. She turned deathly pale. In a moment her mind was filled with a thousand horrid imaginings. But she did not speak. Fear had sealed her lips in silence. She longed, yet dreaded to know the worst.

A moment more, and the constable, with Morgan, had left the house. They proceeded to Danold's tavern, where they were met by those friends of the constable who had accompanied him from Canandaigua. His friends welcomed him with the prisoner with smiles and nods of congratulation. They were glad to see that there was to be no trouble. Breakfast was ready. Hayward and his company, with Morgan in their midst, sat

down to the table. Before the meal was over Col. Miller appeared. Soon it was arranged that he and others should go Morgan's bail for the limits. The matter was duly attended to. Miller returned to the tavern, and insisted that Morgan should not be taken from the limits, thereby rendering his bail responsible.

"He must not go, sir," he said earnestly to Hayward and two of his friends, Seymour and Scofield. "Mr. Morgan must not leave this place; I am his bail, gentlemen, and I will be held liable for his forfeiture. He can not go."

"But he must and shall go," replied Halloway Hayward, the constable. "He is a prisoner of the law, and I will take him to Canandaigua. You may say what you will about bail."

Miller looked round upon the party of the constable. He saw it was a determined company. He did not want a row. So he concluded it was best to let matters take their course. Yet he could not let Morgan go without another effort for his release.

"Leave him, and let the trial come off here. We can not let him leave, and thereby subject ourselves to a fine."

"The matter is for the people; it is for them I am acting; and I am going to do what's right. Get ready, Mr. Morgan, we must be gone. The carriage will be here in a few minutes."

Morgan made no objection, but willingly obeyed the command. Miller, seeing his case was hopeless, gave up its pleading, and bidding Morgan farewell, left the tavern for his office. Seymour, Howard, Roberts, and Scofield, assisted Hayward in his arrangements, and soon the party were on their way.

Great was the sensation this step produced. Some said the masons had taken Morgan away to keep him from bringing out his book. Others that he was arrested for debt, and was going to be put in jail. Various were the surmises concerning his fate. The whole village was astir, and nothing was talked of during the day but the arrest of Morgan. The whole community for miles around was in a ferment.

The party proceeded on their journey until they reached Le Roy. During the way Morgan was dull and morose. This

was his natural habit with strangers, and now the circumstances made him unusually so. As they approached the town, the constable turned to his prisoner, and remarked,

"This warrant was indorsed by a Justice of the Peace residing here, Mr. Morgan, and if you desire it, you can go before him and give bail for your appearance at the next court of General Sessions of the Peace, to be held in the county of Ontario. You can do this, and be at liberty. What do you think of it?"

Morgan paused a moment, and then answered, "No, I'll not do it."

"And why not, Mr. Morgan? You can then be at liberty, and can return to your family."

"No; I won't do it; I want to see Kingsley. I want to show him that I did not steal his shirt and cravat."

"You had better use this privilege offered you. What if the trial should go against you?"

"I do n't think it can. I did not steal Kingsley's clothes. He loaned them to me, and I have not yet returned them. I will go to the trial."

"Very well," answered the constable. "Do just as you please."

Morgan rode on in comparative silence. Hayward laughed and jested with his companions who rode on either side of the carriage. Toward evening they rode into Canandaigua. The day was too far advanced to bring the matter to trial that day.

Morgan was placed under guard until the morning. He was then carried before the justice. There he met the plaintiff face to face. They had once been friends. Cold and stern they looked at each other without any words of recognition.

Morgan showed that the articles in question had been loaned him by Kingsley, and it was only neglect on his part that they had not been returned. He proved that he came lawfully into possession of the articles, and intended to restore them to their owner.

The Justice decided the case. It was not felony. Morgan was therefore discharged.

He was making preparations to return to Batavia, when another warrant was

served upon him, in favor of Aaron Ackley, of Canandaigua, for a debt which he owed him. The case was tried; judgment confessed; and because of his inability to pay, an execution was issued, by virtue of which his body was seized and thrown into the town jail. He had no one to go his security. There was no friend to liquidate the debt. He had no means of communicating with his family or friends in Batavia.

As he passed from the Justice's room along the street to the jail, he began to feel that he was about to reap the reward of his crime. High-handed justice had at last overtaken him. "I have acted the part of a madman, and now I am made to see my folly. Why did I suffer myself to be made the dupe of a cunning man, whose only aim is money. I have acted the fool, and no mistake."

A crowd followed him from the court room to the jail, hissing out their contempt of him.

"Break his solemn pledges," said one, "for the sake of gold."

"Sell his soul for money," shouted another. "Unprincipled villain."

"Dastardly coward," exclaimed a third.

"See how mean he looks," yelled a fourth.

Those who bore him to jail made every endeavor to suppress the yells of the crowd, but their efforts had but little effect. The meanness of Morgan's course was generally known, and the community was incensed to the highest degree. Yells and shouts followed him to the jail, and the exasperated crowd were only satisfied when they saw Hall, the jailor, show the prisoner to his cell, and lock the door of the jail after him.

We now leave Morgan to his own reflections, bitter and remorseful, and turn our attention to Batavia, where scenes of equal excitement await us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN MORGAN'S MANUSCRIPT
—FAILURE—ATTEMPT TO BURN COL. MILLER'S OFFICE—DEFEAT.

FROM the 8th to the 14th of September, 1826 was a time ever to be remembered, not only in Central New York, where the frightful scene occurred which will

ever render this period memorable, but throughout our Union and the Masonic world. Disastrous in their consequences to all connected with them, they will serve as a warning to all future generations; showing the folly and fatality of rashness and revenge. In occurrences such as these all parties are culpable. Party zeal, inflamed by the irrational acts and expressions of those who rush headlong into things, never counting the cost, and wholly reckless of consequences, is never anything better than the madness and fury of demons. Men seem metamorphosed into fiends, and brother turns against brother to destroy him, with all the cruelty and rapaciousness of a beast of prey. Sad, sad spectacle: "Man's inhumanity to man."

Miller had announced "Morgan's Exposition of Masonry" in his own paper, and had caused it to be announced in all the papers over which he and the anti-masons had any influence.

The excitement spread on the wings of the wind. Miller was delighted to see his plan succeeding so admirably. He assured his partner that nothing was wanting now "but to rush the book. Get it out; get it out, and the people will have it, cost what it may."

He hastened his moneyed arrangements to meet the demands of the case. Every energy was taxed to the utmost in the accomplishment of his purpose. Golden visions were spread out before him, in the future, by the enchantress, and promises of attainment were ever whispered in his ear by her deceiving tongue. "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

Meantime the excitement was gaining ground daily, hourly. Men had become wild. The home was forsaken; business left unattended; the daily concerns of life were neglected, that they might meet in the streets to talk over the wonderful affair. It was the only topic of the day. In every hamlet—in every public place—in the streets—in the by-ways—everywhere, *everywhere*, men, women, and children were busy with the theme.

The paper which had been started in Batavia in opposition to Miller, took up the opposite side of the question, and

attacked him in terms of the most virulent character; called him a low, unprincipled man, destitute of all honor, and willing to barter the little of respectability which yet lingered round his name for sordid gold. His intemperate habits were made the subject of public comment. The shameful part he had acted, both as a man and a mason, in betraying the secrets of the Fraternity, was brought to light; and the righteous indignation of a justly incensed community, called down upon his head, for this infamous act. His cowardice in duping Morgan to act for him, and shielding himself behind one who was wholly irresponsible, was held up to the public gaze as a crime which should sink its perpetrator in hopeless disgrace. He defended himself against such attacks as best he could, and retaliated by affirming that Masonry was a grand plan of hypocrisy, and that men in becoming masons took such oaths as disqualified them from acting their part as loyal subjects to the existing government.

Party feeling had reached its highest pitch. At last a plan was set on foot by a few misled masons, aided by others who had more zeal than discretion, to secure the manuscript at all hazard, and thereby end the disgraceful and infamous undertaking of Miller and Morgan. This was a rash and foolish step, and its consequences were dire, as our future history of it will show. Men, through excitement, seemed bereft of their senses, and "played fantastic tricks" enough to "make the angels weep."

Wise and prudent masons discountenanced the whole project, and protested against it. They pointed out its certain results, disastrous to all parties. But their advice and warnings were all of no avail. The passions of men were wildly excited, and they could not be curbed by salutary counsel. Nothing but sad experience could teach them wisdom. But this came too late.

Persons of all classes, supposed to be at all favorable to the project, were conversed with, and propositions were made to them to engage in the undertaking, which was to mob Miller's office, and by force obtain the Morgan papers; or, in the event this could not be done to set

fire to the building, and thereby destroy every vestige of what might be already prepared, and thus certainly prevent Miller from ever again undertaking the matter.

This proposed proceeding was founded in rashness, and terminated as all such attempts do, in *utter failure*.

Some, however, were disposed to countenance the movement, as reckless as it was; others who were applied to opposed it bitterly. The prudent pointed out the wrong, and warned the originators against its fatal results. But there will always be found men who are ready to engage in any undertaking that promises excitement—are willing to suffer inglorious *defeat* if they can but make the *attempt* to triumph. And among this class the infection spread like wildfire. No one took time to count the cost. "The papers! The papers!! Morgan's papers must be had," was the watchword; and secretly, or as secretly as such men generally manage, the undertaking was carried on to its consummation.

The night of the 8th of September was dark and dreary. A slow, penetrating rain had been falling through the live-long day, and threateningly the clouds gathered round the horizon as the night folded in.

The village of Batavia, the surrounding country, the contiguous villages, had been in the highest state of ferment during the day just closed. Partisan had met brother partisan, and in all the warmth and earnestness of blind zeal, they had inflamed each other's prejudice, until "Death to the hilt" had been vowed upon by the members of the antagonistic factions.

It was believed that Miller had received a large portion of the manuscript, which was now in his office. It was known that he and Morgan had been much together of late, and it was supposed the purpose had been to correct the copy. Miller had been seen only a few days before returning from Morgan's house to his office with a roll of papers under his arm, which the zealots of masonry were sure was the detested book.

The inhabitants of the village had retired to rest. Deep sleep had fallen upon most of them. Here and there, however,

might be seen a lone, flickering light, showing that some industrious artisan yet pursued his daily toil far into the night, that he might earn his daily bread.

Suddenly there rang out on the still, midnight air loud yells and horrible imprecations.

"Down with it! down with it! level it to the ground! Kill the wretches! kill them, and get the papers! Ho, boys, to the work! now is the victory! Let their cursed works perish with them!"

Louder and louder grew the fury of the mob. Louder and louder rang out their oaths of vengeance. Frightened, many started from their beds, and rushed to the windows and doors, to see what was the cause of this dreadful melee. The matter was soon explained, when it was ascertained that the yells and shrieks proceeded from the neighborhood of Col. Miller's office.

"Strike down the coward; level him to the earth," cried out the voice of one who seemed to be the commander-in-chief of the motley assemblage.

"Do n't let him escape; take him, take him alive," exclaimed another, in a pitched voice.

They had forgotten all commands of silence and prudence. Party zeal had overcome all pledges to conduct their plans so as not to be discovered.

The commander saw this, and at the same time it was manifest that the office was well guarded, and any who dared enter did it at the peril of life. The bravadoes, seeing that nothing could be effected, wisely determined to withdraw. The word was passed through the body, consisting of about fifty men, and in a moment all was quiet, and the assailants were gone. This was Friday night, September 8th, 1826.

The next day the whole village was in a ferment. The news spread rapidly from house to house. An armed band of desperadoes had attacked Miller's office, threatening to raze it to the ground. Rumor exaggerated the account, until the handful of men swelled to hundreds, armed to the teeth. Women were frightened, men were full of determination and revenge. "The cowardly assassins should be overtaken and brought to justice. Not one should escape. They

deserved to be hanged for the outrage. To attack a peaceable village at the hour of midnight was base cowardice, and must be made to suffer a just penalty."

Thus reasoned the Miller party and the scared women and children. Others wished heartily that they had succeeded in getting hold of the base villain who was ready to sell position, name, eye, even his soul for money. It would be a benefit to society to rid it of such a nuisance; and if they had taken him and hung him it would have been a blessing. The "moderates," of both parties, regretted the whole affair, deeming it far better for the laws of the land to take their course.

Miller and Morgan were warned to be on their guard, lest at some unsuspecting moment they might be seized upon.

But Miller did not heed advice. He passed unguardedly through the streets, greeted sometimes with mutterings of contempt and reproach, at others he was hailed with delight by his servile admirers.

The Sabbath brought but little abatement of the furore. Squads of men could be seen assembled on the corners of the streets, and around the doors of the public houses and drinking places, with animated countenances, excited gestures, and loud words, discussing the one theme. But few found time to accompany their families to church. The evening was spent in the same manner as the morning. Rumor was rife with the news of an intended expedition to burn up Miller and all connected with the office. Men feared for their wives and families, and children crept slyly and fearfully to bed, expecting to be burned up before morning.

The moon was shining coldly from the autumnal sky, looking down peacefully on the earth, where slept furious hate, prejudice, sorrow, and hopeless, helpless woe. Her mild, radiant face smiled, but not with warmth, over the scene. Men had grown weary with the day's labor, and had given themselves to sleep and dreams. Sweetly slept infants in their mothers' arms, and children nestled close to each other in their little trundle-beds. Fear was forgotten. All was peaceful, still.

"Fire! Fire!" rang out on the mid-

night air. Every house was a scene of hurried tumult. "Fire! Fire!" met the ears of those who sprang from their beds and rushed wildly to their doors. "Fire! Fire! Col. Miller's office is on fire."

Men half dressed, and wild with consternation, hastened from their homes to the scene of action. "Fire! Fire!" rang out on the still air. In a few moments a number of men had reached the spot. It was soon ascertained that incendiaries were at work. To defend the sleeping inmates of the house from a sudden and awful death, was the determination of all. Pursuit was made. The assailants fled, throwing their lanterns at their pursuers.

"Water, water," was the cry, as the flames burst from the building. "Water, or they perish," was heard above the din of confusion.

The office and building immediately connected contained about thirty souls. They must be saved from death. Steadily and effectively did the men labor. Water was found convenient, and in a few minutes the flames were subdued.

Thus again was the rashness of a few misguided men thwarted in its aims, and crime which would have brought disgrace and the penalty due it upon its perpetrators, was prevented, for the time.

(To be continued.)

OUR WIVES.

I'm a clerk in the office of Plutus Pilpay;

He's thirty—I'm fifty or near;

His income, at least, is one hundred a day,

While mine's but a hundred a year.

Fine broadcloth his coat, while coarse
home-spun I wear;

He's booted, while I am but shod;

All's one! with us both, back and feet
must go bare

When we travel the highway of God.

His house is a wonder; in fact, I've been
told

That 't was shown at a shilling a peep!
There are gardens and aviaries, velvet
and gold—

In short, everything that's *not* cheap.
There's a chapel, in which 't is a pleasure
to pray;

Religion made easy for lust;

And here, every Sabbath, my master,
 Pilpay,
 Rehearses the Sleep of the Just.

His table is splendid with crystal and
 plate,
 His cellar is daintily stored;
 And there's no tedious Lazarus begs at
 his gate
 For the morsels that fall from his board.
 Seven horses he keeps, though I know
 that he rides
 In a stage every day of his life;
 But of all his live stock—and he's others
 besides—
 The most costly, I hear, is his wife.

Mrs. Pilpay's the fashion, as far as the art
 Of Madame Le Marabout goes;
 Her bonnets break many a feminine heart,
 And the neighbors cabal o'er her clothes.
 How she rustles along to her pew in Grace
 Church,
 Most smilingly marshalled by Brown!
 While poor I for some corner laboriously
 search,
 To escape that great autocrat's frown.

Mrs. Pilpay kneels close to the altar,
 while I
 Can scarce catch a glimpse of the shrine;
 I wonder if He, for whose mercy we cry,
 Hears her prayers any better than mine.
 Does she pray? That's the question. For
 sometimes I've seen
 In her hands books suspiciously bound—
 Strange volumes got up in unorthodox
 green,
 And heathenish gilding all round!

Mrs. Pilpay is every Wednesday "at home"
 To all of her friends save her spouse;
 He, on such state occasions, is bound not
 to come
 Within ten rifle-shots of his house.
 For a husband is all very well in his place,
 Which means, in his office down town;
 But his presence would carry uxorial dis-
 grace
 Were he seen in the circles of Brown.

Mrs. Pilpay a very fine woman is thought—
 Tall, dashing, and haughtily bred;
 A splendid complexion—I know where
 'tis bought!
 Raven hair—but no more on *that* head!
 I've heard people say she was gay, indis-
 creet,
 And point with a smile at the "boss;"

But bless you, he's too much engaged in
 "the street,"
 With his profit, to think of his loss!
 Many times at my desk, when the checks
 I fill out,
 For the thousands we daily disburse,
 And I've lunched upon crackers and ap-
 ples, and doubt
 If I've got still a groat in my purse,
 I think, spite of Pilpay's magnificent life,
 Splendid wife, splendid house, and the
 rest,
 I've got a home too, and a dear little wife
 That I would not exchange for his best.

My home's but a chamber; a back one,
 what's more;
 Our carpet was bought second-hand;
 Wife makes up the bed, cooks the meals,
 sweeps the floor,
 Nor e'en to mend shirts is too grand.
 And in one of the cosiest ends of the room,
 Snugly nestled 'mid curtains of white,
 Lies a blest little angel, of heavenly bloom,
 Familiarly called "Heart's Delight!"

My home's rather poor, as you see; but
 I swear
 There is sunshine all over the place—
 A sunshine that breaks from my wife's
 golden hair,
 And baby's miraculous face!
 It gilds the bare wall with a magical tone;
 It turns our plain platters to gold;
 Yet we have not got that alchemical
 So sought by the sages of old. [stone

My wife does not purchase her dresses
 up-town,
 And seldom gets any thing new;
 But she makes better show with a dimity
 gown
 Than I think Mrs. Pilpay could do.
 Her bonnet needs no finer roses than those
 That ruddily glow in her cheeks;
 Nor has Mrs. Pilpay such pearls as the rows
 That glisten whenever she speaks.

So though I'm a small clerk with Plutus
 Pilpay,
 And am shabbily coated, I fear—
 And although he is worth a full hundred
 a day,
 And I but one hundred a year—
 I'm richer than he in the treasures of life,
 In spite of his horses and house;
 For when I was wedded I married a *wife*,
 While he was fobbed off with a *spouse*!

ROBERT CARNARSON, OR, THE MASONIC BREASTPIN.



GRANNY GRUNT TELLING HER STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF THE COLTERS.

A TALE OF INDIAN TIMES.

BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

IN TWO PARTS.

"The Moor, the Hindoo, the wandering Ishmaelite, nay, even the *Red Man* of the forest, has knelt humbly at our altars, and acknowledged the humanizing influences of Freemasonry."—*Extract from a Masonic Address.**

PART ONE.

THE SURPRISE AND RALLY.

THERE were hurry and disorder in the public square of Catesby, confusion and terror in its dwellings. The morning meal was either unprepared, in the confusion of the hour, or if spread, was untasted by those who had mingled with the multitude around the courthouse. Women with dishevelled hair and garments all disarranged, men half clad, barefoot and laden heavily with the

weight of children, children snatched from their little beds and screaming at the top of their voices at the unaccustomed bustle—such were the objects that filled the western roads to Catesby and spread consternation, right and left, as they came. Every few minutes some horseman would dash furiously by, scattering the mud in the faces of the pedestrians, and almost breaking his heart with shouts of *Indians*, *Indians*, as he came to the suburbs of the town. Evidences of terror and the effects of fright, in many instances ludicrous enough, were visible all around.

And truly the news was frightful, sufficiently so to justify any amount of consternation. For the Indians, who were in pay of those liberal employers, the British, had made a sudden foray across the river the night before, and not only

* We must not be supposed to indorse the opinion conveyed in this extract, from the simple fact that it needs proof. Such an instance as that illustrated in this sketch may have occurred, but we deny that an Ancient Craft Mason can make himself known to either of the above, unless the latter has learned his masonry in a lodge of Ancient Craft Masons, in Europe or America, or at least, one established by masons made in such a *edge*.—*Editor Am. F.*

captured much valuable property and destroyed much more, but left fearful evidences of their blood-thirst in the show of eleven corpses, parents, grandparents, and seven children of the Colter family, all slain and scalped by their infernal hands. And all this had happened since the going down of yesterday's sun, and within five miles of the town of Catesby!

Various reports, some of them highly exaggerated and absurd, were brought in by the country people. Those who lived farthest from the scene of action, and consequently knew the least of the matter, made up in ingenuity what they wanted in fact. The most reliable information was from old widow Bruson, (commonly called styled Granny Grunt) who, living near neighbor to the Colters, was the first to discover the savages, and to look at this display of their ferocity. She described it as a piteous spectacle. "The allduman (old woman) had never crawled out of her bed for seven long years with the roomaty (rheumatism)," she said, "and the tarnal fant's (phantoms) had skulped her as she lay, arter they'd knocked the leetle sense the poor creetur had all outener (out of her). Miss (Mrs.) Coulter had fout the devils like a she painter (panther) twell (until) all the meat was hacked offen her arms. The broom she'd cotched up was chopped in two with their cussed tomahawks. The old man lay outen (outside) the door with his head clean off. They'd called him outen his bed, seems like, and when he poked his head out to see who was there, they tuck it smack off at the neck. But the most dismallest thing ever you seen, since the Lord made you was the childer, (children.) Seven sweet, precious—" Here the old lady's withered cheeks were bathed in a torrent of tears, answered by hundreds of those who stood around. "Seven sweet, precious babies, who'd come to my cabin only yesterday, to bring poor old granny a gourd of milk—all of 'em dead in a row—close by the fire-place—scalped—little Mary's arms round her twin brother's neck."

Such a tale as this, told in the public square of Catesby to five hundred people, was no everyday affair.

But now a more cheerful cry was heard,

"Major Hodges is coming," and upon the back of it, the noise of bugle and drum and the clattering of a troop of horse gave stirring token that something beyond groans and tears might be anticipated.

The doughty major had received intelligence of the massacre a little after sunrise, and so quick were his movements that within two hours, he had collected about thirty of his neighbors, mounted them, called out the drummer and bugler of his regiment and was here at Catesby, equipped and provisioned for marching against the savages. A tremendous shout from the crowd acknowledged his alacrity, and his zeal that morning was remembered afterward at the polls when the major changed the color of his feather and donned a general's uniform.

In war time, and especially upon the frontiers, no man waits for orders or a commission. A very short period sufficed for the major to open a rendezvous for volunteers and to arrange a plan by which four scouting parties of twenty-five men each should follow up the Indian trail. The major himself headed one of the parties and the number of his mess was soon filled up.

Archimedes Dobrot, the town tailor, a famous Indian fighter who had been at the river Raisin, and nearly lost his scalp with the rest, headed the second; and he, too, was fortunate enough to fill the ranks without difficulty. The third and fourth companies were not so successful, although an abundance of patriotic speeches were made, enough, one would have thought, to put the war spirit into a snail.

Kruptos, the attorney, a splendid speaker, mounted the stump in person and was fast inclining public opinion toward the volunteering point, when his eloquence was suddenly checked by the proposition of an impertinent fellow in the crowd, an enemy of his, who offered to go as volunteer and take his three sons with him, if he, Kruptos, would go too. This disgusting proposal was unworthy of reply, and Kruptos retired amid the jeers, it must be confessed, of the whole square.

The first and second parties got off shortly after noon. The third contrived

to fill its ranks by help of certain spirituous stimuli well known to all recruiting sergeants, and that also dashed off in the direction of the river anxious to compensate for the delay. The fourth company had scarcely a half a dozen members by sundown, and so much coolness in volunteering was evident, that there was even a talk of desisting from farther trial. But this was not so to be. The cowardly determination was changed by the timely arrival of Robert Carnarson who had heard, late in the day, of the danger, and hastened to town on the wings of the intelligence.

This young gentleman was familiar with everybody in Catesby, as appeared by his shaking hands with one half the crowd, and calling the others by name. He was a stout, well-built individual, of some five and twenty years of age, possessing a bland look and one of those fortunate voices, that, without being absolutely musical, pleases every ear, and makes its possessor popular, if only for his tongue's sake.

He was well-bred, and moved among the crowd as first among his equals, using such language as betokened a polished education, although not untinctured with the localisms of the borders. His dress like his manners was gentlemanly but not finical; the material being costly, while the make was countrified and plain. He was furnished with an elegant sword, holster pistols, and gun, and rode the best horse—so said Boyett, and he ought to know, for he had owned him three times—the best horse in the country, by twenty dollars.

That he had come fully bent upon volunteering, could be known by his preparations, and the first words he uttered, "Keep a vacancy for me, Captain Webster, for I am going with you, if you will take me."

Accompanying him were two others, Mr. Socrates Ely and Tim, whose surname no mortal being knew.

The former had graduated in the same college class with Robert Carnarson, and being disposed to literary pursuits had gone west and offered his services in various quarters as a school teacher. Strange to say, he had failed in every application, and always on account of

the same cause, his *hand-writing*. It must be confessed that his pen-marks were mysterious ones, and might, some of them, have puzzled Champollion himself, had it been in his day, to solve them. But it certainly argued a poor appreciation of literary valor, on the part of school trustees, to reject a polished scholar, (a curiously wrought stone,) and an estimable gentleman, merely on the account of his penmanship. But so they did, and Socrates Ely, A. M., after spending all his loose change in a vain search for employment, gladly accepted Robert's invitation to come and live with him, and there he had remained ever since, studying Euclid by day, and Homer by night, and laying a thousand plans for immortality.

Mr. Ely had volunteered merely to accompany his college chum, and knowing so little of sword and gun, he might as well have brought a deacon's rod from the lodge room, as the old queen's arm musket that he had balanced painfully upon his shoulder, to the great detriment of his overcoat.

Tim, the nameless, was a block altogether of a different pattern, being to trades and calling what Socrates Ely, A. M., was to science—a universal adept. It was said, that he became a Freemason to find out something about Hiram, the widow's son, who, the Bible informs us, was a goldsmith, silversmith, iron founder, brass founder, stone mason, carpenter, spinner, weaver, dyer, tailor, and last of all, engraver. Tim was born with a jack-knife in his hand. He had served apprentice to nine trades, (three months to each,) and in every instance, excelled his master in practical skill before his time was out. He had made a fiddle at twelve years old; a wagon, out and out, wood and iron, at twenty; taken out eleven patents; dug wells; built chimneys; erected houses; soldered tin ware; shod horses; mended clocks; and painted signs. Tim had enlisted in the present call for volunteers merely because he had never helped to kill a man, and he felt that his education would not be completed until he did.

The accession of these three, and the spirit-stirring oration made by Mr. Carnarson, from the courthouse steps, soon

revived the spirit of patriotism, and filled up the quarter hundred by dusk. As it had become so late in the day, it was agreed upon, by all hands, that the company should now separate, to meet again promptly at sunrise, armed and equipped for marching: and so the multitude broke up, exhausted by the day's excitement.

Let us follow Robert Carnarson, whom we have installed as the hero of our tale.

After a supper hastily eaten at the public inn, he might have been seen immediately afterward, wending his way to the well-known residence of Mr. Baldridge, father of Miss Josephine Baldridge, whose hand Robert had bespoken for the dance of life some months before. This announcement will convince our readers, at the very outset, that we have no love tale for their amusement; the love scenes, the tender question, the blushing reply, the ecstatic thanks, the sighs, the smiles, and the grips—all these time-honored landmarks in love's Freemasonry, had been carefully preserved, and the parties had made suitable proficiency in this first degree of the mysteries preparatory to that of the second, or *the marrying degree*. Among that cool and deliberate portion of our population that live nearest the north pole, it is maintained, that at least six months ought to elapse between these two degrees; nature herself has pointed out the interval to the third.

The love affair, then, between Robert and Josephine, will not detain us long in the recital.

The former, after a rapid walk to Mr. Baldridge's dwelling—if the reader ever visits Catesby, he will recognize it by the green posts in the portico—rapped at the door with love's own signal, the latter kindly acting as his conductor, answered it, and admitted him; a certain ceremony of reception was gone through with, only understood by the initiated, and they never, *never* reveal it; and then the applicant was led to the very sanctum of the dwelling—the parlor—and into the presence of the family.

When Mr. Carnarson stated the object of his visit to Catesby, there was, at first, a profound silence. Josephine turned pale, and looked as though she would like to dissuade her lover from his warlike purpose. If this were her intention, how-

ever, it was forestalled by an encouraging remark from her father, who congratulated Robert on his intention. "It was the duty of every young man," he said, "to come forward at such a crisis as this. Had his knee suffered him to mount a horse, the cowardly youngsters who filled the square to-day, might have clung to their mothers' petticoats, and he would have volunteered himself. He would have been half way to the river with that brave major Hodges. The trifling boys, the chuckle-headed babies"—and here a sudden cough intervened to close the sentence.

Much judicious advice was then added, as to the best course for a scouting party to pursue; for the old gentleman had been a volunteer under Mad Anthony Wayne, and he knew all about it: and then the family retired, leaving Josephine and her lover to the uninterrupted use of the parlor. A lover's lodge, in the first degree, was opened forthwith. But it is improper to make a written record of the proceedings. It is enough for the reader to know that these two lovers had been well instructed to keep the work of each degree to itself, and they governed themselves accordingly.

Being about to part, the young lady, with many a sigh, and tear, presented a token to her lover, and bade him wear it for her sake. She said: "It was the property of poor Aleck, (her deceased brother,) and was taken from his body after that horrid accident. I knew that you were members of the same lodge, and I feel that this circumstance will impart to it a double value in your eyes. You are going upon a dangerous service, dear Robert, and must take good care of yourself on my account. Remember, you are not your own, for I have accepted you—a poor bargain, I am sure:"—the young lady was making a hysteric attempt at wit—"a poor bargain—and—and—but never mind my nonsense, dear Robert, only take good care of yourself, for you are all—all"—here the prepositions and conjunctions were strangely neglected. "I shall expect to see you back in a week or two; and whenever you look at poor Aleck's breastpin, think of—think of—no matter for the rest."

The breastpin was simply a golden

square and compass, manufactured by that Tubal Cain of a fellow, Tim, who had made it for Alexander Baldrige, while the latter was Worshipful Master of the Catesby Lodge.

To his hotel, Robert now returned, to find Mr. Socrates Ely still sitting up, poring over his Homer, although the hour was the very earliest in the morning, and Tim, who had just finished a handsome lion-headed riding whip, expressly for the campaign.

Promptly at sunrise, the cavalcade assembled and set forth. The day's hard riding took them more than forty miles from Catesby, and to the camp of Major Hodges' party, who had preceded them on the march the day before. Here they learned that the Indians, under a noted chief, had crossed the river in much greater force than had been at first supposed, and had done immense mischief in various settlements on the route. Many parties of the whites had been formed to reconnoiter, and, if prudent, to attack them; and nearly half the regiment of the Blues was out endeavoring to intercept them in their return route. The news was stirring, indeed; and the Catesby companies joined camps together that night, fully anticipating, before another, to meet the savages in battle.

It is a thrilling scene—one of these military encampments. The large fires, whose scarlet hue contrasts forcibly with the thick shade of the forest, rendering it even more profoundly black in the comparison, presents one of the most brilliant displays of coloring imaginable. The cheerful jest, unrestrained by the presence of stranger, or woman; the broad opening of heart to heart, by the social influences of the occasion; the symbolic groupings of stars over head; the mysterious voices of the night around; nothing in life's memory dwells longer on the mind of a soldier than an encampment scene.

The mess which Robert Carnarson had formed for his own special accommodation, consisted of Tim, the artificer, Ely, his old college comrade, and the two brothers, Ellison, his neighbors, sons of a widow woman—widowed by the pestilence of interperence. These five had built a fire at a little distance from the rest,

or rather, Tim had built it, while the others looked on his handy way with stares of admiration; had cooked a bountiful supper, or rather, Tim had cooked it, while they assisted him with epithets commendatory; and they were now cosily sitting upon some seats that ingenious Tim had fabricated out of the limbs of the oaks that were melting into ashes before them.

The conversation started with a jocular remark from one of the Ellisons, who had observed the square and compass on Robert's bosom. He thought that Bob was *determined* that folks should know he was a mason anyhow, for he carried his jewel on his breast.

"And where else would you have a jewel worn?" responded the indefatigable Tim, who was fitting a spare spring into the lock of Ely's musket—that essential portion of the mechanism having been abstracted from it years before. "Where else but on his breast *should* a Freemason wear his jewels? Next to the heart is the place, and if I aint mistaken, that's the very jewel that Aleck Baldrige had in his shirt bosom at the time the coach load of passengers was drowned in Secon's river. I ought to know that jewel, seeing as how I made it; and if you'll press the lower part of the square hard, you'll learn something about it, Bob, that Josephine herself did n't know of when she gave it to you."

His directions were followed by Robert, the others crowding around to see the result; and, to the astonishment of everybody, the square flew apart, and was transformed into a perfect double triangle, upon the inside of which was engraved, in microscopic characters, the name, age, and Masonic standing of the owner, and this passage of Scripture from 2 Chronicles ii, 14: "*To find out every device which shall be put to him.*" On the other side, a number of masonic symbols exquisitely executed.

"Yes," pursued Tim, when the murmurs of surprise were hushed, "I made that breastpin, and intended it for another, but when Aleck waited on me day and night, time I broke my arm, I gave it to him. Aleck never knew of that secret spring at all, for I meant to have my own fun out of him some day

about it. But poor fellow, he was hurried away to his last account without a moment's warning. We discovered the bodies of the seven passengers in a drift below the ford, more than two weeks after the accident. You could n't have told your father from your mother, the bodies were so decayed. But I pointed out Aleck's from the rest, for on his breast was this jewel, and I knew it to be the jewel which I had given him as a token of gratitude."

"Tell us, Bob," inquired one of the Ellisons, "what's the rule for trying men who want to be masons? Father used to say before he took to drink, that the masons rejected him because he was one-legged." "Ha, ha, ha," roared Tim, "a one-legged man a mason! why how on earth could he—ha, ha, ha,—how could such a man—that's too good a joke! ha, ha, ha! I think I see him——"

"Every person desiring admission," said Ely, quoting from memory out of the ancient constitution of masonry, "every person desiring admission must be upright in body, not deformed or dismembered at the time of making, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be."

"If you really wish to know our rule," replied Robert, "our published books give it clearly enough. The ancient writer who spoke of a sound mind in a sound body, gave our masonic model with great exactness. Many a fine house has a despicable tenant, while many a noble soul dwells in a hovel. Now, while masonry is too much of the building art to endure the shabby cabin for a dwelling, she is quite too nice to accept the finest temple unless the god therein dwells."

"Fact," pursued Tim, speaking with his mouth full of gun screws, "fact, I knowed a man once down on the Olean, who was said to have been rejected nine times because he had such a d—l of a temper. The masons did n't believe they could control him; and yet he was the richest man in the place. I'm told he swore he'd get up a political party some day a purpose to break down masonry and have his revenge; but he can no more injure it than this rotten old lock can injure my new spring." At the word snap went the steel, affording a most unfortunate point to his illustration, and occupying

all his attention for the remainder of the sitting to remedy it.*

In another hour all was still in the soldiers' camp. The sentinels walked drowsily to and fro in the paths, or paused to lean against some favoring tree, and snatched a hasty doze. The sky began to change. Mutterings of distant thunder were heard in the south. The voices of the night were all absorbed in the roarings of the blast that portended a storm. The sentinels, widely awakened by the disagreeable prospect, roused up the whole camp to prepare for it. There were no tents, it being a cavalry scout; and the only thing that could be done, was to stake down the blankets in the best position to afford a shelter, heap heavy wood on the fires, and await the result: but this preparation was in vain. The gusts increased in violence, tearing away the frail shelters, and bearing them far above the tree tops. Then the heavy fall of decaying trunks shook the ground, and the volunteers felt that a hurricane was approaching them dry shod. All around was a thick darkness that might be felt.

The pitying stars had withdrawn their rays, unwilling to look down upon such a scene of devastation. The weaker branches from the forest trees fell thickly on every side, threatening both limb and life. A minute longer, and the tempest broke in its fury. Fortunately for the safety of the encampment, the center of the gale passed a few hundred yards below them; but the elemental force on the edge of the current was a fearful index to the whole. Those who had not taken the precaution to shelter themselves behind the larger trees, were dashed violently to the ground and grievously stunned. But the duration of a hurricane on land is rarely long. In another hour the frightened party had collected again to compare their losses, and, as far as possible, repair damages. Tim manufactured for himself a blanket cap in place of a hat blown clear away. Fires were rekindled, wet garments dried, and by daylight the encampment was again lost in sleep.

(To be continued.)

* This anecdote, and Tim's prophetic omen, will recall to the mind of the informed reader, the circumstances that led to the antimasonic warfare of 1826-36.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



THE BREAKFAST SCENE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PLOTTERS UNMASKED.

*"Friends are like shadows, seen only in sunshine."
COUNT OF OLD FAIR.*

THE morning was a gloomy one, and the party in St. James' Square were assembled at a late hour in the breakfast room of Sir William Charles Playwell's mansion. Her ladyship was doing the honors of the table, while her husband perused the morning papers, in which occupation he was assisted by the unobtrusive attention of Amy Lawrence, who cut the journals, and laid them one after the other upon a side-table, ready to his hand.

The old general was seated in an easy chair—the climate of England did not

agree with his Indian constitution. He had been dragged the preceding night, much against his will, to a ball at Almack's, of which fashionable place of resort his sister-in-law was one of the lady patronesses; and, to use his nephew's own expression, he was surly as a bear. Adolphus was amusing himself by feeding a French poodle from his plate, while Jane Clara, his unamiable sister, was vainly attempting to make herself agreeable to the uncle.

"Whew! what a draught!" peevishly observed the old man.

In an instant his niece ran and fetched her cashmere from the sofa, and threw it round the general's neck.

"There," she said; "it's my best cashmere; I would n't lend it to any human

being but yourself—that will keep you warm."

"Thank you!" growled the uncle.

Lady Playwell smiled: with her knowledge of the world, she saw that her daughter's worldly attentions would only be valued by the equally worldly-minded general at their true worth.

"How provoking!" muttered the baronet, annoyed at some paragraph he had been reading in the paper.

"What's the matter?" demanded his brother.

"Nothing—only I spoke last night. You know I am not a vain man, but I may say, without flattery, that I certainly did produce some effect."

Here his dutiful son yawned, by way of illustrating the effect his father's discourse must have produced. Her ladyship, who understood him, quietly smiled.

"The minister," continued the baronet, "was all attention, the opposition for once silent, and yet the *Times*—the ungrateful *Times*—merely states: 'Sir William Charles Playwell followed, on the same side of the question.'"

Meeting with no reply or sympathy, the speaker continued to read his journal.

"Do you know who is to be at Miss Million's ball?" demanded the captain of his mother, as he assisted her to a wing of a curried pheasant poul.

"The old set, I suppose."

"And who is Miss Million?" inquired the general, struck by the name.

"The richest heiress in London," replied the lady; "a *parvenu*, but set in a gilt frame; she dotes upon Adolphus."

"Does she?"

"But the silly boy," continued his mamma, "is so disinterested."

The uncle opened his eyes, as much as to intimate that he never should have suspected such a thing.

"Yes," continued the vain mother; "and although the poor girl gives him every encouragement, I can't induce him to propose. Your brother, as you are aware, general, is not rich; besides, there is a claim to a peerage in the family, which, with the influence such a fortune would give, it would not be difficult to revive."

"Ah—true," observed the general; "the Earldom of Bury. I recollect the

minister offered it to me after the affair of Mooltan, but I declined it."

"You did?" exclaimed the lady, with surprise.

"Of course I did. What the deuce did I want with a peerage?—I have no children."

"But you have a nephew, general," bitterly observed the lady.

A low, inarticulate "humph" was the rejoinder, and the conversation suddenly dropped; nor was it resumed till a second paragraph caught the baronet's attention.

"Dear me! sad news from India."

"From the Punjaub?" eagerly inquired his brother.

"No—from Bombay. The house of Alexander, Hyams, and Company has failed for more than two millions of money. Sad thing for our merchants at home."

An idea suddenly struck General Playwell, who, in his way, was as great a shammer as his sister-in-law. He had long wished to prove the sincerity of the attentions by which he was hourly overwhelmed, and the present seemed a fit occasion. Claspings his hands together, as if he had received a dreadful shock, he exclaimed:

"Failed! ruin—beggary!"

"Uncle!"

"Brother!"

Her ladyship and Adolphus were silent.

"Yes," continued the old soldier, "ruined. All my fortune was placed in their hands. I don't think that I have a thousand pounds' credit in Europe, after a life of toil like mine, when I thought of making those who love me happy. Dreadful—cruel reverse!"

"Frightful!" said Jane Clara, at the same time quietly withdrawing her cashmere from the back of his easy chair.

"What will you do?"

A close observer might have seen an effort to repress a smile; but the general did repress it.

"Brother," exclaimed Sir William, rising from his seat, "this is, indeed, a sad reverse. But bear up manfully: and remember," he added, shaking him warmly by the hand, "that the house and purse of your brother are ever open to you."

"Thank God!" muttered the old soldier to himself; "my brother's heart is true as steel."

"Beautiful!" lisped Adolphus, throwing himself back in his chair, and stretching out his legs. "My father deals in fine sentiments—he has a good heart."

"It runs away with time," observed her ladyship, a poor relative might be very disagreeable in her splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

"Pity it's all moonshine!" added the Captain. "The fact is, general, the governor is poor—dreadfully poor—hasn't got over the last election. Where do you think of going?"

"Going?" repeated his uncle.

"Ay. Cheltenham, I've heard, is a very quiet place: lots of half-pay people reside there. Of course you have got your half-pay all right?"

"Fear not," said the old man, bitterly. "I shall not be reduced to depend upon my relatives for bread."

"Of course not. Highly spirited, and very proper."

"Jane, my dear," continued her uncle, in a light, mocking tone, "read the papers to me?"

"Can't," replied the young lady, brusquely; "I have something else to do."

With these words she flounced out of the room. Her dream of fortune was gone; and the fine old soldier, whom she had so lately flattered and toadied, became a very uninteresting personage in her eyes.

"Miss Lawrence," said Lady Playwell, who was anxious for an excuse to leave the breakfast-room, "I have some notes to send; will you oblige me with your assistance in my dressing-room. Good morning, general," she added, with easy, yet cold politeness. "Of course we shall meet at dinner?"

In a few moments, under one pretext or another, the old man, so lately idolized, was left alone. Despite his queer, sarcastic temper, he had some generous, noble qualities. He had returned to England prepared to love his brother's children—to adopt them as his own. The shock he had received was a most painful one.

"So," he exclaimed, "this is the tie of blood, the love of kindred! Here have I been wasting my youth and manhood under a burning sun, to pile up wealth for those I thought would love me, and at the first frown of fortune they turn from me with professions of pity, hollow and

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insulting as their pretended love. I'll punish them," he added, "where only such crawling reptiles feel—in their avarice—in their disappointed pride. I'll enrich a beggar with my wealth—found an hospital for fools—return to India. Oh!" exclaimed the old man, "it is a bitter thing to stand on earth alone, without one heart to beat for us—one human creature to love us!"

There was a gentle tap at the door of the breakfast-room.

"Come in," said the general, gruffly.

The door opened, and Rigid made his appearance; instead of his usual free, independent manner, his air was humble and respectful.

"What do you want?" demanded his master.

"Any orders, general?" said the poor fellow.

"No. I suppose you have heard the news, Rigid?"

"I have, general: and the worst news it is since I left the service. That French monkey of a valet, Mr. Adolphus' gentleman, as he calls himself, told it out in the servants' hall."

"Did he?"

There was a pause, and Rigid evidently wished to say something, but did not know how to set about it. His master eyed him curiously; from his usual saucy, blunt behavior, he expected that the fellow was only anxious to find occasion to leave him.

"Speak out," he muttered, roughly, "if you have any thing to say."

"I have, general," said the poor man. "I am afraid that I have been very disrespectful lately."

"Pretty well for that."

"Given you a great deal of trouble."

"Humph!"

"It shan't occur again—I promise you that; only let me stay with you—I'll be dutiful as you could wish."

"I can't afford to keep a household on my half-pay," replied his master; "it's little enough for myself."

"You forget my annuity, general?"

"No I don't; that is secured to you. You need not be uneasy—enough will remain to pay that."

"Pay it!" exclaimed the old soldier, dashing aside a tear; "but I deserve it—no, I do n't," he added, "I own I have,

been surly, overbearing, and independent; but you were rich then. But I did hope you knew Jack Rigid better than to suppose that he could enjoy independence, while his old general wanted. Here, take it!"

The speaker drew the deed of gift from his bosom and thrust it into his master's hand. General Playwell was almost choked with emotion. At the moment he was complaining that there was not a being in the world to care for him, he found under the rough exterior of his servant, a fidelity and attachment beyond suspicion.

"No, no," he faltered; "I don't want it."

"Take it said the man. "You won't? then here she goes."

He was in the very act of destroying the deed which gave him independence for life, when his master laid his hand upon his arm, and arrested his intention.

"Rigid," he said, with a smile and a tear upon his fine old countenance; "listen to me—you can keep a secret?"

"Try me, general."

"It's all a hoax—I am not ruined."

"Not ruined!" repeated the astonished servant; "why, what the devil—"

"Hush! it's only meant to try the affection of my relatives."

The features of the human crab-apple, as his master termed him, suddenly assumed their former appearance of dissatisfaction and independence. He hastily thrust the deed into his pocket, exclaiming in a surly tone:

"Like you; you are always playing some fool's trick or another. As for your fine relatives, it was all very well to deceive them; but to play such a deception on me! No matter—I'll tell them a bit of my mind."

"Not for the world!"

"Won't I!" said the man, moving toward the door.

"Halt!" exclaimed the general, in a tone of military command.

Instinctively the old soldier drew up and saluted military fashion.

"Sergeant Rigid is ordered," continued his master, in the same tone, "to keep his tongue close prisoner till further orders. Given at head-quarters. Playwell, general in command. Stand at ease! Dismiss!"

Rigid saluted—wheeled toward the door, and marched out.

The general, who had taken this singular mode of communicating his wishes, felt convinced they would be implicitly obeyed. The old soldier very likely might have resisted his entreaties; but a military order he was never known to break,—like his master, he was a thorough disciplinarian.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

Virtue and poverty are hourly shamed
By the world's passions. Vice in gaudy trim,
Assails poor innocence at every step.—OLD PLAT.

WHILE General Playwell was supposed to be rich his presence acted as a protection to Amy Lawrence against the persecutions of his nephew; but no sooner was he thought to be poor, than they were renewed with all their former insolence. Vainly had the girl written both to Dr. Currey, and her friends the Bowles'—no letter arrived; and day after day she waited for a reply with all the sickening anxiety of an aching heart. And well might she wait; for the unprincipled captain, piqued by her coldness, had bribed the servant whose duty it was to take all the letters of the family to the post, to abstract hers from the bag; and those which arrived from Mary Heartland, and her friends were likewise kept from her.

On entering the drawing-room earlier than usual one morning Adolphus found the unhappy girl in tears. The puppy flattered himself that he had at last made an impression; and, full of this idea, ventured to press his suit.

"Really, Miss Amy, I am distressed to see you in grief. Come," he added, "be reasonable—ask yourself if it is not your own fault?"

Indeed, sir, it is not," replied the young lady; "it is my misfortune."

"Is love always a misfortune!" demanded the young man, with a conceited smile. "I am sure he must have an insensible heart that could be cold to such charms—a very different one from mine, Amy," he continued, "I adore you—I have told you so a hundred times. I can't live without you—upon my honor I can't; despite your coldness, which is very

proper, no doubt, before my mother and sister. I am equally convinced that I am not indifferent to you. Come, confess that you love me?"

"Sir," said the astonished Amy, "I had hoped that this ridiculous scene would not be repeated.—How often have I told you that even if our rank in life were the same, I could never consent to be your wife!"

"Wife!" repeated the coxcomb, regarding her with an air of amused surprise, as if he wondered how any girl in her senses, in Amy's humble position could entertain such an ambitious thought.—"Why, yes, perhaps in time you might; for I dare say I should become very fond of you."

The blush of outraged virtue rose to the pale cheek of the unprotected girl, and her mild eyes suddenly flashed with scorn. Hitherto she had deemed that his intentions were at least honorable. Even under that supposition they were insupportable to her, for she despised him no less for his fatuity than for his presumption. But the idea that she could ever descend to become his mistress made her loathe him. For the first time she felt all the bitterness of her dependent position. She tried to speak, but tears choked her utterance, and she hid her burning countenance with her trembling hands.

"There, now," continued the puppy, who attributed her emotion to a cause far more flattering to his vanity "don't weep! though some girls never look so beautiful as when they are in tears! I did not say absolutely that I should not marry you.—We shall have time to arrange all that at a future moment, my sweet girl!"

He tried to take her hand—the touch seemed to electrify her, and she started back as though she had trodden upon a venomous creeping thing.—Pride—innocence—the memory of the past—all came to her aid, and she answered him with a calm bitterness, scarcely to have been expected from one of her years and naturally gentle disposition.

"If I have hitherto remained silent, sir, it was that indignation at your infamous proposal struck me almost dumb. Your egregious vanity would be amusing were it not insulting; but I have yet to learn that emptiness of head can atone for the

want of heart. Had your addresses been honorable, to me they would have been distasteful. Till this hour I imagined there could not be a more wretched, pitiable creature than the woman who accepted at your hands the name of wife. I was deceived. I find there is a depth of misery and degradation yet more profound—your mistress. Pardon me, if, with this conviction, I decline the honor you so *delicately propose*."

Like most fools, Captain Playwell was keenly sensitive to ridicule. His friends might cheat him at play—he either returned the compliment, or forgave them; but a jest at his expense he never pardoned. The cold irony of Amy's reply inflicted a wound upon his vanity deeper than any he had yet received. Passionate reproaches he could have borne—he was accustomed to them from his victims; but calm contempt was a weapon he had never felt till now, and he writhed beneath the wound. His features became suddenly livid, and his lips of the same waxy hue. Had he not been in station a gentleman, he could have struck her; as it was, he resolved that the blow should fall upon her heart.

"'Tis well," he said, mastering his rage with a violent effort; "I am not one of those who easily abandon a pursuit, especially where beauty is concerned. You have not endured poverty yet—the coldness of friends, the chill of the world. When that hour arrives, you will think better of my offer."

"Never!" exclaimed Amy, with energy, "never! Hope not of it—dream not of it! I know not what sufferings my evil fortune may have in store; I can welcome them a thousands times rather than that degradation which has no name, save on the lips of the heartless and corrupted. Nor will I," she added, "further submit myself to insult."

With these words, although her heart swelled with emotion, the poor girl quitted the room, and sought refuge in her own chamber, where a flood of tears came to her relief.

Now indeed did she feel what it was to be alone in the world, without the protection of a brother's arm—a lover's watchful care. How she pined for the home at Burnley! The extraordinary

silence of her friends chilled her, yet she did not accuse them of unkindness. She thought it only natural that they should forget one whom all but heaven seemed to have abandoned.

Little did Amy deem that the Bowles' were equally afflicted at her supposed neglect—that both William, Mary Heartland, and the old lady, had repeatedly written to her, and felt wounded at her not replying. The father was so annoyed that, but for William's departure for St. Petersburg, which threw all the correspondence and affairs of the house upon his hands, he would himself have undertaken a journey to London, to ascertain the cause of her silence.

"She is sick," he would say; "I am sure she is sick! Amy will never prove ungrateful."

And he was right; the orphan was sick with the worst disease which wears the frame and dims the eye, drinks the blood of youth, and withers the rose upon the cheek of health—*sick at heart!*

Little did Amy and her friends dream that their correspondence, by the artful contrivance of Captain Playwell, had been intercepted. His aim was to isolate her from those who could either cross his purpose, or sustain the poor girl in her struggles with a cold and selfish world.

"Courage, Amy—courage!" she exclaimed as soon as she had recovered from the first burst of grief. "This is no time for idle tears, but action. God will not desert the orphan whose heart is turned to Him! The world may fall from us, friends forget us, misery try us; but if we are faithful to ourselves, He will be faithful to us too!"

Strengthened with these reflections Amy dried her tears, and, dressing herself as plainly as possible, left the house. After the insult she had received all thought of remaining under the same roof with Captain Playwell was at an end. In her distress she recollected a quiet, sickly-looking girl—whose manners denoted that she had not always been dependent upon her needle for her bread—who frequently brought home work from the milliner whom Lady Playwell and Miss Jane Clara employed. The indignant blush with which she had received a coarse compliment which Adolphus—who

happened to be present in his mother's boudoir on some occasion when she had called—had given Amy a good opinion of her, and she determined to seek her address at her employer's. It was not far—one of the fashionable shops in Regent street.

On entering the establishment of Madame la Trappe, Amy found herself in a room filled with showy, fashionably-dressed girls, such as are generally known by the term of model-girls in the trade. Although occupied at their needle, work was the least part of their duty: ne sooner did a new fashion in robe, corsage, or visite appear, than the young person whom it was thought most to become was attired in it, in order that the Countess of A—— or the Dutchess of B—— might judge of the effect. Very frequently the aristocratic patronesses of the establishment were surprised to find how different the same dress appeared upon their own faded persons and the young creatures upon whom they had just admired it.

The ladies raised their eyes with a supercilious glance on the entrance of Amy, whose simple attire produced no very favorable idea of her position.—The mistress of the house scarcely deigned to rise from her seat, as she coldly demanded her pleasure.

"You have a young person who works for you, madame," she replied, "whose name I am unacquainted with, but whose address I am anxious to obtain—a tall, blue-eyed young lady, with auburn hair; pale—very pale, as if lately suffering from indisposition."

"Really, I have so many workwomen, and take so little notice of their appearance, that I shall be puzzled to give you the name," answered Madame la Trappe.

"I mean," added the inquirer, "the young lady who brought home my friend Lady Playwell's rich velvet dress."

The words "my friend Lady Playwell!" produced their due effect. Her ladyship was celebrated as a leader of *ton*—one of madame's best customers; and any friend of hers must be a person of importance—at least so thought the milliner. Amy had used the word merely in a conventional sense, and without the slightest intention of deceiving her as to her real position in society. The Frenchwoman

rose from her chair, and begged her visitor to take a seat.

"I recollect," she said, "perfectly well—Miss Wyndham, a charming young lady, and an excellent needlewoman—a *little* singular in her ideas.—Would you believe it—although I have twice offered her a position in my house among my young ladies, who are all of them of good family and connections, she prefers working in her own lodgings, where she can not earn half so much. Miss Binge," she added, turning to the eldest of the shopwomen, "Look for Miss Wyndham's address."

It was soon found, and copied, by the person who had received the order.

"Thank you," said Amy quietly.

"Can I show you any of our new arrivals from Paris?" demanded madame; "I have a love of a *robe de matin*, which would just suit the charming figure of—may I ask," she added, not knowing whether to say madame or miss, "whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name," replied her visitor, is of very little consequence, since I am not likely to become one of your *clientelle*."

Thanking her for her polite compliance with her request, Amy left the shop, and directed her steps to the quiet street at the back of the Abbey, where the person she sought resided.

On entering the humble house Amy found the object of her search seated near the window, industriously plying her needle at a magnificent ball dress which the favored child of fortune who was to wear it, little deemed had cost one equally fair, but less happy than herself, two sleepless night to complete. A faint blush of pleasure suffused the pale cheek of the seamstress, as she recognized in her visitor the kind girl whose look of sympathy had won her gratitude on the occasion of her visit to Lady Playwell. With well-bred ease she rose and offered her a seat, at the same time demanding to what circumstances she was indebted for the honor of her visit.

"To my misfortunes," replied Amy; "and the kind countenance which assured me that I should find a friend in

you. Like you, I have been insulted by the infamous proposals of Captain Playwell. My residence in the house is no longer compatible with my self-rest and I came to ask you if you can put me in the way of living as you do, by the honest, independent labor of my hands?"

"Oh, willingly—cheerfully!" replied Fanny—for such was the seamstress' name—with a joyous smile; "my heart opened to you from the first moment I saw you. It is little—very little, I can do for you," she added, with a faint smile; "but that little you may command. The season, fortunately, is a busy one, and there is no lack of employment; but have you considered the privation—the solitude of a life like mine?"

"I have."

"I fear you will never submit to it."

"Fear not that," replied the courageous Amy; "there are feelings and memories which will support me. I am strong—I am used to work; for my life, if not one of usefulness, has been full of privations. I am alone in the world—all who loved me have either forgotten me, or are dead—I have not one friend left."

"Yes," said Fanny, "one—who, if you will permit her, will share her humble home with you—console and assist you. With such a friend my chamber will no longer appear a solitude—content needs so little, and that little our industry will supply. What say you?" she added, extending her hand; "will you be my friend—my sister?"

A close embrace was the reply. Amy wept; she had found what her heart so yearned for—one to sympathize with, assist, and console her.

That same evening the orphan left the splendid mansion in St. James Square, and took up her abode with Fanny Wyndham, after leaving a note of adieu and explanation for Lady Playwell.

The two poor girls, cast thus strangely together soon became strongly attached, and the chamber of the poor seamstress from that day became the abode of friendship, as it had previously been of innocence, and if neither of the inmates were happy, they strove to be content.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RASCALITY PUNISHED.

England, farewell ! fresh shores will rise
 When thy white cliffs are lost to view,
 When warmer suns and brighter skies,
 But will their hearts, like thine, be true ?

WHEN Henry Beacham arrived in St. Petersburg he was received by the agent of the firm with that obsequious politeness which the world so well knows how to pay to the reputed heir of unbounded wealth. The man of commerce had received his instructions from his uncle, and artfully spread the meshes which were to entangle him. Henry knew little of the business, and signed, with blind confidence, the various papers and securities which the representative of the firm from day to day laid before him. His letters were suppressed, and he waited, day after day, in the hope of hearing from William and Amy, to whom he had repeatedly written, till he became painfully convinced that some treachery was being practiced against his happiness; and then he resolved to return to England.

"Return!" said the agent, to whom he announced his intention. "Impossible, my dear sir, at present."

"Why so?" drily demanded our hero.

"Because the affairs which rendered your presence here a matter of necessity are not yet closed—because, in fact, the creditors of the firm will not consent to your departure."

"Creditors?" exclaimed the indignant youth; "Why the name of Grindem, upon any 'Change in Europe, is good for a million!"

"Possibly, but not here. The fact is, my dear sir," continued the tool of his uncle's villainy, blandly, "The firm has overspeculated in Russia—drawn immense sums in advance of its consignments, and till they are cleared there is not the remotest possibility of your getting away."

"We shall see!"

"You will find that I am correct: the house of Hiram and Brothers hold the acceptances of the firm to an enormous amount, and, by the laws of Russia, no one can quit the country without giving three weeks' notice in the *Gazette*, or finding security that his creditors shall be satisfied."

"But how does this affect me?"

"You are a member of the firm," was the reply.

And so he was a member, without the power of drawing a shilling. To all his entreaties that he would become his security, which he knew to be a mere form, the agent returned a polite, but cold refusal; said that he should be most happy to oblige, but that he could not endanger his own fortune and the position of his family by such an undertaking. Henry saw at last that he was duped; and bitterly did he curse the easy facility with which he had been led to undertake a voyage, whose only object was to separate him from the being to whom his heart was devoted. Vainly did he write—post the letters himself: the clerks at the post-office were bribed—every man in office had his price, from the minister to the doorkeeper; and gold was not spared by those who were interested in detaining him. Nor was it till he encountered the sailor-boy whom he protected against the ruffianly usage of his captain, that he found the means of communicating with his friend William Bowles.

Time rolled on; and our hero was truly wretched—heart-sick with hope deferred, and that worst of all agonies, suspense, which, to some minds, is worse than ill confirmed.

He was walking, in a disconsolate mood, one summer's evening, along the Quai Verniski, when the sound of a quick step fell upon his ear. He thought he knew it, and his heart beat wildly. Before he could turn to ascertain whether his suspicion and hope were just, a friendly grasp was laid upon his shoulder—it was the generous, open-hearted William.

Those only who have been long severed from a faithful heart, can imagine the meeting of the two friends. Tears stood in the eyes of both for some time. All they could utter was "William!"—"Henry!"

The meeting had been witnessed by a tall, stately-looking man, in a plain undress uniform, who seemed struck by the singularity of the encounter; whoever he might be, or whatever his position, it was evident that it was no ordinary one; for all drew back whenever he approached, without pretending, however, to notice him.

As soon as the friends had recovered in some degree from the emotion of their meeting, William drew Henry's arm in his—observing, that the streets were not a fit place for conversation—and led his companion toward an hotel kept by an honest German, whose house is well known in St. Petersburg to travelers, by the sign of the Black Eagle. No sooner had the stranger observed them enter, than he called, by a sign, a person who stood carelessly smoking a cigar, watching with interest to all appearance, the arrival of a vessel; but whose eye had never for one instant lost sight of the man in uniform.

"You see those strangers?" he said, in a low tone.

The gentleman bowed.

"You will follow them?"

"Certainly."

"And report to-night every word of their conversation?"

Without waiting for a reply, as if confident that with him to command was to be obeyed, the speaker resumed his walk. Who could he be? Perhaps an agent of the police—such offices are filled in Russia by men not only of exalted rank but of the highest talent. No one in that country of despotism dares refuse to act as a spy upon his neighbor. It has been stated that even the members of the imperial family are surrounded by those who report regularly to the Emperor their conversation, the names of their visitors, and, in fact, the minutest actions of their lives. The autocrat carries his system out even in the household of his own children. Such is the fruit of a barren despotism, which leaves its possessor nothing but the iron scepter, to whose terror he is himself a slave.

As soon as the friends were seated, and had repeated their joyous congratulations at again meeting after so long and cruel a separation, William demanded, in a serious tone, if Henry was really married.

"Married!" repeated the young man, with surprise; "what in heaven's name could put such an idea into your head? You know I am engaged to Amy. Think you so lightly of your friend that he could change his love like a worn out garment, and cast aside the truest heart which ever beat in woman's breast?"

"I knew it!" exclaimed his friend, pressing him once more warmly by the hand; "I knew that it was the treachery of the Smalls. Forgive me, Henry, for the question. I at least ought to have known you better—known that you were incapable of trifling with the affections of a noble-minded girl who had given you her whole heart."

"And did Small assert this?" demanded Beacham, more and more bewildered at the net which had been wound around him.

"Yes; added to which, it was announced in all the journals."

"Tis false, by heaven!" exclaimed the lover of poor Amy. "But I need not repeat this to you, who know me; to you my word is sufficient. I have written both to her and you repeatedly; but my letters have been intercepted—your correspondence has been suppressed. Oh, William!" he added, "my uncle has played a cruel game. To separate me from the woman I adore, he has left me at the mercy of his agent, on whose representation I signed bill acceptances, for the benefit of the firm, as he stated, to an enormous amount. By the laws of Russia, no one can quit the country without the permission of his creditors. My uncle thinks to compel me to renounce the bliss of calling Amy my wife. Never!" he added, passionately. "Cold, heartless, selfish as he is, I renounce him and his wealth. He has broken my heart, William. Curse him! curse——"

Bowles hastily seized his friend by the arm—he knew that he would bitterly regret having expressed his enmity toward him in the grave.

"Hold, Henry!" he exclaimed; "you must forgive your poor, unhappy relative."

"Never!"

"I am sure you will when you learn all."

"Is he ill?" demanded Beacham, struck by the seriousness of his friend's manner.

William pointed to the crape upon his hat, and was silent.

"Dead!" exclaimed Henry, deeply moved; "God forgive him as freely as I do, and me my hasty words. Poor old man! harsh as he was, I can not but regret him, for, with all his unkindness, he loved me, William—that stern, cold man loved me."

"He proved it at his death: you are his sole heir."

Beacham was thunderstruck—bewildered—by the change which that one circumstance had made in his position. He could not speak; grasping the speaker's hand, he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

"I am come," continued William, "to free you from this thralldom; come at the request—nay, the command—of Mary Heartland, three days before our wedding-day. I am sure you will love her, Henry—love her like a sister—for her generous sacrifice at the shrine of friendship. She saw," he added, "that I could not be happy without you."

"Generous, true friend!" exclaimed the young man; "in all that friendship could desire—all that the noblest heart could sacrifice. William, William—I shall never be able to repay this last act of devotion!"

"Then like a bad debt," replied his friend, with a smile, "let us strike it from our account books, and think of it no more. I am your uncle's executor: armed as I am, not only in that capacity, but with my father's guarantee—and his signature is well known and honored in St. Petersburg—I shall not find much difficulty in bringing the agent and the harpies he has employed to reason. As for your old enemy Small, he is a ruined man."

"How so?"

"By your uncle's direction the affairs of the firm are to be wound up—it was his last wish that you should not be a merchant."

It was late before the young men separated—they had each so much to ask and to relate. Henry was deeply moved at his devotion, and asked a thousand times how he had merited or could repay such generous conduct. The only drawback to his happiness was the information that Amy was in London; but the assurance that she was under the protection of a near relative and friend of the benevolent Dr. Currey somewhat consoled him. William was careful not to afflict him by recounting his own uneasiness at the long, mysterious silence of the orphan.

That same night every word of the foregoing conversation was repeated to

the tall stranger who had observed their meeting on the quay.

"Who is this agent?" he demanded.

"Mr. Maynard."

"What character does he bear?"

"Rich, but unscrupulous."

"Ascertain, at the administration of the posts, by what means and through whose agency the letters of the young Englishman have been suppressed."

The gentleman bowed.

"Also the holders of the securities he alluded to, and if Russian subjects or not. Make your report to-morrow."

The person to whom the order was given bowed and withdrew. It was evident, from his respectful air, that the speaker was a person of some importance.

The agent was much surprised, on the following morning, to receive from Henry and his friend the information of the death of Gilbert Grindem; for Small, who had lately conducted the correspondence, had kept him ignorant of that particular. Being a shrewd, avaricious man, he instantly saw the opportunity of realizing the value of the securities—considerably over a hundred thousand pounds—which, by direction of his employer, he had obtained from the young stranger, merely as a means of detaining him in Russia till the attachment between him and Amy should be broken off. To the offer, therefore, of giving security till the accounts could be investigated, he returned a polite but firm negative.

"We dispute their accuracy," observed William.

"That is too late," replied the man of figures; "Mr. Beacham has accepted them."

"But, by the laws of Russia, if my friend finds security," continued the young merchant, "you can not refuse."

"Ah, bankers' security," said the agent; "bankers' security—you forget that, and where I should like to know, in St. Petersburg will you find that—the sum is enormous—over a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Where, indeed!" sighed Henry.

Still his friend would not give up the point, convinced as he was that treachery had been practiced, and that the claims were morally, if not legally dishonest.

He could not bear the idea of his friend resigning so considerable a portion of his fortune, and he determined to see the holders of the papers, Messrs. Hiram & Brothers.

The visit to the firm of the Hebrew bankers was as useless as the one they had made to the agent. The crafty Israelites were but the tools of their employer. It is true that they were assured a large percentage on the transaction, and they determined not to be balked of their profit.

As the young men were returning despondingly to their hotel, they encountered the tall, military-looking man who had observed their meeting.

"You are Englishmen?" he said, advancing, and gracefully addressing them.

They replied of course, in the affirmative.

"And, if I mistake not, in some difficulty. Follow me: perhaps I may be of use to you."

Without waiting to see if his request was complied with, the speaker turned away, and directed his footsteps toward a plain looking house in the adjoining street. Apparently he was expected, for the door opened at his approach, although Henry and his friend saw neither porter nor domestic.—Following his steps, they entered with him, and found themselves in a comfortable looking room, arranged something like a bureau. The walls were covered with shelves, on which were a number of cases, something like despatch boxes, all numbered and marked "Private."

The singular person pointed to chairs, and, without uncovering himself, desired his visitors to be seated.

"Your names, I think, are Henry Beacham and William Bowles?"

The friends bowed.

"English merchants."

"Yes."

"One detained in St. Petersburg till he can settle claims which he believes have been purposely forged to detain him here?"

"Right. But how should you, a stranger, know this?"

"Very little passes in St. Petersburg which I do not know," observed the stranger, with a smile. "Excuse my

abrupt way of proceeding—it is not intended to be discourteous. Have you any proofs of the treachery which you allege to have been practiced?"

"None."

"That's unfortunate. Any letters from your friends?"

"They have been intercepted," said Henry. "I am the victim of as heartless a system of treachery as ever villainy planned, or its tools executed. We have just left the agent, and he refuses to permit my departure till I have satisfied his infamous demand—paid claims which were only acknowledged by me in ignorance of the intention of those who forged them."

"And that intention was—"

Henry was silent.

"To separate you from the object of your affection. You see I know all; with that, however, I have nothing to do. The dead are beyond human justice, but not the living. "I see, he added, "that you are surprised at my minute acquaintance with your affairs; but, as I told you before, I know all that passes in St. Petersburg; your case interests me. Why not give security for these demands?"

"It has been refused."

"Bankers?" demanded their mysterious host, in reply.

"That I fear I am unable to find," answered the young man. "The sum is enormous!"

"I know—a hundred thousand pounds."

The two friends were more and more mystified.

"Summon the agent and the Messrs. Hiram to attend to-morrow at ten o'clock, at the house of the court bankers, Geirwolf and Son: I will be your security."

"You!"

"I have said it."

"But are you a banker?" they demanded.

"Not exactly," said the stranger, with a smile; "but fear not—I shall do as well. And now that our interview is terminated, farewell. Fail not the appointment. I have little time to spare, and punctuality is the characteristic of a gentleman."

The speaker slightly inclined his head, as if to intimate that the audience was terminated.

"Stay!" exclaimed Henry Beacham. "I can not think that you would amuse yourself at the expense of a being who is already sufficiently wretched, by an idle jest."

"I never jest," was the cold reply.

"Inform me whom, at least, I have to thank."

"That you will know to-morrow."

"Perhaps," said William, "you are the minister of the secret police. I have heard that there is such an officer in Russia, and that he holds the threads of all that passes. If you are, you can indeed serve us most materially."

"How?"

"By ascertaining how my friend's letters were suppressed."

"I have done so already."

"You are the minister, then?"

"Not exactly the minister," replied the stranger, whose answers were as laconic as they were to the purpose—"but one connected with him. Now, then ask no more questions; I am not in the habit of answering them. Meet me at the time appointed, and doubt not my punctuality."

He bowed again; and the two friends, their curiosity roused to the highest pitch, withdrew, full of hope and confidence in his promise.

"It must be the secretary of the minister, at least," observed William. "Well, for once, I bless the system of despotism which places the secrets of all within the grasp of such a police as that of Russia."

Their next step was to find the proper officer to summon the agent and the partners of the firm of Hiram to meet them at the house of the court banker, the well-known firm of Gierwolf.

No sooner did the confederates receive it than their hearts misgave them: they felt less secure of their prey than in the morning.

(To be continued.)

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

THE means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm," "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which can not be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

GLUTTONY is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC WRITERS..



CHARLES SCOTT, Esq.,

*Author of "Analogy of Ancient Craft Masonry to Natural and Revealed Religion;"
"The Keystone of the Masonic Arch," etc., etc.*

THE respected brother, whose portrait we give above, may be considered the first masonic writer in America, who attempted to rescue from the oblivion into which it was fast merging, the evidently religious tendency and teachings of Freemasonry. By the publication of his first work, in 1848, above named, he exhibited the close and indeed inseparable analogy that existed between Freemasonry and Christianity, and directed the inquiring mind, unsatisfied as it was with the teachings of the former, to a field which in this country was new, as it was hitherto uncultivated.

Bro. Scott informs us that he conceived the design of his work immediately upon receipt of the third degree of Masonry; and such was the impression that this

degree made upon his mind, that he resolved never to confer a degree of masonry without giving the candidate a moral and religious as well as technical lecture. Approaching the subject of his book with some temerity, for the reason just given, he was astonished at the freedom with which he succeeded in tracing the analogy he desired to exhibit; and, warming with his subject, he, in the short space of twenty-one days from its commencement, completed the manuscript for this praiseworthy volume.

This work was succeeded, in 1857, by his "Keystone of the Masonic Arch," a work which we have never seen, to our great regret, nor do we know where it is to be obtained.

In the interim, Bro. Scott stamped his
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name in bold relief upon the masonic annals of his adopted State, Mississippi.

He was, in 1849, presented with a golden jewel, suitably inscribed, by the Grand Lodge of that State, the only thing of the kind ever voted by that body; and subsequently he was elected Grand Master of that Grand Lodge.

By profession, Bro. Scott is a lawyer. Born on the 12th November, 1811, at Knoxville, Tennessee, he is now in the 50th year of his life. His mind was early noticed as being of a studious and penetrative character. This, the expression of his features eminently prove. He graduated with first honors at college, read law under his father, a distinguished jurist and Freemason, removed to Nashville in 1831, where he completed his legal studies; and in 1838, having moved to Mississippi, he soon gained a prominent position at the bar of that State, and won the confidence of its citizens with whom he came in contact. So much was this the case, that he was, in 1851, elected Chancellor of the Superior Court of Chancery, by a very large majority, over an able and distinguished competitor. His term was marked by some of the most distinguished cases adjudicated in that court, prominent among which was the great case which he decided against the State of Mississippi, involving her liability to pay the Union Bank Bonds, which the people and legislature had twice declared unconstitutional. In January, 1858, he removed to his native State, for the purpose of practicing his profession, and now lives at Memphis, a growing and flourishing city.

Bro. Scott's electoral and honorary memberships in every department of Freemasonry, in America, are numerous as merited. May he long be spared to defend with freedom and fervency that which was conceived by his zeal for the Masonic Institution.

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

A HOME PICTURE.

An old man sat by the chimney side—
His face was wrinkled and wan—
And he leaned both hands on his stout
oak cane,
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
With pockets both deep and wide,
Where his specs and steel tobacco box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the poker was kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the
coals—
And sometimes he sat and slept.

What did he see in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they awakened smiles,
But oftener they started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In the high-back cane-seat chair;
You see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a blue checked apron now,
And is knitting a sock for him;
Her pale, blue eyes have a gentle look,
And she says, "They are growing
dim."

I like to call and tell the news,
And chat an hour each day,
For it stirs the blood of the old man's
heart,
To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friends,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they
fought
The battle erst with life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us lead them gently down
To where the weary sleep.

AN advertisement in one of the morning papers says: "Wanted—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character." We suppose boots of a good moral character mean those that are well-SOLED.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.



SKATING.



SKATING is one of the finest gymnastic exercises, by which man, as Klopstock says, "like the Homeric gods, strides with winged feet over the sea transmuted into solid ground."

It is one of the healthiest exercises, bringing the body into action by a great variety of motions. The art is mentioned in the Edda, written eight hundred years ago, in which the god Uller is represented as distinguished by beauty, arrows, and *skates*.

It is not known at what period skating was introduced, but there are indications of it in the thirteenth century, for Fitz Stephen, in his History of London, says, that it was in that time customary, when the ice was sufficiently strong, for the young citizens of London to fasten the leg-bones of animals under the soles of the feet by tying them round the ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they pushed themselves along by striking it against the ice, and moved with a celerity equal to a bird flying through the air, or an arrow from a cross-bow.

Fitz Stephen describes another kind of diversion on the ice in these words, which may be acceptable to the young reader. He says: "Others make a seat of ice as large as a millstone, and having placed one of their companions on it, they draw him along, when it sometimes happens that moving in slippery places they all fall down together, which is rare sport, provided no harm be engendered." Ibril mentions, that in his time it was customary to use sledges, which being ex-

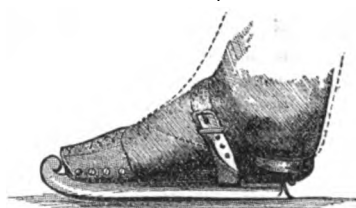
tended from the center by means of a strong rope, those who are seated on them are moved round with great rapidity.

The use of the modern skate is supposed to have been brought from Holland, and for many years skating has been exercised with much elegance in Europe and in America. Somehow or other, we do not of late years have those severe frosts which enable the skater to practice his art with vigor; but there is now a skating club in London who anticipate trips to Holland during the winter months, where the art may be practiced in all its perfection.

The first maxim of him who would be a skater is, "Throw fear to the dogs;" the next, "Put on your skates securely;" and the third, "Keep your balance;" and premising this as a "start," we shall now describe the various kinds of skates, and the methods of using them.

THE SKATE.

There are various kinds of skates. Some, such as the Dutch skates, are very large and somewhat cumbersome, but very safe for those who skate with heavy loads on their shoulders, as they do in Holland, Denmark, and Russia. In these the iron often projects above six inches from the wood, and curls up toward the shin-bone above a foot, that the skater



may glide the more easily over the hillocks of snow common to large expanses of ice.

Some skates are what are called fluted, that is, they have a groove running along the center of the iron, which are the best for beginners, as they take a better hold of the ice. The plain skates have no such groove, and are better adapted for those who have partially acquired the art, as with them the utmost velocity and elegance of movement may be performed.*

The iron of the skate, which lies under the foot, is called its *blade*; this varies in different kinds of skates, and the practiced professor of skating will choose a high or a low bladed skate, according to the nature of the ice; but the beginner should never use a skate whose blade is more than three quarters of an inch in depth and a quarter of an inch in breadth, for when the blades are deeper than this, the balance of the body is not so easily preserved, and the ankles are liable to be sprained or twisted.

PUTTING ON THE SKATES.

In putting on the skate, the "youngster" should kneel on one knee and fasten the skate on the foot of the other leg. If he should have a high laced boot, he will find such an excellent support to the whole machinery. Or if he can provide himself with a "skate boot," in which the skate and shoe are all of a piece, he will do better. At all events, the skater should bear in mind that the skate must be fastened securely and firmly to the foot, by being well fastened to the heel and sole of the boot by means of the screw and points, and well, but not clumsily, strapped round the ankle, exactly so tight as to confine the foot without hurting it or impeding the motions of the ankle joints. There is a new skate now in use by the London Skating Club, called the elastic skate, or spring skate, in which a spring is introduced at the bottom of the foot, which keeps it fast in every part. Skates are also now made of gutta percha, and these are well worthy the notice of the young skater.

* Fluted skates, however, are dangerous for any but those of light weight, as the cut ice is apt to "ball" in the groove, and so to throw the wearer, if he leans on one side.

HOW TO START UPON THE INSIDE EDGE.

Having risen to the perpendicular, the learner should first ascertain, by moving his feet about on the ice, whether the skates are firmly and comfortably fixed on his feet. He should then walk a little on them, supporting himself by a light pole about six feet in length, having an iron spike at its end. Having in this manner got a little used to the feel of the skate on his foot, he should then endeavor to throw away all fear and strike out slowly with the right foot, leaning on the inside edge of the skate, and making the pressure greatest at that part of the skate opposite the ball of the great toe, at the same time bending slightly forward. When the skate has moved about a yard forward in this manner, the left foot should be brought to the ice in precisely similar manner. The initial figure represents the skater starting and proceeding on the inside edge.

MOVEMENT ON THE OUTSIDE EDGE.

Having practiced on the inside edge for some days, to get used to the skates, the learner may afterward attempt the "outside edge," which is nothing more than throwing themselves upon the outer edge of the skate, and making the balance of the body bend to that side, which will necessarily enable them to form a semicircle. In this much assistance will be derived by placing a bag of lead shot in the pocket next to the foot employed in making the outside stroke, which will produce an artificial poise of the body at first very useful. At the commencement of the outside stroke the knee of the employed leg should be a little bent, and gradually brought to a rectilinear position when the stroke is completed. The best method of getting to the "outside edge" is to form the circle inward—say with the right foot, and with considerable force; in the course of this, place the left foot down in front of the right, and lean powerfully on the outside of the left heel. A little practice and confidence in his balance will enable the student to lift his right foot, and hang it behind while he proceeds to cut outside with his *left* foot. Let him then stop, and begin the inward circle with the left foot, and slip down

the outer edge of the right heel in the same way.

The young skater has now learned to balance himself, and can venture to strike out at once to the right, on the heel of the right foot, keeping the left suspended behind, with its toe closely pointed to the heel of the right. As he advances, the left must be brought past the inside of the right with a slight jerk; this slight jerk produces an opposing balancing motion of the body; the right foot then quickly poises, first on the outside of the heel, and then on the inside of its toe, and by placing the left foot down before it, and striking outside to the left, giving at the same time a slight push with the inside of the right toe, he passes from right to left. Having learned this much, the skater will proceed to change from left to right, and then from right to left again, without any trouble. To skate "outside edge" properly, the toe of the suspended foot must be pointed close to the ice behind the other, and kept there until the foot be regained, when it must be brought sharply round to the change. The skater must keep himself erect, leaning most on the heel.

This mode of skating having been acquired, an endless variety of figures, devices, and modes of movement may be practiced; such as "the roll," the figure of 3, of 6, or of 8, "the spread-eagle," "the mercury," "the backward outside edge," "the circle," "the waltz," "the minuet," "the pirouette," "the quadrille," etc.

The first step toward figure skating is the

FORWARD ROLL,

which is performed in the manner already prescribed in the directions on the "outside edge." To perform it gracefully, the skater should bring his left shoulder forward, throw his right arm back, look over that shoulder, and boldly incline his body to that side, proceeding alternately, with ease, grace, and deliberation. When he wishes to stop, he should bring both his feet together, and stop gradually; or he may stop suddenly, by pressing on the heels of his skates, taking care not to throw his toes up too much, or he will cut "all-fours"

THE DUTCH ROLL

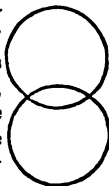
is so called from the motion being used in Holland by the traveling and trading classes in their common avocation. The figures it presents on the ice are small



segments of very large circles; which enables the skater to diverge but very slightly from the right line of his course, and consequently accelerates his progress.

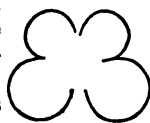
THE FIGURE OF EIGHT.

This is composed by merely finishing the great circles, of which the above segments form a part. To produce it, when the skater comes to the finish of the stroke on the right foot, he should throw the left quite across it, which will make him bear hard on the outside of the right skate, from which he must immediately strike. By completing the circle in this manner on each leg, the figure subjoined is performed.



THE FIGURE OF THREE.

This is performed principally on the inside edge backward. The head of the 3 is formed of half a small circle on the heel of the outside edge; but when the circle is nearly completed, the skater leans suddenly forward, and rests on the same toe inside, and a backward motion is produced, which develops the tail of the 3. The



right legged figure is that of the 3 in its natural position, and the figure made by the left leg is the same figure reversed; as per example. In these evolutions, the motion is not, strictly speaking, backward, but rather sideways, as his face and body are always in the direction of his motions.

THE BACK ROLL.

By the "back roll," as it is termed, the skater moves from one foot to the other alternately. His face is turned toward the left shoulder. The inside of the left skate bears on the ice, and the skater immediately strikes from it to the outside

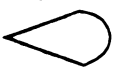
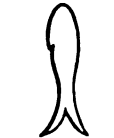
back of the other, by pressing it into the ice as forcibly as he can at the toe. The



"back cross roll" is performed in a similar manner, the stroke being from the outside, instead of the inside of the skate.



The above motions combine the elements of skating, and having acquired these, the learner may perform an infinite variety of movements, such as "the cornua ammonis," "the Dutch maze," "the fish," "the kite," "the true lovers' knot," etc.; with any other devices his imagination may suggest. He may also engage in the quadrille or waltz, and exhibit his person in every variety of graceful form, at the same time that he exercises every muscle of the body.



GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO BE FOLLOWED BY PERSONS LEARNING TO SKATE.

1. Let your dress fit closely, but at the same time be of sufficient ease to insure freedom of motion. Neither skirts to coats nor full trousers should be worn.

2. Let flannel be worn next the skin by the delicate, and an extra under-garment by the robust. Let the chest be well defended against the cold. A piece of brown paper laid between the waistcoat and shirt is one of the best chest protectors.

3. Be careful in venturing upon the ice, unless it be sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the number that flock to it; and watch for the increase of numbers, that you may retire before danger ensues.

4. Avoid rough and very smooth ice, and look carefully out for obstructions thereon; such as small twigs of trees, stones, or "hobbles;" as well as for rotten ice, cracks where the ice rises higher on one side than the other, or holes. Should you suddenly come upon rotten ice, do not stop, but pass over it as rapidly as possible. Should you fall down upon it, roll lengthwise toward the

firmer part, without attempting to stand or walk upon it.

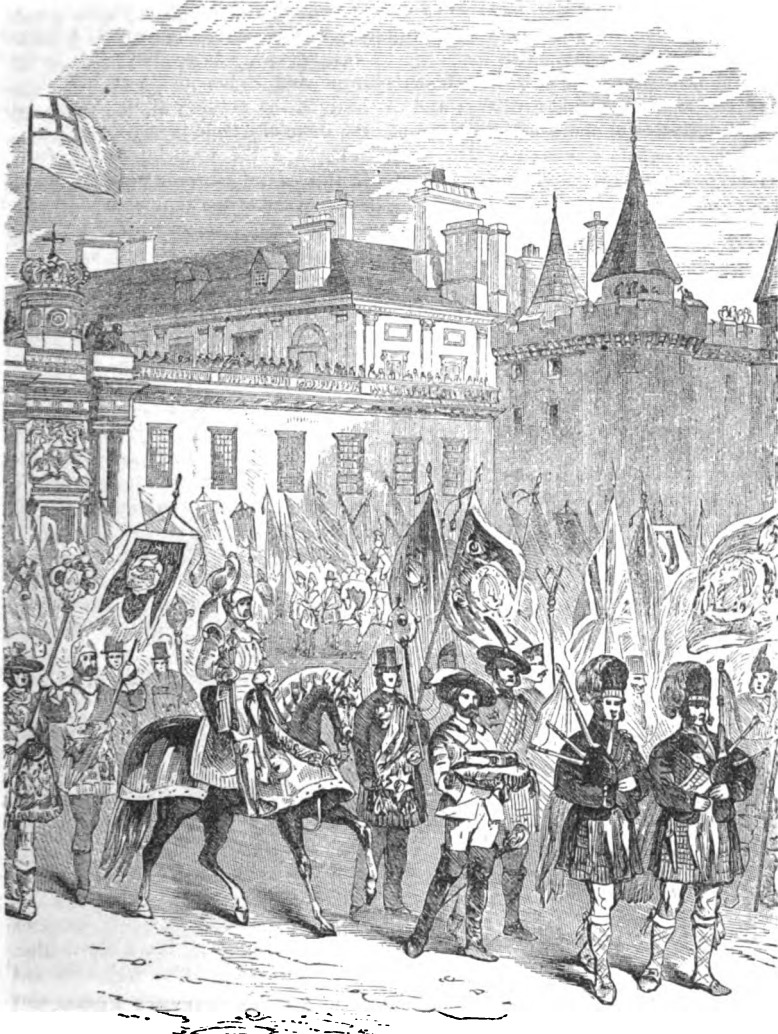
5. Should the skater fall into a hole, he should extend his pole or stick across it, and hold on to it till assistance arrives; should he have no stick, he may extend his arms horizontally across the edges of the ice, till a rope can be thrown to him.

6. After an unlucky immersion in the water, the unfortunate skater should immediately take off his skates, and, if able, run home as quickly as he can. He should then pull off all his wet clothes, take a tablespoonful of brandy in a glass of hot water, rub himself thoroughly with dry towels, and go to bed.

THE RELIGION OF MASONRY.—As Christian masons, acknowledging the divinity of Christ, we have introduced the Bible into our lodges to manifest our belief in the doctrines which it inculcates; in like manner the followers of Moses, Mahomet, and Burmah may introduce into their masonic assemblies their Pentateuch, their Alcoran, and their Vedan, and yet the unity of masonry would remain—the essential principles on which she moves would be the same—she would still declare to her votaries, I regard not to what sect you attach yourselves; venerate the popular religion of your respective countries; follow the light of your understanding; forget not however the doctrine of the religion of nature; adore the Great Architect of the Universe, acknowledge the immortal soul, and look forward to a state of future retribution, when the virtuous of all religions and countries shall meet together and enjoy never-fading bliss.

LECTURES.—A course of lectures, instituted by the Grand Master, to be opened at Portsmouth, to which all officers of subordinate lodges are required to proceed there and qualify themselves to discharge the important duties of their respective offices. Conditions made known by the Lecturing Master.—*G. L. of N. II.*, 1808.

Masonic History, Law and Miscellany.



PROCESSION OF FREEMASONS LEAVING HOLYROOD HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

MASONIC DEMONSTRATION IN EDINBURGH.

THE foundation-stone of a new Hall, for the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was laid at Edinburgh, on the 24th June, 1858, the occasion being celebrated with extraordinary ceremony. Invitations to be present were addressed to all the lodges
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of Scotland, and also to the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, France and Belgium. There were, therefore, a large number of delegates; and a more brilliant display of masonic emblems and paraphernalia is seldom seen. By the Queen's permission, the brethren assembled at the Palace of Holyrood, whence they proceeded to the High Church. At the close
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of the services there, the procession set out for George Street, where the foundation-stone of the new Hall was laid by the Grand Master, the Duke of Athole, with due masonic ceremony.

The streets were lined by detachments of lancers, infantry and artillery; and at the conclusion of the great ceremony of the day, a salute of guns was fired from the new bastions recently erected at Ramsay Gardens.

The procession returned by George Street, Waterloo Place, and Regent Road, to Holyrood, and here it dispersed. The day was not yet over, however: a banquet was necessary to conclude the proceedings—and a banquet was, accordingly held in the evening at the Music Hall, the Duke of Athole presiding.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in this grand masonic pageant, was the appearance of the venerable old banner.



THE FAMOUS "BLUE BLANKET" HANDED TO THE JOURNEYMEN MASONS.

lear to all Scotland, and especially to Edinburgh, as the most ancient ensign of the country, under which almost all of the high privileges of the citizens have been won. From time immemorial the Deacon Convener of the Trades has been intrusted with the custody of this venerated flag, and to unfurl it has been to rally around him the bold Craftsmen of the city. At the recent fraternal gathering, however, it made a more peaceful appearance. The privilege of carrying it in the proces-

sion was granted to the lodge of Journeymen Masons of Edinburgh, and when the brethren of that lodge, with band playing and banners flying, drew up in front of the Convener's house on the South Bridge, and that functionary unfurled the banner, and after an appropriate address delivered it to the office bearers, there was universal enthusiasm.

Tradition says that the "Scots mechanics," who followed the Holy War in 1099, planted their standard on the walls

of Jerusalem, and afterward dedicated it to the "Hally Guist," hung it before the altar of St. Eloi, their patron, in St. Gile's Church of Edinburgh, and the Craftsmen of the city mortified large sums of money for the decoration of that altar and the preservation of their flag, which, from its color, came to be called the "Blue Blanket." James III, being confined in Edinburgh Castle, William Bertram, provost, displayed the Blue Blanket to the Corporation of Trades, who thereupon stormed the said Castle, and delivered the king, for which deed was granted them a patent of many high privileges, which they called their Golden Charter. The Craftsmen, in commemoration, renewed their banner, and the queen, with her own hands, painted on it a St. Andrew's cross, a thistle, a crown, and a stone-hammer, with the following inscription:—

"Fear God, and honor the king, with a long lyffe and prosperous reigne; and we shall ever pray to be faithfull for the defense of his sacred Majesty's Royal persone till death."

The Blue Blanket next appears under the following circumstances in the reign of James V, as Pennicuik tells:—"The Crown being debtor to the town of Edinburgh in vast sums, for which she had not only the security of the government, but the personal obligation of the monarch, wearied with disappointments, and the merchants murmuring from want of payment from the town, to whom they had given considerable loans, for behoof of the public, the magistrates and merchants, in concert, raised a mob, and gave directions to the ringleaders what and how far to act, to insult the king as he was passing the street to the Parliament House; and who, after a scuffle with his guards, violently seized upon his sacred majesty, and thrust him within the walls of the common jail. Some of his majesty's retinue having alarmed the Deacons of Craft with what had happened the trades instantly convened, and unanimously agreed that their ensign should be displayed for convocating the lieges to rescue their captive monarch, which was accordingly done, and so procure him to be liberated and safely conveyed to his royal palace of Holyrood House."

The Blue Blanket also made a gallant appearance at Flodden Field, and during the reign of Queen Mary it appeared several times chivalrously in her defense, particularly when after she was brought a prisoner from Carberry Hill, and lodged in a common house of the town, the Crafts rose, gallantly unfurled their blanket, and compelled her enemies to restore her to her palace of Holyrood. In the following reign, the Crafts still maintained their sturdy banner, for James VI writes in his "Basilicon Doron," p. 164, "The Craftsmen think we should be content with their work, how bad so ever it be; and if in any thing they be controlled, up goes the Blue Blanket."

Such an interesting relic certainly deserves the veneration shown for it to this day by the citizens of Edinburgh.

The site of the new Hall is in the center of the new town. The building occupies the area extending from behind the frontage in George Street to Rose Street Lane. This space admits of an apartment upward of 75 feet long and 37 feet wide, with a height of ceiling of fully 36 feet. The front elevation is plain in character, but it is contemplated, we believe, so soon as the finances warrant the alteration, to replace the face of the structure by a design which will not only give an imposing character to the building, but prove an ornament to the street. Toward George St., the elevation contains on the first floor two shop spaces, between which is the entrance corridor and vestibule leading to the Hall. Pediments and Ionic columns form the principal "breaks" to the outline of this story. In the succeeding floor are placed the Grand Lodge Committee-Room—some 36 feet long by 20 feet wide—the Library, and the Grand Secretary's and Grand Clerk's Rooms. On the second floor, above the shops, is a lodge-room of dimensions similar to the committee-room, with suitable adjoining rooms.

Internally, the Hall is designed after the Ionic model. The ceiling is an elliptical arch, supported by a range of Ionic pilasters, with a rich entablature. Over each pilaster, on the frieze, there are to be masonic devices, elaborately brought out, with a scroll ornamental frieze between each—the other members of the cornice

being also effectively ornamented. Light is admitted to the Hall by three large windows placed at the south extremity, and also by numerous pannelled compartments, filled with plate-glass, in the ceiling. At the north end of the Hall, there is to be an orchestra. The symbols of Freemasonry afford much scope to the taste and skill of the limner, and advantage will be taken of this to embellish the wall spaces with illustrations of the figures and emblems so familiar to "the brethren."

The plans were prepared by Mr. David Bryce, Grand Architect, and will be realized under the superintendence of Mr. D. Bryce, Jun. The building will cost £4,500, and the site £5,000.

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE.

BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Your last letter to me was particularly interesting, and I am not without hope that I shall be able to satisfy your inquiries on the abstruse subject of the origin of the English Royal Arch. I need not tell you that there are in Freemasonry several problems *sub judice*, which have exercised the ingenuity of the brethren in all ages of its existence, as an institution professedly speculative. Such as, whether Freemasonry was introduced into Europe by the gipsies? Whether it can be correctly identified with Rosicrucianism? Whether it be, or how it is, con-

¹ It is believed in Germany that Freemasonry originated with the *Rose Croix*. The Baron de Gleichen says that the masons were united with the *Rose Croix* in England under King Arthur. I suppose he considers the Knights of the Round Table to be of this Order. The Baron de Weesterode gives as his opinion that the *Rose Croix* was promulgated in the eastern parts of Europe in 1188, for the propagation of Christianity, and that it was received in Scotland under the appellation of the Order of Eastern Masons, and contained the secrets of all the occult sciences; and that it found its way into England in 1196, that it consisted of three degrees, and its emblems were a pair of golden compasses suspended from a white ribbon, as a symbol of purity and wisdom: the sun, the moon, a double triangle with the letter N; and the brethren wore a gold ring, with the initials I A A T. (Ignis, Aer, Aqua, Terra.)

nected with Templary?² Whether the numerous foreign degrees, called *Ecossais*, were really derived from Scotland? etc. And, as the solution of these problems depends upon evidence which is inaccessible, it admits of considerable doubt whether they will ever be elucidated with such absolute precision as to merit universal credence.

But the most important question which remains open at the present day, is that about which you appear desirous of my opinion, viz.: the true origin of the English Royal Arch Degree. The inquiry has excited much attention, and a great anxiety appears to prevail among the Companions of the Order to ascertain truly the fact, whether it be an ancient or a modern rite. The Ahiman Rezon says it has been held "from time immemorial;" but this is rather an indefinite expression, and somewhat difficult to comprehend. Some have asserted more determinately that the Templars brought it from the Holy Land; others, that it was attached as a pendant to Templary in the sixteenth century; and some believe that it was unknown before the year 1780. There exists sufficient evidence to disprove all these conjectures, and to fix the era of its introduction to a period which is coeval with the memorable schism among the English masons about the middle of the last century. To ascertain the causes which gradually led to its establishment, we must take a brief view of the leading circumstances attending that division of the Fraternity into two great and independent bodies.

It is commonly believed that the prevalence of schism in any institution is the fruitful parent of many evils, which can not fail to detract from its purity and excellence. And so it is; but the evil is not without its portion of good. Experience teaches that if the members of an institution become apathetic, nothing is so likely to rouse them to a sense of duty as the existence of conflicting opinions,

² Ramsay, Hinde, and many other innovators, founded their systems on the postulate that Freemasonry was a branch of Templary. Barruel was very positive on this point, and all the arguments which he has used to vilify Freemasonry in his history of Jacobinism, are expressly founded upon it.

which produce a separation of interests, and divide them into two adverse sections; each of which, like the self-multiplying polypus, will frequently become as strong and prosperous as the parent institution. This is peculiarly the case in religion. Separation and the establishment of new sects, have generally been a prolific source of proselytism; and many a Christian may trace his conversion from a state resembling the darkest heathenism to the spirit of party, and the curiosity of searching for something new, stimulating, and attractive. In Freemasonry, from the same causes, former feelings are revived and brought into operation, which enliven the lukewarm zeal, and convert the most quiescent member into an active partisan. Like a gentle breeze directed on the embers of an expiring fire, schism fans the dying apathy of the inert, and gives a new impetus to his thoughts, words and actions.

Some such results as these attended the schism which agitated the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons during the greater part of the eighteenth century. The jealousies which it excited, and the divisions and heart-burnings which it produced, have now subsided. Thirty years of peaceful union have extinguished all that unappeasable hostility which marked its progress; and the historian may now venture on the details without incurring the hatred of exciting an angry feeling either in one party or the other, by faithfully unfolding the circumstances that gave rise to the secession, and attended its course till it was ultimately absorbed in the great body of English Freemasonry, at the reunion in 1813.

To make the subject intelligible, it will be necessary to revert to the earliest times of masonry in England. Passing over the Druids, and the Grand Mastership of St. Alban, which are unconnected with the question at issue, we find in an old masonic manuscript the following important passage: "Though the ancient records of the brotherhood in England were many of them destroyed or lost in the wars of the Saxons and Danes, yet King Athelstan, the grandson of King Alfred the Great, a mighty architect, the first anointed King of England, and who translated the Holy Bible into the Saxon tongue, A. D. 930, when he had brought the land

into rest and peace, built many great works, and encouraged many masons from France, who were appointed overseers thereof, and brought with them the Charges and regulations of the lodges preserved since the Roman times; who also prevailed with the king to improve the constitution of the English lodges according to the foreign model. That the said king's brother, Prince Edwin, being taught masonry, and taking upon him the charges of a Master Mason, for the love he had for the said Craft, and the honorable principles whereon it is grounded, purchased a free charter of King Athelstan for the masons; having a correction among themselves, as it was anciently expressed, or a freedom and power to regulate themselves, to amend what might happen amiss, and to hold a yearly communication and general assembly. That accordingly Prince Edwin summoned all the masons in the realm to meet him in a congregation at YORK, who came and composed a general lodge, of which he was Grand Master; and having brought with them all the writings and records extant, some in Greek, some in Latin,* some in French, and other languages, from the contents thereof, that assembly did frame the constitution and charges of an English lodge, and made a law to preserve and observe the same in all time coming."

From this document, it is evident that Freemasonry in this island was first formerly planted at York, which hence bears the same relation to English as Kilwinning does to Scottish Masonry, although its introduction into North Britain was two centuries later.³ A Grand Lodge

* It is probable that masonry may have been introduced into Scotland about the same time as Christianity, although there are great objections to that theory; for in general, the early buildings were not of stone, but of wood and wicker-work, and such as were of stone were extremely rude, and displayed no great knowledge of the Craft. I am, therefore, disposed to think that scientific masonry, Freemasonry, or any thing worthy of being dignified with the name of architecture, was not introduced into that country till the twelfth century. But even though masonry may have been introduced at the same time as the Culdees, I can not suppose that the Culdees were Freemasons; and great injury has been done to the Order by attributing to it much not only incapable of proof, but of which there are strong grounds for suspecting the reverse. It appears to me that we have no proof of Freemasonry having existed in Scotland before the year 1126.

was established at York, under the charter of Edwin, which maintained its functions and asserted its supremacy down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The name of an Ancient York Mason was considered honorable in all ages; and the precedence has been conceded to it, by both the sister countries, as being of greater antiquity than the Kilwinning Masons of Scotland, or the Carrickfergus ones of Hibernia. There is no evidence of a general Grand Lodge being held in any other place during the whole of the above period, nor has its authority ever been made a subject of doubt or dispute. It is true its records have not been published, owing probably to the rash and mistaken zeal of some of its grand officers in 1720, who destroyed many of them, to prevent what they affected to consider an act of desecration.⁴ But there is sufficient proof that its proceedings were uniform and regular, and the names of its Grand Masters are before us in the proper order of succession.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the government of the country attempted to interfere with its meetings, but without success. The queen was jealous of all secrets in which she was unable to participate, and she deputed an armed force, on St. John's day, in December, 1561, to break up the annual Grand Lodge. The Grand Master, Sir Thomas Sackville, received the queen's officers with great civility, telling them that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to admit them into the Grand Lodge, and communicate to them the secrets of the Order. He persuaded them to be initiated, and this convinced them that the system was founded on the sublime ordinances of morality and religion. On their return, they assured the queen that the business of Freemasonry was the cultivation of morality and science, harmony and peace; and that politics and

religion were alike forbidden to be discussed in their assemblies. The queen was perfectly satisfied, and never attempted to disturb them again.

The Fraternity was well governed by this Grand Lodge, which held its communications annually, and sometimes oftener; and the Fraternity at large were eligible to assemble in deliberation for the general benefit of the Craft. At these meetings the Grand Masters and Officers were installed, and other routine business transacted. This old Grand Lodge was the conservator of the primitive Gothic Constitutions and Charges; and under its benign patronage the works of art were executed, which reflect such high credit on the masons of the middle ages.

The establishment of a Grand Lodge in London for the southern division of the island, in 1717, did not interfere with its proceedings, and the two Grand Lodges entertained a mutual good understanding toward each other for many years; until the more recent establishment grew powerful by the accession of noble and learned persons of the highest rank; who, being under the necessity of having a permanent town residence for the convenience of attending their parliamentary duties, found no difficulty in being regularly present at the quarterly Grand Lodges, and thus conveyed the influence of their talents and position in society to the southern division of the Order. Their example augmented the ranks of masonry in the provinces, until the increase of its lodges both in numbers and respectability, in every part of England, was so rapid and uniform, that the Grand Lodge at York became inert, and at length silently resigned its authority into the hands of its more fortunate rival.

This appears to be a correct view of the case, because the lodges in the City of York itself, as well as the entire north of England, have for many years practiced the mysteries of the Craft under warrants granted by the London Grand Lodge; and are governed by Provincial Grand Masters of the same constitutional appointment.

The authority of the York Grand Lodge was not, however, superseded without a feeling of jealousy at the usurpation of its rival, which indiscreetly committed a

⁴ Ware, in his *Essay in the Archæologia*, says that Nicholas Stone destroyed many valuable papers belonging to the Society of Freemasons; and he adds, "perhaps his master, Inigo Jones, thought that the new mode, though dependent on taste, was independent on science; and, like the calif Omar, that what was agreeable to the new faith was useless, and that what was not, ought to be destroyed."

few instances of aggression on its privileges that appear to be indefensible, as the title of "Grand Lodge of all England" had been conceded to it, while the London Fraternity assumed the appellation of "The Grand Lodge of England." Taking advantage of an unfortunate dispute among the members of a lodge at York, the southern Grand Lodge encouraged the seceding brethren in their disobedience, by granting them a warrant to open a new lodge under its constitutions in the city; little dreaming how soon a similar secession would occur in their own body. This encroachment was not suffered to pass without expostulation and protest on the part of the Ancient Grand Lodge, which contended that it would have been more in accordance with the genuine principles and regulations of masonry, if the refractory brethren had been admonished, and recommended to apply for readmission into the lodge they had so inconsiderately abandoned.

This aggression having been attended with success, was followed up in 1734, during the Grand Mastership of the Earl of Crawford, by the constitution of lodges, the issue of deputations, and the appointment of Provincial Grand Masters for Northumberland, Lancashire, and Durham; all within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge at York. So direct an invasion of its ancient rights was highly offensive; but the York Masons finding themselves too feeble to stem the torrent, after an ineffectual protest, held on their course in a dignified silence for a few years; and, although the rights of their Grand Lodge were superseded, and its influence weakened by the increasing prosperity of its rival, continued to act on their own independent authority, which was never called into question. Even after the dominion of the London Grand Lodge became indisputably established, and it considered itself entitled to the homage of the whole island south of the river Tweed, the one old lodge at York was always excepted.⁵

About this time commenced that not-

able schism which again divided the English Fraternity into two separate and independent sections, by the establishment of another Grand Lodge in London, and the appointment of a new Grand Master, with his staff of officers. It will be observed in limine, that, at this time, private lodges did not possess the power of conferring either the second or third degree, which was a privilege reserved by the Grand Lodge for its own peculiar exercise; and these degrees were given as the reward of meritorious brethren, who had rendered essential services to the Craft, either by their learning, talent, or activity; and this only with the unanimous consent of all the brethren assembled in communication. An infringement of this privilege led to very serious and important consequences.

A few ambitious brethren, who were ineligible for these degrees, prevailed on some inconsiderate Master Masons to open an illegal lodge, and to pass, and raise them to the sublime degree. These irregularities having escaped immediate detection, the same brethren proceeded to initiate new members into the Order; and attempted to invest them with masonic privileges. A project so bold and unprecedented could not elude ultimate discovery. The newly initiated masons, proud of their acquisition, applied, in the character of visitors, for admission into the regular lodges, when their pretensions were speedily unmasked, and the authors of the imposition were called on to vindicate their conduct before the Grand Lodge. Complaints were preferred against them at the quarterly communication in June, 1739, and the offending brethren were allowed six months to prepare their defense. After a full investigation and proof of their delinquency, it was resolved that "the transgressors should be pardoned upon their submission and promises of future good behavior." It was also resolved, that "the laws shall be strictly put in execution against all brethren who shall, in future, countenance, connive, or assist at any irregular makings."

The delinquents, though pardoned, ap-

⁵ Thus it was resolved, during the Grand Mastership of the Earl of Carnarvon, afterward Duke of Chandos, that "All lodges are under the patronage of our Grand Master of England, except the old lodge in York city, and the lodges of Scotland,

Ireland, France, and Italy, which, affecting independence, are under their own Grand Masters." —(Anderson's Const., 1738, p. 198.)

pear to have been highly dissatisfied with this decision, which they affected to consider in the light of an indirect censure: and having tasted the sweets of their former illicit proceedings, they assumed the position of persecuted brethren, and converted the resolutions of the Grand Lodge into a pretext for persisting in their contumacy; and in open violation of the constitutions, they continued to meet as masons in unauthorized places, to initiate, pass, and raise candidates, and to perform all the functions of a warranted lodge, under the plea that in ancient times a sufficient number of masons residing within a certain district, with the consent of the civil magistrate, were empowered to meet for the purpose of making masons, and practicing the rites of masonry, without warrant of constitution; because the privilege was inherent in themselves as individual masons. But the first meeting, under Anthony Sayer, had agreed, as a preliminary measure toward the formation of a Grand Lodge, and to cement its power, that this inherent privilege should no longer exist. And, therefore, it was resolved, that the privilege of assembling as masons, which had been hitherto unrestricted, should be vested in certain lodges or assemblies of masons convened in certain places; and that every lodge to be hereafter convened, except the four old lodges at this time existing, should be legally authorized to act, by a warrant from the Grand Master for the time being, granted to certain individuals, by petition, with the consent and approbation of the Grand Lodge in communication; and that *without such warrant no lodge should hereafter be deemed regular or constitutional.*⁶

The seceding brethren contended that the above assembly did not possess the

power to pass such a resolution, because it was not only self-created, but defective in numbers; whereas, "in order to form what masons mean by a Grand Lodge, there should have been the masters and wardens of *five* regular lodges, that is to say, five masters and ten wardens, making the number of installed officers fifteen. This is so well known to every man conversant with the ancient laws, usages, customs, and ceremonies of master masons, that it is needless to say more, than that the foundation was defective in number, and consequently defective in form and capacity." And that, although they called the assembly a revival of the Grand Lodge, it was a gratuitous assumption which could not be verified by facts; because "had it been a revival of the ancient Craft only, without innovations or alterations of any kind, the Free and Accepted Masons in Ireland, Scotland, the East and West Indies, and America, where no change has yet happened, nay, Freemasons in general, would agree in secret language and ceremonies with the members of the *modern* lodges. But daily experience points out the contrary; and this is an incontrovertible proof of the falsehood of the supposed revival."

These arguments and reflections, however, were unheeded by the Grand Lodge, or considered as serving only to aggravate the offense; and stringent resolutions were passed to check their proceedings, which produced only a temporary effect; for several lodges having been erased from the lists for refusing to attend the Grand Master in quarterly communication, pursuant to notices repeatedly served on them for that purpose, the members united themselves with the seceders, and succeeded in forming a body of sufficient strength to cast off their allegiance openly to the metropolitan Grand Lodge. As there had been, before this period, some differences between the Grand Lodges of London and York, the schismatics assumed the name and authority of the latter, although it is doubtful whether that body gave any sanction to their illegal proceedings. Laurie asserts that the sanction was only "pretended;" and Northouck positively says, that they had no encouragement

⁶ "This regulation was found necessary," says a continental writer, "because that here and there private lodges were formed by false and unworthy brethren, who used a ritual of their own, and pretended to make men Freemasons, for the sake of their money. Some countries, particularly Denmark and Prussia, have passed laws that no lodge shall be held or formed in any part of their dominions without having first obtained a warrant from one of the Grand Lodges. In Germany, there are a few of the ancient lodges which are independent, and which have not joined any Grand Lodge, but which, on account of their age, are acknowledged as regular lodges by all the others."

whatever from the Grand Lodge at York. His words are: "Under a fictitious sanction of the Ancient York Constitution, which was dropped at the revival of the Grand Lodge in 1717, they presumed to claim the right of constituting lodges. Some brethren at York continued, indeed, to act under their original constitution; but the irregular masons in London never received any patronage from them."

The constitutional Grand Lodge now took the matter into its most serious consideration, and attempted to bring the refractory brethren to a proper sense of duty, that they might return to their allegiance, and be received with affection and forgiveness. Failing in this endeavor, it resolved at length to adopt the expedient, apparently rendered necessary by the emergency, but extremely ill-judged, of introducing a slight alteration into the system, which might have the effect of detecting the schismatics, and thus excluding them from the orthodox lodges.⁷ The resolution was unfortunate, and produced the very evil which it was intended to avert.

The Grand Lodge now expressly ordered the regular lodges not to admit the seceding brethren as visitors, or to countenance or acknowledge them in any way whatever, but to treat them as persons unworthy of notice, until they humbled themselves as the Grand Master shall in his prudence direct, and until he signifies his approval by a missive directed to the regular lodges. The Grand Lodge further recommended the utmost care and circumspection in the examination of visitors; and not to admit them on any pretense whatever, until they had entered into an engagement that they had been regularly initiated, passed, and raised, in a lawful, warranted lodge.

⁷ This alteration is thus explained by a contemporary writer: "I would beg leave to ask whether two persons standing in the Guildhall of London, the one facing the statues of Gog and Magog, and the other with his back turned on them, could, with any degree of propriety, quarrel about their situation, as Gog must be on the right of one, and Magog on the right of the other? Such, and far more insignificant, is the disputatious temper of the seceding brethren, that, on no better grounds than the above, they chose to usurp a power, and to act in open and direct violation of the regulations they had solemnly engaged to maintain, and by every artifice possible to be devised, endeavored to increase their numbers."

These regulations were a source of exultation and triumph to the seceding brethren. They loudly exclaimed against what they termed an alteration of the landmarks, as an unprecedented, and unconstitutional proceeding; accused the Grand Lodge of having deviated from ancient usage, and conferred upon all its members and adherents the invidious epithet of *modern masons*,⁸ while they appropriated to themselves the exclusive and honorable title of "*ancient masons*, acting under the old York constitutions, cemented and consecrated by immemorial observance." Taking advantage of this popular cry, they proceeded to the formation of an independent Grand Lodge, drew up a code of laws for its government, issued warrants for the constitution of new lodges, "under the true ancient system of Freemasonry;" and from the fees arising out of those proceedings they succeeded in establishing a fund of benevolence, besides defraying the current expenses of the institution.

It will be necessary to pause a moment here for the purpose of taking into consideration a few anomalies in this new establishment, which appear difficult of solution. The *ancients*,⁹ in their justification, had strongly and repeatedly condemned the formation of any new Grand Lodge, as an unconstitutional proceeding, and at variance with the genuine principles of masonry; and pronounced that such a body, being self-constituted, could not possess any legal authority over the Craft. If they were sincere in their protestations, why did they constitute a

⁸ The offense was increased by the manner in which they recorded their opinions on this invidious subject. They charged the Grand Lodge with a design of abolishing the old custom of explaining geometry in the lodges, and substituting conviviality in its stead. "Some of the young brethren," they said, "made it appear that a good knife and fork in the hands of a dextrous brother over proper materials, would give greater satisfaction, and add more to the conviviality of the lodge, than the best scale and compass in Europe." They further asserted that the brethren had made an attempt to get rid of their aprons, because "they made the gentlemen look like mechanics." (Ahim. Rezon, p. 14.)

⁹ I shall use the words *ancients* and *moderns* in their general acceptation—the former to designate the seceders, and the latter the constitutional masons; although both were alike either ancient or modern, being equally derived from the same source.

Grand Lodge of their own? And again, if they really derived their authority from the Grand Lodge at York, why did they not unite under its banner, refer to it for their warrants and other public sanctions, instead of openly renouncing its protection by the establishment of a new Grand Lodge, and issuing constitutions for the formation of private lodges, even in the city of York itself? These queries are difficult to answer, and, therefore, the ancients wisely avoided them. Not a word on the subject is to be found in the Ahiman Rezon, though, as we have already seen, it is sufficiently vituperative on other points.¹⁰

The accusation of changing the ancient landmarks of the Order, which was pertinaciously urged against the Grand Lodge of the moderns, answered every purpose which was intended to be effected by it. The new Order became extremely popular; and as it professed to convey privileges, and to communicate secrets unknown to the rival institution, persons of rank were induced to enroll themselves under its banner.

But, notwithstanding the virtuous indignation which was expressed by the ancients at the alleged delinquency of the English Grand Lodge, I am inclined to think that they themselves, at the above period, remodified, at the least, if they did not alter, several of the old landmarks. It was asserted by Finch and some other masonic charlatans, that the master mason's word was never lost! And although, when this public announcement was made, it was considered merely as an ingenious fiction to attract attention to their worthless publications; yet there is circumstantial evidence which may induce us to suspend our opinions on the truth or falsehood of the assertion. These considerations afford a clue toward discovering the origin of the English Royal Arch Degree, which, I think, it would be diffi-

cult to trace beyond the period of this schism, although I admit the imperfection of written evidence, in proof of facts attached to a secret society, which professes to transmit its peculiar mysteries by oral communication only.

You will recollect, my dear sir, the observation—I think it was first made by Sir William Drummond, the erudite author of the *Origenes*—that “it is painful to have doubts where others believe.” I have long felt the force of this sentiment with respect to the Royal Arch. At my first exaltation I was taught to believe it an ancient degree; but I confess, that even at that period I entertained considerable doubts on the point. The degree is too incongruous to be of any great antiquity. It exhibits too many evidences of modern construction to be received with implicit credence as a ceremony practiced by the ancient Dionysiacs, or even the more modern colleges of Freemasons, or confraternities of the middle ages, to whom we are indebted for the sublime specimens of science and genius exhibited in the ecclesiastical buildings, which still dignify and adorn every European nation. It is not mentioned in any ancient record of acknowledged authenticity; nor does Dr. Anderson give the slightest hint, in his elaborate history of the Order, that it was known at the period when he wrote.

The earliest mention of it in England, which I can find, is in the year 1740, just one year after the trifling alteration sanctioned by the modern Grand Lodge already mentioned. I have now before me an old master mason's tracing-board or floor-cloth, which was published on the continent almost immediately after symbolical masonry had been received in France as a branch from the Grand Lodge of England in 1725, which furnished the French masons with a written copy of the lectures then in use; and it contains the true master's word in a very prominent situation. This forms an important link in the chain of presumptive evidence, that the word, at that time, had not been severed from the third degree, and transferred to another. If this be true, as there is every reason to believe, the alteration must have been effected by some extraordinary innovation and change of landmarks. And I am persuaded, for

¹⁰ Laurie says of this book: “The unfairness with which he (Dermott) has stated the proceedings of the moderns, the bitterness with which he treats them, and the quackery and vain glory with which he displays his own pretensions to superior knowledge, deserve to be reprobated by every class of masons who are anxious for the purity of their Order, and the preservation of that charity and mildness which ought to characterize all their proceedings.” Laurie, p. 117.

reasons which will speedily be given, that the ancients are chargeable with originating these innovations; for the division of the third degree, and the fabrication of the English Royal Arch appear, on their own showing, to have been their work.

Now the Royal Arch Degree, as it was practiced by the seceding brethren, although it contained elements of the greatest sublimity, was imperfect in its construction, and unsatisfactory in its result; which will tend to show, from the crude and unfinished state in which it then appeared, that the degree was in its infancy. The anachronisms with which it abounded, and the loose manner in which its parts were fitted into each other, betrayed its recent origin. In fact, it was evidently an attempt to combine several of the continental degrees of sublime masonry into one, without regard to the order of time, propriety of arrangement, or any other consistent principle; and, therefore, we find, in the degree as it was originally constructed, jumbled together in a state of inextricable confusion, the events commemorated in Ramsay's Royal Arch, the Knights of the Ninth Arch, of the Burning Bush, of the East or Sword, of the Red Cross, the Scotch Fellow Craft, the Select Master, the Red Cross Sword of Babylon, the Rose Croix, etc. You will see, my dear sir, that it is impossible to be explicit on this part of the subject, because the particulars can not legally be committed to writing; nor is it material, for it is the origin and not the details of the Royal Arch that I am now principally concerned to show. The fabricators might—it is barely possible—have had the idea from the sister island, but they could not have imported the degree from thence; because, if practiced by the Irish masons at that period (which is extremely doubtful), it was altogether a different composition.

(To be continued.)

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Dr. Johnson remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fénelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

MASONIC LAW.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY:

Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Freemasonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. R. E. M.

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PART II.—REVIEW OF MASONIC DIGEST.

CHAPTER IV.

PRAGMATIC LANDMARKS.¹

1. WE have already seen, in the preceding part of this work, that the Pragmatic Landmarks took their rise at the modification of the ancient mysteries, when they were reorganized into the present system of speculative Freemasonry. This reorganization, as we have also seen, began with the ritualistic arrangements of Elias Ashmole, the antiquarian, in 1646, and was completed by the conventional compacts of 1716-17, agreed to by the four old lodges of London. It now remains for us, in this part of our treatise, to examine, briefly, some of the philosophical principles or rational considerations upon which those salutary innovations upon the ancient mysteries were conducted.

2. By the esoteric compacts, we discover that the lesser mysteries were made use of as the definite basis on which the three symbolic degrees of masonry were constructed. The reason for this may be apparent, from the fact that the science of correspondence was particularly confined to this portion of the mysteries of antiquity. We have seen, in the preceding chapter, according to the testimony of the illustrious brother Swedenborg, that it was nothing but the perversion of

¹ The questions considered in this chapter of the review are as follows—viz.: 1st. Why were the lesser mysteries of antiquity made the basis for the definite reorganization of the symbolic degrees of Freemasonry? (Nos. 1-6.) 2d. Why were the greater mysteries left open by the esoteric compacts for an indefinite reorganization? (Nos. 7-10.) And, 3d. What has resulted from this indefinite postponement, and what duties does this result suggest? (11-13.)

this very science that gave rise to the idolatries of the Gentile nations; and these idolatries we know were the peculiar character of the lesser, and not the greater mysteries. Hence, then, it was for the purpose of gathering up the scattered fragments of the science of correspondence, and rescuing it from its perverted uses, that this portion of the sacred mysteries was made the definite basis for the reorganization of the symbolic degrees, as we have them in the Fraternity of speculative masons at the present day.

3. And we need not be at any loss to account for the solicitude thus manifested to preserve and perpetuate this science, if we will only duly consider the radical importance it holds to all true, substantial and fundamental instruction, as we have briefly set it forth in the foregoing chapter. But more particularly may we see the reason for this solicitude to restore the ancient science to its primitive integrity, when we consider the relations that the opposing systems of dogmatic theology, prevalent in Christendom, held toward this science of symbology at the time when Elias Ashmole laid the basis of speculative masonry.

4. The church of Rome had wedded her system of teaching to these ancient symbols; but, like the Gentile nations of antiquity, she had so perverted their use, that the nascent elements of idolatry were reproduced under the garb of Christianity. From this gross abuse of symbolism, Protestantism had rebounded in the religious reformation, which took place during the preceding century. By this rebound, the system of dogmatic theology was carried to the other extreme in reference to this ancient system of symbology. The result of this religious reformation, when carried to its ultimate consequences, was to reject all symbolism from its system of teaching. The human mind, thus oscillating between two pernicious extremes of dogmatic teaching, and anchored by no philosophic mean founded in the laws of God and nature, already foreboded the wild reign of open infidelity and impious atheism, which was afterward so fearfully developed in the 18th century, and against which the Church was so powerless to contend, that Christian worship was placed under ban by a whole nation that

rejected the idea of the very being and existence of God.

5. Hence, then, at the very first prophetic inception of this reign of terror, if I may so speak, it was an important philosophic consideration to vindicate truth against both of those extreme errors; and to restore harmony between God speaking through his revealed Word and God manifesting himself in the works of nature, by carrying ancient symbology back to its first principles of purity as they existed in the science of correspondence. Hence, in the problem which the English antiquarian philosopher solved, he demonstrated to the theologians of the Roman Church that symbolism could be employed in a dogmatic system of instruction without engendering superstitious practices; and to the naked dogmatism of Protestantism he also vindicated the possibility of using a symbolical method of instruction without vitiating thereby pure and undefiled truth; while, to all classes of reverential thinkers, he presented a rational system of instruction that might form a common bond of union for their faith and practice.²

² "La Franc maçonnerie repose sur trois grades fondamentaux, resumant ou devant résumer la triple étude qui doit occuper le maçon: d'où il vient? (l'étude de Dieu); ce qu'il est? (l'étude de soi-même et son perfectionnement); et où il va? (l'étude de sa transformation dans un autre avenir.)

"En 1646, nous avons vu qu'Elie Ashmole, aide d'initié qui a mesuré que leur nombre augmentait, n'avaient pas cessé d'observer la marche décroissante des corporations d'ouvriers qui leur servaient d'abri et qui, partout éteintes, ou à peu près, étaient encore vivaces en Angleterre, protégées par leur séparation du continent, Ashmole, disons-nous, s'occupa de régénérer, sous ce voile architectural, les mystères de l'antique initiation Indienne et Egyptienne, et de donner à l'association nouvelle un but d'union, de fraternité, de perfectionnement, d'égalité et de science, au moyen d'un *liber universel*, basé sur les lois de la nature et sur l'amour de l'humanité.

"Il créa, d'après les traditions et les documents anciens qu'il put recueillir, le premier grade, qui présente la plus grande analogie avec l'initiation antique; il enseigne la morale, explique quelques symboles, indique le passage de la barbarie à la civilisation; il porte à l'admiration et à la reconnaissance envers le G. Arch. de l'univ., fait connaître les principes fondamentaux de la *Maçonnerie philosophique*, ses lois et ses usages, et dispose le néophyte à la philanthropie et à l'étude. * * *

Le DEUXIÈME GRADE, composé en 1648 et soumis, comme le premier, à l'approbation des initiés, est une continuation fidèle et progressive de la même analogie, harmonisée avec la doctrine de Thales et

6. By this timely organization embracing in its philosophic grasp two opposing systems of dogmatism, without compromising the truth between either, an invulnerable bulwark was erected in the midst of Christian civilization which, in the good Providence of God, instantaneously belted the globe; and by this mighty rampart thus thrown around Christendom, the oneness and harmony of the immutable truths of God speaking in his revealed word, and God manifesting himself through the works of creation or the symbols of nature, were shielded

de Pythagore. Ce grade dispose le néophyte à l'étude des sciences naturelles et du globe, de l'astronomie et de la philosophie de l'histoire; il le porte à rechercher les causes et les origines des choses; à se connaître soi-même pour devenir apte à diriger les autres, et à concevoir tout ce que le bonheur humain peut retirer de l'association maçonnique, au moyen du travail, de la science et de la vertu.

"LE TROISIÈME GRADE, composé en 1649, complète l'analogie des mystères modernes avec l'initiation ancienne. La connaissance de ce grade apprend à soulever le voile qui couvre ses nouveaux mystères; il admet donc les études philosophiques et théosophiques les plus élevées; il donne la clef des mythes poétiques et religieux des temps anciens et modernes, et il complète parfaitement l'antique initiation ou *petits mystères*." Bagon's *Orthodoxie Maçonnique*, p. 99.

"Notre but dans cet ouvrage, qui n'est, nous l'avons dit, qu'un court, abrégé d'un plus long travail encore manuscrit, est d'initier les jeunes maçons aux connaissances qu'il est indispensable d'avoir pour savoir comment s'est établie la Franc maçonnerie, et pour apprécier ce qu'est réellement cette institution, considérée par les Initiés comme une suite ou une rénovation des anciens mystères de l'Inde et de l'Egypte, dont les doctrines et les symboles, modifiés par les siècles, lui servent de base.

"Nous avons dit qu'entre l'époque de leur extinction dans les Gaules, par la persécution romaine, vers le commencement de notre ère et la rénovation publique, à Londres, de la philosophie antique et secrète, il se fit un sommeil d'environ seize siècles. Le petit nombre d'Initiés échappés aux Massacres impitoyables ordonnés par César dut se réfugier dans les diverses associations formées après ces désastres, et dans les quelles la doctrine *écrite* fut, de loin en loin, propagée avec discrétion et seulement pour qu'elle ne périt point.

"Au temps d'*Ashmole* (1646), le nombre des Initiés était devenu assez considérable et assez puissant pour ne plus craindre le grand jour; et, sous la plume du savant alchimiste, toutes les traditions orales furent régularisées; elles prirent une forme, un corps; de là les *trois grades symboliques* et leurs rituels initiateurs qui n'existaient pas avant cette époque, puisque la Franc maçonnerie était inconnue, quoi qu'en puissent dire des auteurs abusés et des sectaires, étrangers à l'ordre, dans leurs grades et dans leurs historiques mensongers." Ibidem, p. 221.

and defended in the bosom of society, against the rampant assaults which they were called upon to endure at the hands of a pseudo-philosophy and rational skepticism which germinated in France; was nourished in the north of Europe; and soon infected the whole civilized world with a pestiferous miasma, whose deadly influence has not even yet entirely disappeared. This reign of infidelity was nothing but the legitimate result of the extreme dogmatic errors on the subject of symbolism, already referred to, by which a divorce, so to speak, was made in that indissoluble union which should always exist between the words and the works of God. And no institution withstood this evil domination with a more unyielding pertinacity, or did more to restore divine truths to their oneness, in this exigency, than that of Freemasonry.

7. From the view which we have now taken of the object and end that led to the reorganization of the Lesser, we may readily conjecture one of the reasons why an equal solicitude was not exhibited, at the same time, in regard to the Greater mysteries of antiquity. In these latter, symbolism was at an end; and the naked truth was taught therein, with no other emblematic illustration than pure LIGHT. Hence this portion of the sacred mysteries, did not meet that exigency in dogmatic symbolism which we have seen gave such importance to the organization of the symbolic degrees of masonry, and which the Lesser mysteries of antiquity were so well calculated to supply.

8. Another reason why the definite reorganization of the Greater mysteries was thus indefinitely postponed, may be found in a fact that we have already brought out in the preceding chapter, viz.: That the Unity and Supremacy of an indivisible and self-existing God, which constituted the peculiar dogma of this portion of the ancient mysteries, was now made the prominent truth to be taught both esoterically and exoterically in the symbolic degrees of masonry; and to the ritual of which the secret characteristic of the Greater mysteries was also transferred. Hence, then, the chief features of the Greater mysteries being thus transferred and incorporated into the masonic reorganization of the Lesser, there did

not exist any such pressing necessity for the maintenance of a twofold order to correct either the errors of atheism or polytheism, as there was among the Gentile nations of antiquity. And, therefore, both branches of the ancient mysteries were essentially blended into one harmonious system after a philosophical reform and religious purification of the same, at their masonic reconstruction.

9. Yet, notwithstanding this important combination of both branches of the mysteries into one system, it was still necessary in the esoteric compacts of speculative masonry to leave the way open for a future reorganization of the Greater mysteries into a masonic system appendant to the symbolic degrees. Of course, the object of such a system could not be any longer identical with the original use of this portion of the sacred mysteries, since its distinguishing dogma had been transferred to the symbolic ritual of masonic instruction. But the only purpose that this higher order of masonry could subserve, would be the creation of a dogmatic authority invested with the prerogative of giving unity to masonic teaching and uniformity to masonic ritualism.

10. This unity and uniformity are essentials so necessary to a complete system of dogmatic instruction, that the need of them was felt from the very inception of the masonic reorganization, and the want of which kept the Fraternity in England so long divided between rival factions holding the responsible positions of the mother Grand Lodges of the masonic world. But this very spirit of faction which kept brethren so long estranged from each other, was the very best evidence that could be adduced to prove that the time for such an absolute dogmatic power in masonry had not come, and gives us the most convincing proof of the wisdom of our masonic forefathers in confining their esoteric compacts definitely to the three symbolic degrees. A long night of ignorance and error had brooded over the human mind. The rude passions of men long trained to bloody warfare were not adequately subdued. The glorious symbolisms of the science of correspondence was so obscured by the idolatry of paganism that all of its beautiful proportions could not be at once deciphered.

The natural sciences had not yet been sufficiently developed. Literature and the fine arts had higher conquests still before them. And above all, the laws of the spiritual world, and its relations to the natural world, had yet to be fully discovered and explained.³ Hence essential truth, in all of its various manifestations, had not gained such a lofty and absolute standpoint in human knowledge, at the time of the masonic reconstruction of the ancient mysteries, as to justify the definite constitution of a dogmatic power over the whole Fraternity; nor has that time yet arrived when it can be safely done for the welfare of truth, notwithstanding two centuries have gone by since the Rosicrucian philosopher remodeled the symbolic degrees in England.⁴ No other alternative could have been more prudently devised than to set forth such a dogmatic authority as a universal object to be attained; and then committing the task of accomplishing this end to the wisdom and experience of future generations. By this wise policy the masonic Fraternity has avoided the error of enthroning ignorance or passion into a place of absolute power and authority; a grievous mistake that in one way or another has fallen to the lot of every other institution among men, maintaining a consolidated system of association like that of Freemasonry.

11. The inevitable result, however, of thus committing such an important task to future generations of men, dispersed over the whole habitable globe, must have been the production of not only the diversity, but also the incoherency, of masonic rites and systems that have since sprung into being. There are many various aspects, under which different men will re-

³ Swedenborg only began his illuminated investigations of the laws which govern the spiritual world in the year 1743; nearly a century after the masonic reconstruction of the ancient mysteries was undertaken by Ashmole.

⁴ No country was so well prepared mentally at this period as England, to be the field for the solution of this Ashmolean problem, because the dogmatic teaching of her established church was not biased on the subject of ancient symbolism by either of the two extremes to which we have referred; and no one was better qualified to undertake the task than that learned Saxon who was so intimately connected with England's ancient and world-renowned University of Oxford.

gard the truth, and be satisfied with their peculiar views of the same, although this divine attribute does not disclose itself fully in any one given point of observation. Nevertheless, enthusiastic, but often well meaning men, anxious to make their partial conceptions of matters prominent before the world as the whole truth, have been led thereby to dogmatize and constitute authoritative powers in masonry to promulgate their peculiar conceptions. But aside from such honest but often misguided partizans of the truth, there have been also a numerous brood of dishonest knaves, mountebanks and charlatans, having the most sordid motives in view, who have set up for themselves a dogmatic authority in masonry to subserve their own base purposes of self-aggrandizement. Thus have sprung into being the innumerable rites and systems of Freemasonry, both good and bad, which have distracted the Fraternity ever since the definite constitution of the first dogmatic power in masonry, consummated in England in 1717.⁵

12. This scourge of dishonest and evil-designing men, is an infliction, however, that the Fraternity every where must always calculate to encounter, and prudently provide against by the wisest precautions in its power. Truth and goodness only are eternal, and will, ultimately, prevail. Erroneous systems and wicked projects will be dissipated and brought to an end as soon as they have run long enough to unmask themselves of the semblance of virtue with which they are clothed. Patience, in such cases, is all that is needed; and if we only let this virtue have its free course, and do its perfect work, evil must be finally overcome by good.

13. But even among honest, zealous, and well-meaning brethren, the solution of this dogmatic problem gave rise to the widest diversity of opinions and practices

in the bosom of the masonic brotherhood. How, then, shall such an exigency be met and ultimately reconciled into one harmonious system? The only effectual response that can be given to this question is by insisting upon the necessity of mutual forbearance and toleration. Charity, the leading genius of the Fraternity, demands this much. The philosophic spirit, in which the ancient mysteries were reconstructed, enforce it. The unequivocal experience of the Fraternity, for a century and a half, command it. And the sentiments of the wise and good every where exhort such a spirit of reconciliation between the advocates of the several well established rites and systems of Freemasonry; and to cease forever any further recommitments in respect to the dogmatic peculiarities in which they honestly differ from each other.⁶ Thus

* Adam Weishaupt, a prominent mason of Bavaria, who founded the Order of the Illuminati, during the last century, thus discourses in relation to the dogmatic authority of masonic rites, about the year 1776: "I declare," says he, "and I challenge all mankind to contradict my declaration, that no man can give any account of the Order of Freemasonry, of its origin, of its history, of its objects, nor any explanation of its mysteries and symbols, which does not leave the mind in total uncertainty on all these points. Every man is entitled, therefore, to give an explanation of the symbols and any system of the doctrines that he [or it] can render palatable. Hence have sprung up that variety of systems which, for twenty years, have divided the Order. The simple tale of the English, and the fifty degrees of the French, and the knights of Baron Hundo, are equally authentic, and have equally had the support of intelligent and zealous brethren. These systems are, in fact, but one. They have all sprung from the blue lodge of three degrees; take these for their standard, and found on these all the improvements by which each system is afterward suited to the particular object which it keeps in view. There is no man, nor system, in the world which can show, by undoubted succession, that it should stand at the head of the Order. Our ignorance, in this particular, frets me. Do but consider our short history of one hundred and twenty years. [This period was calculated from about the time of Ashmole's reconstruction of the ancient mysteries.] Who will show me the mother lodge? Those of London we have discovered to be self-erected in 1716. [He here refers to the Grand Lodge organization that was planned by the four old lodges in 1716, and consummated in 1717.] Ask for their archives. They tell you they were burnt. They have nothing but the wretched sophistications of the Englishman, Anderson, and the Frenchman, Desaguliers. Where is the lodge of York, which pretends to the priority, with their King Bouden and the archives that he brought

⁵ "Le rétablissement de l'antique doctrine des mystères eut lieu publiquement, à Londres, le 24 Juin, 1717, année memorable dans les fastes maçonniques. Sa manifestation bienfaisante répandit, dans tous les Etats de l'Europe et du monde, avec une rapidité électrique, sous les auspices d'une fraternité universelle, le besoin d'un lieu intime, d'une initiation mystérieuse inconnus jusqu'alors."—Orthodoxie Maçonnique, p. 292..

by the exercise of such a fraternal spirit, masonry will highten her influence over the profane, by presenting an unbroken phalanx of good and true men before the world; and thereby accelerate the auspicious moment when the dogmatic power of masonry shall be settled upon a firm and incontestable basis throughout the world-wide borders of our time-honored Fraternity.⁷

(To be continued.)

from the East? These, too, are all burnt. What is the chapter of Old Aberdeen and its holy clericate? Did we not find it unknown, and the mason lodges there the most ignorant of all the ignorant, gaping for instruction from our deputies? Did we not find the same thing at London? And have not their missionaries been among us, prying into our mysteries, and eager to learn what is true Freemasonry? It is in vain, therefore, to appeal to judges; they are nowhere to be found; all claim for themselves the scepter of the Order; all, indeed, are on an equal footing. They obtained followers, not from their authenticity, but from their conduciveness to the end which they proposed, and from the importance of that end. It is by this scale that we must measure the mad and wicked explanations of the Rosicrucians, the Exorcists, and Cabalists. These are rejected by all good masons, because incompatible with social happiness. Only such systems as promote this are retained."—*Anc. Mysteries and Freemasonry*, p. 368.

From this testimony of Welshaupt and that which we have quoted above from Ragon, we learn that the esoteric compacts of masonry had their origin in the three degrees established by Ashmole, by a reform of the lesser mysteries of antiquity. And we also learn, that no dogmatic power was then created to control and regulate those degrees with a definite and absolute authority. But that the future creation of some such authority was contemplated as time and circumstances might suggest, can not be doubted if the subsequent usages of Freemasonry be admitted in explanation. Every where that the Fraternity was extended, witnessed the creation of some such supreme power in imitation of the greater mysteries of antiquity. It was on a point of dogmatic usage and authority in ritualism that caused the schism among the Fraternity of England during the past century. It will be remembered by the intelligent Craftsman, that besides some minor differences in the usages of the symbolic degrees between the two Grand Lodges of England, one of them cultivated the Holy Royal Arch as an appendant order, while the other body repudiated it, contenting itself with the Chair Master's degree as the supreme order of its dogmatic power over the symbolic degrees. Each acted upon the fact, that a supreme dogmatic power might be created in masonry; and if they had not been ultra and positive upon points that were left undecided at the masonic reform of the ancient mysteries, that antagonism between them, which was happily ended in 1813, would never have been created.

⁷ It is to be deeply regretted that the spirit of toleration, so warmly recommended nearly a cen-

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

tury since, by the learned professor of the University of Ingoldstadt, in Bavaria, has found such a little practical response in the bosoms of masons throughout the world. Brethren, otherwise highly enlightened, will indulge in mutual recriminations and the most unsparing criticisms of the dogmatic diversity of the various rites and systems of masonry which they do not choose to cultivate. Thus American and English masons will speak contemptuously of the appendant system of French Masonry; and the French masons will retaliate by calling the caplular degrees appended to York Masonry puerile and trifling. (See Ragon's *Orthodoxie Maçonnique*, p. 199.) And masons of both the French and York Rites will unite in traducing and vilifying the Scotch Rite. And this intolerant spirit of dogmatic criticism is becoming so prevalent in our midst, that even a warfare against the organic authority of the caplular and chivalric orders of masonry in this country is now being vigorously prosecuted, having for its end the entire dissolution and annihilation of a system that a half century of masonic wisdom and experience have laboriously developed and cemented. (See the tenor of a series of articles in the *Masonic Mirror and Keystone*, vol. VII, on the organization of the General Grand Chapter; and also various articles relating to the authority of the same, and that of the General Grand Encampment in the same volume, on pp. 343, 397, 405, 406, 415 and 427.)

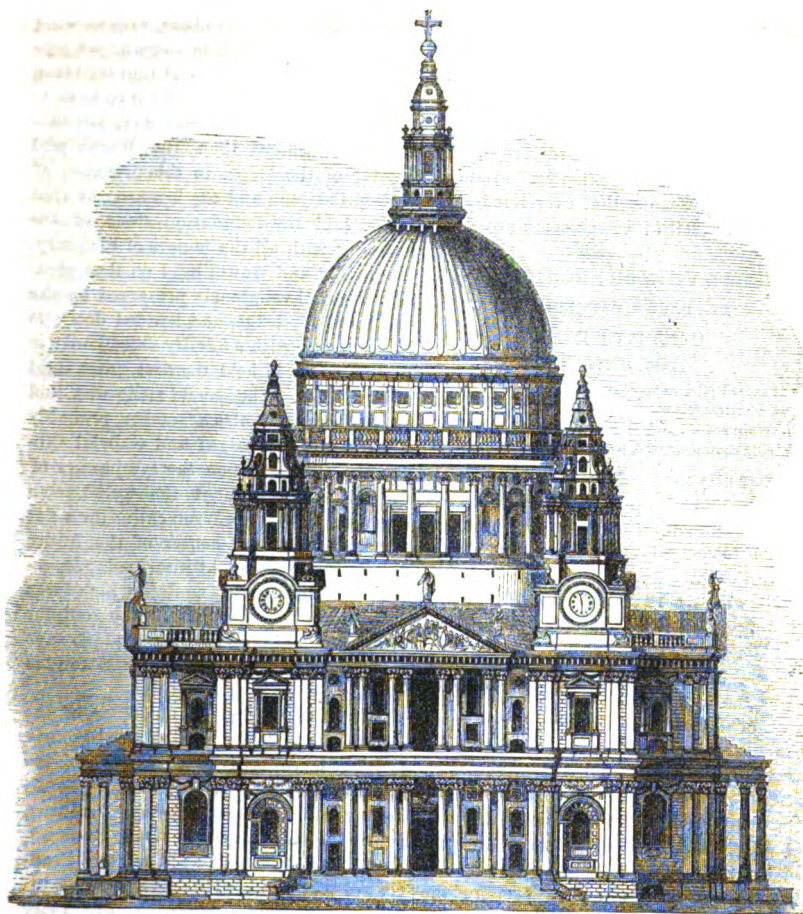
This is not as it should be. Let us ask those brethren if such an intolerant spirit does not indicate that they have seen the Light to no purpose, and are, therefore, still in the "gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity?" Will they permit us to suggest to them, with the greatest deference to their acknowledged masonic zeal and ability, to go back and study over again their first lessons in masonry, until they learn how to subdue their passions?

In regard to the charges of informality in the organization of the General Grand Chapter, which the editor of the *Mirror and Keystone* is disposed to prefer, we have only to say, that he can say, and has said, as much about the Grand Lodge organization in 1717, the first dogmatic power ever established in masonry. (See *Mirror and Keystone*, vol. VII, 345.)

And the same contumely and contempt which Brother Ragon casts upon Ramsay and other founders of masonic rites, as innovators upon ancient usages, might be thrown upon Ashmole, also, whom he proves to be the first modern innovator in this respect. (See the preceding note 2.)

But the truth is, as the Ill.^o Bro.^r Welshaupt has stated it, as quoted in a preceding note (6): "Every man is entitled, therefore, to give an explanation of the symbols, and any system of the doctrines he [or it] can render palatable. * * * It is vain, therefore, to appeal to judges; they are nowhere to be found; all claim for themselves the scepter of the Order; all, indeed, are on an equal footing. They obtained followers, not from their

ARCHITECTURE ILLUSTRATED.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON,

WEST FRONT—VIEW FROM LUDGATE HILL.

CROW'S NEST, ST. PAUL'S,
LONDON, DEC. 1ST, 1858.

To the Editor of the *American Freemason*:

SIR—Being just 375 feet above the level of the street, your readers must admit that your correspondent is one of the *highest* masons in England, though he is neither a Grand Officer nor yet a Sov-

AUTHENTICITY, but from their CONDUCTIVENESS to the END which they proposed, and from the IMPORTANCE of that end. It is by this scale that we must measure the mad and wicked explanations of the Rosicrucians, the Exorcists, and Cabalists. These are rejected by all good masons, because incompatible with SOCIAL HAPPINESS. Only such systems as promote this are retained."

AM. FREE. VOL. 8, Jan. 1859.—4.

ereign Grand Inspector General of the 33rd ultimique gradus—to use Illustrious Bro.: Furnell's latin for the last step in the ladder of the Ancient and Accepted Rite. My position is, however, a *much* one—such as to enable me to command a *supervision* of Masonry in Great Britain and Ireland; I am continually on the look out and "jotting down," and my pencillings will be regularly communicated to you for the benefit of the readers of your excellent *Freemason*—which in this country is called "*the facile princeps*"* of all masonic periodicals."

* See *Freemasons' Mag. and Mirror*, 1856.

Before giving you my observations of the Masonry of the present, perhaps it may interest many of your readers to know something of the mighty building in whose dome I am now perched, as it is not only a rich gem of the architecture of the 17th century, but a "monument" to one of the greatest MASONS that ever lived—the immortal WREN! VENERABLE NOMEN!

GENERAL VIEW OF ARCHITECTURE.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE HISTORY.*

That sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud.—DENHAM.

Most of your readers, I have no doubt, are familiar with the history of the great fire of London, when this city was reduced to ashes—when "a sea of flame two miles in length and one in breadth, swallowed up 13,000 houses, 87 parish churches, and left the site of St. Paul's a smoldering heap of ruins." This was on the 2nd September, 1666. Passing over the ineffectual attempts to refit a part of the west end of the building, so that divine service might be continued there, we find Sir Christopher Wren, then Surveyor General to Charles II, commencing to rebuild the church on the 1st day of May, 1674, by clearing away the rubbish, with the aid of gunpowder and the battering-ram, in order to "prepare the foundation.

On the feast of St. John the Baptist, in 1675, the Freemasons of this city had a gala day. The Lodge of Antiquity†

* The "History" of St. Paul's is now "a thrice told tale."—There is nothing about it that has not been given to the world over and over again. The sketch here presented is a compilation from Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, Burlington's, *Architecture of London*, Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry*, Walpole, *Parentalia*, and whatever other records I could obtain—arranged on the plan of Phillips' admirable *Guide*.—G.

† The Lodge of Antiquity was then called "the Lodge of St. Paul's." It was held at the Goose and Gridiron, opposite the east entrance to the Cathedral. It was not until later that it took the name of "the Lodge of Antiquity." Brother Wren, for eighteen years, wielded the gavel of this lodge. He was appointed a Grand Warden (Warden) under Sir John Denham, the Deputy Grand Master; in 1663, he was made Deputy Grand Master by Earl Rivers; and in 1685 he was elected

turned out in large numbers, with flowing banners, and marched in solemn, yet joyful, procession, to the site of that building which was to immortalize its members to the end of time. On that day, Brother Thomas Strong,* then the Worshipful Master of the lodge, in the presence of Bishop Compton and the brethren of that lodge, laid the foundation stone of the building with all the honors of masonry. The mallet and trowel used on that occasion are still religiously preserved by the master of the lodge, and handed down to his successor with a fidelity second only to that in which is held the first great light of our Order. The second stone was laid by Mr. Longland, also a member, probably a warden of the lodge: and Gabriel Cibber has recorded upon the tympanum of the southern pediment the well-known tradition, that when Wren called for a flat stone to mark the center of the future dome, one was brought inscribed, "*Resurgam*"—I shall rise again—which was hailed as a happy augury. The sculptor added a phoenix, and he received (so says modern masonic tradition) £106 for his work.

A roll of vellum in the office of the Clerk of the Works, and still religiously preserved, contains the names of the pious contributors to the building fund; among whom we find Bishops Gunning, Dolben, Kenn, Lloyd, Pearson, Sancroft, Spratt, Stillingfleet, Seth Ward and Francis Turner; the Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, Sir Philip Warwick, Sir Peter Lely, and many others; most of whom were attached and zealous members of the Freemasonic Order. These donations were estimated by Hatton at £51,000, a pretty considerable sum for that period.

Grand Master. A more zealous mason never lived than Wren. In 1695, he had the pleasure of initiating His Majesty, William III, who was subsequently master of the lodge at Hampton Court.

* Preston is decidedly wrong in saying (8th ed. of *Illustrations*, p. 228) that the foundation stone was laid "in 1673, in solemn form, by the king," etc.; for the warrant for the commencement of the work was not granted until the 14th of May, 1675: and that the king laid the foundation is contrary to all authentic historians on the subject. Evelyn, who is regarded one of the most faithful, says it was laid "by Mr. Thomas Strong, Master Mason, in the presence of Bishop Compton and the Freemasons of the Lodge of Antiquity, of which Sir Christopher Wren was a member."

By 22 Charles II, c. xi., a part of the duty laid upon all coal imported into the city of London between May 1st, 1670, and Michaelmas Day, (29th September,) 1680, was to be devoted to the building of the new cathedral. These powers were successively renewed by James II, William III, and Queen Anne. The west front was removed in 1686, when 47,000 loads of rubbish were carted away. Within ten years from the commencement of the foundations at the west end, the choir and transepts were completed, and the piers of the dome raised to the same level. In 1694 the scaffolds were removed from the chancel.

On the 2d December, 1697, divine service was first celebrated in the choir, to offer up thanksgivings to God on the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick. Five hundred men were employed in the building; and so admirably were they arranged by the master architect, that, at all times, the utmost peace and harmony reigned among them. On the 27th of February, 1698, the mighty fabric was again threatened with destruction by fire; and if the workroom and gallery used by the organ builder at the west end of the north aisle had not been promptly broken down, the consequences, in all probability, would have been fatal. Morning prayers were said for the first time, in the chapel of the southwest transept, on the 1st February, 1699; and on the same day, 1710, Christopher Wren, junior, the son of the architect, laid the last stone on the summit of the lantern. It was a memorable day, indeed: a whole cathedral, ten times as large as the temple of Solomon, had been built within the space of 35 years, and the same architect, the same master workman, and the same bishop, who laid the foundation in 1675, now, in 1710, beheld, with joy and gladness, the consummation of their labors: to use the language of your countryman, Webb,—

"The copestone was finished, their labors were o'er."

The whole cost of the re-building of the church amounted to £747,954 2s. 9d., which would be, I believe, over three millions and a half of dollars of your federal currency. According to the account of Brother Tillson, the Clerk of the

Works, the foundations were, in general, 22 feet deep, and in some places even 35 feet. The decorations were not completed until 1723, (in the Grand Mastership of the Duke of Montagu,) the year in which The Book of Constitutions was first published, and the year in which Wren was summoned to the Grand Lodge above! During the entire period of the building of the Cathedral, up to 1718, he continued to be the architect, and received, as his salary, £200 a year, scarcely half what Sir Joseph Paxton, or any of the architects of the present day, would get for half a day's service. In that year Wren was removed, by a base intrigue, to make room for his successor, Benson, one of the heroes immortalized by Pope in the *Dunciad*.

CHAPTER II.

THE DESCRIPTION—EXTERIOR.

"Rising o'er smoke, like wreaths from altar sent,
God's glorious temple meets the awe-struck gaze,
And o'er the boundless city free conveys
Feelings sublime of power preëminent."

VIEWS OF THE BUILDING.—The best view to be obtained is from the river, on Blackfriar's Bridge, or Ludgate Hill, where the majestic dome and porticoes of the Cathedral appear above the houses and streets, looking down upon them, as it were, with motherly protection. No finer site could have been chosen than the highest ground, and the very center of the metropolis, to give the building (its chief characteristic) prominence and effect. Addison, in the *Spectator*, fancifully represents the Indian kings, comparing it to a hill wrought into caverns, hewn into smoothness on the exterior, with pillars standing about it like the stems of trees. A fine view may be obtained from Highgate Cemetery on the north, or from Nunhead Cemetery on the south, the numerous towers contrasting gracefully with the grand outline of the majestic dome. On a clear day it may be distinctly seen from the Keep of Windsor Castle and the mast-head at sea.

THE WEST FRONT.—The lower division of the west front (which, including the towers, is 180 feet in breadth) consists of 12 Corinthian columns coupled, approached by a double flight of stairs of black Irish marble. The upper portico

of eight columns supports the entablature and pediment, (64 feet by 17 feet,) upon which is portrayed the conversion of St. Paul, in basso relievo, by Bird, for which he received £850; for the basso relievo in white marble, representing St. Paul preaching at Berea, over the chief portal, £800; and for each panel, £75. Colossal statues of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. James, fifteen feet in height, crown the apex and sides of the pediment. The capitals of the pillars were carved by Fulks, at a cost of £60 for each.

THE WESTERN TOWERS.—Flanking the portico on each side is a campanile or bell-tower, 222 feet in height, surmounted by a bell-shaped dome, and adorned at the angles by statues of the Evangelists. In the south tower are the clock and the great bell: the diameter of the former is 18 feet, 10 inches, and weight of the latter, four and a half tons. It bears the following inscription, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It was cast out of the metal of "Tom of Westminster," the sound of which was heard by the sentinel at Windsor Castle when it struck 13 times, and thus saved his life, when he was accused of sleeping on his post. This bell is only tolled at the death of a member of the royal family, the Bishop, the Dean, and a Lord Mayor dying in his mayoralty. The clock is wound up daily. The minute hand is nine feet in length, and weighs 75 lbs.; the hour hand is five feet five inches long, and weighs 44 lbs.; the hour figures are 26½ inches in length.

QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE.—In the midst of the Western Area is a statue of Queen Anne, in whose reign the Cathedral was completed. It was erected in 1712, and is surrounded by a group of allegorical figures representing Great Britain, Ireland, France and America.* Garth has celebrated this statue in the following lines:

Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great Apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.

* Your "great country," which may now truthfully be considered the most "mighty" of Garth's "four realms," was then, as you well know, a royal colony, paying homage to the crown of Great Britain.—O.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH TRANSEPTS.—Each of the fronts of the north and south transepts is enriched with a pediment, and pilasters at the quoins and in the central space, and with five figures of the Apostles. A semicircular Corinthian portico projects before each transept, approached by a lofty flight of steps, twelve on the north, and twenty-five on the south: that on the south side is raised upon an ornamental terrace. Between the porticoes, the transepts are 250 feet in breadth.

Two orders compose the elevation of the church; the lower story, Corinthian, is pierced with windows with semicircular headings; in the upper, Composite, decoration niches occupy the corresponding spaces. The entablatures in each story rest upon coupled pilasters, arranged at set distances. A balustrade of the disproportionate size of nine feet in height, (erected to Wren's mortification,) surmounts the entire extent of the north and south walls. "I never designed a balustrade," said Wren; "ladies think nothing well without an edging."

THE EAST END, which is apsidal, and was completed in the reign of WILLIAM III, bears the cypher "W. & M.," within a compartment of palm branches, surmounted by an imperial crown. The stone employed in the building was all brought from the quarries of Portland, which are said not to have been able to supply the immortal architect with stones of sufficient size to carry out his designs to the full extent. The whole surface of the structure, except the pilasters, is grooved with rusticated work.

The general form or ground plan of the building is that of a Latin cross, having a magnificent dome arising from the intersection of the nave and transept. In the southwest transept is the Morning Chapel.

The circumference of the Cathedral is 2292 feet; the length from north to south, including the west portico, is 500 feet.

CHAPTER III.

THE DESCRIPTION.—INTERIOR.

The interior of St. Paul's is very disappointing to those, who, from the universal practice in the mediæval and foreign churches, expect to find such an edifice adorned with the artistic contributions of every age since its erection.—WEALE.

AFTER having viewed the exterior of

this stupendous edifice, and admired the wisdom of the great architect who designed the strength and beauty which pervade its parts and points with unsurpassed symmetry, the visitor is inadequately prepared for the sublime effect of the interior: the unexpected loftiness of the vaulting, and of the long range of columns and piers which bursts on the sight, produces an effect of mingled wonder and delight. The view upward into the interior of the dome is extremely striking. It has been constructed so as to show a spacious concave every way; and from the lantern at the top, a flood of light is poured down, with admirable effect, over the whole, as well as through the great colonnade that encircles its basement.

Three arches severally divide the nave and choir from their aisles. On the face of each pier is a beautiful pilaster, of the Corinthian order; above is an attic, containing a clearstory; from the piers in it spring the semicircular arches of the vaulting. The windows are chiefly 24 feet high by 12 feet wide; the aisles 19 feet in clear width by 38 in height; the central avenues 42 feet by 84; the vestibule, at the west end, 47 feet square by 94 feet high; and the central space 108 feet in clear width by 216 feet in height—thus showing that the great artist adopted the masonic oblong, or double square, and applied it to the several parts of this world-renowned structure.

THE DOME.—Above the noble area which I have designated “the central space,” (formed by the junction of the choir, the nave, and the transepts,) rises the majestic dome, with a grand and imposing effect; it is the characteristic and crowning glory of the church. Its outward diameter is 145 feet, its inner 108 feet; and it recedes (from the outer) one inch in every foot of its height. The dome is surrounded by eight large piers; the four great bays face the choir, nave and transepts; the four lesser arches intervene; and the keystones to all bear the mark of the handiwork of the immortal Cibber, who may well be regarded the Tyrian workman of the building, and whose surpassingly beautiful designs are an ornament not alone to St. Paul’s, but to most of the celebrated buildings of

that period. The whole space occupied by the piers, (each of the greater stands on 1360 feet of ground, superficial measure; each of the lesser on 380 feet,) and covered by the dome, contains upward of half an acre. The great circle in the pavement is composed of alternate settings of white and black marble, arranged like a mariner’s compass—thus forming the gigantic “blazing star in the center” of that immense checkered pavement, which covers the entire surface of the ground floor. The square adjuncts at the angles of the cross, give strength to the piers, and serve as vestries of the dean, the canons, and the lord mayor, and also for a circular staircase, of 230 feet, on the southwest side, leading up to

THE WHISPERING GALLERY, which rests upon the cornice as a floor, and is inclosed by a railing of richly ornamented iron-work. This gallery takes its name from the well-known reverberation of sound—the slightest whisper being accurately and loudly conveyed to the ear at the opposite side, a distance of 100 feet, the diameter of the dome at this elevation. If the door be shut forcibly, it produces a strong reverberation, similar to thunder. The staircase also communicates with the galleries over the north and south aisles of the nave, which contains the Library and Model Room.

THE LIBRARY.—From the Whispering Gallery, we next, in our ascent, approach the Library, which is situated directly above the Consistory Court. Opposite the door, as you enter, there hangs above the mantel-piece a portrait of Bishop Compton, who, with the great WREN, officiated at the laying of the foundation and the completion of the edifice. There are, in this room, some exquisite specimens of wood carving, by Gibbons, a warden of the Lodge of Antiquity, and who, according to Walpole, was the first to succeed in giving to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species. The olive, the lily, the pomegranate, the vine, and the wheat—those eloquent symbols of our Order—have a prominence which is unmistakable evidence that the great Craftsman desired to leave a MARK upon his work that

would not only be recognized and passed, but venerated and admired by the Master Overseer.* The books in this library are all theological—the writings, the opinions, the edicts, and controversies of The Fathers. They number about 8,000 volumes. There are also a few manuscripts in Latin, saved from the wreck of the fire, but they are most orthodoxly theological, and in no wise suited to your columns.

THE MODEL ROOM.—The room next beyond the Library is called the Model Room, because it contains the original† model of the church, as executed in accordance with the designs of the Master, WREN, upon his tracingboard. In this original we have the favorite plan of Wren himself, before he was compelled, by the interference of King James, then Duke of York, to alter it. Upon doing so, he is said to have shed tears.

THE CUPOLA.—Twenty feet above the roof, from a plain basement, directly over the Whispering Gallery, rises a peristyle of thirty-two composite pilasters in the drum of the cupola, every fourth intercolumniation being solid, and faced with a niche to conceal the buttresses of the dome. Square-headed lights fill the other spaces. From the entablature above, rises the inner dome, of brickwork, two bricks thick, with stone bandings at every rise of five feet, and a wrought-iron chain, weighing 96 cwt., cemented into a course of Portland stone, and imbedded in molten lead. Upon the face of this inner dome are the following paintings, by the celebrated Sir James Thornhill:

- I. The Conversion of St. Paul.
- II. The Blinding of Elymas.
- III. The Conversion of the Jaller.
- IV. St. Paul at Athens.
- V. The Magical Books burned at Ephesus.
- VI. St. Paul before Agrippa.
- VII. The Shipwreck at Malta.

* I have not the slightest idea of conveying to your readers that Gibbons was acquainted with the MARK DEGREE, *per se*. He certainly was not; for it was not "manufactured" for a century afterward.

† If it would at all interest you, I will get the different fronts of this model photographed for you. [We thank our correspondent for his fraternal kindness, but we hardly think the subject of sufficient interest to the general reader, to warrant us in putting him to that trouble.—Ed. A F.]

The original designs of these paintings were purchased by the Dean and Chapter in 1779. Those painted in oil colors were arranged upon the walls of the Chapter House; those on paper, in bister, were similarly arranged in the Dean's Vestry. As a specimen of the remuneration of artists in those days, I may mention that Sir James Thornhill received but "forty shillings the square yard" for his inimitable execution of the above paintings—his zeal in which nearly cost him his life. He had stepped back to the extreme edge of the scaffold, to contemplate the effect of the colors, when a bystander, with great presence of mind, caught up a brush and made for the picture, as if to daub it. Sir James ran forward, and was thus saved from a terrible death. The sublime effect of these paintings, a written description must fail to convey. It must be seen to be appreciated. Even Wren, who had designed to cover the dome with the more masonic mosaics, was delighted with it. The masonic antiquary, and the lover of the beauty of our Order, may linger here with pleasure, and admire, while I pass on to

THE STONE GALLERY.—Next in the order of ascent from the Whispering Gallery, is the Stone Gallery, which surrounds the exterior dome above the colonnade. On a clear day, from this elevation, the view of the city around; the din of business life; the boats and craft, of every size, passing up and down the Thames; and the hum of thousands of 'busses, cabriolets, and hansoms, in wild but orderly confusion, have a charm for the spectator which would utterly baffle me were I to attempt to describe it, but which must entirely divest the visitor of the "blues," unless he be a regular misanthrope, or a confirmed dyspeptic who has failed to avail himself, in due season, of Holloway's Pills. (As we are *speculative* masons, you will overlook this digression. I will go on.) As the staircase above this becomes very steep, narrow, and dark, not many of the ordinary visitors can be prevailed upon to go higher; and yet there is much to repay both the trouble and apprehension attending the ascent. Your readers, however, are not of that class of the community who are afraid to ascend winding staircases,

go through narrow passages, over rugged roads and bridges, descend into dark caverns, refresh themselves at solitary fountains, receiving, as they do, the same light from the lamp of that "hieroglyphic bright which none but craftsmen ever saw." Should any of them, however, need a companion on their way, they may call upon your correspondent. (You will furnish them with my address and your own passport.) I have time at my command, and following me as their guide, they may fear no danger.

In the crown of the dome there is a circular opening, from which the superstructure of the cone and lantern and the cross rise nearly a hundred feet higher. *Excelsior* being my motto, as well as that of your great city, I next arrive at

THE GOLDEN GALLERY, which is formed at the outer base of the cone. It receives its name from the gilded balcony which surrounds it, erected at the expense of Lord Lanesborough. From here there is a more extended, and, on account of the increased diminution of individual objects, a more curious view of the busy world beneath. If the visitor's head is steady enough to master the feeling of dizziness which overpowers most people at so great an elevation, and makes them realize that "the only pleasure of going up is the pleasure of coming down again," (not by a "short cut," he may ascend by ladders, even into the lantern itself, and, from the Bull's Eye Chamber, extend his view far into the country upon every side. I have often seen, while I was sitting in this gallery, (not unlike Jacob in his dream at the city of Luz) visitors ascending and descending the ladder—some so tremblingly fearful that, after getting up a few steps, they grasp the ladder firmly in their arms, knee to knee, breast to breast, and hand to back, close their eyes and grope their way backward, as did your illustrious fellow-citizen, Phineas T. Barnum, Esq., from the audience chamber of Queen Victoria, when Her Majesty had the honor of an introduction to General Tom Thumb. I am not, however, one of those who require Dr. Watt's celebrated "Antidote,"—"anecdote" I remember hearing an American brother call it—so I will go up, with a steady step, into

THE LANTERN.—This prominent lantern, which exceeds 700 tons weight, is supported by a brick cone, and is a masterpiece of constructive art; but interior effect and permanent durability have been the costly sacrifice. The exterior dome (of the lantern) containing 16,000 square feet, is only of timber covered with lead. It was first coppered in 1707, at a cost of £3000. Stone would have resisted decay for generations: lightning, or a careless plumber, may now, in a moment, reduce it to ashes.

THE BALL AND CROSS.*—The lantern is surmounted by a globe (the ball, originally carved by Bird, was removed to the Colosseum,) weighing 5600 lbs., and six feet two inches in diameter. This globe is cast in two hemispheres, (not the "eastern" and "western" of Mercator,) firmly secured together, and surmounted by a cross Avelline, 15 feet in height above the apex of the ball: its weight is 3860 lbs. The present ball and cross, constructed, as to outline and dimensions, on the same plan as the originals, but much improved in the interior by the substitution of copper and gun-metal bands for those of iron, were erected, in 1826, by Cockerell. The ascent to the ball is made by 616 steps from the ground floor beneath. The height of the floor (now beneath my feet) is 365 from the ground, 356 from the floor of the church, and 375 from the crypt, which is on a level with the street on the west front, at the top of Ludgate Hill. The inside of the ball is called "*the crow's nest*."

It would be impossible for me, even were I possessed of the extraordinary descriptive powers of the author of *Bob White's Lecture*, to give you, or your readers, any adequate idea of the beauty, and grandeur, and magnificence, of the scene beneath me on every side! Three great cities lie outspread at my feet; the broad reaches of the Thames, glittering in the sunlight, covered with the ships of all nations, and spanned by numerous bridges, each a triumphal arch of the "royal art;" the distant extent of green country miles away, in vivid contrast with the huge masses of stone and brick around me; the streets, far down below, crowded with

* The extreme height of the building to top of cross is 404 feet.

foot passengers, carriages, and all the evidences of a great metropolis; in front, a short distance to the east, is the birth-place of Milton,* the Homer of England and the English language; while in the crypt beneath are the last resting places of the mightiest men in architecture and in literature, in peace and in war, in divinity, in philanthropy, and in usefulness, that the world ever saw. The fabled dreams of the tombs of *Æneas* and *Agamemnon*, are but the "vision and faculty divine" of the poets; but stern reality and historical fact reign here. Beneath is buried the builder of this church, Christopher Wren: here, also, is Johnson, the gravest preceptor of virtue, and a rare example of the best of men. John Howard, the philanthropist, is also here; while a little to the northeast corner is the great Peel, the father of free trade, who gave Englishmen cheap bread. Here, also, are the heroes of Waterloo and the Nile—side by side lie Wellington and Nelson, names as enduring as brass or marble on the brilliant page of warfare's history. Ross, who led the enterprise against the city of Washington, killed at Baltimore in 1814, and Pakenham and Gibbs, who fell at New Orleans the year after, are here too. Here lie Sir Astley Cooper and William Babington. They devoted their lives to the healing of others—when grim death came they could not heal themselves. Here the marble slab tells the story of Sir Isaac Brock, and Lord Rodney. Here lie the world-renowned architects, Mylne and Rennie, and Dance, the last survivor of the original forty who founded the Royal Academy. Here are Reynolds, and Opie, and Barry, and West, the master artists of England. Here molder the remains of Lord Bacon, of Vandyck, of John O'Gaunt

* On the Watling street side of the Church of All Hallows, Bread street, on the corner, about five feet high, may be seen the following inscription:

"Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
"Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
"The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
"The next in majesty, in both, the last.
"The force of nature could no further go,
"To make a third she joined the former two.

"JOHN MILTON,

"Born, Friday, 9th December, 1608. Baptized in the Church of All Hallows, Bread street, December 20th, (Tuesday,) 1608."

and Sir Philip Sydney. Here also are deposited the few dilapidated fragments saved from the wreck of the old cathedral. Among them is the effigy of Dr. Donne, author of the well-known *Satires* by Nicholas Stone. Here, also, are the effigies of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir John Wolley, and several others in whose quaint histories your readers can feel no interest. Around and beneath, on every side, the picture is unrivalled as it is magnificent. No words could depict the impression such a prospect produces on the mind. But it is now *high twelve*,* and as I have got a "history of the sandwiches" in one of my coat tails, and a flask in the other, I will withdraw myself from one porthole and the cork from the other, and go "from labor to refreshment." * * * * *

It being one hour past high twelve, I now take up my pen to finish this description for you, descending from my lofty perambulation by another route from the Whispering Gallery than that by which I ascended, namely:

THE GEOMETRICAL STAIRCASE, which I must not fail to notice. It is, however, seldom used, and is chiefly resorted to by the curious in architectural matters, on account of the skillfulness and singularity of its construction. The stairs go round, in concave, in a spiral direction, and the base is a circle, inlaid with black and white marble, in the form of a star. If the learned author of the *Horæ Esoterica* were to spend a few of his *horæ* here, he could collect ample material for *ANNI Esoterici*—during a long time to come. But I am again on the ground floor—your readers must understand that it is much easier to come down than to go up—and I now stand before

THE CHOIR.—The organ screen, dividing the nave from the choir, consists of eight Corinthian columns of blue-veined marble, the work of E. Strong. They cost £104 each. The choir is entered through two wrought-iron gates of exquisite workmanship, (under the organ gallery)—the work of Tijone—highly deserving of especial notice. The organ was built by Bernard Schmidt, in 1694, at a cost of £2,000. It was almost re-

* Twelve o'clock up here must be *high*.

constructed in 1802, and now contains 32 stops and 2,123 pipes.

On the organ screen is the following eloquent Latin inscription, by the celebrated Mylne:

Sabtus conditur hujus ecclesie ac urbis conditur
CHRISTOPHORUS WREN
Qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta non sibi
Sed sue patrie. Lector ei
Monumentum requiris, circumspecte.

Which may be appropriately rendered: "Beneath is buried the builder of this church, CHRISTOPHER WREN; who lived over 90 years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you inquire for a monument, look around!" He died Feb. 25, 1723.

I shall pass by, without noticing particularly for your *American Freemason*, the stalls of the choir, the lecturn and pulpit, and the chancel, as they contain nothing that can especially interest you. I shall not trouble your readers with monotonous descriptions of the sculptured monuments introduced into the building in 1769, (that of the philanthropist, JOHN HOWARD, being first,) and which now form one of the principal features of attraction in St. Paul's. I have alluded, in a preceding paragraph, to all of them in which your readers have any any interest. So we will descend to that necropolis,

THE CRYPT.

On the floor beneath,
Sepulchral stones appear, with emblems graven,
And footworn epitaphs.—ROGERS.

The visitor, descending from the body of the church, by a doorway in the south-west ambulatory, is conducted to the crypt, or vaults, beneath, used as the place of sepulture for such as are interred in the cathedral. These dreary, silent mansions of the dead are lighted at intervals by grated windows, which afford partial gleams of light, with broad intervals of shade between. The vaults are divided into three avenues, by immense arches and pillars, some of which are forty feet square, forcibly illustrating, by their solidity, the immense weight and magnitude of the edifice they help to sustain. The middle avenue, under the dome, is perfectly dark, and a portion of the north aisle, at the east end, is dedicated to St. Faith, and was formerly used as one of the churches of a city

parish. Here, besides the the mortal remains of the illustrious interred in this crypt, are preserved the few monumental statues that escaped the fire. They are placed in a recess under the east window of this vault.

A flat stone sunk in the pavement, lying east and west, in the south aisle marks the grave of Wren. It bears the inscription

"Here Lieth

Sir Christopher Wren, Knt.,
The Builder of this Cathedral Church
of St. Paul,
who DIED in the year of our Lord
MDCCXXIII,
And of his Age, xci."

In this aisle are also interred
Doctor Wm. Holder and his wife,
Susannah, sister of Sir C. Wren.

Jane Wren, only daughter of
Sir C. Wren.

Maria, wife of Christopher
Wren, Esq., (son of the Architect,)
and

Constantia Maria Burgoyne Wren,
Grand-daughter of the Architect, who
died July 10th, 1851, aged 93 years.

Thus closes my third chapter of this necessarily imperfect sketch of St. Paul's cathedral, like the third degree of masonry, with the contemplation of a mighty architect at the very threshold of his grave. But the virtues of the dead still live, and it is for us to emulate them, and to act as becoming to the brethren of an Order whose principles teach faith, and hope, and charity, and good-will toward all men.

In my next communication, I will send you a description of Wren's London Monument, "the highest column on earth," Anderson calls it in his *Book of Constitutions*, p. 42. In the meantime, farewell: God speed thee. G.

(To be continued.)

SOME people can't bear to be of the same way of thinking with anybody else. We should n't be surprised if the reason why Saturn ate his own children was that he thought they would not agree with him.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE MAGNET.

MAGNETIC attraction is both curious and interesting, and many amusing experiments may be performed with it; thus making the magnet doubly *attractive* to young people.

The magnetic attraction will not be destroyed by interposing obstacles between the magnet and the iron.

Lay a small needle on a piece of paper, and put a magnet under the paper; the needle may be moved backward and forward.

Lay the needle on a piece of glass, and put the magnet under the glass; it will still attract the needle. The same effect will take place if a board be interposed between the magnet and the iron. This property of the magnet has afforded the means of some very amusing deceptions.

A little figure of a man has been made to spell a person's name. The hand, in which was a piece of iron, rested on a board, under which a person, concealed from view, with a powerful magnet, contrived to carry it from letter to letter, until the word was made up.

The figure of a goose or swan, with a piece of iron concealed about the head, is set to float in water. A rod with a concealed magnet at the end, is presented to the bird, and it swims after it. The effect is still more amusing when some food is put at the end of the rod.

The figure of a fish is thrown into the water, with a small magnet concealed in its mouth. Of course, if a baited hook be suspended near it, the magnet and iron, by mutual attraction, will bring the fish to the bait.

Put a piece of iron in one scale of a balance, and an equal weight in the other scale: bring a magnet under the scale which contains the iron, and it will draw it down. Reverse this experiment, and put the magnet in the scale, and balance it: bring the iron under it, and it will draw down the magnet. Suspend a magnet by a string, and bring a piece of iron near it, and it will attract.

If a magnet suspended by one string, and a piece of iron suspended by another, be brought near one another, they will mutually attract each other, and be drawn to a point between.

Suspend a magnet, nicely poised, by a thread, and it will point north and south, the same end pointing invariably the same way.

Rub a fine needle with a magnet, and lay it gently on the surface of the water: it will point north and south. Rub various needles with the magnet, run them through small pieces of cork, and put them to swim in water: they will all point north and south, and the same end will invariably point the same way. This mode of finding the north is sometimes of the utmost service at sea, when the compass is destroyed.

Opposite poles attract; poles of the same name repel. Take two magnets, or two needles rubbed with the magnet, and bring the north and south poles together, and they attract.

Bring the north poles near each other, and they repel. Bring the south poles near each other, and they repel. Rub a needle with a magnet, and run it through a piece of cork, and put it to float in water. Hold the north pole of a magnet near its north pole, and it will keep flying away to avoid it. It may be chased from side to side of a basin. On the other hand, an opposite pole will immediately attract.

Rub four or five needles, and you may lift them up as in a string, the north pole of one needle adhering to the south pole of another.

Put a magnet under a piece of glass, and sprinkle iron filings on it; they will arrange themselves in a manner that will be very surprising. At each pole will be a vast abundance standing erect, and there will be fewer and fewer as they recede, until there are scarcely any in the middle. If the iron filings are sprinkled on the magnet itself, they will arrange themselves in a manner very striking.

Lay a needle exactly between the north and south poles; it will move toward neither.



FREEZING MIXTURE.—Mix half an ounce of snow with two drachms of diluted nitric acid. If the thermometer be at 32 degrees, it will fall to minus 30 degrees, being 62 degrees lower than freezing point of water.

HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.



PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING.

They heard, and up they sprung upon the wing
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the realm of Nile,
So numberless were they. ○ ○ ○ ○
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields, in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. PARADISE LOST.



Every one of these causes influenced the

Crusades, and conspired to render them the most extraordinary instances upon record of the extent to which popular enthusiasm can be carried. History in her solemn page informs us, that the Crusaders, were but ignorant and savage men, that their motives were those of bigotry unmitigated, and that their pathway was one of blood and tears. Romance, on the other hand, dilates upon their piety and heroism, and portrays, in her most glowing and impassioned hues, their virtue and magnanimity, the imperishable honor they acquired for themselves, and the great services they rendered to Christianity. In the following pages we shall ransack the stores of both, to discover the true spirit that animated the motley multitude who took up arms in the service of the cross, leaving history to vouch for facts, but not disdaining the aid of contemporary poetry and romance, to throw light upon feelings, motives, and opinions.

In order to understand thoroughly the state of public feeling in Europe at the time when Peter the Hermit preached the holy war, it will be necessary to go back for many years anterior to that event. We must make acquaintance with the pilgrims of the eight, ninth, and tenth

centuries, and learn the tales they told of the dangers they had passed and the wonders they had seen. Pilgrimages to the Holy Land seem at first to have been undertaken by converted Jews, and by Christian devotees of lively imagination, pining with a natural curiosity to visit the scenes which of all others were most interesting in their eyes. The pious and the impious alike flocked to Jerusalem,—the one class to feast their sight on the scenes hallowed by the life and sufferings of their Lord, and the other, because it soon became a generally received opinion, that such a pilgrimage was sufficient to rub off the long score of sins, however atrocious. Another and very numerous class of pilgrims were the idle and roving, who visited Palestine then as the moderns visit Italy or Switzerland now, because it was the fashion, and because they might please their vanity by retailing, on their return, the adventures they had met with. But the really pious formed the great majority. Every year their numbers increased, until at last they became so numerous as to be called the "armies of the Lord." Full of enthusiasm, they set the dangers and difficulties of the way at defiance, and lingered with holy rapture on every scene described by the Evangelists. To them it was bliss indeed to drink the clear waters of the Jordan, or be baptized in the same stream where John had baptized the Savior. They wandered with awe and pleasure in the purlieus of the Temple, on the solemn Mount of Olives, or the awful Calvary, where a God had bled for sinful men. To these pilgrims every object was precious. Relics were eagerly sought after; flagons of water from Jordan, or panniers of mould from the hill of the Crucifixion, were brought home, and sold at extravagant prices to churches and monasteries. More apocryphal relics, such as the wood of the true cross, the tears of the Virgin Mary, the hems of her garments, the toe-nails and hair of the Apostles—even the tents that Paul had helped to manufacture—were exhibited for sale by the knavish in Palestine, and brought back to Europe "with wondrous cost and care." A grove of a hundred oaks would not have furnished all the wood sold in little morsels as remnants of the true cross; and the tears of

Mary, if collected together, would have filled a cistern.

For upward of two hundred years the pilgrims met with no impediment in Palestine. The enlightened Haroun Al Reschid, and his more immediate successors, encouraged the stream which brought so much wealth into Syria, and treated the wayfarers with the utmost courtesy. The race of Fatemite caliphs—who, although in other respects as tolerant, were more distressed for money, or more unscrupulous in obtaining it, than their predecessors of the house of Abbas—imposed a tax of a bezant for each pilgrim that entered Jerusalem. This was a serious hardship upon the poorer sort, who had begged their weary way across Europe, and arrived at the bourne of all their hopes without a coin. A great outcry was immediately raised, but still the tax was rigorously levied. The pilgrims unable to pay were compelled to remain at the gate of the holy city until some rich devotee arriving with his train, paid the tax and let them in. Robert of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, who in common with many other nobles of the highest rank, undertook the pilgrimage, found on his arrival scores of pilgrims at the gate, anxiously expecting his coming to pay the tax for them. Upon no occasion was such a boon refused.

The sums drawn from this source were a mine of wealth to the Moslem governors of Palestine, imposed as the tax had been at a time when pilgrimages had become more numerous than ever. A strange idea had taken possession of the popular mind at the close of the tenth and commencement of the eleventh century. It was universally believed that the end of the world was at hand; that the thousand years of the Apocalypse were near completion, and that Jesus Christ would descend upon Jerusalem to judge mankind. All Christendom was in commotion. A panic terror seized upon the weak, the credulous, and the guilty, who in those days formed more than nineteen-twentieths of the population. Forsaking their homes, kindred, and occupation, they crowded to Jerusalem to await the coming of the Lord, lightened, as they imagined, of a load of sin by their weary pilgrimage. To increase the panic, the stars were observed to fall

from heaven, earthquakes to shake the land, and violent hurricanes to blow down the forests. All these, and more especially the meteoric phenomena, were looked upon as the forerunners of the approaching judgments. Not a meteor shot athwart the horizon that did not fill a district with alarm, and send away to Jerusalem a score of pilgrims, with staff in hand and wallet on their back, praying as they went for the remission of their sins. Men, women, and even children, trudged in droves to the holy city, in expectation of the day when the heavens would open, and the Son of God descend in his glory. This extraordinary delusion, while it augmented the numbers, increased also the hardships of the pilgrims. Beggars became so numerous on all the highways between the west of Europe and Constantinople, that the monks, the great almsgivers upon these occasions, would have brought starvation within sight of their own doors, if they had not economized their resources, and left the devotees to shift for themselves as they could. Hundreds of them were glad to subsist upon the berries that ripened by the road, who, before this great flux, might have shared the bread and flesh of the monasteries.

But this was not the greatest of their difficulties. On their arrival in Jerusalem they found that a sterner race had obtained possession of the Holy Land. The caliphs of Bagdad had been succeeded by the harsh Turks of the race of Seljook, who looked upon the pilgrims with contempt and aversion. The Turks of the eleventh century were more ferocious and less scrupulous than the Saracens of the tenth. They were annoyed at the immense number of pilgrims who overran the country, and still more so because they showed no intentions of quitting it. The hourly expectation of the last judgment kept them waiting; and the Turks, apprehensive of being at last driven from the soil by the swarms that were still arriving, heaped up difficulties in their way. Persecution of every kind awaited them. They were plundered, and beaten with stripes, and kept in suspense for months at the gates of Jerusalem, unable to pay the golden bezant that was to procure them admission.

When the first epidemic terror of the

day of judgment began to subside, a few pilgrims ventured to return to Europe, their hearts big with indignation at the insults they had suffered. Every where as they passed they related to a sympathizing auditory the wrongs of Christendom. Strange to say, even those recitals increased the mania for pilgrimage. The greater dangers of the way, the fairer chance that sins of deep dye would be atoned for. Difficulty and suffering only heightened the merit, and fresh hordes issued from every town and village, to win favor in the sight of heaven by a visit to the holy sepulcher. Thus did things continue during the whole of the eleventh century.

The train that was to explode so fearfully was now laid, and there wanted but the hand to apply the torch. At last the man appeared upon the scene. Like all who have ever achieved so great an end, Peter the Hermit was exactly suited to the age; neither behind it nor in advance of it; but acute enough to penetrate its mystery ere it was discovered by any other. Enthusiastic, chivalrous, bigoted, and, if not insane, not far removed from insanity, he was the very prototype of the time. True enthusiasm is always persevering and always eloquent, and these two qualities were united in no common degree, in the person of this extraordinary preacher. He was a monk of Amiens, and ere he assumed the hood had served as a soldier. He is represented as having been ill-favored and low in stature, but with an eye of surpassing brightness and intelligence. Having been seized with the mania of the age, he visited Jerusalem, and remained there till his blood boiled to see the cruel persecution heaped upon the devotees. On his return home he shook the world by the eloquent story of their wrongs.

Before entering into any further details of the marvellous results of his preaching, it will be advisable to cast a glance at the state of the mind of Europe, that we may understand all the better the causes of his success. First of all, there was the priesthood, which, exercising as it did the most conspicuous influence upon the fortunes of society, claims the largest share of attention. Religion was the ruling idea of that day, and the only civilizer capa-

ble of taming such wolves as then constituted the flock of the faithful. The clergy were all in all; and though they kept the popular mind in the most slavish subjection with regard to religious matters, they furnished it with the means of defense against all other oppression except their own. In the ecclesiastical ranks were concentrated all true piety, all the learning, all the wisdom of the time; and, as a natural consequence, a great portion of power, which their very wisdom perpetually incited them to extend. The people knew nothing of kings and nobles, except in the way of injuries inflicted. The first ruled for, or more properly speaking against, the barons, and the barons only existed to brave the power of the kings, or to trample with their iron heels upon the neck of prostrate democracy. The latter had no friend but the clergy, and these, though they necessarily instilled the superstition from which they themselves were not exempt, yet taught the cheering doctrine that all men were equal in the sight of Heaven. Thus, while Feudalism told them they had no rights in this world, Religion told them they had every right in the next. With this consolation they were for the time content, for political ideas had as yet taken no root. When the clergy, for other reasons, recommended the Crusade, the people joined in it with enthusiasm. The subject of Palestine filled all minds; the pilgrims' tales of two centuries warmed every imagination; and when their friends, their guides, and their instructors preached a war so much in accordance with their own prejudices and modes of thinking, the enthusiasm rose into a frenzy.

But while religion inspired the masses, another agent was at work upon the nobility. These were fierce and lawless; tainted with every vice, endowed with no virtue, and redeemed by one good quality alone, that of courage. The only religion they felt was the religion of fear. That and their overboiling turbulence alike combined to guide them to the Holy Land. Most of them had sins enough to answer for. They lived with their hand against every man, and with no law but their own passions. They set at defiance the secular power of the clergy; but their hearts quailed at the awful denunciations of the

pulpit with regard to the life to come. War was the business and the delight of their existence; and when they were promised remission of all their sins upon the easy condition of following their favorite bent, it is not to be wondered at that they rushed with enthusiasm to the onslaught, and became as zealous in the service of the cross as the great majority of the people, who were swayed by more purely religious motives. Fanaticism and the love of battle alike impelled them to war, while the kings and princes of Europe had still another motive for encouraging their zeal. Policy opened their eyes to the great advantages which would accrue to themselves by the absence of so many restless, intriguing, and bloodthirsty men whose insolence it required more than the small power of royalty to restrain within due bounds. Thus every motive was favorable to the Crusades. Every class of society was alike incited to join or encourage the war: kings and clergy by policy, the nobles by turbulence and the love of dominion, and the people by religious zeal and the concentrated enthusiasm of two centuries, skillfully directed by their only instructors.

It was in Palestine itself that Peter the Hermit first conceived the grand idea of rousing the powers of Christendom to rescue the Christians of the East from the thralldom of the Mussulmans, and the sepulcher of Jesus from the rude hands of the infidel. The subject engrossed his whole mind. Even in the visions of the night he was full of it. One dream made such an impression upon him, that he devoutly believed the Savior of the world himself appeared before him, and promised him aid and protection in his holy undertaking. If his zeal had ever wavered before, this was sufficient to fix it forever.

Peter, after he had performed all the penances and duties of his pilgrimage, demanded an interview with Simeon, the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Jerusalem. Though the latter was a heretic in Peter's eyes, yet he was still a Christian, and felt as acutely as himself for the persecutions heaped by the Turks upon the followers of Jesus. The good prelate entered fully into his views, and, at his suggestion, wrote letters to the pope, and to the most influential monarchs of Christendom, detailing the sorrows of the faith-

ful, and urging them to take up arms in their defense. Peter was not a laggard in the work. Taking an affectionate farewell of the Patriarch, he returned in all haste to Italy. Pope Urban II occupied the apostolic chair. It was at that time far from being an easy seat. His predecessor Gregory had bequeathed him a host of disputes with the Emperor Henry IV of Germany, and he had converted Philip I of France into an enemy by his strenuous opposition to an adulterous connection formed by that monarch. So many dangers encompassed him, that the Vatican was no secure abode, and he had taken refuge in Apulia, under the protection of the renowned Robert Guiscard. Thither Peter appears to have followed him, though in what spot their meeting took place is not stated with any precision by ancient chroniclers or modern historians. Urban received him most kindly; read, with tears in his eyes, the epistle from the Patriarch Simeon, and listened to the eloquent story of the Hermit with an attention which showed how deeply he sympathized with the woes of the Christian Church. Enthusiasm is contagious; and the pope appears to have caught it instantly from one whose zeal was so unbounded. Giving the Hermit full powers, he sent him abroad to preach the holy war to all the nations and potentates of Christendom. The Hermit preached, and countless thousands answered to his call. France, Germany, and Italy started at his voice, and prepared for the deliverance of Zion. One of the early historians of the Crusade, who was himself an eye witness of the rapture of Europe,* describes the personal appearance of the Hermit at this time. He says, that there appeared to be something of divine in every thing which he said or did. The people so highly revered him, that they plucked hairs from the mane of his mule that they might keep them as relics. While preaching he wore in general a woollen tunic, with a dark-colored mantle, which fell down to his heels. His arms and feet were bare; and he ate neither flesh nor bread, supporting himself chiefly upon fish and wine. "He set out," says the chronicler, "from whence I know not;

but we saw him passing through the towns and villages, preaching everywhere, and the people surrounding him in crowds, loading him with offerings, and celebrating his sanctity with such great praises, that I never remember to have seen such honors bestowed upon any one." Thus he went on, untired, inflexible, and full of devotion, communicating his own madness to his hearers, until Europe was stirred from its very depths.

While the Hermit was appealing with such signal success to the people, the pope appealed with as much success to those who were to become the chiefs and leaders of the expedition. His first step was to call a council at Placentia, in the autumn of the year 1095. Here, in the assembly of the clergy, the pope debated the grand scheme, and gave audience to emissaries who had been sent from Constantinople by the Emperor of the East, to detail the progress made by the Turks in their design of establishing themselves in Europe. The clergy were of course unanimous in support of the Crusade; and the council separated, each individual member of it being empowered to preach it to his people.

But Italy could not be expected to furnish all the aid required; and the pope crossed the Alps to inspire the fierce and powerful nobility and chivalrous population of Gaul. His boldness in entering the territory, and placing himself in the power of his foe King Philip of France, is not the least surprising feature of his mission. Some have imagined that cool policy alone actuated him; while others assert that it was mere zeal, as warm and as blind as that of Peter the Hermit. The latter opinion seems to be the true one. Society did not calculate the consequences of what it was doing. Every man seemed to act from impulse only; and the pope, in throwing himself into the heart of France, acted as much from impulse as the thousands who responded to his call. A council was eventually summoned to meet him at Clermont, in Auvergne, to consider the state of the Church, reform abuses, and, above all, make preparations for the war. It was in the midst of an extremely cold winter, and the ground was covered with snow. During seven days the council sat with

* Guibert de Nogent.

closed doors, while immense crowds from all parts of France flocked into the town, in expectation that the pope himself would address the people. All the towns and villages for miles around were filled with the multitude; even the fields were encumbered with people, who, unable to procure lodging, pitched their tents under the trees and by the wayside. All the neighborhood presented the appearance of a vast camp.

During the seven days' deliberation, a sentence of excommunication was passed upon King Philip for adultery with Bertrade de Montfort, Countess of Anjou, and for disobedience to the supreme authority of the apostolic see. This bold step impressed the people with reverence for so stern a Church, which in the discharge of its duty showed itself no respecter of persons. Their love and their fear were alike increased, and they were prepared to listen with more intense devotion to the preaching of so righteous and inflexible a pastor. The great square before the cathedral church of Clermont became every instant more densely crowded as the hour drew nigh, when the pope was to address the populace. Issuing from the church in his full canonicals, surrounded by his cardinals and bishops in all the splendor of Romish ecclesiastical costume, the pope stood before the populace on a high scaffolding erected for the occasion, and covered with scarlet cloth. A brilliant array of bishops and cardinals surrounded him; and among them humbler in rank, but more important in the world's eye, the Hermit Peter, dressed in his simple and austere habiliments. Historians differ as to whether or not Peter addressed the crowd, but as all agree that he was present, it seems reasonable to suppose that he spoke. But it was the oration of the pope that was most important. As he lifted up his hands to insure attention, every voice immediately became still. He began by detailing the miseries endured by their brethren in the Holy Land; how the plains of Palestine were desolated by the outrageous heathen, who with the sword and the firebrand carried wailing into the dwellings and flames into the possessions of the faithful; how Christian wives and daughters were defiled by pagan lust; how the altars

of the true God were desecrated, and the relics of the saints trodden under foot. "You," continued the eloquent pontiff (and Urban II was one of the most eloquent men of the day), "you, who hear me, and who have received the true faith, and been endowed by God with power, and strength, and greatness of soul,—whose ancestors have been the prop of Christendom, and whose kings have put a barrier against the progress of the infidel,—I call upon you to wipe off these impurities from the face of the earth, and lift your oppressed fellow-Christians from the depths into which they have been trampled. The sepulcher of Christ is possessed by the heathen, the sacred places dishonored by their vileness. Oh, brave knights and faithful people! offspring of invincible fathers! ye will not degenerate from your ancient renown. Ye will not be restrained from embarking in this great cause by the tender ties of wife or little ones, but will remember the words of the Savior of the world himself, 'Whosoever loves father and mother more than me is not worthy of me. Whosoever shall abandon for my name's sake his house, or his brethren, or his sisters, or his father, or his mother, or his wife, or his children, or his lands, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life.'"

The warmth of the pontiff communicated itself to the crowd, and the enthusiasm of the people broke out several times ere he concluded his address. He went on to portray, not only the spiritual but the temporal advantages that would accrue to those who took up arms in the service of the cross. Palestine was, he said, a land flowing with milk and honey, and precious in the sight of God, as the scene of the grand events which had saved mankind. That land, he promised, should be divided among them. Moreover they should have full pardon for all their offenses, either against God or man. "Go, then," he added, "in expiation of your sins; and go assured, that after this world shall have passed away, imperishable glory shall be yours in the world which is to come."

The enthusiasm was no longer to be restrained, and loud shouts interrupted the speaker; the people exclaiming as if with one voice, "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le*

scult!" With great presence of mind Urban took advantage of the outburst, and as soon as silence was obtained, continued: "Dear brethren, to-day is shown forth in you that which the Lord has said by his evangelist, 'When two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them to bless them.' If the Lord God had not been in your souls, you would not all have pronounced the same words; or rather God himself pronounced them by your lips, for it was he that put them in your hearts. Be they, then, your warcy in the combat, for those words came forth from God. Let the army of the Lord, when it rushes upon his enemies, shout but that one cry, '*Dieu le veult! Dieu le veult!*' Let whoever is inclined to devote himself to his holy cause make it a solemn engagement, and bear the cross of the Lord either on his breast or his brow till he set out; and let him who is ready to begin his march place the holy emblem on his shoulders, in memory of that precept of our Savior, 'He who does not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me.'"

The news of this council spread to the remotest parts of Europe in an incredibly short space of time. Long before the fleetest horseman could have brought the intelligence, it was known by the people in distant provinces; a fact which was considered as nothing less than supernatural. But the subject was in every body's mouth, and the minds of men were prepared for the result. The enthusiastic merely asserted what they wished, and the event tallied with their prediction. This was, however, quite enough in those days for a miracle, and as a miracle every one regarded it.

For several months after the Council of Clermont, France and Germany presented a singular spectacle. The pious, the fanatic, the needy, the dissolute, the young and the old, even women and children, and the halt and lame, enrolled themselves by hundreds. In every village the clergy were busied in keeping up the excitement, promising eternal rewards to those who assumed the red cross, and fulminating the most awful denunciations against all the worldly-minded who refused or even hesitated. Every

debtor who joined the Crusade was freed by the papal edict from the claims of his creditors; outlaws of every grade were made equal with the honest upon the same conditions. The property of those who went was placed under the protection of the Church, and St. Paul and St. Peter themselves were believed to descend from their high abode, to watch over the chateaus of the absent pilgrims. Signs and portents were seen in the air, to increase the fervor of the multitude. An aurora-borealis of unusual brilliancy appeared, and thousands of the Crusaders came out to gaze upon it, prostrating themselves upon the earth in adoration. It was thought to be a sure prognostic of the interposition of the Most High, and a representation of his armies fighting with and overthrowing the infidels. Reports of wonders were everywhere rife. A monk had seen two gigantic warriors on horseback, the one representing a Christian and the other a Turk, fighting in the sky with flaming swords, the Christian of course overcoming the Pannim. Myriads of stars were said to have fallen from heaven, each representing the fall of a pagan foe. It was believed at the same time that the Emperor Charlemagne would rise from the grave, and lead on to victory the embattled armies of the Lord. A singular feature of the popular madness was the enthusiasm of the women. Everywhere they encouraged their lovers and husbands to forsake all things for the holy war. Many of them burned the sign of the cross upon their breasts and arms, and colored the wound with a red dye, as a lasting memorial of their zeal. Others, still more zealous, impressed the mark by the same means upon the tender limbs of young children and infants at the breast.

Guibert the Nogenet tells of a monk who made a large incision upon his forehead in the form of a cross, which he colored with some powerful ingredient, telling the people that an angel had done it when he was asleep. This monk appears to have been more of a rogue than a fool, for he contrived to fare more sumptuously than any of his brother pilgrims, upon the strength of his sanctity. The Crusaders everywhere gave him presents of food and money, and he became

quite fat ere he arrived at Jerusalem, notwithstanding the fatigues of the way. If he had acknowledged in the first place that he had made the wound himself, he would not have been thought more holy than his fellows; but the story of the angel was a clincher.

All those who had property of any description rushed to the mart to change it into hard cash. Lands and houses could be had for a quarter of their value, while arms and accoutrements of war rose in the same proportion. Corn, which had been excessively dear in anticipation of a year of scarcity, suddenly became plentiful; and such was the diminution in the value of provisions, that seven sheep were sold for five *deniers*.* The nobles mortgaged their estates for mere trifles to Jews and unbelievers, or conferred charters of immunity upon the towns and communes within their fiefs, for sums which, a few years previously, they would have rejected with disdain. The farmer endeavored to sell his plow, and the artisan his tools, to purchase a sword for the deliverance of Jerusalem. Women disposed of their trinkets for the same purpose. During the spring and summer of this year (1096) the roads teemed with crusaders, all hastening to the towns and villages appointed as the rendezvous of the district. Some were on horseback, some in carts, and some came down the rivers in boats and rafts, bringing their wives and children, all eager to go to Jerusalem. Very few knew where Jerusalem was: some thought it fifty thousand miles away, and others imagined that it was but a month's journey; while at sight of every town or castle the children exclaimed, "Is that Jerusalem?" Is that the city?† Partics of knights and nobles might be seen traveling eastward, and amusing themselves as they went with the knightly diversion of hawking, to lighten the fatigues of the way.

Guibert de Nogent, who did not write from hearsay, but from actual observation, says the enthusiasm was so contagious, that when any one heard the orders of the pontiff, he went instantly to solicit his neighbors and friends to join with him in "the way of God," for so

they called the proposed expedition. The counts palatine were full of the desire to undertake the journey, and all the inferior knights were animated with the same zeal. Even the poor caught the flame so ardently, that no one paused to think of the inadequacy of his means, or to consider whether he ought to yield up his farm, his vineyard, or his fields. Each one set about selling his property at as low a price as if he had been held in some horrible captivity, and sought to pay his ransom without loss of time. Those who had not determined upon the journey joked and laughed at those who were thus disposing of their goods at such ruinous prices, prophesying that the expedition would be miserable and their return worse. But they held this language only for a day; the next they were suddenly seized with the same frenzy as the rest. Those who had been loudest in their jeers gave up all their property for a few crowns, and set out with those they had so laughed at a few hours before. In most cases the laugh was turned against them; for when it became known that a man was hesitating, his more zealous neighbors sent him a present of a knitting-needle or a distaff, to show their contempt of him. There was no resisting this; so that the fear of ridicule contributed its fair contingent to the armies of the Lord.

Another effect of the Crusade, was the religious obedience with which it inspired the people and the nobility for that singular institution "The Truce of God." At the commencement of the eleventh century, the clergy of France, sympathizing for the woes of the people, but unable to diminish them, by repressing the rapacity and insolence of the feudal chiefs, endeavored to promote the universal good-will by the promulgation of the famous "Peace of God." All who conformed to it bound themselves by oath not to take revenge for any injury, not to enjoy the fruits of property usurped from others, nor to use deadly weapons; in reward of which they would receive remission of all their sins. However benevolent the intention of this "Peace," it led to nothing but perjury, and violence reigned as uncontrolled as before. In the year 1041, another attempt was made

* Guibert De Nogent. † Ibid.

to soften the angry passions of the semi-barbarous chiefs, and the "Truce of God" was solemnly proclaimed. The *truce* lasted from the Wednesday evening to the Monday morning of every week, in which interval it was strictly forbidden to recur to violence on any pretext, or to seek revenge for any injury. It was impossible to civilize men by these means. Few even promised to become peaceable for so unconscionable a period as five days a week; or if they did, they made ample amends on the two days left open to them. The truce was afterward shortened from the Saturday evening to the Monday morning; but little or no diminution of violence and bloodshed was the consequence. At the council of Clermont, Urban II again solemnly proclaimed the truce. So strong was the religious feeling, that every one hastened to obey. All minor passions disappeared before the grand passion of crusading. The feudal chief ceased to oppress, the robber to plunder, the people to complain; but one idea was in all hearts, and there seemed to be no room for any other.

The encampments of these heterogeneous multitudes offered a singular aspect. Those vassals who ranged themselves under the banners of their lord, erected tents around his castle; while those who undertook the war on their own account, constructed booths and huts in the neighborhood of the towns or villages, preparatory to their joining some popular leader of the expedition. The meadows of France were covered with tents. As the belligerents were to have remission of all their sins on their arrival in Palestine, hundreds of them gave themselves up to the most unbounded licentiousness. The courtesan, with the red cross upon her shoulders, plied her shameless trade with sensual pilgrims without scruple on either side; the lover of good cheer gave loose reign to his appetite, and drunkenness and debauchery flourished. Their zeal in the service of the Lord was to wipe out all faults and follies, and they had the same surety of salvation as the rigid anchorite. This reasoning had charms for the ignorant, and the sounds of lewd revelry and the voice of prayer rose at the same instant.

(To be continued.)

SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE TYROL.

I LATELY described my excursion to the convent of Hauterive, and how I managed to find out that the son of Héloïse and Abélard, whose fate has been a subject of controversy, and whose very existence has been frequently made a matter of doubt, was the third abbot of that monastery. It was in the course of my investigations with a view to elucidate this problematical question, that I met with a manuscript which had been contributed to the general stock in 1815, by an exiled Piedmontese officer who sought a temporary asylum at Hauterive, where he found an eternal one—the tomb.

This manuscript, which treated of the Secret Societies of the Tyrol, struck me as very curious. It was written with a certain elegance, though in a wretched Italian dialect (if, indeed, it be allowable to couple such words together, however well they may express my idea), and may be looked upon as a valuable document for the general history of Europe during the first portion of the nineteenth century.

Being now on the eve of publishing this work, which I easily obtained from the good fathers in exchange for a versified paraphrase of some of the Psalms, which I published in Rome in 1829, I shall, I fancy, give my readers an advantageous idea of the book, by quoting the following episode. The Piedmontese officer shall now speak for himself.

The societies of the Tyrol did not think it necessary to conceal the mysteries of their initiations, perhaps the most extraordinary and well-combined ever employed in any institution of the kind. As an example, I need only refer to what happened to an ancient superior officer, a friend of mine, from whose mouth I learned the following particulars:

Having become suspicious in Napoleon's eyes, after enjoying his confidence, which, by the by, he had never betrayed, he was obliged to take refuge in the most mountainous districts of the Austrian provinces, where he lived in complete retirement, and almost without holding any communication with his fellow-men.

Chance and necessity, however, having led to some intercourse with several of the

inhabitants, which mutual sympathy had ripened into regard; and having given his new friends occasion to ascertain, beyond a doubt, that he nourished a deep-rooted hatred for the tyrant of Europe, he was at length informed that there existed a most extensive society of devoted brothers, whose sole object was the subversion of Napoleon's government, and was offered admission among their numbers. Being already long since attached to other associations having exactly the same object in view, he hesitated not to accept the proposition, with the secret hope of bringing this society to coöperate with those already known to him. Scarcely had he consented, when he was initiated in a way to surprise him only by the simplicity of the formula employed on so solemn an occasion. It was merely an initiation to the first degree, which has frequently been extended to whole villages, and which was proportioned to the most ordinary capacities. Two months passed away without the neophyte's hearing a word about either the society or its plans, and without his having any grounds to presume that it was any thing more than what he had seen, namely, a kind of covert insurrection, provided with its rallying signs and watchwords. He was even beginning to consider it altogether in the light of an illusion, when a letter couched in such terms as to remind him distinctly of the formula of his initiation, summoned him to meet a number of his brethren in a secluded spot that was pointed out. Thither he repaired, without taking the least precautions for his safety, because the nature of his first initiation and the character of those who had introduced him to the order, were such as to preclude the idea that any snare could possibly be laid for him. On arriving at the spot indicated, he at once recognized it, beyond a doubt, from the description that had been given him; but after minutely surveying it both before and after the appointed hour of meeting, and waiting a length of time, not a soul appeared. A few days afterward the summons was reiterated in the same terms, and the same spot was appointed for the rendezvous. He again obeyed with as much punctuality as before, but with no better success.

This individual trial of his patience (for such the officer considered it to be), was renewed four times, without any better result, during a space of three weeks. At length, the fifth time, he was about to retire somewhat harassed by such repeated discomfitures, when he heard the most frightful screams at about a hundred feet distance. These screams, apparently proceeding from some one who was being murdered, drew him deeper into the wood, where he had already advanced further than usual. Daylight was fast declining; the season was bad (it was toward the latter end of November in a severe climate), and the roads almost impassable, particularly for a stranger; yet no earthly consideration could restrain him, when humanity called aloud for his assistance. Though armed with no other weapon than his sword, he rushed through the thicket, and making his way amid the brambles as best he might, still guided by the screams that waxed nearer and nearer, and were imploring the assistance of any chance wayfarer, he at length reached a clearing, when three suspicious-looking men, on horseback, galloped away as hard as they could, at the same time discharging their muskets upon him.

On the ground lay a bleeding body, and he could just distinguish through the twilight the dying man's torn garments, the ropes that bound his limbs, and even the bruises with which he was covered.

Our neophyte had scarcely time to contemplate this sad sight, and to measure at a glance the depth of the wood, where death seemed to await him at every turn, and to ascertain whether any signs of life were yet discernible in the unfortunate being whose last agonies he was called upon to witness, when a detachment of gendarmes, likewise drawn thither by the cries for help, issued forth from the forest on the opposite point to where the murderers had fled, and surrounded the spot where lay the victim. Though fast expiring, the murdered man had still breath enough left to articulate a few words sufficiently distinct to leave no doubt on the minds of those present that he intended to designate the stranger as one of his assassins. Moreover, the lateness of the hour, the sword with which

he was still armed, his hurried answers and evident embarrassment, all tended to incriminate him. I need not say that he was immediately arrested, loaded with chains, and ignominiously flung into a cart borrowed from the nearest farm, and taken to a dreary-looking house which served as a prison in the neighboring village.

The night wore away, and to this night succeeded three others, spent in absolute privation of all food, in the completest seclusion, and in the midst of the mental tortures of an innocent man accused of a heinous crime, and whom Providence itself seemed to have deprived of all means of defense. At length he was brought before the magistrates, and underwent his examination; witnesses were heard, and his supposed accomplices were minutely cross-questioned; the judicial proceedings were then carried through, the attorney-general summed up the case, the prisoner's defense was listened to, and the court of justice assembled to pronounce sentence.

Overwhelmed by a weight of presumptive evidence too strong for even himself to be able to deny the seeming probability of his guilt, the innocent prisoner was condemned without appeal (according to the custom of these petty jurisdictions) to capital punishment, and sentenced to undergo an ignominious and cruel death, without feeling able to accuse aught but his hard fate for the severity of a judgment seemingly founded on the most glaring and plausible facts.

The harassed prisoner, nearly exhausted by captivity, long fasting, and despair, was almost relieved on learning that the end of his troubles was accelerated by particular circumstances. The morrow was a day set aside for the celebration of one of the most solemn festivals of the church, and the holiness of such a day was not to be sullied by the blood of an assassin. His execution was, therefore, to take place by torchlight, at the most silent hour of night.

Midnight had now struck; and after being bound with cords by hideous-looking executioners, he was brought forth, preceded by funeral torches, and accompanied by soldiers, who hung their heads as they walked beside him in silence,

amid the tolling of the bell that implored the prayers of the faithful in his behalf; and after sundry windings he at length reached a spacious court, surrounded by ruined buildings, which seemed to be a public square. A circle of cavalry soldiers was formed round the scaffold; men and women stood in groups a little further off; several spectators had seated themselves on the tops of walls, and from the crowd thus gathered together there arose, from time to time, murmurs of impatience and horror, while the whole scene was dimly lighted up by a few tapers in distant windows. He now ascends the scaffold, his sentence is read aloud, and he is about to lay his head on the block, when an officer on horseback, bearing the insignia of the magistracy, makes his way up to the prisoner, and whispers in his ear a few words of hope, which seem to recall his attention to the things of this world. An edict issued by government offered a free pardon to any one, let him be condemned for what crime he might, provided he delivered up to justice the watchwords and tokens of recognition of a secret society, the name of which being designated, proved to be the very one he had but recently entered, and whose mysterious orders he was about to accomplish when the strange catastrophe that led to his apprehension and unjust condemnation took place. Again he is narrowly questioned, but his answers are evasive; the officer presses him more closely still; he grows irritated, and calls aloud for death—HIS INITIATION WAS NOW COMPLETE! The ceremony terminated by a kiss, and no oath was required. None of those around him were strangers to the institution; and all had knowingly cooperated in the singular drama that was got up for the purpose of testing his fidelity and powers of endurance to the utmost.

ANNA; OR, COTTAGE DEVOTION.

ANNA FISHER was a farmer's daughter, but her beauty might have been coveted by many a high-born dame. As her father was in comfortable circumstances, and both he and his wife were proud of their lovely daughter, she was allowed to work or be idle at her own

fancy, and her only regular duty was attention to the comfort of her blind sister Ella. Still, although preserving her delicate hands soft and white, and her form stately and tall, Anna was by no means a useless member of the cottage family. Her busy fingers shaped the snowy caps, which her mother declared "fitted her head as if they were made for it." Ella's spotless dresses and muslins owed much of their purity to her sister's watchful care; and many a dainty dish found its way to the farmer's table, which he well knew was provided by Anna. So, with light pleasant duties, rendered dear by home affections, the young girl's life sped on. But a change came.

There arrived at the pleasant village, for recreation, a young man, of handsome face and figure, and winning address; one skilled in the art of pleasing. With his time unoccupied, and his fancy struck by Anna's exceeding loveliness, he determined to win the love of the young country girl.

It was just after sunset, one pleasant spring evening, that Anna was walking slowly through one of her father's meadows, on her way home, when she was startled by the report of a gun, from a little thicket near her. With a feeling of terror—for the sound was not a common one in that peaceful neighborhood—she quickened her pace, and was hurrying on, when a voice calling her made her pause. In an instant the sportsman stood before her, apologizing for the fright he had caused her, and pleading the unfrequented spot as an excuse for his having chosen it for sporting.

"But what were you shooting so late as this?"

The young man was unprepared for this question, and stammered something about an accidental discharge.

Accidental! So far as watching for some hours for Anna's return, and then firing in the hopes of startling her, could make it. He introduced himself as Edwin Parker from London, and she in return told him her name. When they parted at Farmer Fisher's gate, it was with a determination on his part that this should not be their last meeting, and a strong desire on hers to see him again.

Somehow it happened that Anna grew very fond of taking long strolls about sunset; and Edwin, by some unaccountable magic, was always going the same way about the same time.

I will now give my readers the substance of a conversation which passed between the lovers one evening, some four or five weeks after their first meeting. They were walking in the old meadow, Edwin's arm was thrown round Anna's waist in the most natural way possible.

"Anna," he said, in a low tone, "you do not answer me; I say I must return to London to-morrow."

"It is so sudden!" murmured the young girl. "But you will be here soon again, Edwin?"

"That, it is impossible for me to tell. It may be years before I can visit this spot again. Oh, Anna!" he cried, in a sudden burst of passion, "how can I live without you? Why must we part?"

"Hush, Edwin, you are too violent. You will, you must return soon!"

"Soon! A whole year *must* pass before I can come here again."

There was a moment's silence, then bending over her, Edwin whispered: "Anna, do you love me?"

"You know I do," she answered.

"Do you love me well enough to trust your future happiness in my hands, to be my wife?"

"I do, but my father—"

"Hates me; I know it well," said Edwin, bitterly. "He believes because I am no farmer's lad, but a gentleman, that there is no truth or goodness in me. Believe me, Anna, it is only his prejudice against cities that causes your father's dislike to me."

"But," faltered Anna, "that prejudice is so strong that I fear he will never consent to my wedding you."

"Once my wife, dearest, and he will forgive you. Though he might not be willing to let his child go, still, believe me, if the knot was tied, he would forgive."

It took long, even with Edwin's most subtle reasoning, to win Anna's consent to a clandestine marriage, but it was given at length, and with a promise to be in the meadow that night prepared for a journey to London, she left him.

When she reached home, she found the family only awaiting her return for the customary evening devotions. Seating herself opposite her father, Anna listened to the words of divine truth which he read. After reading a chapter from the New Testament, he read in a clear and distinct voice, the commandment:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Then rising, he kissed Ella and Anna, and left the room.

Anna sat motionless where he had left her; her mother, the servant, her little brother, and last of all, Ella, left the room, but she remained.

"Heavenly Father," she murmured, bowing her head upon her hands, "strengthen this poor head, and guide me in the right way!" Heavy sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Sister Anna," said the low, sweet voice of her blind sister, "you are weeping! Will you not tell me what troubles you?"

Choking back her sobs, Anna endeavored to speak cheerfully to Ella; it was in vain; and, after one or two fruitless efforts, she silently embraced her, and sought her own room.

Edwin Parker was early at the appointed rendezvous, and awaited impatiently for Anna. The hour was past, and still she came not. At length, weary with watching, Edwin strode from the meadow to the little country inn where he lodged. On his table he found a tiny note directed to himself.

"Ah!" he murmured, as he tore it open, "detained at home, I imagine; this will explain all."

Within he found these words—

"DEAR EDWIN,—Could one who forsook her first duty, that to her parents, fulfill the holy duties the name of wife would bring? I dare not come: it has cost me much to write this, but I feel that I am doing right, and that strengthens me. Win my father's consent, and I am yours.
ANNA."

"Pshaw!" said Edwin, tossing the note impatiently into the fire, "it is n't worth the trouble."

The next morning Edwin Parker had left the village.

About a month after this, Anna was in the garden, watering some plants, when her father joined her.

"Anna," said he, "do you recollect a young man who was here some weeks ago, named Parker?"

How her heart bounded!

"Yes, father," she said.

"He has been arrested for forgery, and is—Heavens, Anna, how pale you are! Are you faint?"

"I am better now," said Anna, struggling for composure. "Father, I will tell you all, and then pray for your forgiveness."

"Dear Anna, did you think your old father was blind? No, no, my child, you need tell me nothing. The commandment was not selected by chance. I knew all then; and heaven alone knew the joy of your father's heart when he saw you still with him after the tempter had left the place."

"How did you know?" asked the astonished girl.

"I was passing in the thicket when your appointment was made, and overheard all. I watched your chamber door all night, thinking to stop you by force if you ventured out! Thank God, it was not needed."

"Thank God, indeed!" said Anna. "Had I not called upon His name, I should now be either the forger's wife, or the wretched, suspected daughter."

EXTRACT.—THE G. LIGHT OF MASONRY.

"WHEN, from the pen of Moses we have a 'Thus saith the Lord,' we are bound to receive it, and the precept or exhortation it may contain, as a rule for our practice. Or when we read from Isaiah, 'Wo to them that go down to Egypt for help and stay on horses, and trust in chariots because they are many, and in horsemen because they are strong; but they look not to the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord.' Or such passages as these—'The sinner being a hundred years old shall not go unpunished.' 'He that hardeneth his neck, being often reprov'd, shall suddenly be

destroyed, and that without remedy.'— 'Turn to the Lord, for he will have mercy; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' In everything of this sort, the only application of which could be to influence the actions of men, there can be but one question, and that is either of truth or falsity. But we as masons, virtually admitting their truth by continuing to consent to the masonic principles, that the Bible is the gift of God, must also admit the obligation under which we rest, as masons, to consider whatever moral precept may be logically deduced therefrom as rules established by the G. Architect for the government of our conduct.

* * * * *

"Our Great Light contains the creed and the faith, that is to say, the professed rule of action of the Christian world by which we are surrounded, and of which, as professing Christian men, we, too, form a part. Of these, many we know sincerely strive that it show itself in their lives what they profess it to be.— Such men profess not only a knowledge, in a greater or less degree, of its requirements, but also a conviction of its power. There are those also who profess without corresponding action, and these, perhaps, are the ones whose argus eyes are ever on the watch, and whose uncharitable tempers but sharpen their sight, despite the beams in their own eyes, to detect the motes in the eyes of others. These two classes of men form the bulk of the world about us, and before whose eyes we continually hold up the great Book of the Law as that to which we owe allegiance, and as in more than an ordinary way the object of our care. Even in our processions the marked attention bestowed upon the manner of its carriage, the position of honor assigned to it in the column, and the person appointed to bear it, who is either a mason of high rank or a clergyman, or else some time-honored Brother whose gray hairs, grave expression and dignified demeanor throw an additional sanctity around it—all these things go to favor the impression among the beholders that the Book is with us an object of marked veneration. Holding forth, then, this impression to the world, what ought we as masons to do? Oh!

Brethren, it is a serious question and asked in no light or unmeaning spirit. It is worthy of our careful and prayerful deliberation. Around us are good Bible-loving men, anxious as well as we to do their duty both to God and man, and yet enemies to Masonry. And why are they enemies? Simply because they know nothing at all about it? And why do they know nothing about it? Why is it not attractive enough to draw them to it that they may learn? It is because they see masons who know nothing about it; masons whose conduct among them and in the world is not governed by the mandates of their law; masons who live and act as if truth, and love, and justice, were things they never heard of—truth, love and justice, of which every leaf and page of that Book are full, and which almost make up the God we worship. Alas! Brethren, here is the often too-fruitful seed of anti-masonry.

"If, then, we would feel toward our profession in the way that, as masons, we ought to feel; if next to God, our country, and the loved ones who circle the family hearth, or kneel round its altar, we would view masonry as our chief joy; if we would extend the sphere of its influence, and draw within its pale the virtuous and honorable, we must act up to our profession, we must be governed by the Book which we openly hold forth as the standard of morality and as a means to such action, we must know what the Book demands of us, what is the practice in which it would guide us as masons. To do this, Brethren, we must study it. Says the Great Law-Giver of the New Testament, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.' And so may we say as masons. Search them, for in them we think we have the teaching that will show us how to walk along the checkered path of life, jostling now with the Brethren, and then with the profane, and yet not stumbling or becoming stumbling blocks in the way of others."

A CELEBRATED physician boasting at dinner that he cured his own hams, one of the guests observed, "Doctor, I would a great deal sooner be your ham than your patient."

Record and Review for the Month.

REVIEW.

THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY and Masonic Digest, embracing an account of the Order from the building of Solomon's Temple; its progress thence throughout the civilized world to 1858; the introduction of modern degrees, called Masonic; and the first written History of Masonry in the United States; to which is added the "Old Charges" and "Ancient Regulations," as collated by order of the Grand Lodge of England, in 1722; also the Spurious Laws, as published by Dermott; a Code of Masonic Jurisprudence, illustrated by the author's answers to questions of law and usage; a Dictionary of Masonic Terms; Description of Masonic Jewels, Regalia, etc., etc. By J. W. S. MITCHELL, M. D., P. G. M., P. G. H. P., and P. G. C. of Mo. In two volumes, 8vo., pp. 720 each. Marietta, Ga. Published by the author; and New York, Robert Macoy, 1858.

THIS elaborate title fronts a brace of as noble volumes as have ever emanated from the masonic press. The author, who, although in the same city superintending, for months past, the publication of the work before us, we have never had the pleasure of meeting, is a gentleman well known in the West and South, as an able exponent of Ancient Craft Masonry, its laws, rules and usages, and has for years conducted a monthly masonic periodical, which, within the last year or two, has passed into other hands, if not, as our French writers say, entirely gone "to sleep."

This, the first comprehensive and most voluminous history of Freemasonry ever published in America, we have perused through its first volume with an interest never exceeded by any similar exercise of our life. The style is exceedingly attractive, offhand, sketchy, and manly. The author exhibits no gingerly delicacy to keep off the tender projections of those whom he mentions in his work, provided they are in his way. On the contrary,

he slashes at wrong as with a broad axe, and makes the thinnest possible slices of both matter and men which stand in his way, or that way which he believes to be the way of truth and right. No tampering with matters, which have heretofore been taken for granted, is exhibited by him. If the thing will stand the test of his overseer's square, it is well; but if it does not, he casts it over with a heartiness and unction that, in our estimation, puts him on the pinnacle of our respect. His very eye and front, as given in his portrait, the distended nostril and compressed thin lips, plainly evince that his life has been a battle with circumstantial and worldly opposition; and that no compromise—nothing, short of complete victory, will satisfy him, if he is right, to conquer; if he is wrong, to acknowledge defeat, and cry "enough."

To attempt a review of this "work of a life-time" in one paper, suitable for a magazine like ours, would be ridiculous. Scarcely a dozen would contain the respectable handling of so voluminous a subject. But, beginning with this, we propose, in a series of papers, to give these volumes the attention which their magnitude, their novelty, and their subject demand. And in so doing, if we venture beyond the domain of a good-natured critic, we trust the author will pardon any thing that he may consider as an attempt to misconstrue his sense or argument. Our object is to review truthfully; and, taking his own impartial work as an example worthy of imitation, give our readers the benefit of our thoughts and arguments excited by the perusal of his work, as he has done in like manner by that of others.

His first chapter opens with the assertion that—

"Freemasonry was strictly a secret society for more than two thousand years; its members were forbidden to publish any thing, either in relation to its origin or teaching; and yet, through all

that period, its history was transmitted from generation to generation, unspotted by time, and unadulterated by the sacrilegious hand of the innovator. * * * Thus, while the middle or dark ages enveloped in oblivion the very footprints of the world's history, leaving us but the merest fables of heathen mythology to tell of Time's onward course, our Order having been transmitted from society to society, from man to man, in the same unmistakable and unalterable symbolism, preserved its identity, and perpetuated its existence in the upward and onward mission it was instituted and sent forth to accomplish."

Now this is very good for assertion; it is rounded, flowing, and has a fine degree of ring to it; but is it true? Rather impudent, we must admit, to question the truth of the very first paragraph of what is published at this day as history; but we have said it now, and we will not take it back, but proceed. After indulging at some length in speculation, similar to the foregoing, as to the manner in which the secrets of masonry have been preserved, and also wandering slightly into what Ancient Craft Masons do not recognize, viz., a legend of the discovery of the five books of Moses, otherwise called the book of the law or sacred roll, our author jumps astride of Bro. Preston's history, and particularly of that assertion, in which the latter erudite brother opens his history as to the origin of Freemasonry, and informs us that such assertion is, what we always considered it, more pretty as an idea than truthful as a fact. And this he does in a manner, decided and to the point, by saying—

"Masonry is an Order, a society of individuals, having a systematic art of teaching certain principles, and linking its recipients together by certain indissoluble ties, which enable them to distinguish each other, and places them under obligation to befriend and relieve each other from the withering blight of misfortune; and it is as impossible to conceive of the existence of the Order without a community of individuals to constitute that Order, as to suppose the existence of a government without subjects to be governed."

He then implies that he can account for Brother Preston's reiteration of Dr. Anderson's wild theory only upon the

principle that the former desired his history to sell, and therefore indulged in ideas calculated to interest and tickle the purchaser, and afford him some authority for the fullest scope of his imagination as to the magnitude, the hoary age, and co-mundane existence of his beloved institution. In this respect, attempting nothing but what subsequent writers have done: the cultivation of a market, by truckling to the morbid desire of the masses for the strange and unnatural rather than the worship of truth, if even at the cost of fame.

Dr. Mitchell next affords us a rapid summary of the principal events anterior and subsequent to the reign of Solomon; and after this flight settles with the assertion, that we have but *two* sources to look to for the history of masonry upon which we can to any extent rely, and they are—1. The Bible. 2. The Traditions. Now, as the whole of the second source may be found by the masonic student within the first, we take the liberty of narrowing the doctor's platform, and say, that the only source to which we can refer for the history of masonry is to be found in its great light, the Holy Bible, in which is contained all of Ancient Craft Masonry (the only masonry Brother Mitchell recognizes), its history, traditions, and the groundwork of such of its legends as are worth noticing. As for the esoteric language and secret symbology of masonry, they are evidently derived, not from Solomon, nor his times, nor cotemporaries, but are handed down to us by the guilds or companies of stonemasons or operative masons of the 14th and subsequent centuries, as we shall in the course of this year, if the Almighty spares us, abundantly prove, by translations of the laws, manners, and customs of that period which we have now in hand, and the rules and regulations of these societies.

Dr. Mitchell, the medical, having disposed of Brother Preston, next takes hold of Dr. Oliver, the divine, and lays bare his vulnerable points with professional skill. In the flush of the success following his first round with the latter, he exposes an opening, however, in his own person, which, as a lover of fair play, we are in duty bound to strike at,

and do so as well for this reason, as to give our worthy alma pater a chance to rise and come to time. Brother Mitchell says—

"We regard masonic tradition as the very highest order of testimony which can be found to establish any event which happened anterior to that period to which clearly defined written history leads us."—p. 24. And again—

"We boldly assert, and hold ourselves prepared to vindicate its truth, that there is no masonic tradition emanating from Ancient Craft Masonry—and we acknowledge no other as being true masonry—proving the existence of such an order of men (Freemasons) anterior to the building of the temple at Jerusalem; and even to that period we shall have some difficulty to trace it to the satisfaction of those who are not masons, for the reason that the most reliable traditions are hidden from the world by the established usages of the institution."—p. 30.

Now we have had the honor of having proceeded as far into Ancient Craft Masonry as Brother Mitchell, and we boldly assert that there is not an item of truth in her traditions that can not be found in the Books of the Old Testament. And as for "reliable traditions" being "hid," there are *none*; and nothing is hid that is reliable in the way of masonic history.

After having another successful round with Dr. Oliver, Dr. Mitchell says—

"The science of numbers is said to have its origin with God. He computed time at the creation. Enoch invented an alphabet, to perpetuate sounds, which is called the first rudiments of grammar. Some are of opinion that Enoch communicated this knowledge to Methusaleh; by the latter it was given to Noah; and by Noah to his sons, and thence to the world after the Flood. The descendants of Shem have the honor of so improving upon the original as to produce the Hebrew tongue, while Ham and his sons conveyed the same alphabet to Egypt, whose priests, some hundred years after, dispensed with its use by introducing hieroglyphical characters, in order that their superior attainments might be kept secret from the masses. That astronomy and geometry were cultivated by the antediluvians is equally true. Josephus says that God found it necessary to give man long life that he might cultivate virtue and a knowledge of the sciences. That as all heavenly bodies returned to their original places every six hundred years, a life of at least six centuries was

required to obtain a knowledge of their relative motion," etc.

Without attempting to respond to these assertions *seriatim*, we maintain they are *all* gratuitous, and as devoid of proof as any of Dr. Oliver's speculations. Josephus, whom Dr. Mitchell quotes as authority for the last three of them, gives no authority for his statements, and as such they are entitled to no more respect than are Dr. Oliver's, if as much; for the author of the one was an apostate Jew, and the author of the other is a Christian minister. As to Enoch inventing the alphabet, out of the Old Testament, there is no account to be found of Enoch, his sayings or doings, that can be relied upon, or of any of those other worthies cotemporaneous with or succeeding him, who so greatly improved upon his teachings. When the Hebrew language was invented, is not known. Neither is there any proof that it ever was the written language of Egypt. Is it not quite as reasonable to believe that the written language of the Egyptians, as we find it upon their tombs, monuments, and obelisks in such profusion, was their original language? Portal, in his comparison of the Hebrew and Egyptian symbols, acknowledges this, and says, what every lingual student must believe, that the language of symbols is the oldest written language in the world, to which the Hebrew tongue is but the language of yesterday. How vain, then, to say that Ham and his sons conveyed the Hebrew to Egypt, and that some hundred years afterward, it was dispensed with. This would make Ham and his sons the original population of Egypt, the fashioners of its laws, and the authors of its learning, when it is well recorded, by the only authority we can fall back upon, that Ham's descendants, agreeable to the curse pronounced against him by his father, were slaves in Egypt, held in no repute, and that the Egyptians were far advanced in their civilization anterior to the advent of the descendants of Ham.

We have no proof that the priests of Egypt introduced hieroglyphics for the purpose named. If such a thing were done, another language should have prevailed for the use of the people, cotemporaneous with the use of hieroglyphics

We have no proof that such was the fact, or that the Hebrew was that language; on the contrary, as late as the meeting of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, it is evident that the Hebrew was not the language of the Egyptians, for upon the former having recognized, addressed his brethren in their own tongue, they were amazed, as were also the Egyptians who were standing by, who had forgotten that Joseph was an Israelite.

Both Champollion and Lespius assert that the first written language of the world was the language of symbols—of figures—and this is entirely in accordance with reason and common sense. We quote the language of Portal, which at once thus addresses itself to our minds:

"The first men, in order to express abstract ideas, borrowed images from surrounding nations; by a surprising intuition, they attached to each race and species of animals, to plants, and the elements, ideas of beauty or ugliness, of good or evil, of affection or hatred, of purity or uncleanness, of truth or error.

"Those fathers of the human race did not compare, but they named their ideas from *corresponding objects* in the material world; thus, if they wished to say, 'the king of an obedient people,' they did not compare him to a *bee* governing a submissive hive, but they called him *bee*; if they desired to say, 'filial piety,' they did not compare it to the *stork* feeding its family, but they called it *stork*; to express 'power,' they called it *bull*; 'the power of man,' the *arm*; 'strength of soul,' *lion*; 'the soul aspiring to heaven,' the *hawk*, that sails in the clouds and looks steadfastly at the sun.

"Primitive writing, the image of primitive speech, was entirely composed of symbolic characters, as demonstrated by the examples of China and Mexico, and the symbols of Egyptian writing.

"If the principle we have thus assumed is true," Portal modestly continues, "the speech of the first people must have left profound traces of its ambiguities in the most ancient known languages; doubtless, in the lapse of time, figurative expressions passed from tropes to abstractions. The descendants of the patriarchs, in pronouncing the word *bee*, and attaching the idea of a *king* to it, no longer thought of the insect living in a monarchical state; hence arose a change in pronunciation, at first scarcely

perceptible, but which, degenerating from tongue to tongue, finally destroyed every trace of symbolism; a dead poetry disinherited the living poetry of preceding ages; comparisons were instituted, and rhetoric took the place of symbols."

We repeat, the foregoing addresses itself to the reason and common sense of mankind, and confounds as errors such statements as Dr. Mitchell has so glibly given us. Years from now, doubtless the opinions advanced by the latter will be quoted by some future historian as he quotes Josephus, and with as little force.

Our author next proceeds to give Dr. Oliver the *coups des main*, which he does in the succeeding ten or a dozen pages, leaving our worthy divine not a leg to stand on. About the finishing round, the evident victor stops to suppose a case—

"We may be asked if any high-minded, honorable mason would attempt to give to the world a history of masonry without a thorough acquaintance with all its mysteries and secret traditions? We answer, unhesitatingly, Yes; and for confirmation of this opinion, appeal to the observation of the Craft everywhere. We ask them to institute an inquiry, and answer the following questions: How many masonic orations have you heard? Who delivered them? What portion of these expounders of our doctrine and traditions were qualified to take the chair, confer the degrees, and give the masonic lectures which teach the traditional history of the institution? Alas, brethren, is it not true that, nine times out of ten, men are selected to give to the world the history and principles of masonry, who are little more than able to pass themselves as masons? How often is the inquiry made as to the brother's masonic learning? If he is talented, acquainted with profane and biblical history, and of sufficient notoriety to command an audience, he is considered just the man, and such a one will collect from other writings what he thinks calculated to please, without being able to determine how much of it is masonic tradition."

Just so; and who has a better right than a man talented, acquainted with biblical and profane history, and a mason. Pray, what immense amount of knowledge is there to be received from the "secret traditions" of masonry as

comprised in the three degrees, "including the Royal Arch," that such a person can not comprehend and master in a few hours? This is the shallowest kind of twaddle, to talk about the highth and depth, the length and breadth, and immensity generally of masonic mystery and masonic secret tradition. The fact is, the oftener the history of masonry is written, the more simple does such history become.

As a final example in this evidently to him pleasing phase of his subject, our author finishes it, and Dr. Oliver alike, with the following narrative and sequence:

"We know a worthy brother who has published a book on all the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, and several modern ones, which was designed as a standard work (and by the way, it is somewhat widely circulated), who to our knowledge declined being examined as to his qualifications to sit in a lodge of a certain degree, about which he had written learnedly, giving as the reason, that he could not pass himself. We have no means of knowing what position in this particular Dr. Oliver occupies, but the most charitable construction we can at present place upon his course is, to suppose he is very defective in masonic learning."

In reference to the narration, we say such a thing was very possible; and we can not believe the person so answering, did wrong. He knew that those who were to examine him attached more importance to words than to sense, and while there is little doubt he possessed the main points and the main ideas necessary to "pass" himself, he might have forgotten the exact language in which they were conveyed. That part of masonry which is found in books—"manuals," as they are called—could be put together by any man from the materials already in the market, although he never saw the inside of a lodge, provided he possessed respectable book-making abilities; and his book would be good authority, so far as it went, and worthy of circulation. A correct knowledge of masonic language and action inside of a lodge, is a matter more in the keeping of a man's memory than of his genius or talents. Some men of genius far above mediocrity, are noted for what is called

"absence of mind," or forgetfulness of passing events, while others have extraordinary retentive memories. The veriest thick head, however, may be able to commit the esoteric language of Masonry, and yet be totally unable to explain the meaning or application of it to the length of a point beyond the manner he received it, be that as stupid as it may; while the man, who, with the eye and mind of genius comprehending, the moment he receives a knowledge of the last link in the chain, the extent and meaning of the whole, may lose sight of some of the trifling peculiarities of phraseology which connected that whole with the serious truths it contains.

As to our author's supposition, that Dr. Oliver is deficient in such masonic learning as is here expressed, is simply unworthy of him. Dr. Oliver's numerous positions in the lodge, and masonic offices of trust and distinction, are too well known, to need any exposition from our pen.

In the next sentence Dr. Mitchell says:

"We frankly acknowledge that Ancient Craft Masonry has been shamefully subdivided, and that our English brethren are less to blame for this than we are, of which we may speak hereafter; still the truth is not to be lost sight of, that the same traditional history is afforded by each. Say that in England Ancient Craft Masonry is all taught in three or four degrees, while in the United States, nine are necessary. When one has taken them all, he has all the masonic traditions. We believe we have them, and, therefore, believe Dr. Oliver has not."

A most illogical conclusion. If, in America nine steps from a certain position takes a man no farther than four steps taken from the same position would carry him in England, is it not plain that the steps taken in England are longer than they are in America? Our author here evidently attempts to "put on airs" about the number of his degrees exceeding those taken by Dr. Oliver. This affectation certainly comes from him, above all other Americans who have ever published any thing about rites masonic or degrees, with exceeding bad grace. For if there is any one thing he repeats and re-repeats, and reiterates over and over again, it is that there is no masonry that

is worth having or talking about outside of the three degrees of the Blue Lodge, including the Royal Arch. With this, his opinion and well-established creed, it may be asked, what object did he have by emulating the degree lovers of the day, in taking at least five more than were necessary? We can only suppose that it was nothing more than the object which the young lady had for going to dancing-school, after her mother had told her, in endeavoring to persuade her not to, that she had gone when she was her age, and saw the folly of it.

Dr. Mitchell next informs us, that to counteract the many palpable errors published by Dr. Oliver, was his chief reason for writing this history. That the cause was sufficient, we partially subscribe to; but that Dr. Oliver's "errors" have not also to a great extent become those of our author, we must deny. Bro. Mitchell says:

"A belief in the true religion or a false religion was never required by the traditions or rules of the Craft. A firm belief in the existence of the one living and true God is, and we believe, has ever been the only religious text. We are aware that efforts have been made to exclude that very people, who, though once the chosen of God, are now taught to feel the scourge of a malignant and inhuman power, crushing their energies and blighting their hopes of equal rights with other men. And why? Is it because they have no religion? No, but because they have not the particular religion of the powers that be. The heathen oppress them, because they are not heathens; the Catholics oppress them because they are not Catholics; the Protestants oppress them because they are not Protestants. Every religion is true or false, as men adopt or repudiate it. Masonry furnishes a refuge from all sectarian persecutions and distinctions. Its doors are ever open to those who believe in a Supreme Being, and whose character for morality and good deportment make them fit associates for gentlemen. We will not deny that invidious distinctions have been attempted by some lodges in the United States; they have passed edicts requiring candidates for masonry to subscribe to sectarian dogmas in the Christian religion. But such are the materials of which our Fraternity is composed, such the veneration for the Ancient Landmarks, that when departures of this sort have been kindly reproved, the offending brothers

have cheerfully retraced their steps. If masonry is the true religion, then should its privileges and benefits be restricted to the truly pious; and as we firmly believe in the truth of the Christian religion, we should confine Masonry to Christendom, and to a small number even here. Then would Masonry cease to be universal; then would we travel from sea to sea, and from land to land, and rarely meet with the footprints of Masonry; then would it become sectarian in all its features; and so long as the Christian Church is not swallowed up by the Masonic Church, so long would our lodges be filled with bigots, fanatics, and hypocrites*—just such materials as constitute nearly all the secret societies of the heathen. God save us from such an alternative. No, my brethren, let us go on in the even tenor of our way, teaching Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, with the motto of 'Faith, Hope, and Charity;' let us send it forth into the uttermost parts of the earth—let us make it what God designed it should be—a moral preparation for holier things—a stepping-stone from virtue to grace—a handmaid to lead us on, by gentle persuasion, to higher and nobler deeds. It may be, and we believe it will become one of the means employed by Jehovah, to run through heathen lands, and bring every head to bow, and every knee to bend, and every tongue to confess that Jesus is the Christ, not because it is the true religion, but because it inculcates all the moral precepts of the Holy Bible, and persuades all men to search that record. Yea, they can not be accomplished masons in any other way. And how often has it happened, how often may it happen again, that while its votaries are searching for masonic truths, the Spirit of the Most High God will illumine their understandings, and light them on to ineffable glory. If the sacred truths which our Institution teaches may but make us better men, better citizens, better moralists, then it is worthy to receive the hearty welcome of all good and virtuous men, whether they be Christians or Pagans. But if it shall be able to accomplish more; if its tendency is to lead its votaries from the contemplation of sublunary things to the enduring blessings of another and a better world; if it point to the great book of nature and revelation, as the source from which we may learn to escape impending ruin, and 'lay hold of the hope set before us,' then should it command the prayers of the virtuous, for then will it lead, the strong arm of Jehovah

* Quite a complimentary classification of a Christian community.—EDITOR A. F., REVIEWER.

to succor and sustain it through all time.* Should we ask more? Does justice demand more? Dare we claim more?† Does Dr. Oliver, as a Christian, believe the plan of salvation revealed in the Scriptures, at fault, that we need Masonry to perfect it? We answer, no, no; even he can not believe it! As educated Christians, we may believe that Masonry is calculated to lead men from the error of their ways, and point to the glorious plan of redemption; it may go forth like John the Baptist, proclaiming its heavenly mission to prepare the way for a mightier than it. It may point to the cross of a risen Savior; it may tell of the wonderful works of him who spake as never man spake; it may even lead the weary and fainting invalid to the pool of Siloam, and tell of the miraculous virtues of the water of life; but its holy mission stops here; it can not wash the polluted soul from the disease of sin; it can not, because God has not so appointed. We claim for Freemasonry very much. We claim for it some powers which will be denied by those who do not believe it points to the Christian religion; and while we respect their feelings, and question not their motives, we claim the same freedom from censure. We confidently look forward to the day when the great system of missionary labor which has been so nobly begun in this land of ours, will be cheered on and powerfully aided by the mild and genial influence of Masonry. When the missionary shall go forth with the Holy Bible in one hand, and our Book of Constitutions in the other; when he shall plant the standard of our holy religion, and open a lodge and preach the principles of Masonry in the imposing and solemn forms peculiar to our ceremonies;‡ we venture to predict that the heathen mason will be the first to embrace the Christian religion. Nor can it be otherwise, because to a proper understanding of Masonry, he must search the Bible."

What Bro. Mitchell *believes*, will be apparent from the foregoing lengthy extract. To convey it clearly, text and context, is our sole reason for having copied so much of his book. This extract furnishes the key with which we unlock the repository

of our respected brother's secret thoughts; and it is pleasing to know they differ largely from his teachings. These thoughts are, we are free to say, so nearly like Dr. Oliver's, that it would be difficult to point out the palpable difference. Dr. Oliver sees Christianity symbolized in Masonry, sees our ancient Order the handmaid of the true religion, and the vehicle by which it has been transmitted to us for thousands of years. Dr. Mitchell sees it become the means employed by Jehovah, to bring every knee to bend, and every head to bow, and every tongue to confess that Jesus is the Christ. If these ideas are errors, we leave the reader to judge who is the greatest errorist. But Bro. Mitchell indulges in the pleasing supposition, that the masonic student being on the high road to religious investigation, will most likely receive the Spirit of the Word into his soul, and become converted to the true religion, and, therefore, Masonry is worthy of universal support. We question whether this argument, gratifying though it be, to the Christian, would prove so irresistible, as an invitation to a Jew, a Turk, or a Pagan. They are usually rather "set in their way," and it would be slender recommendation of its merits to them, the belief that Masonry would most likely convert them to Christianity. And here, by way of proving "how often it has happened," we would ask Dr. Mitchell, did he ever know an instance of a professed Jew being converted to the Christian religion through the instrumentality of Masonry?

Dr. Oliver never claimed that Masonry was the true religion or the Christian religion. He never went farther than Dr. Mitchell in believing that the Institution by its traditions, points to the true knowledge of God, His wisdom and His ways. Dr. Oliver never went as far as Dr. Mitchell does, in saying that "it may point to the cross of a risen Savior, and tell of the wonderful works of him who spake as never man spake; even lead the weak and fainting invalid to the pool of Siloam, and tell of the miraculous virtues of the waters of life," by which we presume Dr. Mitchell means the respectable but denominational ceremony of regeneration by baptism. This is farther than ever Dr. Oliver has gone

* It will be observed, that "all time," in the Doctor's estimate, is limited to the time which has elapsed since the building of the first temple by Solomon, as he claims no greater age for Masonry.—EDITOR A. F.

† These startling and pathetic questions excite our profound admiration.—*Ibid.*

‡ This could not be; as it is impossible, according to the traditions of Masonry, for one man to open a lodge.—*Ibid.*

in his recommendation of masonic claims or belief in the similarity of its teachings with those of Christianity. Yet Dr. Mitchell does not stop even here. While on one page he boldly repudiates with contempt the "modern" exaction or prerequisites for masonic instruction and fellowship, and fights the battle for the Jews with as much zeal and fire as ever Joshua did, on the very next, notwithstanding his opinion that "every religion is true or false, as men adopt or repudiate it," he looks hopefully forward to the day when the Christian missionary backed by Masonry, will go forth with the Holy Bible in one hand, and the Book of Constitutions (guarded by the Tyler's sword, 'spect?) in the other, and planting the standard of our holy religion (leaves it to grow or not, as "it's a mind to,") opens a lodge, and preaching the principles of Masonry in the imposing and solemn forms peculiar to our ceremonies, is rewarded by large accessions of heathen masons being the first to embrace the Christian religion. And why? Not because Masonry and the Christian religion are so much alike, that the heathen "in his blindness," can not see the difference, but "because to a proper understanding of Masonry he must search the Bible."

Here, it may reasonably be asked, if "every religion is true or false, as men adopt or repudiate it," why disturb those who are content with the religion they have, by introducing the Christian missionary, the Holy Bible, and the Book of Constitutions? But possibly the doctor refers more particularly in this connection to the heathen field of missions. The heathen field is large, and calls for the missionary, backed and armed as Dr. Mitchell hopes to find him, and bids him good speed; but the civilized field, composed of a few Jews and Infidels, and a multitude of Christians, must not be disturbed, the latter, by all means, ought to fellowship with the former, exacting only a morality that fits him to associate with gentlemen, and a belief in a Supreme Being, not a belief in that record by which alone the true knowledge of the great I AM is conveyed to the minds of men. This plain attempt to make Masonry all things to all men, is the

most contemptible effort that we have noticed in the volumes before us.

So long as Dr. Mitchell confines himself to masonic *history*, he can keep on the track as well as any man, and better than many who have tried the road; but when he launches into the deep and muddy waters of speculation, we perceive he is just as apt to flounder and get over his head between the green and joyous land of educated belief on the one hand, and the misty and hopeless shore of philosophic fancy on the other, as is Dr. Oliver, or anybody else. It is evident that either his faith is not well founded, or his disposition is inclined to be quarrelsome, otherwise he would not go so far out of his way to fight his friends. And we think it is not unkind to believe that Dr. Mitchell must have had some other reason for publishing his history, than that which he informs us was the cause, viz.: the correction of the opinions advanced by Dr. Oliver.

THE GRAND LODGE OF MAINE.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Maine, was held in the city of Portland, on the 4th of May last, Robert P. Dunlap, Grand Master, and Ira Berry, Grand Secretary. There were present at the session four Past Grand Masters; two Past Grand Wardens; four Grand Chaplains; five District Deputy Grand Masters; the Officers of the Grand Lodge for the current year; and the Representatives of seventy-four lodges.

The annual address of the Grand Master, M. W. Bro. Dunlap, is a most able and valuable document. It reviews with a masterly hand, and with compressed comprehensiveness, not only the position of the lodges within his own jurisdiction, but the duties and responsibilities of the fraternity in their united and their individual capacities. In language plain, as it is pure and masonic, he calls upon the members of the session, with fullness of hearts and grasping of hands—pledged to the interests of a common brotherhood—with increased energy to renew the vows which they had plighted at the shrine of Freemasonry. Among the Craft of this State, the spirit of harmony and

fraternal regard has uninterruptedly reigned during the past year.

The Grand Lodge of this State, like her sisters in other States of the Union, is not without occasional difficulties with lodges in adjoining Territories.

BORDER DIFFICULTIES.

On this subject the Grand Master, in his address, says:—

"Pursuant to a resolution adopted at your last annual meeting, I addressed a communication to the Right Hon., the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England, calling his attention to a matter of difference between two lodges within our respective limits of jurisdiction. No formal reply has as yet been received from him, but I am advised by his Grand Secretary, that he has instituted an investigation into the circumstances, and that his opinion will be communicated as soon as the investigation shall be completed."

STANDARD MASONIC LITERATURE.

There is no subject of such general and prevailing interest now among the Craft everywhere, as the standard masonic literature of the day. The desire to obtain "more light," in Masonry, has always been, and will be to the end of time, the most laudable ambition of the intelligent Craftsman. From Maine to California, the universal cry of the great brotherhood of our Order is, "let us have more light;" and the writings of Hutchinson and Smith, and Oliver and Mant, and Preston and Calcott, and Inwood and Towne, and Laurie and Arnold, and Mackey and Morris, have, to a great extent, already dispelled the clouds of darkness and ignorance which have hitherto bedimmed the masonic horizon, and shed a flood of light upon our ceremonies and our symbolism truly gratifying to behold. The effect of this light is seen in the increased intelligence of our brethren everywhere. Few masters of lodges of the present day, who avail themselves of the masonic literature of the times, are seen to jumble through the ritual and ceremonies of the Order, after the fashion of a parrot—unacquainted with the meaning of the language they are mispronouncing. To the masters of the old school, the higher language of

symbolism and allegory—the only language in which Masonry can convey a full knowledge of her doctrines—was a sealed book or a dead letter. Acquainted with Cross' *Chart*, or some such publication, and nothing more, they "could explain the emblems, but did n't know what the emblems explained." This halo of masonic light is appearing also on the printed pages of the proceedings of our Grand Lodges; and the increased intelligence which now characterizes those assemblies bears a highly gratifying and honorable contrast with the want of intelligence of brethren of the last century, whose mistaken zeal in the preservation of the doings of our Order from the public eye, led them to destroy many documents of interest to the Craft. The annual addresses of the Grand Masters of our Grand Lodges are another evidence of the existence of masonic light, and of the great importance of masonic literature. To all intelligent brethren this importance must be at once apparent. Look at its effect upon the masons of this day who have availed themselves of its advantages. They see more clearly and act more intelligently than those old-school fogies who turn up their eyes in horrified astonishment, at seeing a masonic picture, or the slightest allusion in a book or magazine, to the symbolism or ceremonial of the institution. And why should it not be so? Will not the study of the accumulated wisdom of the great and good of all ages of our Order, tend to enlighten the Craftsman who is seeking for, and wishes to obtain, more light? There are none so blind as those that will not see, and to that class of the Fraternity—if they can be said to be of the Fraternity at all—we have nothing to say. Let them pursue the tenor of their way; they believe they are right, and we respect them: we will follow ours. But what would Freemasonry be without its literature? Nothing worthy of the study and attention of the great majority of the Order. As the body without spirit, is dead; so Freemasonry, without its literature, would be a lifeless, inert, dry, and uninteresting study for the bulk of the brethren of the Order.

On this subject, Most Wor. Brother Dunlap, says:—

"There is one consideration, which I would here earnestly press upon your notice—the importance of a knowledge of the standard masonic literature. We have among us sure and safe guides through all the hidden and abstruse principles of Freemasonry, besides periodicals and newspapers issued from the weekly and monthly press. Though we have such a literature, it can hardly be realized how small a portion of the masonic community are conversant with it, or are even aware of its existence. If the expense render it impracticable for each one to form a private masonic library of his own, yet it seems to me, not only expedient, but a binding duty on Grand Lodges, and on all subordinate masonic organizations, to provide themselves with libraries, according to their respective means. It is hardly necessary that I should give any detailed reasons in support of this suggestion. If we have a literature that is worth preserving, we have one which is worth diffusing among the members of the Fraternity. There is no one thing of which the brethren of the Craft are so much in need, as of a thorough knowledge of the elementary rules and principles, which flow through and form the basis of all our workmanship. And while we hold it as one of the leading objects of our charity, to afford the means of education to those who are destitute of it, let us remember that our charity should begin at home, and that our efficiency in contributing to the wants of others, will depend upon the degree of intelligence to which we have ourselves attained."

INCAUTION IN THE ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.

At the last annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the *Lone Star State*, the Grand Master, Bro. F. B. Sexton, himself a star of the most brilliant kind, declared in his address, that "formerly to become a member of the ancient and honorable Fraternity of Freemasons, was regarded as an honor, extremely rare, conferred only upon those who were distinguished for their proficiency in knowledge, and practice of virtue, and whose integrity was 'pure as the icicles upon Dian's temple.' Now so popular has Masonry become, that we are sometimes forced to meet in the lodge room those with whom we would scorn association on the sidewalk." This fact is so patent to all, that there is now no further shirk-

ing the question: the doors of Freemasonry must be more strictly guarded—the good and true, alone, have a right to pass through its time-honored portals. No man has a right to be admitted into our Order, unless he possess an unspotted character, who, in addition to his *desire* to do so has the ability to learn the duties and obligations of a Freemason—so that he may be a credit to the institution and not a blemish, so that he may comprehend the task which Freemasonry imposes on him, (and it will be a light and pleasant one if he do,)—of being more extensively useful to his fellowman.

On this subject, as on all others, Bro. Dunlap is eloquent. He says:—

"Our rapid increase, of late years, and the large numbers who are almost daily seeking admission to our Order, seem to render it necessary that we exercise a more than ordinary degree of caution in the admission of members. We owe it to ourselves, as well as to the permanence of our institution, that such, and such only should be enlisted with us, whose lives are squared by those virtues, which form the guiding rules of all our associated action. Any indiscreet haste in the admission of improper persons, may occasion a life-long disturbance of the harmony of the lodge with which they are connected, or of any other into which, by their privilege as masons, they are allowed to enter. An error of this kind, once made, can rarely, if ever, be repaired, without adopting those unpleasant and final expedients, which are ever attended with the most injurious consequences. As it is one of the infirmities of human nature, that men judge of an institution like ours by the most unworthy of its members, it will follow that the low moral rank of such members in the community, will characterise and mold public opinion, with reference to the whole masonic body. When such weighty consequences hang upon the exercise of this right, prudence dictates that we should, in exercising it, be governed by the most cautious and well-considered deliberation."

DEATH OF M. W., P. G. M. MILLER.

The Grand Master calls the attention of the Grand Lodge to the demise of the late Bro. Miller, in the following beautiful language:—

"It here becomes my painful duty to announce to you the decease of our

worthy and highly-esteemed brother, John Miller, Esq., a Past Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, and one to whom we were accustomed to look for counsel. As a Freemason, he was learned and accomplished, and ranked among the very first of his associates. He elevated the character of the profession by his talents and unwearied application, and discharged all the duties belonging to it, with singular diligence and fidelity. He was called from his earthly labors shortly after our last annual gathering, and was welcomed, we can not doubt, by our Supreme Grand Master, to the everlasting joys of his blissful kingdom. He has left behind him a bright Christian example for our imitation, which, I trust, we shall all delight to follow."

Resolutions of a character most complimentary to the memory of the deceased, were adopted by the Grand Lodge.

"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE."

One of the Deputy Grand Masters, R. W. Brother Preble, "had been informed that there was a person attending this communication of the Grand Lodge, that claimed to have regularly received the degrees in a lodge under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of New York, which person had been rejected by a subordinate lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge; and thereupon he offered the following:—

"*Resolved*, That persons who have been rejected in any subordinate lodge under this jurisdiction, and afterward (being still residents of this State, but temporarily absent) obtain their degrees in a lodge under another jurisdiction, shall not be considered as masons in good standing."

This resolution was referred to a committee of three members of the Grand Lodge, two of them Deputy Grand Masters, and the following is their report on it:—

"The committee to whom were referred the resolution of Brother Preble and the case of Brother Jackson, have attended to the duty assigned them, and ask leave to report, that the Regulations of the Grand Lodge in the matter are sufficient, if adhered to.

"They further report that Brother Jackson appears to have received his degrees in a regular and duly constituted lodge, working under the authority of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of New

York, having gone to New York with the intention of being a citizen thereof; and as it appears that *Brother Jackson was rejected by Harmony Lodge, through prejudice, and not for any immoral conduct*; and as it further appears to the satisfaction of your committee, that should Brother Jackson now make an application, he would be unanimously elected a member of that lodge: in view of these facts, your committee would recommend that this Grand Lodge receive Brother Jackson as a mason in good and regular standing, and admit him as such to a seat in this Grand Lodge, as a visitor, during this communication."

We should like to know what principles of masonic law, usage, or precedent governed Brother Preble in bringing forward such a resolution—and what landmarks of our Order were kept in view by the committee, when they so glaringly violated the secrecy of the ballot-box, by stating that the candidate *was rejected through prejudice*! How do the committee know that? There is no *legal* way in which they could come into possession of such knowledge. The whole proceeding reminds us forcibly of the law maxim: *Quod ab initio non valet, in tractu temporis non convalescet*.

THE UNIVERSAL MASONIC LIBRARY.

The Most Worshipful P. G. M., Brother Dunlap, stated that a brother was present with a set of Morris' Universal Masonic Library, and, on his motion, the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master, and the Senior Grand Warden, were appointed a committee to examine the books and make their report to the Grand Lodge. In due season the committee reported as follows:—

"That unquestionably a masonic library in each lodge, would do much to increase the interest and the masonic knowledge of the members, and thereby tend greatly to promote the exercise by them of the cardinal virtues which our Order teaches. In many instances, much attention is given to the mere forms and ceremonies of the Order, while the principles which those forms and ceremonies are designed to impress on our minds, are too much neglected. The true mason is not he who is merely well versed in our forms and ceremonies, but he who is a living exemplification of masonic principles.

"Your committee believe the *Universal*

Masonic Library of Bro. Morris, well adapted to the wants of our subordinate lodges, and recommend the adoption of the following resolution, [which was, on motion, adopted:—]

"Resolved, That this Grand Lodge approve of the *Universal Masonic Library* of Bro. Morris, and recommend it to the subordinate lodges in this jurisdiction."

REPORT ON FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

This Report, which is from the able pen of the Rev. and R. W. Cyril Pearl, covers fifty-two pages, and reviews, in a masterly and truly fraternal spirit, the proceedings of thirty-four Grand Lodges. Appended are resolutions recognizing the Grand Lodge of Canada, and receiving into the most worshipful sisterhood, with a cordial welcome, the Grand Lodge of Nebraska. The language in which the resolutions recognizing the Grand Lodge of Canada are couched, is so truly and eloquently masonic, that we transfer the third resolution to our pages:—

"Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Maine most cordially grasp the right hand of brotherhood, extended to us by the Grand Lodge of Canada; and in the name of our 'divine art,' heartily respond to their claim for a 'reciprocation of fraternal regard.'"

THE FIRST GREAT LIGHT IN MASONRY.

The following, in defense of the *whole Bible* as the first Great Light of Masonry, from the pen of Bro. Pearl, is a pearl of the first water. Its sentiment and spirit so fully accord with our own, that we adopt it and transfer it, leaded, to our columns. "Your committee desire to record their conviction, that a candidate trained in a Christian country, who discards the Holy Bible as the Great Light in Masonry, or who is known to treat that Great Light as if it were darkness, and to speak reproachfully of its teachings, thereby exhibits evidence of unfitness for membership, and justifies the use of the black-ball ballot in his rejection." * * But the true issue of this question is to be secured, not by mere discussions—by edicts and resolutions—but by a practical recognition by all masons, in their life and conversation, in their relations with each other and the world around them, of the wisdom, strength, and beauty of that Vol-

ume, which comes to us with words of cheer and encouragement when first we behold masonic light. Let all who acknowledge its authority, and bow before its open pages on our altar, illustrate its teachings and its spirit—we shall then need little of argument to hold it forever in its place as a GREAT LIGHT shining in a dark world."

MASONIC HISTORY.

The committee having called the attention of the Grand Lodge to the importance of collecting the materials for a history of Freemasonry in the State of Maine, much of which is yet unwritten and exists only in the memory of brethren who will, ere long, be enrolled with the members of the Grand Lodge Above, the following resolution on the subject was adopted:—

"Resolved, That the M. W. G. Master request the W. Master, Wardens and Secretary of each subordinate lodge, as a historical committee, to secure the important facts in the history of their lodge, and deposit the same with the Grand Secretary with the least practicable delay, as their voluntary contribution to a full and complete 'History of Freemasonry in Maine;' and that the Grand Secretary be requested, with the aid of the Grand Master, to furnish to the lodge a series of questions, or topics to aid said committees in gathering and arranging the desired materials, and report the result of this effort at our next annual communication."

STATISTICS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES.

We find, by the statistics of the subordinate lodges in this State, that our Order in Maine presents a most healthy aspect—and long may it continue to prosper there, is our earnest prayer. There are eighty-one lodges working under regular warrants, and one under dispensation, with a membership of 3,391 masons. The initiations, during the year, were 480; suspensions, 34 (30 of which were for non-payment of dues); expulsions, 3; and 28 have been called to the Grand Lodge Above. To this table of statistics we should like to see added the number of rejections—but we have given our views fully on this subject in the paragraph headed: *Incaution in the admission of New Members*. We see

nothing else in the proceedings of this Grand Lodge of general interest to our readers. The session lasted four days, and the business was transacted with that ability, urbanity, and truly masonic spirit which have ever distinguished the Grand Lodge of Maine. Most Worshipful Hiram Chase, of Belfast, is the Grand Master, and Right Worshipful Ira Berry, of Portland, is the Grand Secretary.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MASONRY IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 13th, 1858.

To the Editor of the American Freemason.

So much has been written from time to time, upon the "Universality of Freemasonry," and the "Uniformity of its Work and Lectures," that the brother whose position and business in society forbid him to travel and see the work of other lodges than his own, must, having read those essays on uniformity, etc., consider that the masonic system of work is the most perfect in the world. There is no doubt whatever, that the *system, per se*, is well adapted to its requirements; but the truth is, the most lamentable ignorance of that system prevails—men ignorant alike of the principles of the Order, and the language and symbols in which those principles are clothed, form the majority of the rulers of the Craft, and to such men we must look in vain for light; they are, verily, the blind leading the blind through paths which they, themselves, know not. It is now upwards of twenty years since I first beheld the light of Freemasonry in a lodge in the west of England. I was *not* led to seek admission into that "ancient and honorable Order," from a "favorable opinion which I had long entertained of the Institution." I was not actuated, in presenting my petition, "by a sincere desire to be more useful to my fellowmen." I can not say that I was "uninfluenced by friends," but I can say that I was "unbiased by mercenary motives," unless a desire to pass a "jolly hour," and take a pleasant glass, and hear a jovial song or a tough yarn, among my fellows and brothers, be considered mercenary. The

truth is, I knew nothing whatever of my having been proposed, until I received notice from the Secretary of the lodge, that I had been "unanimously elected;" and my case is, I believe, the case of the majority of masons in England; they join the Institution because some of their friends have done so before them; and, being "jolly good fellows," they follow suit, and become Freemasons too. In a majority of the lodges in England, as an Englishman I am pained to have it to tell, there is as little knowledge of Freemasonry proper, as of the abstruse doctrines of the Egyptian Mysteries. The bare ceremonies of opening and closing the lodge, are not understood by many, very many, of the Masters who have the government of the lodge in their keeping, and with very many lodges, when there is a degree to be conferred, some Past Master has to come from another lodge or another district to "confer" it—and from such conferring many of your Entered Apprentices would cry, "shades of Preston deliver us!"

Having been for many years a commercial traveler, I had a very good opportunity of *seeing* the working of the lodges in every district of the kingdom; and my remarks in the preceding paragraph, embrace only *what I have seen, what I know to be so*—there is no hearsay, no speculation about it. I must not be understood to say that *all* the lodges are so; far from it. I have seen many honorable and bright exceptions to it—but they are the *exception*—the above is the *general* rule.

In my travels through the provinces, it has often been my good fortune and my pleasure to have fallen in with American brethren, with whose general intelligence and intimate acquaintance with Freemasonry, I was struck with delightful admiration. I conversed with them freely on the subject, a new interest in it became awakened in me, and the information and light I received, everywhere I met an American mason, gave me to understand that there was more in Masonry than I had ever dreamed of in my philosophy. Ever since, and that is now ten years ago, I have been an *investigating* mason. My business has given me an opportunity to come in contact with the

Craft in many parts of the New World and the Old, and I must candidly confess to you that it is to seeing masonry in the United States I am indebted for whatever knowledge of the Order I possess. I was so struck with the general intelligence of all the brethren I came into company with, and thereby made sensible of my own deficiency, that I commenced then, and have since continued, the study of the subject. I am far from being an intelligent mason yet—indeed the more I study the subject the more occasion do I find for close and unceasing investigation; and the more I am convinced that he who would attain an intimate acquaintance with the principles and truths of our Order, which underlie its symbolism, must be a reading, searching, close-investigating brother. It is idle to deny the fact that masonry is not understood or practiced by the bulk of our brethren in England; and yet they think that *here* shines all the light of the Order. Like the youth, in the Roman pastoral, who considered his native village, Mantua, equal to the city of Rome, Englishmen will not believe that the masonry, as practiced in England, can be inferior to that of any other country. Indeed here we go farther than the Roman youth, we consider that our Freemasonry is *better* than that of *America* :—

Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

VIRG.

Yes, as the lofty cypresses of the Roman village raised their towering heads above the lowly shrubs in their vicinity, so does the Freemasonry generally practiced in America raise its head above, far above, the Freemasonry generally practiced in this country. To show the position of the Institution in this country, and to compare it with that of the Order in America, so that, with God's blessing, good may result to both, shall be my humble but earnest endeavor in these communications. I am fully aware of the importance of the subject. I am sensible of the prejudice which the statements I here make may create in many places; all that I ask is a careful investigation of the matter, that TRUTH may be the result. Like that unflinching divine of the 17th century, JOHN KNOX, "I am in a place where I

am demanded of conscience to speak the truth; therefore the truth I will speak, impugn it whoso list."

Beginning with the *causes* which have produced the *effects* to which I have referred, I must call the attention of your readers to the Constitutions, By-Laws, and Landmarks of the Order *here*, and compare them with the Constitutions, By-Laws, and Landmarks in your country; for, from these sources spring the confusion and the ignorance of so many of our English brethren on the one hand, and the general intelligence of the American Craft on the other. It is true that the Constitutions of the Order—springing from the same source, the Ancient Charges and General Regulations, compiled by Payne, in 1720—ought to be the same; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that they *are not* so; that fundamental error has crept in, and so long as it is permitted to remain a part of the basis of our Institution, the superstructure raised upon it must lack that beauty and symmetry which, erst, were the distinguishing characteristics of Freemasonry and Freemasons everywhere.

This shall be my task. I will communicate it in my next communication to you. G.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE USE OF PILLARS.—The use of pillars in the ancient world is very remarkable; and even among the worshippers of the true God, and the professors of the true Freemasonry, the erection of pillars seems to have conferred a sort of holiness on the spot. Hence the pillars of our lodges. "Where these stones were erected, places of worship were established out of respect to the moral and religious character of their author. Bethel became a place of worship, because of Jacob's pillar; Gilgal also, for a like reason, because of the pillars erected by Joshua at the passing of Jordan. Gilead, Galeed, or Mizpah, became also in after ages a place of worship, and of idolatry, as the rest. These places having been consecrated to the purposes of religion, were soon after justly thought worthy of being the scenes of all the most important affairs of the nation, so

that no ties or covenants were thought so obligatory as those which were contracted in these sacred places. Samuel made Bethel and Gilgal the annual seats of judgment. At Gilgal, Saul was confirmed king, and the allegiance of his people renewed, with sacrifices and great festival joy. At Mizpah, Jephthah was solemnly invested with the government of Gilead, and the general council against Benjamin seems to have been held here. At the stone or pillar of Shechem, erected by Joshua, Abimelech was made king. Adonijah by the pillar of Zobelet. Jehoash was crowned king standing by a pillar, as the manner was; and Josiah stood by a pillar when he was making a solemn covenant with God. There was something emblematical in their choosing thus to stand by erected stones or pillars, when they were employed in affairs of such solemnity; and doubtless it was their intent to intimate, that their engagements entered into in such places ought to be as firm and lasting, and their decisions as impartial and upright, as the symbolical pillar that stood before their eyes." (Borl. Ant. Cornw. p. 164.) The reflections of the Free and Accepted Mason will here be naturally directed to the jewel of the Junior Warden.

MASONRY PRACTICED IN IRELAND.—A very intelligent Irish brother, who occasionally wrote in the Freemasons' Quarterly Review under the soubriquet of Noachidæ Dalruadicus, thus enumerates the legitimate degrees of masonry authorized by the Grand Lodge of Ireland: "The degrees practiced by the masonic bodies in Dublin, and elsewhere in Ireland, under the sanction of the authorities of the Fraternity, are the following, divided into four orders or classes, each under its respective representative, legislative and executive, assembly. The degrees of E. A., F. C., and M. M., under the government of the Grand Lodge of Ireland; the R. A. degree, including those of P. M., Excellent, and Superexcellent, under the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter. The degrees of Knight of the Sword, of the East, of the East and West, and of Knight Templar, all subject to the Supreme Grand Encamp-

ment of Knight Templars; which was, I imagine, a *convenient*, though not a *correct* arrangement, as the three first named of this class belong rather to the former class; and lastly, the degrees of Rose Croix, or Prince Mason; K. H., or Philosophical Masons; Knight of the Sun; Princes of the Royal Secret; and Grand Inspectors General (together with the order of Mizraim, which is possessed by some members of the college of K. H., but not practiced), all of which are subject to the Grand Council of Rites, lately organized, to the great advantage of these higher degrees."

THE SIGNS, WORDS AND TOKENS.—I am inclined to think that the Ark, Mark, and some others, including what are now termed "the veils," as well as the Link, were all preparatory to the Royal Arch, at its first establishment, forming a series of degrees connected with Jewish or sacred history; while the three blue degrees formed another series, connecting the Jews and Gentiles. I suspect also, that in the Jewish series alluded to, it was customary to make the word and token of an inferior degree the password and pass token to the next superior one; and as the gradation was not by any means uniform, the signs, words, and tokens became in the end inextricably confused.—*Oliver*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADONIRAM.—We have lately spoken plainly on the subject of your inquiry; see Vol. 6, May No., p. 380. It is only the ignorant of the Order that are afraid that "too much is published on Freemasonry," and they are the worst judges in the world of *what is proper to be written*. Bro. SALKM TOWNE, the venerable Grand Chaplain of the State of New York, in his *Speculative Masonry*, says, "by a full and fair exposition of our great leading principles, we betray no secrets." "Wisdom that is hid and a treasure that is not seen, what profit is in them both?" FIRST GREAT LIGHT.

INQUIRER.—You are right; the cube did "represent Mercury." According to Pausanias, the cube was a symbol of Mercury, because, like the cube, he represented Truth. Apollo was sometimes worshiped under the symbol of a cubic stone; and it is said, that when a fatal pestilence raged at Delphi, the oracle was consulted as to the means proper to be adopted for the purpose of arresting its progress, and it commanded that the cube should be doubled. The priests interpreted this to refer

to the Altar, which was of a cubical form. They obeyed the injunction, increased the altitude of the altar to its prescribed dimensions, and the pestilence ceased.

J. B. R.—If the "traditions of Masonry can not be proved to your satisfaction," why write us for proof of them. We may fail to give you satisfactory proof that such an individual as GEORGE WASHINGTON ever existed, were we to undertake the task. We recollect having seen a well-written pamphlet, several years ago, which was written logically to prove that no such man as Napoleon Bonaparte ever lived, and that no such battle as Waterloo was ever fought—and yet, most of the readers of the pamphlet, if not all of them, did believe in the existence of Napoleon—and many of them believed, to their cost, in Waterloo. Some people believe a great deal too much; others, a great deal too little: you seem to belong to the latter class of believers, or, more properly, unbelievers—a class which has had its followers ever since the time of a respectable gentleman, named Thomas Didymus. But masonic tradition says that so and so are so. Can J. B. R. "satisfactorily prove" that so and so are not so? We are satisfied to rest masonic tradition upon the same foundation that the distinguished VINCENTIUS based his theological traditions: *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est.*

A GRAND MASTER.—"That beautiful definition of Freemasonry," to which you refer, is by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd. He says: "Freemasonry is a singularly amiable institution, which annihilates all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who, by their Almighty Father, were made of one blood, to be also of one heart and one mind; brethren bound, firmly bound together by that indissoluble tie—the love of their God and the love of their kind." It is the best definition of Freemasonry we recollect having seen. Bro. Dodd's Oration, where the passage occurs, will be found in Smith's *Use and Abuse of Freemasonry*, (U. M. L. Vol. 23,) p. 53. The second definition you quote, is from the English Lectures, on the Entered Apprentice's Degree, by Dr. Hemming. The passage, complete, is as follows: "Masonry, according to the general acceptance of the term, is founded upon the principles of Geometry, and directed to the convenience and enlightenment of the world. But, embracing a wider range, and having a more extensive object in view, viz., the cultivation and improvement of the human mind, it assumes the form of a noble science; and availing itself of the terms used in geometrical calculations, it inculcates the principles of the purest morality, by lessons which are, for the most part, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols."

S. C.—Thanks, Brother C., for the interest you take in the *American Freemason*. It is our highest ambition to make it worthy of the support of American Freemasons. It is not, and shall not be, the organ of any Grand Lodge—"no pent up Utica contracts its powers." It has nothing to do with the splits or schisms of any party or parties, but aims at illustrating the pure principles of our Order—a faithful exponent of genuine Freemasonry, as defined above by Dodd and Hemming. Here, in the great metropolis of America, we have every facility we can require, to make it such a magazine as the *American Freemason* wants. The

legends and traditions of our Order which are proper to be written, will be faithfully expounded in its pages; while the lessons that are veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, shall receive especial attention at our hands. As an instance of what we intend to do, and are doing in the present volume, we refer to the illustrations in this number, which cost us over \$160. Every article, and every line in our pages, will be of permanent masonic value: as useful in the library of a brother, ten or twenty years hence, as to-day; and with a view to this permanent utility of the magazine, we have stereotyped it from the commencement, so as to be able to supply, at any time, either whole sets or single numbers from the first.

We have, during the past year, said very little about ourselves, preferring, as we did, to have our deeds, not mere words or promises, before our readers. The manner in which our endeavors to give satisfaction to our subscribers—to give them value received for their money—have succeeded, and the commendatory letters we have received, are, to us, the most gratifying evidence that we have not labored in vain. Our arrangements for the current year are such, as to insure us the issue, if God leaves us health, of the best, as well as the largest monthly masonic magazine ever issued in America. We have secured the services of an experienced Brother, in England—who is thoroughly acquainted with the theoretical and practical of the institution—a ripe masonic scholar and facile writer. He will devote his whole time to the preparation of articles for the *American Freemason* exclusively; so that our American readers will be posted upon English masonry, if we may so call it—which differs very widely from masonry here—not the mere statistics of lodges, but masonic matter of real permanent value. The first of his contributions—Architecture, Illustrated; St. Paul's Cathedral; our London Letter, &c., appears in this number. "Architecture Illustrated," is divided so as to run through the whole year—one article in each issue—and will form a most valuable feature in the *Freemason*.

J. F. W.—We having nothing to do with the Universal Masonic Library, all letters, orders, etc., in relation to it, should, be addressed to "ROB. MORRIS, Esq., Louisville, Ky."

W. S.—"The Morgan Declaration of Independence," was adopted at "an adjourned meeting of the Convention of Seceding Masons," held at Le Roy, N. Y., on the 4th of July, 1828; Solomon Southwick, President, and David Bernard, (author of Bernard's *Light on Masonry*), Secretary. It is a mishapen paraphrase of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.

OUR COVERS, for the binding of Vols. 6 and 7, will be ready by the 15th of this month. They are of good "tar" binders' board, covered with cloth, and embossed. The back will be full-gilt, with the title, etc., in a chaste masonic design. The price will be 15 cents each, or 30 cents for the two. Being merely covers of books, and not books, they can not be sent by mail. We will be happy to send them by express, to any subscribers where the number required will justify them in going to that expense. Should a subscriber desire a single copy or pair, to be sent by mail, at letter postage, he will send us, in addition to the price above, 5 three-cent stamps, for two; or 3 three-cent stamps, for one—to cover the postage.

American Freemason

VOL. 8. A. L. 5859.—FEBRUARY.—A. D. 1859. No. 2.

Romance of American Masonic History.*



MORGAN PLACED IN THE MAGAZINE OF OLD FORT NIAGARA.

CHAPTER XXV.

MILLER'S ARREST—DAVIDS IS ALSO TAKEN INTO CUSTODY—THE FRENZY INCREASES.

THE 10th, 11th, and 12th of September, 1826, are days long to be remembered, not only in central New York, but throughout the Union. In that short time there occurred scenes which will disgrace the actors engaged in them to the remotest time; and which brought, not

only on the Masonic Fraternity, but the community at large, disaster, division, strife, and the most violent feuds. It seemed that all the evil passions of mankind were stirred to their utmost depths, and found vent only in malice and revenge. From the scenes enacted during those three days there sprang up a party powerful and vengeful, determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the utter extinction of Freemasonry. Their object

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.

was an unrighteous one, as well as unlawful, and the means used were in the highest degree reprehensible. What woe will not man visit on his fellow-man when the reason and judgment are made to subserve prejudice and hate.

On Tuesday morning following the last attack on Miller's office, he was sitting in his office, engaged in conversation with another friend and Davids, his partner, with regard to the best course to pursue under existing circumstances, when his son, William, came hurriedly into the room, and handed his father a note. The father broke the seal and read it. Looking up astonished, he asked of the son where he had got the note.

"From the office, sir; and noticing that it was marked in haste, I lost no time in bringing it to you."

Miller's agitation was evident, and the curiosity of his visitors was excited.

"May we ask what it is that disturbs you so, Colonel?" said Davids to him, as he sat irresolute, the note still open in his hand.

"The rascals," was the only reply, while the fire gathered and leaped from his eyes.

"What are they going to do now?" asked William, understanding, from his father's expression and manner, the note was something connected with the "*papers*."

"I'll die first," said Miller, as if speaking to himself. "It will be at the risk of their lives. William, go and get all the boys, with their guns and pistols, and weapons of all kinds, and guard this office, and shoot down the very first man that dares to venture on these premises. Quick, boy, quick, there is no time to lose."

He sprang from his seat, went to his desk, and took therefrom two pistols and a knife. Handing one to each of the men present, he said,

"There, my friends, take these, and fight for your lives. The vile wretches are coming again to attack me. But they shall not have this manuscript until they have waded through my blood. Here, Morgan, take this, and acquit yourself like a man; they would trespass on your rights as well as mine, the dastardly villains; and you, Davids, take this and do your duty."

"But what is it they are going to do, Colonel?" repeated Davids.

He handed him the note. "There, read it aloud. See what they are going to do, *to do*," he repeated sneeringly. "If they get the *papers* it will be when my heart has been drained of its last drop of blood."

Davids took it, open as it was, and read:

"COL. MILLER:—*Dear Sir*—There will be an attempt made to-day on your office, for the purpose of getting the Morgan papers. Be on your guard! In haste, most truly. A LOVER OF RIGHT."

"We are ready to defend your property with our lives, Colonel," said Davids, as he returned him the note. "You may count on us."

"I will go to the masons, and see what all this means," exclaimed the excited man, as he thrust the note into his vest pocket. "You two stay here, I'll be back soon," and he rushed precipitately out of the room and down the steps.

He consulted several of the most reliable citizens, masons and anti-masons, who conceiving it impossible that any company of men would be so rash as to undertake a thing so foolish in itself, and so improbable in its execution, advised him to pay no farther regard to it than to be on his guard. Acting on their advice, he stationed men at different parts of the building, armed, so as to make a desperate defense in case an attack should be made. This was very early in the morning. The whole village was wild with excitement. Morgan had been arrested the preceding day, by Hayward and others, and borne away in the custody of an officer, no one knew where. No intelligence had been received of his fate. Imagination had pictured a thousand horrid destinies that might await him; and rumor had caught up many of these vague, wild fancies, and given currency to them, until fear and alarm filled many a bosom, and was depicted on many a face. It seemed that all the powers of the pit were loosed for the destruction of mankind. Brother was arrayed against brother, and a man's foes were they of his own household.

As we have said, Miller took some precautionary means for defense in the

event of an attack. Some of the most respectable citizens of the place, masons as well as others, offered their services in his behalf, declaring that they would defend the right against any unrighteous attempts of a rash and lawless mob.

The morning wore on, and as there was no appearance of an attack, the frenzy subsided measurably. Suddenly there appeared a number of strangers in the town. It was evident, from their appearance, that they were bent on some desperate purpose. They rode up to Danold's tavern, dismounted and went in. Instantly the citizens rallied to arms. Miller's office was well defended, and men everywhere were on the alert, ready at any moment for any demonstration of violence. The first effort on the part of the company of strange horsemen would have been met with the most determined resistance, and the streets of Batavia would have flowed with the blood of her citizens. Any show of violence, however, was prevented by the timely interference of masons and others, who advised the marauders to keep entirely quiet, depicting to them the direful consequences, on their part, of any breach of decorum.

Either they were awed into quiet, or their better judgment was convinced of the folly of any rash step, for they remained peaceful and quiet, and the great dread and alarm which had sprung up on their sudden appearance gradually died away.

One of their number, who, it was understood in the village, was an officer, accompanied by a single individual, was seen to leave the tavern and proceed toward Miller's office. In a moment every one was on the alert. Men prepared themselves to oppose any unlawful means. But observing that the party at the tavern remained entirely quiet, and not wishing in any way to cause an encounter which was so much to be dreaded, they determined to let justice and law have their way.

The two men reached Miller's office, which "was fortified by two swivels, fifteen or twenty guns, and five or six pistols, all of which were loaded." Miller, his two sons, and Davids, were in the building to defend it. The officer and his assistant marched boldly forward in the discharge of their duty. They, too,

were armed. They ascended the steps, burst open the door, and, in a moment, each man had captured his prisoner.

"A pistol! a pistol!" called out Davids, as he felt the iron grasp of the man on his shoulders. But the young Millers deeming prudence the better part of valor, gave him no aid.

"We arrest you by the laws of the land, and under the authority of its officers, so you had better submit gently, or you will bring trouble on yourselves."

"And who are you, sir?" said Miller in a tone of indignation, as he looked up into the face of his opponent.

"I am the constable of the town of Stafford, sir," replied his adversary, with equal determination, "acting under the authority of the law, and I arrest you and Mr. Davids, your partner, on this warrant which has been duly executed."

Miller and Davids saw that resistance was useless, and they surrendered themselves quietly into the hands of French and his assistant, Wilcox.

"And who has got out this warrant against me and Mr. Davids?" asked Mr. Miller, contemptuously.

"Daniel Johns, sir."

"And for what purpose?"

"For the collection of monies which he says you have unjustly obtained from him."

French and his assistant, accompanied by the two prisoners, descended the stairway, passed through the alley, and then proceeded through an armed crowd of Miller's friends, who dared not interfere in defiance of the law, to Danold's tavern, where they joined the fifty men who there awaited them. Everything was as peaceful and quiet as the circumstances would permit. No evidence of any thing like brutal force was anywhere apparent. In fear and astonishment the citizens beheld the proceedings, wondering what would come next.

Davids was a prisoner upon the limits; he was, therefore, discharged from custody.

"Let me have counsel," demanded Miller of those who stood around him. "I will not be dragged about at the mercy of a parcel of demons, without some means of defense. Let me have counsel."

This request was granted. Davids was

despatched to bring Miller's attorney. Meanwhile Miller raved like some one mad, threatening vengeance on all who should dare to invade his rights as a freeman, and a citizen of a free country. But it was of no avail. The hand of the law had seized him, and he had to submit.

The attorney came. His advice was to meet the requirements of the warrant, and proceed with the constable to Stafford. Dark and vengeful fury rested on the brow of Miller when he was forced to obey the summons. He sat silent and morose in one of the small rooms above the bar. Ever and anon the sounds of laughter and merriment from the company below reached his ears, when the gloom gathered more deeply over his face, and he muttered words of dark revenge. His sons came to see him, to whom he delivered the charge to preserve the papers at the risk of their lives.

Meanwhile, preparation for his conveyance to Stafford was going on under the supervision of Jesse French. There were only a few of the company who took any part in the arrangements, and these did so at the request of French, who felt it was his duty to keep a strict eye on the prisoner, lest at any time his friends might interpose for his liberation.

Finally all things were ready. Miller and a few others, with the constable to preside, entered the wagon, and followed by Miller's friends, in connection with the company who had escorted French from Stafford, took up the line of march for that village. It was an imposing cavalcade, and struck surprise and terror into the bosoms of all who beheld it. As they moved on with laugh, and shout, and merriment, they attracted the attention of all, and many young men, guided more by curiosity than judgment, joined the train.

On they moved, with jest, and song, and shout. Wise and prudent men deplored the matter, but were wholly incapable to terminate it.

Miller sat dull and silent throughout the ride. He felt his dignity insulted, and he could make no redress. The more he thought on the affair the more desperate he became, until at last he

burst forth in a volley of invective against Johns, the constable, and the masons in general. Some of the most reckless of the number proposed to make away with him, declaring they would not submit to any abuse from such a man—one who had sold everything for gain.

"Beware, sir," said a voice from those following immediately in the rear of the carriage, "beware, you coward, how you speak of those whom you wish to betray."

Miller cast upon the speaker a look of dark defiance, but did not reply. He was convinced the odds were against him, and he was not willing to risk his life.

A young man from the direction of Stafford galloped toward them in hot haste. On reaching the side of the wagon he paused and beckoned to the constable. French leaned forward his head to hear him.

"Very well," said he, as he resumed his seat beside the prisoner. The young man then turned and galloped back toward the village.

Ominous shakes of the head and meaning glances were exchanged among Miller's friends. Many were the conjectures as to the young man's business with the constable. But no definite conclusion could be reached.

Many, not able to keep their curiosity within limit, hallooed out to French to know what was the matter, but the officer was too circumspect to reply.

A little while and they reached Stafford. As the procession wended its way through the village, men, women and children rushed from the houses to gaze upon the mounted body.

On, on, they went, with their laughs, and taunts, and jeers, until they reached the lodge. There the wagon halted, at the command of the constable. The doors were all open. Conducted by French and a few others, Miller was inducted to the lodge room.

"And for wishing to expose all this foolery and deception that men may not be led astray, I am robbed of my liberty and made to submit to the buffeting and threats of an infuriated mob," he said, scornfully, to himself as taking the seat appointed him, he looked round on the room.

"Hold your peace," said one, who had followed him up the steps. "You are a disgrace to humanity, and deserve to be hanged. You set aside all motives of honor and justice to make for yourself a few dollars. Tell me about your anxiety to keep men from going astray. What do you care about men going astray when you will sacrifice honor, principle, and risk your life for money? 'Men going astray, indeed.' Wonderful reformer!"

Many lingered round the door and made ineffectual attempts to force an entrance into the room where Miller was confined. Others scattered through the village, gathering around them crowds wherever they went, eager to hear the whole matter.

A guard had been placed around the doors to prevent any disorder.—Threats, and taunts, and imprecations, were constantly uttered by the groups who assembled round the building, and were borne upward to Miller's ears. His position was a very uncomfortable one. He *felt* it. But determined to act the part of hero, he assumed as brave a countenance as possible, and looked out of the open windows on the crowds hurrying to and fro, with apparent *sang froid*.

"Where is Col. Miller?" demanded the leader of a company of horsemen who dashed into the village.

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, with noble mien and an eye of fire.

"Where is Col. Miller?" repeated he, in a more authoritative tone, of the crowd gathered around the lodge-room, while he rose in his stirrups with excitement.

"In the room above," replied a half dozen voices simultaneously.

"I must see him." He spoke imperatively, and many an eye lowered before his severe look.

"You can't do that," spoke out a voice from the midst of a group at the north-west corner of the building. "You can't do that, I tell you. They've got him in safe keeping. You can't ride over French in that way, so you had just as well go back home."

"French, did you say? Where is he? Let me see him," asked the rider, impatiently.

The same voice answered:—"He is taking care of David Miller."

"Let me see him."

A man who had listened to the conversation ran up stairs, and, passing through the ante-room, knocked at the door of the lodge-room. In a few seconds French appeared in the yard in front of the lodge.

The stranger made known his desire. French hesitated a moment. French disappeared without replying. The stranger's brow grew clouded. Turning to those who accompanied him, he spoke for a moment, in a low tone, and then looked round on the multitude. It was of no avail. The odds were decidedly against them.

After a short lapse of time, French reappeared, and very civilly invited the horsemen to dismount, which they did immediately. He then beckoned to them to follow him. They passed through the little yard in front of the house and disappeared through the door. Many made attempts to follow them in, but were prevented by those whose business it seemed to preserve order.

Miller's counsel and friends finding him absolutely a prisoner, protested against such a proceeding, and demanded that he should be brought forth from confinement. But those who had power over him refused to accede to any such proposal.

After much altercation and dispute it was decided that they should proceed immediately to Le Roy, a village still four miles further east, where the justice resided who had issued the warrant in favor of Johns, against Miller and Davids.

The prisoner was conducted down stairs by his keeper and friends, and placed in the wagon. The forces rallied from every part of the village. The number was greatly augmented by the citizens of Stafford, all anxious to witness the termination of an affair which, from the excited state of their feelings, and the novelty of the circumstances, they deemed of the greatest importance.

Similar scenes were enacted on the arrival of the cavalcade in Le Roy, that had been witnessed upon their entrance into Stafford.

As there had been no preparation made for the accommodation of the prisoner, it was proposed to him to go to Hull's tavern.

"I do not wish to go to the tavern, gentlemen. Take me to the magistrate's. Let me have justice."

His friends joined their solicitations to his, and the request was granted. He was carried to the magistrate's amid the curses and threats of those who opposed his going merely because they could not bear to see him gratified. He was then placed in the care of Russell Wilcox and James Hurlburt, while French hastened out to find Johns. The crowd without was in a state of the greatest excitement. Yells and curses rent the air. Vengeance was called down in tones of burning indignation on the head of him who had dared to act the part of traitor. Traitor, villain, wretch, were some of the milder epithets bestowed on him who sat, in gloomy silence, a prisoner of the law, and exposed at any time to the fury of the mob without.

French returned. Johns could not be found. He departed a second time in search of him.

"Bring Col. Miller to trial," demanded Holden, one of his friends, who had followed him from Batavia.

"Bring him to trial," echoed another. "Let him have justice."

"Yes, bring him to trial," cried out one of the bystanders. "Let him have justice, the wretch. If he gets justice, the gallows will get him."

"Proceed," demanded Miller's counsel of the justice. "Try the case and decide it. Why do you keep Col. Miller waiting?"

"The plaintiff has not yet appeared," replied the justice.

"Well, then, we shall wait no longer. We have been here already half an hour and we will not wait for the plaintiff. Col. Miller must be discharged. Why do you keep him here?"

"He must stay till the plaintiff comes. The case must be tried to-day," answered some of the party standing at the door of the room.

They waited a few minutes longer, when the justice declared Miller at liberty. His friends made a movement to leave the room with him.

"No, no, he shall not go. He must be tried. The wretch can not go. Keep him, keep him," cried out a half dozen voices.

The justice formally discharged him, and he and his friends left the door. Just as they had reached the street French returned, bringing Johns with him.

"Bring him back, bring him back," shouted a myriad of voices. "There is the plaintiff. Bring back the wretch to justice."

"He is my prisoner," said French, walking up to the side of Miller.

His friends gathered round him. "He has been discharged. You shall not interfere."

"Here is the warrant for his arrest," said French, drawing it from his pocket and proceeding to read it to him.

"You can not take him upon that," answered one of his friends, Holden, the constable from Batavia. "You can not take a man on an old warrant, who has been discharged. He is a prisoner in my custody."

"And who are you, sir, to speak with authority?" demanded Johns, provoked that his prey had escaped him.

"I am the constable of Batavia," he replied, "and no man dares to interfere with my authority. Come Colonel," said he to Miller, "your presence is wanted in Batavia. It is late, friends, let's be going."

French and Johns saw it was unnecessary to interpose farther. The crowd manifested no disposition to interfere with the proceedings. Miller and his friends moved from their midst, and, in a few minutes more they were on their way back to Batavia.

From this time forth there was no further attempt made to rescue the papers. Other scenes more exciting claimed the attention of the community at large. Morgan's papers were forgotten in the search after Morgan.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORGAN IN PRISON—PRIVATE CONSULTATION—HE IS DISCHARGED—FORCED INTO A CARRIAGE.

MORGAN, as we have said, was borne to jail, accompanied by Conard, Seymour, Roberts, Scofield and others, and followed by the execrations and abuse of those who had collected in and around the justice's room to hear his trial. He looked like a condemned criminal as he walked between the two men who guarded him to jail. His countenance had lost all that "*dare-devil*" expression which had characterized him before sentence of imprisonment was pronounced upon him. The strong man was overcome. His limbs trembled as he walked along. Conscience was stirred, and now he felt the judgment so long delayed was about to be executed. His head was hung. He dared not look honest men in the face. It was a pitiable sight to see him as he passed along through the street leading to the jail—the butt of ridicule and of jest, and the hated object of the gaze of men, women and children. The hootings of the mob that continuously rung in his ear, only served to deepen the expression of sullen cowardice which marked his face. Men looked upon him with feelings of disgust, and women regarded him with emotions of compassion. They thought of his poor wife and children, and pitied them. Children wondered, as they saw him pass along between strong men, and various were the questions they asked about his going to jail.

The culprit was alone in his cell. The confined limits, together with the grated windows and gloom within, made a horrid impression on his mind, and now, uninfluenced by all extraneous circumstances, he could commune with his own heart. Conscience, aroused from her deep lethargy, rose to assert her power, and the prisoner trembled in every limb, and his heart grew faint, as, clad in authority, she stood before him and pointed with her finger of unerring judgment to his great sin. He saw now the folly, the utter folly of the course he had pursued. But it was too late. The past could not be obliterated. There it stood in all its hideous deformity, and with threatening brow

presented the torpitude of his crime to his affrighted gaze, and spread out before his shrinking eye the disastrous consequences of his past acts. Conscience lashed him with unmitigated fury, and the past poured notes of thundering retribution in his ear. His soul froze with terror. Never before had he stopped to think. He had suffered himself to be led on by the deceitful persuasions of the tempter, until now he found himself on the brink of destruction, beyond the reach of aid. The chasm yawned beneath him, the ground was fast giving way under his feet. Where now was he who had lured him on to his destruction? Where now were those who had held out to him promises of wealth and honor? He was alone with his God, whom he had insulted, and his conscience, which he had so long kept in subjection, and both cried out for justice on his guilty head.

He now felt that the "way of the transgressor was hard." He reproached himself bitterly for suffering himself to be duped by one who had made a tool of him for his own benefit. He thought of the disgrace he had brought upon his wife, and the infamy he had entailed upon his children. He frowned and maddened under these goading reflections, but he did not repent.

He looked round upon his forlorn situation, and a chill dread seized his soul. He endeavored to hope for the future, as he shrunk tremblingly from the past. But whenever he turned his eyes toward the future, he saw it all written over with the penalties of his great transgression. "The wages of sin is death," rung in his terrified ears.

He sat, his bosom rent with terrible emotions, while his physical frame was almost bereft of the power of motion. His hands rested on his knees, his head hung on his bosom, while his face wore that pinched cadaverous look of one who had suffered long and acutely.

How drearily wore the hours away. The prisoner was startled from his painful reverie by the tramp of the jailer's feet along the passway. He had come to bring him his allowance of food. With sullen look and trembling hand he received the plate. He was left alone to partake of it. He tasted it and

pushed it from him. It was loathsome to his palate.

After a time the jailer returned. He saw the untouched food and the dark, morose countenance of his prisoner. He made no remark to him as he took up the plate and turned to leave the room. He was about to close the door, when Morgan sprang from his seat and exclaimed:

"Sir, will you—" he checked himself and was silent.

"What is it?" asked the jailer, as he turned to look upon him.

"Nothing," answered the culprit, as he reseated himself, and lapsed again into his sullenness.

The jailer waited a moment, expecting he would finish his sentence, but he did not again raise his head, and he passed out.

Morgan was about to propose to him to release him, with the promise that he would pay the debt to Ackley as soon as he could return to Batavia. But the tempter whispered, "he will not, you need not ask him;" and he sunk into a stupid silence, determining to let things take their own course.

What small things oftentimes decide our destiny for weal or woe. What straws are levers in the building up or the pulling down of fortune. A thought, a desire, a resolution—and we are saved or lost. Had Morgan carried out his idea, and interested the jailer in his behalf, he might have reached his home in safety. He might have been placed beyond the interference of his enemies. But the thought came, "I won't ask him, but await the end of this matter." A few hours more, and he was forever beyond the reach of home and friends.

THE PRIVATE CONSULTATION.

In a small back room of Kingsley's tavern, about a half dozen men sat engaged in low, earnest conversation. A beholder could have known, at a glance, that the subject under discussion was one of vital importance. They were gathered together into a compact group, and their faces wore the impress of engaged and momentous thought.

"But how can we accomplish it?" asked the chief speaker with that anxiety

of expression which denotes perplexity in the accomplishment of a much wished-for undertaking.

"I will pay Ackley the debt," replied one of the party, who wore a dark surt-out coat and a black hat, and whom we shall call Foster. "Morgan can then be released from jail, and—and—"

"And what, Foster?" asked another of the party, clad in a suit of dark grey cassimere. The man spoke eagerly. This was the difficulty. He bent forward and rested his elbows on his knees, and looked inquiringly into the face of Foster.

"I can't go any further, Nick," replied Foster, as he straightened himself up, and looked round on those present. "Can't some of you suggest some plan?"

They all hung their heads for a few moments in silence. This was a point which they could not master. Each knew what the whole party desired, but no one was brave enough to present the scheme which rose up in his own mind.

After a few moment's pause, the first and chief speaker rose, and deliberately made the following remarks:

"Brethren! we are met together to devise some means to rid society of a pest, and our Most Ancient Order of a great annoyance. We have borne with him long enough, and we all feel we can bear no longer. We can put him beyond the reach of troubling us any more, and, at the same time, do him no injustice. I propose that we send him out of our State, if it is necessary, to some foreign country. It will be a good thing for his wife and children; for he is a poor, drunken creature, who will bring disgrace on all associated with him; society will be benefited, and it may be the means of making a better man of Morgan. I feel that the circumstances of this case demand that he should be put beyond the power to trouble the masons any further, and I propose that he be sent away as soon as he is let out of jail."

"And where shall he be sent to? That's the question. Yours is a first-rate plan; but where shall we send him after we get him out of jail?"

All eyes were directed to the speaker.

"I know of no better place than Canada, by way of Niagara river. It is the shortest and least public route of

all others. This, brethren, is my plan, and I will pledge myself, if you will aid me, to have it carried out in the shortest time possible. What do you think of it, brethren?"

"Excellent! most excellent! Just the thing! We will aid you!" they all exclaimed, instantly.

"All the aid I need," resumed the speaker, "is money, to hire some conveyance, and to pay the expenses of the way. I know many men there who will see that my orders are executed."

Each man contributed what he had. The sums were added. "Not half enough to meet the case," said the accountant; "only seven dollars and fifty cents."

"I will pledge myself for the money," said the man in the dark surtout coat and black hat. "It shall be ready at the appointed hour. Where shall I meet you, Brother L.?" he asked of the chief speaker.

"In this room, at four o'clock this evening."

"But what will become of Morgan when he gets to Niagara?" asked Nick, anxious to understand the whole affair.

"There will be persons in waiting for him, who will put him out of the power of doing harm, and out of harm's way. All we want is to prevent Morgan's book from coming out. It will be nothing but a parcel of falsehoods, which will lead men astray, and prejudice them against our Most Ancient and Honorable Order."

"And can this be prevented by putting Morgan out of the State?" inquired Nick, desirous to know all about it. "I thought Morgan's work was almost done—just ready to come out. That's what I understood when I was in Batavia."

"It is not all ready," replied the chief speaker. "Morgan has some of it to write yet; but he must not be permitted to finish it in this country."

"Never! never!" responded the company.

"He is a base, bad man, and must not be suffered to do evil. It is our duty to see to him," said the chief speaker. "What say you, brethren?"

"We agree, we agree with you," was the emphatic answer.

The company pledged themselves to eternal secrecy, and departed. It was

understood that each one of the number should make such efforts as was compatible with the oath just taken, to aid in the undertaking; and assemble in that room at four o'clock in the evening, to see what could be done.

This party was composed of rash, inconsiderate masons, who were acting on their own responsibility, and against the expressed wish of those masons who saw and understood the impolicy as well as the wrong of such a proceeding. They had been warned against the disastrous results of such a course; had been importuned, by the few to whom a similar plan of abduction had been mentioned, to leave Morgan alone, and let his book be published. But they were as reckless of consequences as they were blind to common sense. The sad fate of most of them taught them reason, we may hope, but it came too late. The deed had been done, and imprisonment and disgrace could not wipe it out. Impiously they put forth a hand to steady the ark, and their rash act brought its own punishment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHIEF SPEAKER, LAWSON, AND FOSTER
VISIT THE JAIL.

Four o'clock came; agreeable to appointment, the party met in the small back-room of Kingsley's Tavern, to repeat the result of their efforts. All things thus far were favorable. From the time they had separated in the morning, each man had been busily engaged in forwarding their scheme. The sum received was deemed sufficient to carry out their project.

The report of Lawson was, "All things ready."

It was decided that Lawson and Foster should go to the jail and release Morgan, while other members of the party should make themselves busy, at different points, and in whatever way they might think advisable, in diverting the minds of the people so that they should not mistrust what was going on. Each man had his work assigned him, and each swore to perform it to the utmost of his ability. It was a time of intense excitement with those who, by solemn oath,

had bound themselves to the desperate work.

Lawson and Foster set out in the direction of the jail. The others of the party distributed themselves between the points to be guarded.

Mrs. Hall, the jailer's wife, was sitting in her little front room when the two men rapped at the door. They entered and were seated.

"We have come to release Mr. Morgan from jail, ma'am," spoke Lawson, breaking the silence. "We want to pay his debt—it is but a small sum—and put the poor fellow at liberty."

"My husband is not at home and I can't do it. I do n't have any thing to do with these things. Mr. Hall always looks after the prisoners, sir, and he is not in," replied the woman, in an agitated voice.

"Have you the key, ma'am?"

"Yes, I always keep the key when Mr. Hall goes out, but I do not unlock the jail."

"It will do no harm to release Morgan. He was put in jail for a little debt he owed Aaron Ackley, the tavern keeper, and—"

"Oh yes," interrupted the woman, "I know he was put in jail for a very little debt, but I can not let him out. It is against the law."

"We will pay the debt, ma'am, and then the matter will all be made straight. It is a pity to keep him from his family for the small sum. Here, give me the key, and I will unlock the door."

"Oh no, sir, I can't do it. The debt has not been paid. I can't do it; Mr. Hall is away," and the poor woman looked dreadfully terrified at the thought of being overcome and made to do wrong.

"The debt has been paid," said Lawson. "Mr. Foster, here," pointing to the man in the dark surtout coat and black hat, has paid Ackley what Morgan owed him. Come, now, give me the key and let me set the poor fellow at liberty."

You must wait till Mr. Hall comes home. He will be back to-night. Indeed, sir, I can not let you have the key."

"Poor fellow," said Lawson, as if his heart was broken with compassion for Morgan. "Poor fellow," he repeated,

"to be kept away from his wife and children—it is very hard."

Foster sat silent, with his head hung, and his hat drawn down over his face.

The woman's heart was touched at the thought of Morgan's poor, forsaken wife, and destitute children.

"Come again, sir, when Mr. Hall gets home—he will let the man out, I have no doubt, now the debt is paid."

"When do you say Mr. Hall will be at home?"

"To-night, sir."

The two men left. The jailer's wife felt much relieved as she saw them depart.

"How will you manage the woman?" asked Foster of Lawson, as they walked away. "It will not do to wait until Hall comes home. We must have him out before that, or the whole thing will be a failure."

Lawson hung his head, in deep thought. After a few minutes he looked up into the face of his companion, saying:

"We must manage the woman. The thing must be over before Hall gets back. I will get Nick, and some others, with whom Mrs. Hall is acquainted, to interfere. I think she can be coaxed. Did n't you see how my last words reached her heart?"

"You had better go by yourself, next time."

"Yes, and I'll tell her that Nick, and two or three others, with some of the officers, say that it will be right to let him out, and I think she'll do it."

"And what shall I do, Lawson?"

"You have the carriage ready. Be where you can hear me, and if I succeed I'll whistle. As soon as I do this, you must come near enough to the jail to help me, in case Morgan resists."

"Very well."

The two men parted; Lawson to get the representations of Nick Chesbro and others, Foster to have the carriage ready.

Lawson saw his men, and got their authority for the release of Morgan. As he was returning to the jail he crossed Foster, who assured him all was ready.

"It is all right," said Lawson to Mrs. Hall, as he stood in the front door. "Just as I told you. Poor Morgan can be set at liberty and sent home to his wife and

children, and it will be all exactly right. The debt has been paid, and he ought to be free."

"Did they say so, Mr. Lawson?"

"O, yes, they all said it would be a shame to keep the poor man away from his family any longer. Ackley is satisfied. I'll go your security that it will all be right. Come open the door and let the man go free."

"If Mr. Hall was at home," said the woman hesitatingly, "I would n't mind it; but I never trouble about the prisoners. Can't you wait until he comes, sir?"

"O, there is no need of that; Morgan ought to be at liberty. The stage leaves for Batavia in a little while, and he ought to go home to-night."

"Well, I'll let him out, and I hope no harm will come out of it," replied the woman, as she moved toward the press to take out the prison keys.

"Of course, there won't, Mrs. Hall; you will do a good deed," said Lawson, as he moved toward the jail.

The woman followed, candle in hand.

Suddenly he turned and stepped to the front door, and whistled. The woman heard him, and suspecting foul play, she followed him to the door and looked out. She saw, by the light of the candle in her hand, a man approaching the jail. Lawson turned and walked rapidly toward the jail. She followed him and opened the door. He entered: Morgan was sitting on his low bed, with his head hung down and weary. The same expression of sullen gloom, which had marked his face, when the jailer carried him his dinner.

"Come, Mr. Morgan," said Lawson to him, "you are at liberty. Your debt has been paid, and you are now free to go home. Come sir," added he impatiently, seeing Morgan slow to move. "The stage will be off in a few minutes. Your passage is paid; make haste, or you'll be too late."

Morgan rose and followed him. They passed the jail door.

"This way, Mr. Morgan," said Lawson, moving toward the east. Morgan obeyed. They had proceeded but a few steps, when they were joined by another man.

"This is not the way to Kingsley's tavern," said Morgan; "I want to go there to get my clothes, before I take the stage."

Lawson and Foster seized him by each arm and hurried him along. A few moments more, and he was seated in a carriage which was being driven at rapid speed from the village.

Thus far, the plan had succeeded.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRIP TO OLD FORT NIAGARA—LAST SCENE.

MORGAN, at the outset, offered resistance, but he soon found it was useless. The men in the carriage with him had him completely in their power. The night was cold and chilly. To keep Morgan warm and quiet, spirits were offered him to drink. His natural appetite for liquor, added to his depression of spirits, made him partake of it freely, and in a few hours, from his frequent draughts, he was incapable of giving any trouble.

On, on they hastened, through the most unfrequented roads, until the morning dawned. They then stopped to take some refreshment, and again to change the horses. They found masons at all the stopping points, who assisted them on their way. There can always be found men who will aid any undertaking, however censurable or sinful.

The evening of the 13th of September drew on. They had been traveling at the utmost speed throughout the day. The carriage, with its prisoner and his guards, were approaching the "Old Fort." Morgan was recovering from the stupor of intoxication.

"Where am I?" he asked, looking up into the faces of his guards, with an expression of wild terror.

"Just where you ought to be, Morgan. We are trying to keep you from disgracing yourself and your family," answered one of the men, a thick, low-built man, with peering eyes, and a dark expression.

"Shall I never get back to Batavia?" asked Morgan, piteously, of his jailers.

"Yes, when you learn to behave yourself like a decent man," replied one of the party.

"There, Morgan, take something, it will do you good," and the man with gray eyes and dark expression offered him the bottle, which they ever kept ready, as the surest means of silencing the prisoner.

"No, I don't want any more whisky. It has been my ruin!" said Morgan, motioning the bottle away from him.

"You had better take some; we have got a long way to travel, and the night is cold."

"Take a drink, Morgan, it will do you good; keep up your spirits."

The prisoner took the bottle, and sighing, drank; he then threw himself back in the carriage, and remained without speaking.

The night came down. On, on, they went toward their destination. Cold and chilling, the stars looked down. Cold and piercing, the damp air from the lakes came into the carriage, and penetrated the thick coats of the men. All was still, hushed to deepest quiet, save the tramp of the horses' feet and the rolling of the carriage wheels, as they drove onward. Nature gave no alarm at the dreadful deed man was committing.

They reached the Old Fort. Driving to the house of Giddins, they called him out, and made known their design to him, asking his assistance in rowing them across to Canada.

His consent was granted. Dressing himself hastily, he assisted them in placing the prisoner in the boat. The river was crossed, and the party waited in suspense for the appearance of the Canada Masons; but none making their appearance, they were compelled to row back. Morgan was taken by them and placed in the magazine, to await further decision.

And here, all certainty with regard to the fate of William Morgan, ends. His abduction created a sensation which spread itself in waves of fearful violence, not only over New York, but the whole Union, as to his true fate. "Cloud and darkness cover it." Will the veil ever be removed? Who can answer. His life must have come to some end. Will the manner of his end ever be known?

He must have been murdered at the fort,

or drowned in the river, or, what seems to me more probable, conveyed either into Canada, or put on board a British vessel, and carried to some foreign port.

That a few zealous masons, who became reckless through excitement, were the means of having him taken from the jail in Canandaigua, and thence to Old Fort Niagara, can not be denied. But the Fraternity should not be held accountable for the rash deed of a few of its members. That Morgan met with some sad fate can not be doubted.* That he was a disgrace to society, is as self-evident, as that he was shamefully treated.

"He had sown to the wind; he reaped the whirlwind." "The way of the transgressor is hard."

FEMALE CONFIDENCE IN MASONRY.

COMPOSED BY A YOUNG GIRL.

WE know there is a mystic tie,
That binds this brotherhood;
And need not question if that bond,
Be founded deep in good.

For by their works we judge of them;—
And well the maiden cried—
O! Lord, hadst thou been here, alas!
My brother had not died.

With willing hands we'll strew the palms,
Along their pathway here;
And ever deem ourselves secure,
With brother Masons near.

A NAIVE REASON.—"Hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?"—"Yes, papa, I have observed it; but then he speaks so kindly and piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet."—"Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure."—"I, too, papa; but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stelling, and how could I love him then?"

* I am aware that Avery Allen says, that Morgan was murdered by Howard, a foreigner; but he does not prove it. What became of Morgan is not known to the world. Very few masons know, perhaps none now. They unite with their opposers in denouncing the course of these zealots who rushed madly into the matter, thereby bringing disgrace and odium upon the whole Fraternity.

ROBERT CARNARSON, OR, THE MASONIC BREASTPIN



"But as soon as the Chief beheld it, he turned back with an air of curiosity, and laid his hand upon it."

A TALE OF INDIAN TIMES.

BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART TWO.

THE FIGHT, DEFEAT, AND RESCUE.

A CAMP of volunteers presents many queer scenes, and they have been worthily described by various pens. There is a buoyancy of spirits that exhibits itself when the restraints of society are first taken off, that runs out into pranks and humors of all sorts. No where is the gift of a jester so well appreciated as in a camp. No where do broad jokes meet such immediate and ample reward. Although in the process of time this becomes sufficiently wearisome, and camp life tedious and even disgusting, yet it must be confessed that at the outset there is a sparkle in the cup enchanting to the novice.

A few days brought together the four scouting parties that had gone out from Catesby, together with many other companies of volunteers. and a regular officer

to command them in the person of Colonel Allings. A skirmish or two had occurred in which the savages had been defeated, and so completely were they interrupted on their return route, as to lose all their plunder and turn them near a hundred miles down the river in their endeavors to cross.

The plan of campaign announced by Col. Allings was a bold one and like that of Jephthah, judge of Israel, against the Ephraimites, contemplated the extermination of the marauding party. Boats had been procured in abundance which he had loaded with the best of his men, and sent down to guard the more usual crossing places, (as *the fords* on the river Jordan were guarded by Jephthah's picked men,) and one party of the most experienced volunteers was now to be stationed on the opposite side in the enemy's country. In this latter enterprise, by far the

most dangerous, our five friends were placed. Col. Allings had been a staunch friend of Mr. Carnarson, the father of Robert, and being rejoiced to see his promising son in the campaign, at once made him commander of this detachment. Being authorized to select his own men, out of the whole body of volunteers, now increased to a thousand, Robert invited all the members of his own mess, and such others of his acquaintance as he thought best qualified for the duty. It must be acknowledged, however, that such a man as Socrates Ely, A. M., who had never fired a gun in his life, was not the most judicious selection for Indian fighting, and so Col. Allings observed when introduced to him; But Robert felt unwilling to leave him among strangers, especially as he had deserted his books and volunteered at the first, purely for old friendship's sake. So he took him along, Homer, Euclid and all.

A safe and speedy run down the current brought the detachment to the place designated. Here they carefully scrutinized the banks on their own side of the river, searching for any trails that would indicate that the savages had already crossed, but they found none. In a little creek, a few hundred yards from the main stream, they discovered a large number of Indian canoes, carefully concealed, to be ready no doubt against the arrival of the marauders. These Capt. Carnarson ordered to be left untouched, and then his party crossed to the enemy's side, hid their own boats and awaited the coming of the foe.

The solitude around them was perfect, save when broken by the wing of some stray bird, or by an occasional step from a deer that, stealing out of the adjacent thickets, would walk timidly to the water's edge to drink. The position occupied by the rangers was on a group of small hills that overlooked the river for several miles in either direction. Down one of these slopes to the river ran a war trail well marked, that struck out toward the body of Indian settlements and gave evidences of active use in the present campaign. Opposite, on the southern side of the river, was a peninsula around which the river curved in one of those graceful figures which might have given

rise to the first Masonic idea of the Arch: it was on the upper side of this peninsula that the small creek emptied, amid whose long flags were concealed the canoes for the war party.

For several hours the eyes of the most experienced borderers failed to detect any signals that would imply the presence of man; but a few minutes before sunset a smoke was observed on an eminence nearly opposite, (Jeremiah 4,) and one of the party old Mike Havers, instantly declared, "they 'se comin' boys,—we'll have 'em here afore midnight!" As there was doubtless some communication by means of the signal between the warriors opposite, and their friends at home, prudence dictated that the rear of the volunteers should be guarded lest an attack from that quarter should confuse all their own plans, and the spider be caught in his own toils. This duty was committed to old Mike, who with some ten others, was ordered to station himself at such points on the hills around, that no savage could possibly approach the main body without being discovered. We shall presently see how this important duty was performed.

Provisions were now paraded, which the party ate cold and hastily. The boats that had brought the whites down the river, while they were now still more carefully concealed, were likewise placed under vigilant guard.

As soon as it was dusk, the whole company, save the two detached parties already mentioned, came down to the bank and stationing themselves, some behind trees, some flat upon the ground, they awaited the coming of the foe.

They were not long held in suspense. About nine at night a plashing of paddles was heard from the middle of the river, and then as if by enchantment, the whole fleet of canoes, some ten in number, came out into the soft starlight about fifty yards from shore. The plan of surprise developed by Capt. Carnarson was simple, yet promised success. The whole party of savages was to be permitted to land and to draw up their canoes on the shore, before a movement was to be made on the part of the whites. Then a general volley, announced by the firing of his own pistol, was to be the signal for a chosen party

of twenty to rush upon their canoes and secure them.

Another party would likewise be in readiness to spring down at the same moment, and attack the Indians with tomahawks, in the use of which they were equally expert with the savages themselves, while the remainder continued on the bank to prevent the enemy from passing into the interior. All this was to prove the shibboleth of their destruction.

The fleet, laden heavily with the Indians, had got within a short distance of the shore, so near that the forms of the men who wielded the paddles could be distinguished, when suddenly a pause was made, and at one impulse every canoe shot back into the darkness.

It appeared that some alarm was suddenly conceived by the savages and they halted in the river and consulted together in low tones as to the cause. At this moment one of Carnarson's party, without any orders from his superior, made a loud noise imitating the snort of a buck when suddenly disturbed. The Indians were re-assured by this expedient and a general laugh went through the canoes, excited as much at the comicality of their fright as at the near prospect of a return to home and safety. Nothing further occurred to alarm them, for they landed, drew their canoes upon the bank as had been anticipated, and began to mount the acclivity. But now the deadly signal was given by Capt. Carnarson, and answered with a roar of firearms. More than fifty guns were discharged as a single piece.

In the hight of this consternation the poor savages found a score of white men among them, hacking them down on every side without mercy, while others jumped into their canoes and paddled them off, thus destroying every chance of escape. Vainly they endeavored to defend themselves. Too greatly outnumbered by numbers, even had they not been worn down by the fatigues of the campaign, and their nerves unstrung by surprise, they melted away as snow. Vainly they endeavored to ascend the bank and escape. Showers of balls were rained upon them from above, swords and hatchets clove asunder the skulls of

those who succeeded in mounting up the first bank, while loud cries of scorn and hatred from the whites showed them that their enemies were numerous and unrelenting. The party, which at the landing consisted of seventy or more, was fast falling, and yet no serious loss had occurred to the whites, when suddenly the tables were turned and a new feature added to the bloody picture. Old Mike Havers, who, as the reader has already learned, had been ordered to guard against an attack from the rear, had posted his men most judiciously, and for several hours had remained, according to orders, silently listening for tokens of the Indians' approach. Becoming weary of such dull work at last, he had borrowed a canteen from one of his detachment and, the old man having a confirmed appetite for strong drink, and having never learned the speculative use of the compasses (although he was a carpenter by trade,) had indulged quite too freely in the ardent draught.

The effect of this had been to put him first into a drowsy fit which caused a shameful intermission of his vigilance, then into profound sleep. The party seeing nothing of their commander, who had lain down under a thick bush, supposed he was gone in toward the river, and when the firing commenced, having no person to restrain them, each left his post and hurried to the scene of action. This disobedience of orders proved highly disastrous.

A large party of Indians answering the signal of smoke from the other side, had left their village to meet their returning comrades and welcome them home. They had discovered the scouts under charge of Mike Havers, and as it were, intuitively comprehended the whole plan of ambushade. It was too late for them to remedy it, for just as the chiefs were consulting how they should warn their comrades of the impending danger, the noises at the river side announced that the attack had been made. But now the faithless scouts ran in to share the battle, and the whole Indian party followed close behind. So it happened in the very hight of the confusion, while the attention of the whites was turned toward the river, more than two hun-

dred Indians charged upon them in the rear.

An attack of this sort is doubly dangerous to the attacked party. None are so overwhelmingly surprised as those who are engaged in surprising others. Therefore, when the savages, with yells infernal as those of fiends, and with all the desperation of vengeance, hurled themselves into the strife, the first impulse of the rangers was to rush to the boats, regardless of honor or commands. The company sent to secure the Indian canoes behaved manfully enough. They had not shared the consternation of their friends upon the shore, and they busied themselves in picking up those who had jumped into the river, and saved many from drowning. But of the larger number, who ran like cowards to the boats, many were overtaken and killed; the rest pushed off from the shore, nor stopped to inquire as to the issue of the battle until they reached the opposite side. Captain Carnarson, who had exerted himself to stay the dastards, remained with three or four others, bravely contending against a hundred of the foe. But the strife was too unequal. Their weapons were dashed from their hands and all of them made prisoners. Within twenty minutes after this catastrophe, all was over. The wounded whites had been killed and scalped, and their corpses thrown into the river. The bodies of the Indians, both living and dead, were placed upon litters made of sapling trees, and carried inland. A faint sound from the other side met the ears of the despairing captives as they were driven along that war-path, with their arms bound painfully behind them, to meet a certain death.

* * * * *

The various scenes connected with Indian life have been too frequently described in history and fiction to call for the aid of our pen. It is known that only one door of escape was ever opened to a prisoner, that was the possibility of his being selected by some parent who had lost a son in battle and who claimed to adopt him in the place of the dead. But no such door was opened to any one of the four who stood bound to stakes at sunrise the next morning, awaiting the signal to die.

In the center stood Robert Carnarson. The loss of blood from severe cuts, the loss of sleep, and the inexpressible horrors of his condition had made deep marks upon his youthful countenance through the lingering hours of the past night; but his heart was yet strong and he felt that he could even die as became a man who professed fortitude to be one of his cardinal virtues.

His thoughts were not there in that Indian village, though hundreds yelled around him, and burned to feast their eyes with his dying agonies. They were with her, whose soft hand had thrilled in his; whose pure kiss of betrothal had blessed his lip; who was even then anticipating his speedy return. Then they comprehended her, the aged mother—for he was the only son of his mother and she a widow,—and he felt as he recollected her motherly trust, that her pillar of strength was about to be broken, and that her gray hairs would soon go down with sorrow to the grave.

On his right hand stood the unwearied, faithful, ingenious Tim. He had lost his good right arm, skilled in all the mechanism of man's hand, by the stroke of the tomahawk, and the great flow of blood therefrom had enfeebled him and left his countenance pale as the lamb-skin. But his spirits were buoyant, his voice was steady, and he made his remarks upon the scenes and circumstances around him with as much unconcern as though he was but a visitor to the awful drama about to be acted. The manner in which the Indians kindled their fire by rubbing pieces of wood together; the complicated knots tied in the hickory bark that fastened him to the stake; the symbolic representations made by paint streaks on their naked bodies; the songs—these and many other things aroused his curiosity and afforded him a fund of improvement.

The other two captives were strong men, and had been engaged in many a dangerous combat, but they were totally unmanned now. They could have met death at the rifle's mouth unflinchingly, nay even the disgraceful cord would not have presented overwhelming terrors to them, but the burning, *the burning alive*, and the untold tortures that were to pre-

cede even the first application of fire—these were the things that shook them, and big tears fell upon the ground at their feet as they shudderingly contemplated their fate.

The large number of scalps gained in the campaign, and those won on the preceding night, were now brought forward suspended upon *cedar boughs*, and were shaken triumphantly in the faces of the prisoners. They were of all sizes, of both sexes, of all hues, from the scanty golden hairs of the precious one torn from its mother's breast, to the frosty locks that had flowed honorably over the brow of age. This cruel act elicited fresh groans from the two mourners, a severe look from Robert, and a remark from Tim that "the bloody things were villainously mangled in the scalping."

A dance was now performed, such as might fitly have accompanied the vile orgies of Baal Peor, during which every sentiment of native ferocity, obscenity, and hatred that the heart of man can express by words and gestures, was introduced.

And now the tortures commenced. We will not harrow up sensitive feelings by relating them. When a mere boy we expressed our opinion that such details are only calculated to harden readers' hearts, and the observations of maturer years but confirms us in the belief. Let it suffice to say that the two strong men whose tears and terrors pointed them out to the delighted savages as proper objects for an ingenuity of torture, *died at last*. They died, after every imagined means of inflicting pain had been exhausted; after the sensitiveness of human nerves had been so blunted by knife, pincers, and fire, that the victim could stand up and look calmly on and see his own frame dissected limb by limb as a piece of machinery in which he felt no longer an interest. They died; and now the unwearyed savages turned to the other two.

"Sure enough, Bob, it's our turn now and no mistake," observed Tim to his companion. "Now's the time to brace up, for the storm's coming. This fire is like to be as bad on us as the Great Limekiln* was to the Jews. You see a man

can bear any thing when he has got to. Them fellows who took it so hard at first found they could stand it. Let's take it, Bob, just like a dose of medicine. Death has been grappled with before, and you and I know that we must all die sometime."

"Yes, my dear brother," responded his friend, "this is no new lesson to us, but do n't forget, Tim, the assurances we also have, that these bodies shall live again. The savages may torture us, and they may dismember us as they have done these poor fellows, and our ashes may be scattered to the four winds, but the All-Seeing Eye shall behold them, the power of God shall collect them together again, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail to raise them from the dead in a more perfect pattern than now."

"Bob," inquired Tim, with an anxious look, "do you really think those painted devils have the same expectations of a future state that we have? Can it be that the great Architect of the Universe, whose workmanship is here displaying such miserable evidences of an immortal soul within them, can it be that he will admit them into the grand lodge above. Where and when are they to be prepared in heart? Fact is, Bob, I'm getting dismal. My arm pains me so that I can hardly stand. I shall turn coward if I do n't do something to strengthen my nerves. Let's sing a funeral song, such as we last chimed around poor Aleck Baldrige. These Indians will give us some credit for it at all events. Join me, Bob," and then the brave fellow led off in a bold manly voice the funeral hymn so often sung by the Masons at Catesby, and Robert Carnarson added a cheerful voice to the words.

Wreath the mourning badge around—
Brothers pause! a funeral sound!
Where the parted had his home,
Meet and bear him to the tomb.

While *they* journey, weeping, slow,
Silent, thoughtful let *us* go:
Silent—life to him is sealed;
Thoughtful—death to him's revealed.

* The Great Limekiln refers to the conflagration
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of King Solomon's Temple, which was composed
in part of marble or limestone.

How his life-path has been trod,
 Brothers, leave we unto God!
 Friendship's mantle, love and faith,
 Lend sweet fragrance e'en to death.

Here amid the things that sleep,
 Let him rest—his grave is deep;
 Death has triumphed; loving hands,
 Can not raise him from his bands.

But the emblems that we shower,
 Tell us there's a mightier power;
 O'er the strength of death and hell,
 Judah's Lion shall prevail.

Dust to dust, the dark decree—
 Soul to God, the soul is free;
 Leave him with the lowly slain—
 Brothers, we shall meet again!

While these notes of mortality were ringing through the forest, and comforting the death doomed by their symbolic cheer, the Indians stood by in profound silence, neither interrupting or seemingly impatient for the end. On the contrary, their ferocious looks assumed an expression of delighted astonishment, and when the song was finished a murmur of approval went through the crowd. The white man's death song, albeit the words were not understood, was supposed by the savages to contain a synopsis of the events of his life, and the hopes connected with his future state. Such are the leading sentiments in the death song of an Indian warrior.

One of the tormentors, the burly savage who had been the most active in torturing the two prisoners just deceased, now stepped up to Tim, laid his tomahawk on the top of his head, shook him warmly by his remaining hand, uttered some words that seemed to express approbation of his heroism, and then *brained him at a single blow*. The act, though unexpected and horrible in itself, was nevertheless done in kindness as a mark of the popular sentiment in his favor.

A short time was spent in mangling the remains of the poor fellow, and then the whole group closed around Robert Carnarson, the last of the doomed.

One silent prayer for strength; one sigh for the absent, a pledge of love and duty; one hopeful thought of sins forgiven and a better world soon to be

opened to him by faith in the Redeemer, and Robert resigned himself to death.

It had been resolved upon by his tormentors that he should suffer only by fire. Large piles of brushwood, both green and dry, were therefore collected and heaped around him. The ends of dry stakes were sharpened and thrust among the coals to be used as brands for the burning.

The clothing was torn off from his lower limbs, that his flesh might be exposed to every degree of heat, and the last act of the drama commenced.

Already the flames were scorching his feet; his breath was already drawing fast and hard in the rarified atmosphere; a roaring sound produced by a flow of blood to the head was in his ears, and like the Savior amid the fervor of the cross, the poor captive moaned, *I thirst*. Death impended, and the soul was pluming itself to wing its flight amid savage yells and crackling flames, when a loud shout from the whole body of Indians and the removal of the burning brushwood, announced some change of plan on the part of the foe.

The rush of cooler air revived Robert; he breathed more freely and opened his eyes. Before him stood an Indian chief. He was dressed in all the gaudy tinsel of barbarian taste, while streaks of paint inelegantly arranged, made his countenance both hideous and ludicrous. Upon his broad chest was suspended by a leather thong, a massive gold medal, from which gazed out the gross unmeaning features of one of the Georges, King of England.

There was an expression in his eye and a dignity in his bearing and royal voice that spoke of a man born to rule. The chief gazed into the eye of Robert Carnarson, and as the pinioned white man returned him unflinchingly, glance for glance, he nodded kindly to him, and called out in broken English, "Good, good, white man brave—white man burn!"

Then turning off, he signed to the tormentors to proceed with their task. But ere he had withdrawn, the light of the blazing furze which had been brought up to rekindle the pile, glanced full upon the *breastpin* before spoken of, which Robert had worn in his bosom.

The jewel had been hidden in the arrangement of his garments until that instant, so that the savages had altogether overlooked it. But as soon as the chief beheld it he turned back with an air of curiosity and laid his hand on it. What was the surprise of Robert to see him as he beheld the symbolic square and compass, suddenly change his proud fierce look to that of a gentle smile; and then, strangest of all, to make a sign known only to those who have received the intellectual treasures of Freemasonry.* Fettered as he was by his bonds, Robert could only respond to his fraternal salutation by words,—by words well understood however to him who heard them.

Ordering the savages to a respectful distance, the chief then proceeded to unclasp the brestpin and examine it more closely.

It was but the work of a moment now to cut the green withes that had bound Robert to the stake, and then right through the center of the tribe passed the chieftain with his brother Mason, while a low murmur of *broder, broder*, was heard from the crowd. This release, however it might have disappointed the savages, was received with perfect deference to the will of their chief, and so the life of Robert Carnarson was preserved.

In a retired wigwam the two Masons sat, unable to speak the language of each other, but each expert in that universal language which clearly conveys the sentiments of *Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth*, and teaches the primary virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice; and there they remained together without intrusion until the sun went down. But what was said, and what was promised, and what was done, is it not recorded on the pages of Masons' hearts!

The last rays of the setting luminary glittered on that Masonic brestpin, as Robert clasped it in the chieftain's mantle, and left it there as a pledge to be redeemed some future day.

About dusk a tremendous shout was heard in the camp, a rush was made

by old and young to the torturing post, and another prisoner was announced. This was no other than Socrates Ely, A. M., who had escaped the night before by creeping into a hollow log, where he might easily have remained undiscovered, but for want of discretion in concealing his legs, and in controlling a remarkably loud snore which he indulged in while asleep. Around his neck the savages had tied his beloved Homer, companion in all his misfortunes.

Ely was bound hurriedly to the stake, and the pincers, and the sharp instruments, and the blistering flames were all made ready for his torture, when a communication between those Mason-brothers led to his release. Then the rude wigwam witnessed a reunion between friends, and an acknowledgment of favors received, that angels might have beheld with delight.

* * * * *

We will not weary our readers with further accounts of brotherly kindness; their speedy restoration to their friends may be conjectured. Then followed the happiness of many parties at the unexpected return; weeds of mourning were thrown off, and the fatted calf was killed. The union between Robert and Josephine was not long delayed, and thus the second degree of Love's mysteries was happily consummated amid the heartiest good wishes of all who knew them. In due time the third was announced in the birth of a lovely child, and when we last visited Catesby, we heard General Carnarson, now an old gentleman of sixty-five years, declaring to his wife Josephine, a silver haired lady only six years younger than himself, that Tim, the rogue, their grandchild, had been putting snuff in Mr. Ely's coffee, and he was afraid he should be compelled to give the darling a gentle castigation.

In the graveyard among old dilapidated monuments and neglected tombs, is one always in good repair, a path deeply marked around it by visitors' feet, in the pattern of a broken column on the shaft of which lies an open book. Poor Tim! your body may be scattered among the unnamed ashes of that sacrificial spot, your spirit may have soared aloft on the sentiments of that hopeful hymn.

*It is well known that many of the Indian chiefs in the pay of Great Britain were made Masons in the military lodges connected with the English regiments.

but your virtues and your genius are indelibly written upon our memories. Peace to your ashes! May this feeble effort to delineate your character not fail of its reward.

One incident further we will add. About five years after the rescue we have recorded, a strong and noble-looking Indian entered the settlements, now at peace, inquiring for Robert Carnarson. It was the Mason-chief who had come to restore to his brother the breastpin, the pledge of that fearful day. Much fraternal attention was paid him both within and out of the lodge, and when he retraced his path to Canada, a large gold medal was presented him on behalf of the Masonic body, inscribed with befitting symbols, and with these appropriate words:

BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH.

INITIATION OF A DEAF MUTE.

ON the 11th of April, in the year 1845, there occurred at Paris, one of those singular events in the practical working of Freemasonry, which we shall find only in a French Lodge. The claims to initiation, of one deprived of the two important faculties of hearing and speaking, are so positively debarred by our landmarks, that the very proposal would be heard with astonishment in an English or American Lodge. But our Gallic brethren have never been distinguished for any very rigid adherence to landmarks, and would not permit the demands of ancient usage to stand in the way of what they supposed to be an opportunity of making, as they call it, an initiation "*du plus grand intérêt.*"

The reception, however, is so remarkable, perhaps from this very violation of Masonic propriety, as to warrant us in presenting our readers with a translation of the account as we find it in a French periodical now lying before us.

The candidate was M. Pellissier, himself a deaf mute and a professor in the Deaf and Dumb School of Paris—the lodge in which the initiation was performed was that of Mt. Sinai, working under the jurisdiction of the Supreme

Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

The case, says the narrator, and we cordially agree with him, was new and embarrassing. If on the one side, the physical infirmity and the excellent mental capacity of the candidate excited general sympathy, on the other side was the question to be solved, whether he was fitted for admission into the masonic society, in whose discussion he could take no part, and whose verbal modes of recognition he could neither give nor receive. But notwithstanding this objection, his admission was unanimously agreed to. A new difficulty, however, here suggested itself in respect to the mode in which the candidate should be submitted to the requisite forms of initiation. But it is only the first step that is difficult—having resolved in his initiation to throw the most important landmark overboard the others must follow as a matter of course, and consequently, all the usual forms of reception were dispensed with, and it was determined, instead of the customary questions, to propound to the aspirant a literary problem in writing, to which in the silence and solitude of the chamber of reflection he was to make a reply.

The question proposed was this: "What idea have you formed of the nature and effects of the eloquence of speech?"

This question was delivered to the candidate, and in half an hour afterward, the deacon presented from him to the lodge a manuscript of several pages in which he had treated the subject proposed in an able manner, and in a style full of elegance and harmony. The excitement produced among the members was great, and the candidate was introduced within the lodge without further ceremony, where being seated at a table, he replied to the questions of the Master, partly by signs and partly by writing, and having by means of an interpreter received the necessary instructions and given the requisite promises, an initiation was concluded the like of which had certainly never been witnessed before in a masonic lodge, and which we trust will never be seen again.

And makes us tolerant; I never see a fault which I myself did not commit.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND THE JEW.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUSSIA.

"Creature of earth, without the soul of man,
The lash is raised, avoid it if you can;
Vainly from justice would the culprit fly—
Vainly his faltering tongue her claims deny."

QUID PRO QUO—A POEM.

HENRY BEACHAM and his friend William were punctual to their appointment, on the following morning, at the house of the court banker's. The agent and Hiram, the Jew merchant, were both there before them. The two schemers were full of confidence in the success of their intrigue, and doubted not but the young merchant, large as the sum demanded was, would either pay it or find security for the amount, in order to quit the country at once.

The parties bowed stiffly: the meeting was an awkward one. The agent pretended to be busily occupied in looking

over his memoranda, and the Israelite to be mentally calculating on the amount which his share in the nefarious transaction would bring him in.

"Humph!" whispered Bowles, "is that the Jew?"

His friend nodded, as much as to say, "yes."

"He looks like a keen blade—all edge," continued the speaker; "but unless I am mistaken in my surmise, our mysterious friend will prove too sharp for him."

"Why who do you suppose the stranger to be?" demanded Henry.

"The minister of police himself."

Beacham shook his head—he had twice seen that reputable functionary, and he assured his friend that there was not the least resemblance between them; added to which, he pointed out the improbability of so high an officer interesting himself in the affairs of an unknown person like himself.

"It's his secretary, then," replied Bowles, with a look of disappointment.

Before his friend could reply, the door of the apartment opened, and Mr. Gierwolf, the court banker, made his appearance; he was a little, thin, shriveled old man, with a quick, piercing eye, which he invariably fixed upon those whom he addressed, or who were speaking with him, as if he would read their thoughts—seemingly he paid but little attention to their words. Although known by a Russian name, his physiognomy was so evidently Greek, that no one could doubt, who gazed on his peculiar features, his descent from that astute, intriguing race. He was supposed to be enormously wealthy, for he had been the banker of two emperors—Alexander and Nicholas—and was high in favor with their mother, the widow of that madman Paul; consequently he was no less courted by the merchants and foreign agents than by the dissipated aristocracy of St. Petersburg.

"Welcome, gentlemen, welcome," he said, as he slid into the apartment with a quiet, cat-like step. "I trust I have not kept you waiting; but I have just been honored with a message from the emperor."

The agent and Hiram bowed, as if the name of some deity had been pronounced.

"Now then to business," continued the banker. "It seems that the house of Grindem and Company—whose signature is well known upon the 'Change of St. Petersburg, and who are represented by this young gentleman, who is the junior member of the firm—have become indebted largely to their correspondent, our respectable friend here. Have you vouchers for the transactions?" he added, "upon which you advance so large a claim?"

"It is not necessary," replied the agent. "Mr. Beacham, by his signature to these securities, has acknowledged them."

"Oblige me with them?"

The papers were handed to the speaker.

"My friend Mr. Hiram in his turn, has advanced considerable sums upon them. As yet, we have not received the consignments upon which the advances have been made. We are both naturally anxious to protect ourselves from risk."

"Doubtless."

"Mr. Beacham wishes to leave Russia. Let him either pay the liabilities, or find security to meet them, and we withdraw our objection; if not, he must remain till we are satisfied—such is the law of Russia."

"Nothing can be clearer," replied the banker. "And what security do you propose?"

"Bankers," replied both the claimants.

"It's the safest," added the Jew. "I must have bankers."

"Although I can scarcely account for the kind interest you have taken in this affair," said Henry Beacham, "permit me, sir, to thank you. At the same time, I must protest against the claims of these two persons, as being founded in dishonesty and conspiracy. When I signed those papers, I knew not what I signed."

"Father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, with a look of well-affected surprise.

"Not know what you signed?" repeated the banker. "That is strange, sir—you, an English merchant!—one of a class certainly not the least ignorant of the consequences of such an act—you know it binds the firm; and as a member of that firm renders you personally responsible."

"I admit it: and therefore am willing to give what security they please, till the transactions on which the money alleged to have been advanced can be investigated. If they are found to be genuine, the money shall be paid; if fraudulent, as I assert them to be, and, once in England can prove them to be, I need no excuse for disputing them."

"Fraudulent!" repeated the agent in a tone of indignation; "Your late worthy uncle, sir, knew my character well—he would not have mistrusted me."

"No doubt the late Mr. Grindem knew you," said William Bowles; "he was a shrewd man, and generally selected the fitting tool for the work in hand."

"Insolent!" observed the agent.

"That young man," said the Jew, "would suspect Moses himself."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said the banker, "with all this I have nothing to do; the claims are legally valid—of that there can be no doubt; how they were obtained is another question. I have

interested myself in this affair at the request of one whom I am bound to oblige, and who has offered to become surety for Mr. Beacham, in order that he may quit the country."

"His name," demanded the agent.

"You will know that when you see him."

"Is he a banker?" inquired the Jew.

"No."

"Then he won't do. The law says a banker, and a banker's security I'll have."

The words were scarcely uttered than the door opened a second time, and a tall, military looking man, in his plain undress uniform, entered the room, followed by a gentleman in brilliant regimentals, his breast covered with orders. The effect, both on the agent and the Jew, was electrical; the two or three discolored teeth of the latter chattered in his aged jaws, and his whole frame seemed convulsed by a sudden terror. Even the smile upon the features of the court banker gave place to an expression of seriousness, as, drawing respectfully behind the table he inclined his head and pointed to a chair.

"Father Abraham!" exclaimed the Israelite, "the ——"

"Minister of Police," interrupted the decorated person, with a stern air. "You did not expect to see him here? You will answer every question this gentleman"—pointing to his companion—"may be pleased to put. I need not advise you to speak the truth, when a visit to Siberia will prove the consequence of a lie."

"I told you," whispered William to his friend, "it was the secretary to the minister."

"What were the instructions you received from the uncle of this young gentleman?" demanded the stranger, pointing at the same time to Henry Beacham.

"To involve him in certain liabilities which would prevent his leaving Russia without the consent of his relative, and which his utter ignorance of commercial transactions and nominal share in the firm rendered an easy task."

"When did you first think of converting those securities to your own use?"

"As soon as I heard of Mr. Grindem's death."

"Every claim, then, upon him is either a forgery, or obtained by the means you stated?"

The agent hesitated; but his doubt endured but for an instant, for his questioner raised his head from the papers, which he was looking over, and fixed an eye of such conscious power and command upon him that even the hope of obtaining some part of the vast sum for which he had intrigued was not proof against its influence.

"Every one!" he faltered.

The questioner quietly tore up the securities. Henry Beacham and William were both bewildered. Certainly for a secretary he took great liberties in the presence of his superior; perhaps, they thought, he had received some signal from the minister to do so—things are managed so very oddly in Russia.

"Now, Jew," said the stranger.

Hiram started at the sound of his voice, and tried to stand steadily, but could not; his knees knocked against each other, and a confused prayer, in which the names of Abraham, Moses and Kaiser alone were audible, broke from his lips.

"How much are you to receive on this transaction?"

"Twenty per cent.—'pon my soul not a ruble more! I am poor—wretchedly poor—have five sons and seven daughters—the lord protect his people—I have had losses, and the hand of power has been heavy on us lately!"

"Silence!" said the minister, whose eyes, during the interview, were never for an instant removed from the countenance of his secretary; every unnecessary word you utter will only add to your punishment."

"How were you enabled to suppress the correspondence of the Englishman with his friends?" inquired the mysterious friend of the two strangers.

"Through the Postoffice."

"It's false!" said the stranger, starting, in a fit of excitement, from his chair; "they dared not for their lives. What! a public establishment—one of the best regulated in Russia—one which the emperor watches over with peculiar care—bribed! I'll not believe it."

The agent was silent.

"Confess that you have lied, and

though I never yet forgave the man who once deceived me, this time I will pass it over. How! am I not understood? you are silent?"

"Through respect; since to speak can only be to repeat my former assertion. I know the danger of my position and in whose presence I stand too well to dream of uttering a falsehood."

The stranger—for we must still designate him as such, although some of our readers, we doubt not, begin to suspect whom they have been introduced to—eyed the speaker for a few moments in silence, as if to convince himself that he was really speaking the truth. Satisfied that such was the case, he briefly demanded what sum he had paid.

"Two thousand rubles."

"And to whom?"

Again the agent hesitated. His eye glanced at the minister of police; but there was nothing in his countenance to betray either fear or entreaty—it was as cold and impassable as a statue's.

"Must I speak twice?"

"To Alexander Galitzin, the president of the foreign department."

This time the features of the minister did change—but only for an instant; the party implicated had lately become his son-in-law; but he felt that even with his influence it would be hopeless to attempt to save him, and wisely forebore the attempt.

"Galitzin! ingrate! Men speak of government in Russia," said the stranger, "as if honor, public faith, loyalty and trust existed among the people; the scribblers of Europe represent its sovereign as a tyrant, oppressing an innocent people; when in reality he is like a man holding a serpent by the neck; let him loose his grasp, and it will turn and sting him. Galitzin," he added, turning to the minister, "is your son-in-law?"

"He is," replied the functionary, turning very pale.

"How long has he been married?"

"Six months."

"Heartless scoundrel! With the dawn, see that he departs for Siberia. We deprive him of his nobility and decorations—reduce him to the condition of a serf—dissolve his marriage with your daughter, who is to be considered as never having

borne his name. To you we intrust the execution of our decree."

Cold drops of perspiration trickled down the countenance of the minister as he heard the sentence; but not one thought of disobeying it, or attempting to save the culprit entered his imagination. William and Henry, who heard the judgment, knew at last in whose presence they were standing—knew that there was but one person in the empire who could pronounce so terrible a judgment—and that person was Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias.

[Let it not be considered that the above case is entirely the invention of the author—it is founded on facts—the writer having heard an anecdote very similar while on a visit to St. Petersburg a few years since.]

"Gentlemen," said the emperor, without appearing to notice their astonishment, "you are at liberty to depart from Russia. If the crime of which you have been the victim in your own country is more difficult to perpetrate, remember that the justice which detects it is less prompt. Your enemies will both be severely punished, since the morrow sees them depart for the mines for life."

The speaker announced his terrible decree as calmly as if he had been giving some simple order to one of his courtiers. The wretched Jew was annihilated at the words, and sank upon the floor of the apartment in a violent fit: the agent could only falter out:

"Sire I am an Englishman. Mercy."

"But naturalized in Russia," replied the emperor, with a bitter smile, "and subject to its laws. Gentlemen," he added, "farewell; a pleasant journey to England."

Raising his hat with graceful courtesy, the modern Attila walked from the court banker's—his only escort the man whose son-in-law he had just condemned to Siberia; yet such was the terror of his power—the veneration in which he was held—that an idea of disputing it never once entered into the imagination of the minister of police, who did not exercise a greater terror over the minds of the people than dread of his master's anger exercised over his.

When the two friends reentered their

hotel they found an officer waiting to receive them, who presented them with the official permission to embark without giving the customary notice of three weeks in the *Gazette*.

"You must be high in favor," he observed, as he presented it; "they told me, at the *Chancellerie*, that they had never known a similar permission, unless to an ambassador or diplomatist."

"I think we are," observed William, with a smile; "it is not often that one has an hour's conversation with the Emperor of all the Russias."

"And have you really conversed with the emperor?" demanded the messenger, whose respect for the young men increased tenfold on the supposition.

"This very morning."

"That, then, explains the second order I received respecting you."

"A second order!" they exclaimed.

"Yes. I am to accompany you wherever you go—see that every amusement is open to you in St. Petersburg—in fact, I am answerable for your safety with my head—which, foolish as it is, gentlemen, I prize exceedingly; so you may feel assured that I shall perform my office to the best of my ability. What say you?" he added; "will you visit the opera to-night, or have you an inclination to see something of Russian society? If so, to-night there is a party at Prince Demidoff's—a *conversazione* at the Countess of Liebritz—and a ball at the palace of the Princess Dumsbrowski."

"But we are not invited," observed Henry Beacham.

The officer smiled.

"Pardon me," he replied; "you are invited everywhere; there is not a house in St. Petersburg that is not open to you—from the palace of the prince to the dwelling of the serf. The emperor's guests are supposed to be welcome everywhere."

Although Henry Beacham had been some months an inhabitant of the capital of all the Russias, he had been too unhappy to mingle in society, and knew as little of its tone and manners as his friend William, who had so lately arrived. As three days were to elapse before the vessel sailed, and their minds were comparatively at ease, they agreed to put themselves under the guidance of

their new acquaintance, and after dinner see something of Russian life. Their first visit was to the opera-house, where they heard the first artists of Europe, who are nowhere more flatteringly received, or liberally paid for. On entering the theater—which, *par parenthese*, is one of the finest in the world, both for size and decoration—they would have paid for their box, but their companion pronounced some magical word in Russian, and the functionary pushed back the proffered gold with as many apologies as if he had been detected in the act of stealing it.

"What does he mean?" demanded William.

"I told you everything in St. Petersburg was open to you. The theater is the emperor's. Of course he receives no money from his guests."

The box into which they were shown was a private one, facing the imperial lodge, in which the Grand Duke Michael and the Csesarewitch were seated. They were shortly after joined by the empress, a sister of the present King of Prussia.

The opera was *Norma*, and Grisi the prima donna. Never, perhaps, was the glorious singer in better voice, and the choruses were executed with an *ensemble*, which neither London nor Paris have ever yet rivalled or even approached.

On Henry Beacham's remarking the perfection of the opera in this respect, the officers replied with a smile, and so meaning a shrug, that his curiosity was raised, and he asked for an explanation.

"They are serfs," was the reply.

"But how does that cause them to sing so well? perhaps you have some peculiar method of teaching in Russia? if so, it is ungenerous to keep it to yourselves; pray explain it?"

"Nothing can be more simple than our method of teaching music in Russia," answered the young man. "A certain number of serfs are chosen. It is first ascertained that they have voices: after which the score of the opera or hymn—no matter what—is placed before them, and they are flogged every morning till they have learnt it. It's the same with our horn bands, which are unrivalled, as I have heard, in Europe. The same system, the same success."

"You surely jest."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the young man, "that I should take such a liberty with the guests of the emperor! If you like to accompany me in the morning to the academy of music, I will convince you of the fact. I can point out another equally curious. You see that lady," he added, pointing to a pale, delicate looking girl, who was seated in one of the boxes opposite to them.

"The one covered with jewels?" inquired Bowles.

"The same: she is the daughter of the minister of police. Her husband who was an inveterate gamester, has just been ordered to Siberia. Her marriage is dissolved—this is the first day of her widowhood."

"Is that the wife of Galitzin, the late president of the foreign department in the administration of the posts?" demanded Beacham, who could not repress a feeling both of curiosity and pity.

"The same," said the officer with a certain degree of uneasiness in his manner; for he was fearful he had committed an indiscretion.

"Poor thing!—I pity her. Why is she present, and so decked out?"

"To mark her respect for the emperor," continued their informant. "It would not be etiquette for her to absent herself. See how glassy her eyes appear. I dare say they have stupefied her with opium and potato wasser—they generally do on these occasions."

"God!" exclaimed the indignant Bowles. "And yet the man who exacts this slavish, this unfeeling homage, can prate of justice and humanity. Not for his crown—which must be a burden to him, and a terror—or for the countless wealth which calls him master, would I have upon my conscience one hour the suffering which that pale, unhappy girl endures!"

"Hush!"

"What must be her feeling, decked like a victim for the sacrifice? seated there to listen to strains which find no echo in her heart! A creature whom friendship dares not sympathize with, or even paternal love venture to console!"

"For heaven's sake, hush!" whispered the officer, cold drops of terror starting

upon his features. "The panels of the box are hollow: we shall be overheard—denounced. My indiscretion has caused this. You would not be my ruin?"

The conversation dropped, but for the two friends the charm of the music was over; they could think of nothing but the poor pale girl who faced them, and whose efforts to suppress the occasional convulsive quivering of her lips at times became fearfully visible to them.

(To be continued.)

NATURE OF COMETS.

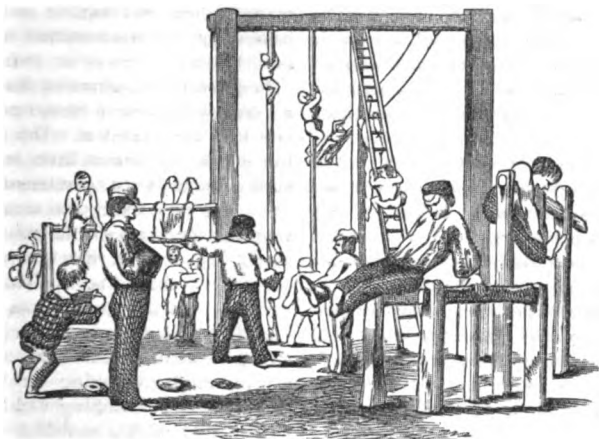
M. BARBINET, of the French Institute, in the course of some remarks which he has published concerning the comet which was expected by astronomers in the year 1858, says:—"With regard to one of the questions to which this comet has given rise, I must protest against the idea that a comet possesses the power of imparting a perceptible mechanical shock. I can prove that the collision of a swallow, intent on suicide, and flying with full force against a train of one hundred carriages, drawn by ten steam-engines, would be a thousand times more dangerous for the train in question than would be the simultaneous shock of all the known comets against the earth. What is a comet? It is a visible nothing."

NATURE OF THE SUN.

THE most recent observations confirm the supposition that the Sun is a black, opaque body, with a luminous and incandescent atmosphere, through which the solar body is often seen in black spots, frequently of enormous dimensions. A single spot, seen with the naked eye, in the year 1843, was 77,000 miles in diameter. Sir John Herschel, in 1837, witnessed a cluster of spots including an area of 3,780,000 miles. The diameter of the sun is 770,800 geographical miles, or 112 times that of the earth; its volume is 1,407,124 times that of the earth; and 600 times that of all the planets; and its mass is 359,551 times greater than the earth's, and 738 times greater than all the planets.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, help yourself.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.



GYMNASTICS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE study of Gymnastics is of the utmost importance to young persons, as its object is to call into exercise, and to train to perfection, all the corporeal or bodily powers. It is the education of the limbs, joints, and muscles; and includes not only the systematic training of these, but also the sciences of riding, driving, wrestling, rowing, sailing, skating, swimming, etc.

In the following gymnastic exercises, we have determined to introduce only those more simple and useful feats, which may be called the "Alphabet of Science," and all the individual and progressive exercises are susceptible of being everywhere introduced. They may be performed in very small spaces, and require no particular preparation, expense, or place. By attention to the directions, any pupil between the age of twelve and sixteen may train and exercise himself, and a number of other children younger than himself; and this excellent study may thus become a source of amusement and delight.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA.

The first gymnasium is said to have been established at Sparta, and some years afterward at Athens. In the former city they partook of a rude military character; but among the Athenians, who were always disposed to mingle the elements

of the beautiful in whatever they undertook, gymnastics were refined, and the Gymnasia became temples of the Graces. In each there was a place called *Palæstra*, in which wrestling, boxing, running, leaping, throwing the discus, and other exercises of the kind, were taught. Gymnastics were afterward divided into two principal branches—the *Palæstric*, taking its name from the *Palæstra*, and the *Orchestric*. The former embraced the whole class of athletic exercises; the latter dancing, and the art of gesticulation.

The Gymnasia were spacious edifices, surrounded by gardens and a sacred grove. Their principal parts were: 1. The *Porticos*, furnished with seats and side buildings, where the youths met to converse. 2. The *Ephebeion*, that part of the edifice where the youth alone exercised. 3. The *Apodyterion*, or undressing room to the conisterium or small court, in which was kept the yellow kind of sand sprinkled by the wrestlers over their bodies, after being anointed with the aroma, or oil tempered with wax. 5. The *Palæstra* properly was the place for wrestling. 6. The *Spheristerium*, where the game of ball was played. 7. *Alitærium*, where the wrestlers anointed themselves with oil. 8. The *Area* or great court, where running, leaping, and pitching the quoit were performed. 9. The *Xysta*, open walks in which the youths exercised themselves in running. 10.

The Balneæ, or baths. Behind the Xystos lay the Stadium, which, as its name imports, was the eighth of a mile in length; and in this were performed all sorts of exercises, in the presence of large numbers of persons, and the chiefs of the state.

To all these branches of gymnastics the Grecian youth applied themselves with peculiar eagerness, and on quitting the schools devoted to them a particular portion of their time, since they regarded them as a preparation for victory in the Olympic and other games, and as the best possible means for promoting health, and ripening the physical powers; nor could any thing be better adapted for those whose heroism was liberty, and whose first great aim was to be good citizens, and the defenders of their country.

The Romans never made gymnastics a national matter, but considered them merely as preparatory to the military service; or, when they constituted a part of the exhibitions at festivals, were practiced only by a particular class trained for brutal entertainments, at which large bets were laid by the spectators, as is still the custom on our own racecourse; and when all the acquisitions of the human intellect were lost in the utter corruption of the Roman empire, and the irruptions of wandering nations, the gymnastic art perished.

MODERN GYMNASTICS.

The commencement of tournaments during the dark ages in some degree revived athletic exercises, but the invention of gunpowder, the use of the small sword, the rifle, and scientific tactics, by which battles were gained more by skill than force, kept down the training of the body for athletic feats. But in the last century, when men broke loose from the yoke of authority, and education began to be studied, it was found that physical education had been forgotten. Salzmann, a German clergyman, invented a system of physical exercises, principally confined to running, leaping, swimming, climbing, and balancing; and at the commencement of the present century a German, of the name of Volker, established the first gymnasium in London; while Captain Clias, a Swiss, established one in the

Royal Military Asylum; and since then, many of the best schools and colleges have a gymnasium attached to their establishments.

It generally happens that the pupils of a gymnasium, after a time, lose their interest in the exercises. The reason of this appears to be that little or no difference is made in the exercises of different ages, and it is natural that an exercise repeated for years should become wearisome. Gymnastics, therefore, when they are taught, should be divided into two courses. In the first course we would include walking and pedestrian excursions, elementary exercises of various tests, running, leaping in height, in length, in depth, leaping with a pole, in length and height, vaulting, balancing, exercises on the single and parallel bars, climbing, throwing, dragging, pushing, lifting, carrying, wrestling, jumping,—1. with the hoop; 2. with the rope,—exercises with the dumb bells, various gymnastic feats or games; and, lastly, swimming, skating, fencing, riding on horseback, rowing, etc.

Gymnastic exercises may be begun by a boy of about eight years of age, or may be commenced at any age; but in all cases he should begin gently, and proceed gradually, without any abrupt transitions. They should be commenced before breakfast in the morning, or before dinner, or supper; but never immediately after meals; and the pupil should be very careful, after becoming heated by exercises, of draughts or cold, and especially refrain from lying on the damp ground, or from standing without his coat or other garments; and rigidly guard against the dangerous practice of drinking cold water, which, in many instances, has been known to produce immediate death.

WALKING.

In all gymnastic exercises, walking, running, and jumping, deserve the preference, because they are the most natural movements of man, and those which he has most frequent occasion to use. This exercise, within the reach of everybody, ought to be placed among the number of those which are direct conservators of health, and which have the most important beneficial effects upon our mental

and moral economy. Walking provokes appetite, assists digestion, accelerates the circulation, drings the fluids to the skin, strengthens the memory, and gives cheerfulness to the mind, and in fatiguing the limbs gives repose to the senses and the brain.

It might be supposed that every one knows how to walk—not so, however; some persons crawl, some hobble, some shuffle along. Few have the graceful noble movement that ought to belong to progression, or, however well formed, preserve a really erect position, and an air of becoming confidence and dignity. To teach walking, that is to say, to teach young persons to walk properly, we should advise a class of them to unite, that they may be able to teach themselves, which they may readily do if they follow the instructions given below.

A company of boys being formed, the elder, or the one best adapted to the task, should act as captain, and at the word of command, "Fall in," all the boys are to advance on the same line, preserving between each the distance of about an arm's length. At the word, "Dress," each boy places his right hand on the left shoulder of the next, extending his arm at full length, and turning his head to the right. At the word, "Attention," the arms fall down by the side, and the head returns to the first position. The captain should now place his little regiment in the following manner:—1. The head up. 2. The shoulders back. 3. The body erect. 4. The stomach in. 5. The knees straight, the heels on the same line. 6. The toes turned very slightly outward. The captain now stands before his men, and advancing his left foot, his knee straight, and his toe inclined toward the ground, he counts one, two, placing his boot on the ground, the toe before the heel; he then directs his pupils to obey him, and to follow his motions, and says, "March," when each foot is advanced simultaneously, till he gives the word, "Halt." He then makes them advance, wheel to the right and left, in slow time, quick time, always observing the position of the body, and requiring that they all move together.

THE TIP-TOE MARCH.

The object of this movement is prepar-

atory to running and jumping. The boys being in line, the word, "On tip-toes," is given, each boy placing his hands on his sides, and waits for the word, "Rise;" when they all gently raise themselves on their toes, joining their heels together, and keeping the knees straight, and remain in this position till the word, "Rest" is given, when they fall back slightly on their heels, their hands at the same time falling down by their sides. Proceeding in this manner through a few courses, with such variety as may present themselves, the pupils will soon acquire a habit of graceful walking, of the highest importance to every one who studies a gentlemanly bearing.

RUNNING.

Running is both useful and natural; it favors the development of the chest, dilates the lungs, and, when moderate, is a highly salutary exercise. To run fast and gracefully one should as it were graze the ground with the feet, by keeping the legs as straight as possible while moving them forward. During the course the upper part of the body is inclined a little forward, the arms are as it were glued to the sides, and turned in at the point of the hips, the hands shut, and the nails turned inward. The faults in running are swinging the arms, raising the legs too high behind, taking too large strides, bending the knees too much, and in not properly managing their wind. In all running exercises the young should begin gradually, and never run themselves out of breath at any time. By careful practice a boy may soon acquire the power of running a mile in ten minutes; this is called moderate running: in what is called prompt running, a thousand yards in two minutes is thought very good work, and in quick running 600 yards in a minute is considered good. The first distance that children, from eight to ten years of age, may be made to run, is about 200 yards; the second, for those more advanced, 300 yards; and the third, for adults, 400 yards.

JUMPING.

Of all the corporeal exercises, jumping is one of the most useful; and during our lives very many instances occur of a good jump having done us essential ser-

vice. To jump with grace and assurance one should always fall on the toes, taking care especially to bend the knees on the hips: the upper part of the body should be inclined forward, and the arms extended toward the ground. The hands should serve to break the fall when jumping from a great height. In jumping we should hold the breath and never alight on the heels. Boys should exercise themselves in jumping, by jumping in length, and jumping from a height, with attention to the above cautions. They may make progressive exercises in length by varying the distance from time to time, and in height, by jumping from a flight of stairs or steps, increasing a step at a time; they will soon be able to jump in length three yards, and from a height six feet without injury.

LEAPING.

Leaping is somewhat different to what is called jumping, as the object is to pass over an obstacle; and, as in jumping, it is of great importance to draw in the breath, while the hands should be shut, the arms pendent, to operate after the manner of a fly-wheel or pendulum. It may be practiced by a leaping stand, which can be easily made of two sticks or stakes sunk in the ground, in which little catches are made at various distances, on which an even piece may be laid.

The principal exercises in leaping are, 1. The high leap without a run. 2. The high leap with a run. 3. The long leap without a run. 4. And the long leap with a run. In the first of these the legs and feet are closed, the knees are bent till the calves nearly touch the thighs, and the arms are thrown in the direction of the leap, which increases the impulse. This leap may be practiced at the following progressive heights,—eighteen inches, twenty-four inches, thirty-two inches, forty-eight inches, which last is perhaps what few lads would attain.

The high leap with a run.—The run should never exceed twelve paces, the distance between the point of springing and the obstacle to leap over to be about three-fifths the height of the obstacle from the ground; and in making it the leaper should go fairly and straightly over without veering to the side, and descend

on the ball of the foot just beyond the toes. The heights that may be cleared by the running leap vary from three to six feet. A good leaper of sixteen years old ought to leap four feet six inches, and an extraordinarily good leaper five feet. Adults well trained will leap six, and some have been known to leap seven feet. Stories are told of some famous leapers having cleared as much as sixteen feet.

The long leap without a run.—The long leap may be marked out from four to eight feet, according to the agility and strength of the leaper; and the object to be cleared, a small block of wood, which should in this kind of leap be never more than six inches high, placed midway. In leaping, the body is bent forward, the feet are closed, the arms first sway forward, then backward, and then forward at the moment of taking the leap. In this kind of leap ten or twelve feet is considered good work.

The long leap with a run.—The run should be on firm level ground. The body should be inclined forward, and the run consist of about twelve paces, a small block of wood as before being placed mid distance in the leap. The spring should be principally on the right foot, and the arms should be thrown forward at the time of the leap. In descending, if the leap be a very long one, the leaper should descend principally upon his toes; if the leap be not very long, he may descend on the balls of the toes. The leap is considered good if fifteen feet be cleared, but twenty may be done by a good leaper, and one or two individuals have fairly reached twenty-three feet.

Vaulting.—Vaulting is performed by springing over some stationary body, such as a gate or bar, by the aid of the hands which bear upon it. To perform it, the vaulter may approach the bar with a slight run, and placing his hands upon it, heave himself up and throw his legs obliquely over it. The legs should be kept close together: while the body is in suspension over the bar, the right hand supports and guides it, while the left is free. The vaulter may commence this exercise with a bar or a stile three feet high, and extend it gradually to six feet.

Leaping with a Pole.—A great variety of leaps may be practiced with a pole,

which should be of a sufficient length, and shod at one end with iron, so as to take hold of the ground. The leaper should grasp with his right hand that part of the pole a little below the level of his head, and with his left that part of it just below the level of his hips; he should then make a slight run, and, placing the pole on the ground, take a spring forward, and swing himself slightly round, so that when he alights the fall may be brought toward the place from which he rose.

The pole is also employed in both long and deep leaps. In both of these the mode of holding the pole is similar; but in leaping from a high the pole should be grasped at the level of the knee, and then, the leaper, with a slight circular swing, should descend on the balls of his toes.

TO CLIMB UP A BOARD.

This should be firmly fixed at an angle of thirty degrees. The climber should seize both sides with his hands, and place his feet in the middle on the soles. This will teach him to hold firm by his hands, and to cling with his feet. As the climber gets used to this exercise, the angle of the board may be increased. The young gymnast can ascend when the plank is perfectly perpendicular. A pole may be mounted in the same manner.

CLIMBING THE POLE.

The pole should be about nine inches in diameter, and firmly fixed in the ground in a perpendicular position. In mounting, the pole is to be grasped firmly with both hands, the right above the left. The legs are alternately to grasp the pole in the ascent by means of the great toe, which is turned toward the pole. In descending, the friction is to be thrown on the inner part of the thighs, and the hands are left comparatively free.

Climbing the mast is similar to climbing the pole, but in this exercise the climber is unable to grasp it with his hands, but holds it in his arms,—the position of the legs is the same as for the pole.

CLIMBING THE ROPE.

In climbing the rope, it is firmly grasped by the hands, which are placed one above the other, and so moved alternately. The heels are crossed over the

rope, which is held fast by their pressure, the body being supported principally by them. In the sailor's method the rope passes from the hands round the inside of the thigh, under the knee-joint, over the outside of the leg, and across the instep. But the enterprising gymnast will not be satisfied until he can climb the rope by his hands only, allowing the rest of his body to hang freely suspended.

CLIMBING TREES.

In climbing trees both the hands and feet are to be used, but the climber should never forget that it is to the hands that he has to trust. He should carefully look upward and select the branches for his hands, and the knobs and other excrescences of the trees for his feet. He should also mark the best openings for the advance of his body. He should also be particularly cautious in laying hold of withered branches, or those that have suffered decay at their junction with the body of the tree, in consequence of the growth of moss, or through the effects of wet. In descending, he should be more cautious than in ascending, and hold fast by his hands. He should rarely slide down by a branch to the ground, as distances are very ill-calculated from the branches of a tree.

THE GIANT STRIDE.

Various exercises may be performed with this excellent apparatus. It is made in the following manner. A very strong pole (a young tree is the best) is fixed firmly into the ground, the hole in which it is placed not being less than six feet in depth. That portion of the pole that is below the surface should be well charred, and the hole itself carefully paved. From the ground to the top of the pole should be about fourteen or fifteen feet. An iron cap is then placed on the top, traversing freely on a pivot, and carrying four rings, on which are fastened four ropes. In the end of the ropes should be fastened cross bars of elm or ash about two feet in length.

The apparatus being thus completed, the gymnasts are to hold the cross bars at arms' length, and run round the pole, bearing their weight on the ropes, so that their hands, heads, and feet, are in the same line with the rope. Their feet will

then gradually leave the ground, and only touch at intervals. After practicing this from right to left, do the same from left to right, until it is as easy to run one way as the other.

This is but the beginning. The young gymnast should then run round, keeping himself constantly rotating, which may be done by the touch of the toe against the ground. Another accomplishment is to describe four circles in going round the pole, making the hands the center, and the feet the circumference.

A pole should also be erected, about ten yards outside the range of the feet, and to this should be fixed a number of pegs, which will support a string passing from the central pole. Over this the gymnast should leap, performing the movement merely by the centrifugal force, and not by the spring of the feet. About ten feet is considered a good height for a boy to attain, but a man can go higher.

ORIGIN OF THE NIMBUS.

THAT the nimbus is a luminous fluid has been abundantly proved. In the fifteenth century with us this mystic head-tire, adorning the heads of the saints, appears, in the monuments cited, like an expansion or unfolding of flamboyant rays, or the beams of a glowing sun. Now, every image, allegory, symbol, or metaphor even, must be borrowed from the imagery, or, to speak more correctly, from the reality of nature. The ideal is transformed into the corporeal. I feel, therefore, convinced that the nimbus was first attached to the heads of intelligent and virtuous persons, from its analogy with that radiation which we may observe to be exhaled by natural objects in the most mature and energetic periods of the year. In summer, during the hours of noontide heat, every thing radiates in the fields, all nature emits light, a brilliant vapor rises from the earth, floating around the ears of corn, and the topmost branches of the trees. This flame plays around plants, like that which caressed the hair of the youthful Iulus, or the young Servius Tullius, or which descended on the heads of Saint Remi and Saint Leger. Every branch

and flower, every group of trees, the summit of each distant hill of rocky eminence, seems gilded by an aureole—a kind of natural and universal nimbus. Now what with us is but an accidental appearance; what in our climate is seen but rarely, at certain seasons, and on certain sultry days of intense heat, is in the east of habitual occurrence. Summer in the east is, comparatively speaking, external, and the heat during every period of the year is intense. Consequently objects emit light at all times; plants and animals, houses and men, are all encompassed by a flickering flame, like luminosity of atmosphere. "Aderbijan, a large country in Persia, is famous for its sources of naphtha, and the soil is charged with resinous substances. Bitumen there floats upon the surface of the lakes, and frequently, when in the midst of a gloomy night it becomes ignited, is seen to escape suddenly in brilliant flame; and the spectacle thus afforded is well calculated to exalt the imagination. Men who were still in a state of semi-barbarism, and little capable of tracing to physical causes the origin of that flame, naturally saw in it an immediate manifestation of divinity." In Arabia Petrea God appointed a column of fire to guide the Israelites into the promised land, where Sodom and Gomorrah had at an earlier period been ingulphed in a lake of fire. In Egypt and in Africa the desert is transformed into pools of fire; the sand boils in the plains like water in a cauldron; and the Saracens of Tunis, when fighting against St. Louis, flung handfuls of earth into the faces of the crusaders, just as in our own times red hot balls and shells are used. Fire and light are in the east what humid vapors and fogs are to us—a permanent phenomenon, endowed with a fearful power. It is not then, surprising that the idea of illumining with a nimbus the heads of distinguished persons, of strong men, of men of genius, or of holiness, should have arisen in that country earlier than in the west. It seems very natural that a phenomenon so usual and constant should have been honored by art, and that a reality of every day should in the east have been invested with metaphorical signification.

Masonic Law, History and Miscellany.

MASONIC LAW.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY:

Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Freemasonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. E. S.

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PART III.—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONIC LAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELECTIVE, EXECUTIVE, LEGISLATIVE, AND JUDICIAL PREROGATIVES OF MASONIC GOVERNMENT — RECEPTION OF MASONIC CANDIDATES.

1 WE have now digested the theory of masonic government into its fundamental principles, and set forth the respective landmarks deduced therefrom. This digest, which occupies the first part of this treatise, we have reviewed in the second part, in order to develop the philosophic rationale of the same. We now proceed to a third and concluding portion of the work, in which we design to discuss briefly the practical application of the principles of masonic law to the individual and organic action of the members of the Fraternity.

2. In discussing these principles, we shall endeavor to discover a philosophic basis for their practical application. And thus, what the institution *has been*, or *is now*, in its system of administration, shall not alone circumscribe our vision; but what it *should be* shall be the only boundary that we shall permit to intercept the range of our perspective delineation.

3. First among these principles of masonic law, the elective prerogative of the individual mason comes up for consideration; because it forms the basis upon which all other functions of government

proceed.¹ And, in order that the limits of this prerogative may be accurately defined, it becomes necessary to study the dogmatic doctrine that the Fraternity holds in relation to the spiritual status and natural condition of every individual man as such.

4. The doctrine, that man is spiritually endowed by his Creator with freedom of will, is not only an inevitable consequence of the Divine Records, which Freemasonry has accepted as the sanction of its Theocratic Landmarks, but it is also an admitted fact that the Fraternity acts upon in its ritualistic discipline of the individual at every step of his masonic education.² And the doctrine, that he is a fallen, ignorant and depraved being, in consequence of the illegitimate use and vicious play of this power of free volition, is also a fact and sequential dogma, deduced from the Divine Sanction at the basis of the Theocratic Landmarks, which the whole ritualistic training of the individual, in the masonic institution, proceeds upon.³

5. Hence, the real design of the symbolic initiations, is to set forth, in the most important light, the necessity of man's spiritual regeneration and moral renovation, in removing him from his apostate condition, by a gradual process, conditioned, at every degree of his advance, by the free exercise of his will, and under the salutary guidance and direction of divine and holy principles, inculcated and illustrated in the most solemn and impressive manner.⁴

6. But masonry, unlike the Christian religion, does not presume that every specimen of our fallen humanity is capable of this spiritual exaltation, by means of the moral teachings of her ritualistic

¹ See Part I, chap. iv, sec. 3, No. 12.

² Previous to conferring every degree in Freemasonry, the candidate is required to give assurance that it is of his own free will and accord that he seeks admission to its obligations and benefits.

³ See Part I, chap. iii, sec. 1, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

⁴ See Part I, chap. iii, sec. 1, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7.

training alone. She acknowledges that there are some fallen so low in the scale of being that she can not benefit them; and thus, on this point, she freely yields the palm to the divine and lifegiving principles of the gospel. Where her moral capabilities will allow her to proceed no further in reaching the deepest depravity of man, it is then that we must turn to the Christian religion, to have her reach her long arms down to the lowest depths of human suffering and woe, and meet the exigency of the case by her heaven-born capacity to regenerate and exalt them.⁵ This inability of Freemasonry to meet all the demands of human degradation, she palpably confesses in the *Exoteric Usages of the Ritualistic Landmarks*, wherein a certain standard of physical, moral, intellectual, political and domestic qualifications are prescribed for her candidates, before she will undertake their spiritual enlightenment, by her ritualistic training.⁶

7. This training, as we have said, proceeds by degrees; and its object is to restore man to the right exercise of his Godlike power of free will. For this purpose, the Fraternity prescribes, in her *Esoteric Compacts*, probationary trials and instructions in three symbolic degrees of initiation, before she presumes that a candidate, accepted with the highest qualifications demanded by her *Exoteric Usages*, is restored to a proper equilibrium between darkness and light, so as to clearly discern the one from the other, and freely to choose the good rather than the evil.⁷

⁵ "As educated Christians, we may believe that masonry is calculated to lead men from the evil of their ways, and point to the glorious plan of redemption; it may go forth, like John the Baptist, proclaiming its heavenly mission to prepare the way for a mightier than it; it may point to the cross of a risen Savior; it may tell of the wonderful works of him who spake as never man spake; it may even lead the weary and fainting invalid to the Pool of Siloam, and tell of the miraculous virtues of the water of life; but its holy mission stops here; it can not wash the polluted soul from the disease of sin; it can not, because God has not so appointed."—*Mitchell's History of Freemasonry*, vol. i, p. 49.

⁶ See Part I, chap. III, sec. 2.

⁷ Swedenborg has explained the fact that the mental development and spiritual regeneration of mankind, both before and after the fall, proceeds, by degrees, from darkness to light—from ignorance to intelligence. And he has shown that the

8. It must, therefore, be apparent to every one, that, according to the philosophy of the dogmatic teachings of Freemasonry, no individual mason should be invested with the elective prerogative of masonic government, in any respect, until he has become ritualistically qualified by passing through all the trials and probations of the three symbolic degrees. In other words, Master Masons, and they alone, should be invested with the privilege of voting.⁸

9. But here let it be distinctly marked as the boundary of this prerogative, that the restoration of man to a proper exercise of his faculty of free will by a ritualistic training of three probationary degrees, to remove from his mind corrupting and vitiating influences, by which that will has been darkened and depraved, is not

six days of creation, set forth in Genesis, does not describe a natural creation only, but also the progressive illumination of man's intellect. Thus the earth is said to be "without form and void," in order to denote that man, as to his external nature, was destitute of the order which arises from enlightened teaching, and void of that living excellency which springs out of active goodness. "Darkness," also, is said to have been "upon the face of the deep," for the purpose of declaring the ignorance which then prevailed upon the perceptive capabilities of the mind.—See the *Arcana Coelestia*, Nos. 17, 18.

"It is interesting to observe that there is a remarkable analogy between the process here described, as attending the creation of man, and the process which, under the Christian dispensation, is spoken of as belonging to his regeneration. They are both treated of as the result of the divine influence and operation. In the one case, God is said to move "upon the face of the waters," (Gen. i: 2;) in the other it is written, "Ye must be born of water and the spirit," (John III: 5.) It is true that the regeneration insisted on by Christianity implies the presence of evils, which, in the first creation of man, could not have existed. Nevertheless, there is a great similarity in the two processes; for the end contemplated by both is the implanting of the divine image in man. In the one case, it was to be done before his fall; in the other, after it."—*Antediluvian History*, p. 42. Boston, 1856.

⁸ The question of the admission of candidates should form no exception to this rule. E. A. and F. C. are yet in comparative spiritual darkness, with the passions of the natural man but imperfectly subdued, and, therefore, not proper judges of the material necessary for the masonic edifice. And being minors in masonry, can not properly be clothed with all the prerogatives of Freemasons; but must remain contented with the guidance and direction of their masonic guardians and superiors, until they come to masonic maturity as Master Masons.

supposed to place him in a state of absolute independence and self-government. He is thereby in a state of freedom, and supposed capable of discerning between the effects of good and evil, so as to be freely led to prefer the good. But then it is a choice still subject to order, rule and government, to be exercised over him by a diligent watchfulness on the part of official superiors.⁹ Even Adam, when he had passed through the six degrees of creative regeneration, and entered upon the seventh or Sabbatical Rest of Eden, was still subject to the divine government which God prescribed for his guidance in the rules of life which He gave him in the Paradisaical Garden. And the Lord Jesus Christ, the second Adam, was also subject to His Eternal Father in the Heavens, when he tabernacled in the flesh upon earth, although He was God made man, without spot or blemish, adorned with every perfection, and full of grace and truth. Hence, then, it may be seen according to the dogmatic philosophy which Freemasonry accepts as the basis of her Theocratic Landmarks, every man must still be subject to the Divine order of God's government, coming down to earth from on high, even after he has been *exalted* to the *seventh* and highest degree of perfection that humanity has ever yet attained in the world.¹⁰

* The third degree of masonry represents the spiritual truths, signified in the third day of creation. This day's work was, of course, very far removed from the perfection of the seventh day. The state of a master mason's spiritual progress, explained in the light of this day's work, may be said to be "The collection of religious knowledge, planting them in the memory as the great storehouse of human information, causing the infertility of the merely external man to appear, together with the effort for rendering it, in some measure, more fruitful in the works of use."—*Antediluvian History*, p. 50.

Hence, the fourth day's work of creation may symbolize the necessity of having official superiors over the partially developed master mason, in order to promote his continued growth in knowledge and virtue. The sun, moon, and stars that were spoken into being on this day, are the symbols of rulers exercising authority by a divine commission, either politically or ecclesiastically, among men.

¹⁰ That Adam, when placed in the garden of Eden, under the moral government of God, was in the highest state of human development that can be obtained in this world, may be apparent from the following extracts, explanatory of the mosaic cosmogony in Genesis, according to the philosophy

10. This view of the doctrines on which the masonic polity is based, demonstrates that the individual mason, in his private capacity, should not be allowed to give a final and definite decision upon any question of masonic polity. But that his will should always find its ultimate expression through well-defined and established organs of government, representing the

of Swedenborg: "The six successive days of creation, with all the circumstances mentioned to have transpired upon each, are representative of the six progressive states of human development, together with all the phenomena that were proper to the process; and consequently, the narrative is descriptive of the degrees through which man passed out of the merest rudiments of humanity, into the attainment of the divine image. * * * This process we have spoken of as a *development*. It might have been called *regeneration*, and we should have adopted that term, if we had not contemplated some probable confusion by its use. Regeneration, indeed, considered in an enlarged and proper sense, is a development of all the human excellences; but, then it is commonly used to express man's attainment of those graces *after he had fallen*, and therefore, in treating of that portion of the Scriptures, which speaks of him before that calamity had taken place, it was felt that the expression, *development*, would exclude that idea, and so enable us to employ the word *regeneration*, in its more general acceptation, when we come to consider the events by which that calamity was succeeded.

"Hitherto we have considered the process by which man was successively raised, as it were, out of a state of nothingness, as to spiritual life, into its full possession and enjoyment. * * * This was his condition upon the sixth day.

"But a seventh day is next treated of, in which a higher state is contemplated. This was a condition of *CELESTIAL* life, in which there is rest and peace, in consequence of the Lord having become the primary object of human love. He who loves the Lord above all things, and *from that love perceives and does what is good and true, in all the descending varieties of duty*, is a *CELESTIAL MAN*. It is a development of the highest condition of humanity on earth. To accomplish this, was the great design of all God's providential works; and the realization of it is expressed, as being the attainment of the seventh day; hence, the Lord is stated to have ended his work and rested thereon; also, to have blessed and sanctified it."—*Antediluvian History*, pp. 50, 51.

In the above facts we have the reason why Freemasons venerate the number seven. The French Masonic Rite has carried its veneration in this respect so far as to have its system consist of exactly seven degrees; the Scotch Rite has exactly seven classes, into which its system of 33 degrees are divided; and although the York Rite is less perfect in this respect, yet the American masons of this rite have constructed a system of seven degrees, ending with the Royal Arch, if we consider the two Council degrees as detached portions of the degrees which precede them, which they are in fact.

divine constitution of things. In other words, the individual Master Mason should be allowed a free and untrammelled vote in the choice of masonic rulers; and, through these rulers, when dogmatically invested with their respective prerogatives, all questions of rule and authority, should receive their definite determination.

11. It, therefore, remains for us to consider in what characteristics God manifests himself to us as the Governor of the world, as he has been pleased to make the same known in his revealed Word. This consideration leads us to view him as sustaining the relations of Priest, King and Prophet to fallen man; and thereby imparting His divine authority to the Sacerdotal, Regal and Philosophic functions of government in civil society, as developed among the nations of the postdiluvian age. These three functions we find sometimes centered solely in the hands of one officer, during some of the ages of the past, thus transforming him who should be the servant of the people into a tyrant, and giving rise to the despotic characteristics, which too often disgraced many of those ancient polities.¹¹

¹¹ "In the early ages of the world, every head of a family united, in his own person, the threefold office of priest, prophet, and king; and it was not until the Mosaic dispensation was revealed, that the concerns of religion were conducted by three distinct officers, or orders of men."—*Dr. Oliver's Antiquities*, chap. x.

The Dr. also has a note on this same chapter, in which he says "The false religions, which, indeed, were originally but perversions of the true, acknowledged the same form of government, because the ingenuity of man could not discover any form more firm and permanent than that which had been revealed from heaven. Hence, Thoth, the founder of idolatry, after the flood, was surnamed *Ter Maximus*, because he was *Philosophus Maximus*, *Sacerdos Maximus*, and *Rex Maximus*.

"The truth is, as we think, that unlimited power in the hands of the few ever has, and ever will, beget a spirit of tyranny, and whenever and wherever that power is concentrated in a single head, untrammelled by checks and balances of power, that head will likely show forth only the baser passions of the human heart."—*Mitchell's History of Freemasonry*, vol. II, p. 111.

Again, Brother Mitchell, in reviewing the difficulties between the Grand Lodge of the State of New York and the St. John's Grand Lodge, thus discourses on the one-man power that was so fearfully used on the part of the former body: "The facts set forth but too clearly show how prone poor human nature is to err; yea, more, it tends to strengthen the odious doctrine, that every man is

12. But Freemasonry, acting upon the dogmatic fact, that all the divine attributes, functions, or characteristics which God sustains toward man, are never given to any one man, but, on the contrary, are variously distributed among different men, according to their several capacities of reception,¹² has caused those three functions of Deity to be represented by the three presiding officers of a local lodge, viz.: the Worshipful Master and the two Wardens. But, notwithstanding these three functions have been thus wisely separated by the ritualistic landmarks of the Fraternity, yet, nevertheless, the practical administration of the same, so far as the pragmatic landmarks have yet been developed, is signalized by a confusion of powers and prerogatives, that place the government of the Fraternity far behind the clearest light which has been already developed in our age on this subject, by the progress of civilized society.

13. The best theory of government which human experience has developed, as now understood among men, is that which divides its administration into executive, legislative and judicial departments.¹³ The first officer or Sacerdotal Principal in masonic government, should preside over the executive; the second, or Regal Principal, over the legislative; and the third, or Philosophic Principal, over the judicial department.

14. According to the philosophy of this theory, the Worshipful Master, as the Sa-

a tyrant to whom sufficient power is given. Who, we would ask, after carefully reading the history alluded to, can longer espouse the doctrine that the Grand Master is absolutely supreme? Do not the events of 1837 [in New York] clearly show that, even in the Masonic association, the powers of every officer should be restricted by checks and balances? Here is a case where the one-man power was so strongly developed, that an attempt was made to exercise it, after having admitted, in substance, that he had no authority to act—that he had no law behind which to shield himself."—*Ibid*, p. 519.

¹² See Part II, chap. II. Nos. 14-17; and notes 14-20 of the same chapter of this treatise.

¹³ The government of the United States has the clearest defined constitutional limits in respect to these three Departments of National administration. The manner in which we propose to apply this theory to Masonic government, will furnish the restrictive system of checks and balances which Brother Mitchell so earnestly inquires after, as we have quoted him above.

cerdotal Principal of a lodge at the head of the usual subordinate officers excepting the Wardens, should constitute the executive department;¹⁴ the Senior Warden as the Regal Principal or Presiding Legislator, at the head of a council of administration, should constitute the legislative department;¹⁵ and the Junior Warden as the Philosophic Principal or Presiding Jurist, in connection with a judicial commission, specially empanelled as a jury to try cases involving masonic offenses, should constitute the judicial department of a lodge.¹⁶

¹⁴ These officers in the York Rite are the T., L., L., L. & J., D., S., S., & T. Of course in this enumeration the Wardens are left out, because each of them are placed at the head of other Departments of Masonic government.

¹⁵ Lodges of the French Rite have in their bosom an Administrative Commission composed of the seven first officers of the Lodge, whose duty it is to prepare the business that is to be submitted to the Lodge. All business is initiated in the Lodge by the Report of this Council, which is afterward discussed and adopted by the Brethren. (See *Manuel du Franc-Maçon*, p. 85, Augers, 1846.)

The only alterations in regard to this Commission that we propose, are in the members that compose it, the special business with which it should be charged, and the definite powers that it should possess, within itself, in determining this business, under proper and well-defined regulations. The succeeding Nos. (15, 16, 17 and 18) of the text, will further develop and explain our views, if taken in connection with the preceding numbers, (3-10.)

¹⁶ The idea that Judicial powers belong to the office of Junior Warden is thus set forth by Brother Morris, in reply to a query addressed to him on the subject by a corresponding brother: "The official prosecutor is the Junior Warden. Read the charge at his installation; consider his place and duty as Governor of the Craft, 'while at Refreshment;' consider whom he represents; consider that there is no prosecutor if he is not one; and you will fall back upon the traditionary rule that none but the Junior Warden can bring charges before the Lodge, and that he is to be held responsible that all charges properly presented to him shall be thus presented. This doctrine, though much lost sight of in the United States, will, we are convinced, eventually prevail."—*American Freemason*, vol. i, p. 377.

The only difference between us and Brother Morris is, that instead of making the Junior Warden prosecuting attorney, as he proposes, we would make him Judge of the Masonic Court that should try the case. This difference, however, between us, may be accounted for by the respective standpoints we look from in Masonic Jurisprudence. Brother Morris would regard the W. M. as *Ter Maximus*, personally presiding over the Executive, Legislative and Judicial functions of the Lodge after the manner of the ancient despotisms; while we propose, as a masonic necessity

15. The duties that should pertain respectively to those several spheres of masonic government, may be thus deduced from the highest light that the political experience of mankind has yet developed on this subject, viz.: the W. M. as the Executive Chief of the lodge, aside from his sacerdotal functions, as the hierophant of the mysteries which the usages of the ritualistic landmarks impose upon him, should also be invested with the right to direct and supervise the official duties of his executive subordinates, and charged with the execution of the decisions emanating from the legislative and judicial departments, to which the executive sanction has been given. At the same time he should exercise the power of vetoing any new legislative enactment, and of commuting any judicial sentence whenever he may deem the interest or sacred principles of the Fraternity require the same at his hands. Hence, all legislative enactments and judicial decrees should be inoperative until submitted to the W. M., and his sanction received to the same.¹⁷

16. To the Council of Administration, over which the Senior Warden should preside, as the legislative branch of masonic government in a local lodge, should pertain the whole matter of the finances; in regulating the receipts and disbursements, and levying assessments and taxes on the membership, whenever the wants of the lodge require the same. And to the judicial commission, over which the Junior Warden should preside, should

imposed by the spirit of the age, that these functions should be headed up in separate officials.

¹⁷ In order to give a check to each branch of government, when thus dispersed between various departments, it has been found necessary to clothe the Executive with a veto power over the Legislative enactments, and accord the pardoning power to the same in relation to penalties decreed by the Judiciary for criminal offenses. It is true that it is not usual for the judgments of civil courts to be submitted to the executive for approval, before being placed in execution, as is here proposed; but there is no reason why the determinations of this branch of government should not be made to undergo this formality as well as the enactments of the Legislative. The usage of military courts martial, in this respect, is more in harmony with this proposed theory, because their determinations are required to be submitted to the executive, and receive the approbation of the same before they are valid. Art. War, U. S., 66, Maltby's Treatise, pp. 102, 186; Boston, 1813.

pertain the trial of all cases involving offenses against the laws of masonry among the membership of a lodge.¹⁸

17. The S. and J. Wardens should preside in their respective departments in the name of the Worshipful Master of their lodge, and as his deputies in their several spheres.¹⁹ The S. W. should

¹⁸ The check that the Legislative branch is particularly designed to have upon the Executive, is to hold the purse-strings, so that the common treasury may not be squandered by an irresponsible and despotic hand; and the special check which the Judicial branch is calculated to exercise is to hold the scales of justice, and therefore prevent the arbitrary and vindictive punishment of persons accused by a malicious despot, unless adjudged guilty by his peers. Nevertheless, the Executive should still hold the sword, by which force and authority must be given to every Legislative enactment, and each Judicial decree. And its veto upon the one, and commutation of the other constitute the check which this branch of government has a right to exercise for the general welfare. Legislative assemblies and judicial courts are not immaculate any more than executive councils. Bribery and corruption may infest either of them. An executive veto might be as serviceable in preventing a reckless squandering of the common treasury by the legislative body, as the negation of the latter would be on executive demands; and an executive pardon may tend to prevent arbitrary and vindictive punishment by the judicial body, as its acquittal of persons maliciously accused may serve to thwart the tyranny of a despotic executive.

¹⁹ Precedency of rank should be given to one of the branches of Government, in order to insure unity of action between the whole. And each of the other two branches should be made to feel a certain dependence upon this one that outranks them. This feeling will prevent conflict and anarchy among what would otherwise be rival and absolutely independent powers. This precedence of rank the universal usage of mankind accords to the executive. It is not a custom in the United States for laws to be enacted by the legislative branch in the name of the executive; neither is justice administered by the courts in its name; but this is the usage in England, and it is one that can well be adopted in a republican community, where the executive is elective, without any sacrifice of true Democratic principles. The idea would give more unity and force to enactments and decrees than to have them promulgated in the impersonal and nondescript name of the whole people, without any one official being mentioned in particular. The oneness of the executive arm represents the Divine Unity; and the people should not be so much impressed with their own will, embodied in the laws, as they should be pointed to the will of God. When the will of the people is uppermost in the public mind, it will give rise to as much godless legislation as when the individual will of a despot is looked upon as supreme. Neither are right within themselves; but a government of elective executive, legislative and judicial checks and balances variously dispersed

not, however, exercise any authority over the decisions of the council of administration further than preserve order in its deliberations, sign its enactments, transmit them to the W. M. for his approval, and give a casting vote on any question before the council in case of a tie.²⁰ The Junior Warden, in like manner, should have no power to control the verdict of guilt or innocence to be rendered by the judicial commission, further than to secure a fair and impartial investigation, and thorough examination of every case involving masonic offense, according to the strict formalities of the law; and to recommend or adjudge the penalty that should be executed on such parties as may be found guilty.²¹

18. These departments of masonic government should be regulated in their several functions, by the following constitutional limitations, viz.: 1st, the theocratic, ritualistic and pragmatic landmarks; 2nd, the general and special regulations of the dogmatic power in masonry, in whose

among the members of a community, as already set forth, and distinctly headed up in a single executive officer, is the nearest approximation of a human government to the Divine that it is possible for man to attain to.

²⁰ The rules of a deliberative assembly, as the United States House of Representatives, the English House of Commons, or the French Constituent Assembly might be made applicable to this Legislative Council of a Masonic Lodge. In this council an appeal from the decisions of the chair might be tolerated, because the supreme executive authority of the lodge would not preside therein; but unlike the provisions of the American Constitution, there should be no overruling appeal even by a two-third vote of this assembly, from the veto of the W. M. on any of its enactments. Thus would the problem be effectually solved of bringing to bear modern legislative usages in masonry, while at the same time the ancient ritualistic prerogative of the Master of his lodge would be maintained inviolate.

²¹ The usages of modern courts of justice might form the basis of a masonic code of procedure to be put in practice by the judge of a masonic court. In determining the law of any case under investigation, Morris' Code would be an invaluable guide, because of its well-digested formulas and corollaries of Masonic Law. And in decreeing penalties, the 4th part of Mackey's Principles of Masonic Law would be an indispensable hand-book, because of its keen discrimination of the appropriate gradations of punishment for masonic crimes. Much valuable information in both of these respects might also be obtained by referring to Brother Mitchell's Digest of Masonic Law, appended to his History of Freemasonry, recently published.

jurisdiction these functions are exercised; and, 3rd, the by-laws of the lodge to which these administrative departments may be attached.

19. The presiding functionaries and the subordinate officers, or members of the executive and legislative departments, should be elected by the Master Masons or qualified voters of the lodge, for the period of one year. But the members of the judicial commission should be specially empanelled as a jury, in every case coming up for trial, from among such master masons as shall declare that they have not prejudged the case to be tried by them in any respect.²¹

20. No Master Mason should be eligible to either of the stations of the three presiding officers, until he had received a professional training with special reference to the duties of the office to which he is to be elected; and then, only after he has been pronounced qualified, and furnished with a diploma to that effect, from under the authority of the dogmatic power of the masonic jurisdiction, in which his functions are to be exercised.²²

²¹ The way that masonic trials are now conducted, without rigidly polling each member of the lodge who is to set as one of the jury, to learn whether he has prejudged the case to be tried, in either way, is but a mockery of justice, as we now understand its administration in enlightened civilized society. But in committing the trial of all cases to a select investigating committee under the judicial oversight of the Junior Warden, there would be afforded a full opportunity to bring into practice in the masonic lodge, this approved principle of the English common law. The determination of the question of the guilt or innocence of an accused party by this committee, should be as far above appeal to the indiscriminate membership of a lodge, as the verdict of a jury in a common court of justice is above the determination of the general populace.

²² The duties pertaining to the three presiding officers of a lodge as we have now set them forth, entitle them to be classed among the learned professions. And hence, as in civil societies of the most radical democratic stamp, the simple votes of a majority of electors are not presumed to qualify a man for the profession of the law, aside from his own personal qualifications; and as in ecclesiastical usages, the choice of Church members for pastors to preside over them, is not based upon a majority of votes aside from the theological qualifications of the person selected; so in masonic government it should not be considered that the choice of any one of their peers by the electors of the lodge, necessarily qualified the individual so elected for the discharge of the duties of the office to which he is elected. Nevertheless, such is the

But any Master Mason in good standing in his lodge, should be eligible to the subordinate offices of the same.

21. In concluding our consideration of the elective prerogative of the Master Mason, and the official functions of the local lodge, we will now define the province of the individual electors of the same, and that of the lodge itself as an organic body, in the reception of candidates.

The admission of candidates divides itself into two questions, each of which should be separately determined, viz.: 1st, Ritualistic qualifications; and 2nd, the privilege of affiliation.

22. The first question is the one of the greatest importance to the masonic Fraternity, and is the proper subject for the judicial determination of the Junior Warden, and a judicial commission. All of the requirements of the exoteric usages should be applied to the candidate, to decide the question of his proper qualifications. Of course, as such an investigation must be strictly masonic, the candidate, being still a profane, could not be allowed to present himself before the committee. But the master masons who had recommended and presented his petition, should appear in his place. And they should be strictly examined on all these points, so far as their certain knowledge of the candidate extended. Aside from their testimony before the judicial commission, the Junior Warden might also be allowed to receive confidential evidence committed personally to him, that might be of a delicate nature; for instance, such as would involve the character of others beside the candidate; and on the strength of such private testimony,

masonic usage of the day; and any master mason, elected by a majority of his peers in a lodge that is said to be regularly constituted, is invested with the dogmatic Degree of Chair Master, as a matter of course, without any reference to his real professional fitness. This ought not to be the case; but there ought to be a certain system of training for masonic professions adopted by Grand Lodges, (of which we shall speak more particularly hereafter,) by which qualified graduates should be turned out as our universities of learning now turn out medical, theological, and other graduates, with regular diplomas; and the selection of Masters and Wardens of Lodges, should be restricted to this class of persons, but who should be dogmatically invested with official prerogatives only after being duly elected to such stations in a regular lodge.

he shall be competent to decide the question in his own mind, if against the candidate, without revealing the same to the members of the commission. When a candidate was thus decided against, either by the Junior Warden or the committee, it should reject his application, and none other should be entertained, from the same person, for at least the period of six months.

28. But if he is not decided against by this judicial investigation, but is found to possess the proper ritualistic qualifications, then the second question comes up on a conventional or pragmatic basis, before the members of the lodge with which he may wish to affiliate, for them to decide whether this privilege of association shall be granted to him. On this question, each Master Mason should exercise his elective prerogative, freely and untrammelled.²⁴ Nevertheless, if the candidate should be rejected on the mere question of affiliation in any one particular lodge, it is clear that if he is otherwise ritualistically qualified, an immediate application might be made to another lodge, or to the Grand Master, praying him to exercise his prerogative, and make him at sight.

24. But when a Master Mason wishes to affiliate with a lodge as a member of the same, and presents a demit from some regular lodge, the last one of which he was a member, together with his application for affiliation, no question for judicial investigation can arise, except some special charge should be alleged against the applicant for unmaasonic conduct, that had never been investigated. In this case such charge should be first tried before the Junior Warden and the judicial commission, the accused being allowed, as a

mason, to confront his accusers before such commission, and the matter should be determined as in any similar case of masonic trial. But if no such special charge should be presented, or if the accused shall be acquitted of any such charge that may be presented, then the question of membership should be decided by the individual members of the lodge applied to, on the simple question whether the privilege of association shall be accorded to him or not.²⁵

(To be continued.)

²⁵ Having now set forth a certain theory of government, and demonstrated it by the principles of spiritual philosophy, and confirmed it by the highest practical experience of mankind at the present day, it now remains for us to vindicate its application to the Masonic Institution, from certain objections that it may give rise to in some minds.

1st. *It may be said to be too complicated in its details to be introduced in a local lodge of a limited membership.* Our reply to this objection is, that it is specially designed to remove the complicated business which is now developed indiscriminately upon all the members of a local lodge. Executive, legislative, and judicial business forms the indiscriminate occupation, more or less, of every member of the lodge. It consumes two-thirds of every meeting, leaving little or no time for the ritualistic instruction that the great majority of the membership so sadly stand in need of. By the proposed arrangement, on the contrary, the executive, legislative and judicial business would be removed from the general meetings of the lodge, and placed in the hands of those who would be deemed the most competent to manage the same. By the division of the governmental powers between several branches of administration, not only would business be done with greater facility and despatch, but it would further aid in assigning persons of the proper qualifications to the right places of usefulness. Business being thus removed from the general meetings, the Worshipful Master's place would no longer be so much assimilated to that of the head of a debating club; but he would be able to meet all the brethren in the much more amiable character of the hierophant and dispenser of the mysteries, and thus impart ten times as much ritualistic instruction, as it is possible to be done under present circumstances.

2d. *But then a despotic oligarchy would be created in the lodge over the membership,* may also be objected to this theory. If the system of checks and balances between the several departments, as already explained, would not be sufficient to prevent the despotic sway of a few, then the elective prerogative of the members, to be exercised annually, would soon correct such an evil in its very incipency. But the truth is, that the present system of lodge government is really that of a despotic and irresponsible oligarchy. Every one acquainted with the usual routine of society-business, knows that all the leading matters of legislation, jurisprudence, etc., is left by the great majority of the members to the business tact of the few, in every such voluntary association. Those

²⁴ The law of attraction and repulsion is a social and spiritual law, as well as a physical one. Sir Isaac Newton demonstrated it in the physical world, in the discovery of the law of gravity; Fourier did the same in the social world, in the discovery of the law of the groups and series of associated industry; and Swedenborg has done the same in the discovery of the laws of the spiritual world, by delineating the principles upon which the angelic societies are formed. The choice of associates is a divine right, therefore, which is guaranteed to every atom of matter, to every human being, and to every angelic spirit, that can not be infringed upon without the desecration of the laws of God.

MASONIC HISTORY.

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN GERMANY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF R. BARTLEMESS, M. D., *expressly for the "American Freemason."*

THE German Masons in the United States begin to feel the necessity of enlarging their knowledge. With clearer ideas, and a firm determination, they will be able to remove evils that are now felt, and to bring about a dignified and elevating spirit in the lodges. As citizens of a noble and imposing political commonwealth, they feel it to be their duty to remand to the dark armories of past ages that which ignorance or malevolence has fastened upon masonry. In this respect, the history of Freemasonry, in their old home, affords them an example, at once warning and encouraging, how the noble structure has been made unsightly

who thus assume a leadership in societies, do so on their own individual responsibility, feeling that they have no account to give for their actions to any constituency; and that the inactive and unqualified members are as much responsible for the wrong policy of the lodge, as the few who may thus direct and consummate it, because each one is equally charged with the responsibility of all the lodge business on the prevailing theory, whether they are practically competent to take an active part therein or not. But if these same self-acting members were officially charged by the electors of the whole lodge, with special responsibilities for which they might be considered most qualified, then they would not act in such a reckless and irresponsible manner, knowing, as they would full well, that the odium, of any bad policy they might inaugurate, would fall individually upon them. Thus the proposed system is one in which we may do away with the self-constituted and irresponsible oligarchy of any sharp wits who may, under the present system, obtain the practical control of our lodges, without any personal responsibility for the consequences. And if it be said that such persons must and will always have the prominent control of all societies, by the mere force of superior genius, then let a personal accountability for their acts be saddled upon them, by such a system as is now proposed. Let our keen financiers be selected for the council of administration, and our experts in masonic law be afforded a wide field for forensic display before the judicial commission, in the trial of masonic cases; but at the same time let them be fully impressed with the fact that the eyes of their brethren are upon them, and a strong sentiment is behind them, to approve or condemn their acts, according as they shall fulfill their vocation, either faithfully or unfaithfully.

by striving after phantoms, but also, how German industry and strength have again cleared it of the luxuriant growth of creepers.

In the beginning of last century, the first foundations of masonic lodges, destined to work exclusively on mental soil, had disengaged themselves from the last remnants of mediæval builders' associations, which, for some time previous, had embraced, as free and accepted masons, men who did not follow the trade. The four workshops still existing in the South of England, had instituted a Grand Lodge in London, and issued a simple code of laws, embracing a collection of the earlier constitutions, adopted partly for the members of the builders' huts, and in part for those of the new league. Masonic lodges similar to the Grand Lodge of London were soon instituted by her in other countries: in France (1725), in Spain (1728), in the East Indies (1729), in North America (1783), in Ireland (1780), in Scotland (1786). For this purpose Provincial Grand Masters were generally appointed and invested with the power to appoint their own deputies and other officers, and to constitute new lodges.

In this way the first lodge in Germany was constituted in Hamburg in 1787, (Dec. 6,) by the Gr. L. of London, and through Br. Chas. Sarry, Provincial G. M. of Prussia and Brandenburg, without, at first, receiving any special name. Three years later the young lodge, which at this day is still in a flourishing condition, was denominated Absalom, and Br. Lüttmann, a resident of Hamburg, was patented as Prov. G. M. for Hamburg and Lower Saxony, (Hanover.) In 1748 the second lodge was organized and called St. George.

The Fraternity thus making its appearance in various parts of the world, did not escape the notice and suspicion of the temporal and spiritual authorities. The latter would, of course, take particular umbrage at the first article of masonic constitutions, which admitted to membership the adherents of all creeds, without distinction. In France, Holland, Germany and Italy persecutions were commenced against the suspicious society. Pope Clement XII fulminated ex-

communication against the Freemasons in 1788, and the Senate of Hamburg thought fit, in the same year, to interdict lodges. An interesting consequence of these persecutions was the foundation, in 1740, by the Elector Clement Augustus of Cologne, (who had been a mason previous to the pope's interdict,) of the *order of Mopses*. This order had the same object as masonry, but different rites, and as the Elector was a great admirer of the female sex, it admitted women. It probably gave the first impulse to adoptive masonry, which was zealously embraced in France, and which, in our day, has been developed in an absurd manner in North America.

On the 14th of August, 1738, a delegation of the first lodge of Hamburg, Br. Von Oberg presiding, initiated, in Brunswick, Frederick, Prince-Royal of Prussia, a fact which was principally instrumental in blunting the edge of the persecutions against Freemasonry. Frederick the Great presided himself in "*la Loge Première*," or "*la Loge du Roi notre Grand Maître*," which, after ascending the throne, he was in the habit of holding in Charlottenburg with his most trusty friends. At the beginning of the Saxon war, however, (1740,) he laid aside the gavel, and never re-assumed it. The other brethren resident in Berlin constituted, on the 13th of September, 1740, "*by royal authority, and without demanding a charter from any other Grand Lodge*," the lodge *Aux trois Globes*, which, in 1744, became the "Grand Royal Mother Lodge of the Three Globes," the king himself being recorded as Grand Master. The king's brother-in-law, the Margrave of Baireuth, introduced Freemasonry into Baireuth, in Bavaria, in 1740, where a Grand Lodge is still in existence.

Count Rutowski had constituted the lodge of "The Three White Eagles" in Dresden, Saxony, as early as 1738. From this lodge emanated, in 1739, the lodge of "The Three Swords," which still exists, and in 1741 that of "The Three Swans." The two latter united in one Grand Lodge, whose Grand Master, Count Rutowski, issued charters to subordinate lodges, partly on the authority of the Grand Lodge of London, and partly on his own.

The lodge "Minerva," thus chartered in 1741 indirectly by the Grand Lodge of London, *also granted charters to other lodges*, while still other lodges in Saxony were chartered by the mother lodge of the Three Globes.

The first lodges of Frankfort on the Main and of Vienna, originated simultaneously in 1742. The lodge "Unity" in Frankfort constituted, at the time of the election and coronation of Emperor Charles VII, by brethren who came there as delegates from or in the suite of princes, was dissolved in 1746, but reorganized in 1752, and herself chartered several new lodges, among them the lodge "Unity" in Nürnberg. The young lodge of Frankfort received, in 1748, a charter from the Grand Lodge of London, and in 1766 was raised to the dignity of Provincial Grand Lodge for the districts of the Upper and Lower Rhine and Franconia. The first lodge of Vienna was called "*Loge aux trois Canons*;" it also exercised the privileges of a Grand Lodge. In 1743, the Empress Maria Theresa, whose husband, Francis I, had been initiated at Hague, in 1731, caused it to be dispersed by military force, but it continued for many years to hold secret meetings.

In 1744, Bro. Von Kisseleben erected the lodge "*Jonathan*" in Brunswick, under a charter from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hamburg. In 1746, Bro. Mehmet von Königstreu, said to have been a Turk, erected the lodge "*Frederick*" in Hanover, likewise under charter from Hamburg. In 1748, the lodge in Celle; in 1752, the lodge "*Abel*" in Oldenburg; in 1754, the lodge "*Michael*" in Schwerin, were erected, etc. The lodge "*Frederick*" was, in 1755, declared Provincial Grand Lodge of Hanover, by the Grand Lodge of London, and united with the "*Lodge of the White Horse*," of the same city.

From this enumeration, which might be considerably extended, it is sufficiently obvious that the inhabitants of Germany eagerly seized the offering of England. The reason of this rapid diffusion of the masonic Fraternity through most of the larger cities of Germany, is chiefly to be sought in its noble principles, and in the similarity of its constitution and usages to the usages of courts, of popular life, and of builders' associations, long since

domesticated in Germany. In ecclesiastical, social and political matters, the German people were longing for a decided reform, for redemption from obsolete and destructive doctrines and formalities; the German empire was tottering on the verge of utter ruin. But the German people had not yet acquired independence enough to guard against foreign influence. As in other walks of development, they had also in Freemasonry eager eyes and ears for a neighboring country, where a sensual and ostentatious nobility had distorted beyond recognition, by every description of appendages, the simplicity of the humanitarian league, as transplanted from England. Bold impostors and pickpockets, religious fanatics and emissaries of the Order of Jesuits gained admittance in lodges. Among the various errors, those most prominent, about the middle of the last century, were the *strict Observance*, the *Rosicrucians*, and the *Illuminati*. With more or less success, they took possession of Masonry and brought mischief into its pure precincts. They were accompanied by other, less essential, but similar phenomena.

The *Strict Observance*, among all masonic systems, so-called, has gained the widest diffusion, and has lasted the longest. As early as 1740, the notorious Ramsay had asserted in a speech, delivered in Paris, that Freemasonry was connected with the Crusades, with the Order of St. John, and with the Order of the Knights of Malta, and had thus given the first impulse to the creation of the higher degrees. It may be observed, by the way, that this assertion still haunts the heads and works of some American brethren. He had not yet pointed to the Knights Templars as the source of Freemasonry, but, on the contrary, declared himself against this view. But when, about this time, the Knights of Malta themselves expelled several Freemasons from Malta, and when the police of Paris, in 1742, organized a new association, the Noachites, in opposition to the Masons, recourse was had to the Order of Knights Templar, which had been dissolved in 1811. This was done with a view to gain adherents among the higher ranks, by connecting the Fraternity with ancient knights of the Catholic Church. The

association of the Noachites soon appeared in the Fraternity in Germany. It is somewhat remarkable that the first article of the second edition of the London Constitutions (1738) contain an allusion to the Noachites. This was afterward omitted and only retained by the Ancient Masons, so called, by whom it was brought to America, where it is still ignorantly adhered to by several Grand Lodges.

In Clermont College, a Jesuit convent in Paris, where James I took refuge after his flight from England, Chevalier de Bonneville founded, in 1745, the *Chapitre de Clermont*, in the interest of the Jesuits and of the Stuart Pretender, and invented the story that Prince Chas. Edw. Stuart had been made a Knight Templar in Edinburg, and had been elected Grand Master. In this Clermont Chapter, Chas. Gotthelf Baron Hund and Altengrotkau was, among others, received. He is said to have been made a mason at Frankfort on the Main in 1742. On his return to Germany he united himself with Von Marschall, who had already received the higher degrees, and, in connection with him, with Baron Prinzen and with Marquis de Lernaïs, became the main propagator of the French higher degrees, and the founder of the *Strict Observance*. He intended, by the latter, to revive the Order of Knights Templar, and all lodges who refused to join in the plan were designated as *Sluggish Observance*, (*late Observanz*). The whole of Germany was divided into nine provinces, of which, however, only the seventh, embracing North Germany, Poland, Livonia and Courland, was perfectly organized, and the fourth and fifth, (Lyons and Burgundy,) partially. Baron Hund became Grand Master of the seventh province, with the title of *Carolus Eques ab Enae*, (Charles, Knight of the Sword). The *Strict Observance* had seven degrees: E. A., F. C., M., the oldest Scottish degree introduced in Germany since 1742 by the name of Scottish M., and three other French higher degrees, viz.: Novice, Knight Templar, having three sub-degrees, and *Eques Professus*.

French officers, after the battle of Rosebach, 1757, introduced the Clermont Chapter in Berlin. An impostor by

name of Rosa, formerly Protestant clergyman, was very active on its behalf. By his instrumentality the master of the mother lodge of the Three Globes, J. W. Ellenberger, alias Zinnendorf, was induced to join the Strict Observance, and in connection with Br. Schubart Baron Kleefeld, an emissary of Von Hund, paved the way for the adhesion of the lodge itself, which, in fact, took place on the 9th of August, 1766. At the same time Zinnendorf had sent the theologian, Baumann, to Stockholm for the purpose of procuring the rituals of the higher degrees practiced there, and which was closely related to the Clermont Chapter. On account of the adhesion of the National Mother Lodge to the Strict Observance, Br. Köppen separated himself from the same in 1767, and instituted the order of the *African Builders*, whose aim was the study of the history of the various degrees of Freemasonry. It had, itself, five degrees of instruction, and three of the order proper. It ceased to exist in Berlin in 1775, and generally in 1787.

In Hamburg, also, the Strict Observance was formally introduced, in 1798, by the Provincial Gr. M., who decreed the change of work, closed the two lodges, and in their places constituted two others with different names, viz.: the mother lodge, "Absalom of the Three Nettles," and the subordinate lodge, "St. George of the Fir." In Brunswick, the Strict Observance made rapid progress, particularly owing to the position of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, which will be explained hereafter. But in Frankfort on the Main all seductive artifices were wasted in vain.

In order that the knights might not lack the addition of priests, the Hessian Protestant court-preacher, Von Stark, who is said to have been a Jesuit, instituted, in 1767, as a supplement to the Strict Observance, the *Clerical System*, which had seven degrees: E. A., F. C., M., Young Scots, Scotch Past M., or Knight of St. Andrew, Provincial Chapter of Red Cross, and the Magus, or Knight of Splendor and Light, which again had five sub-degrees. Stark operated principally from Wismar, and asserted that a number of unknown superiors constituted a high chapter of

clericals, and were possessed of the highest knowledge. His creation was not durable; the Clericals, not being well received by the Knights Templar of the Strict Observance, withdrew from them in 1778, and soon dissolved altogether.

The Knights of the Strict Observance took early measures to consult about their common interests in conventions. These were, however, perhaps brought about as much by the ambition and avarice of certain distinguished persons, as by the desire of others to acquire knowledge. Conventions were held as early as 1764 in Jena and Altenberge, (Weimar.) In the latter, the Jew Johnson, formerly secretary to the Duke of Anhalt Bernburg, passed himself off as an emissary of the superiors in Scotland, commissioned to diffuse the Order of Knights Templar in Germany. Von Hund, who at first seemed inclined to recognize the bold intruder as Grand Master of the Knights Templar, afterward unmasked him, declared himself Grand Master, and received the allegiance of the Knights. Johnson was imprisoned in the Wartburg, where he died in 1775. But Von Hund also soon drew upon himself the jealousy of the Knights, the more so as he too was unable to prove his powers, and to furnish information about the higher superiors of the Order. In the convention at Kohlo, an estate of Count Brühl, in Lusatia, he was compelled to share his authority with a board of directors. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, who has been already mentioned, became Grand Master of Lower Germany, while Prince Frederick Augustus of Brunswick was called to the National Grand Mastership of the Prussian States. The Rituals were revised. In the convention at Brunswick, finally, (1775,) there appeared an officer by the name of Gugumos, who introduced himself as an emissary of the unknown superiors, and as a high priest of the holy See of Cyprus, and who promised hidden treasures, intercourse with ghosts, and alchymy. He was soon compelled to flee from the wrath of the honest, and the jealousy of his rivals; and in 1781 handed in to Ferdinand of Brunswick a recantation of his assertions, naming the Jesuits as his superiors. Soon after this conven-

tion, Von Hund died (1776). Previous to his death he had made an effort to spread the Strict Observance in the south of France, by Major Von Weiler, and had even induced the *Grand Orient* of France to make a treaty with the directory of the Strict Observance, (1776,) which was, however, abrogated in the following year, by the interdict of the higher degrees by the Grand Orient.

Von Hund's death had made it necessary to elect a new Grand Master. The election took place in 1778 in the convention at Wolfenbüttel, and resulted in favor of Duke Charles of Sudermania, afterward Charles XII of Sweden. But the numerous impositions, lies and subterfuges, the processions, with their extravagant expenditures of time and money, the acts of allegiance, and other silly tricks had created general dissatisfaction. The German propensity of digging to the bottom of any given question, had led to the discovery, in the Corsini Library at Rome, of the genuine ancient laws of the Knights Templar, and to the consequent exposure of the fable of a connection between the latter and the Strict Observance. Science had thrown the light of its torch into every nook and corner of political and social life, nor did she spare what age, usage and faith had sanctified; knights' costumes and swords, the Latin language in the rituals, and every description of foolish assertions had to succumb in their turn. In the general Masonic convention at Wilhelmsbad, which had been convoked by Duke Ferdinand himself, the belief that the Strict Observance was a continuation of the Order of Knights Templar, was solemnly abjured. Duke Ferdinand was elected Grand Master of all German Masons, and Landgrave Charles of Hesse was appointed his successor. On the death of Duke Ferdinand (1792) the appointed successor attempted to exercise his functions, but he had, in the meantime, lost all influence by the further development of the lodges, which had meanwhile taken place. It may here be briefly mentioned that among the early opponents of the Strict Observance, was a publican in Leipsic named Schrepfer, who, in 1772, had founded a Scottish lodge in that city. He was addicted to dealing with ghosts, asserted that he had

received the mission of destroying the Strict Observance, and shot himself in 1774.

The second association of some extent, which endeavored to engraft upon Masonry aims which were foreign to it, was the Rosicrucians. They originated about the middle of the last century. Some assert that they date from the beginning of the 17th century, but there is no foundation for this belief. They busied themselves with Theosophy, Alchemy, and endeavored to convert base metals into gold, to find the philosopher's stone, etc. They wore golden crosses with a rose appended. From 1756 to 1768 they spread principally in the center of Germany. They made the St. John's degrees of the Masons, degrees of probation, invented a history of Freemasonry to suit themselves, arrogated to themselves a supremacy over the lodges, and founded nine higher degrees: *Junior, Theoreticus, Practicus, Philosophus, Minor, Major, Adeptus exemptus, Magister* and *Magus*. They, also, succumbed in the ninth decade, before the general enlightenment.

From the Rosicrucians emanated, in 1780, in Austria, the *Asiatic Brethren*, or Knights and Brethren of St. John the Evangelist of Asia, a mystic and alchymystic sect, whose principal apostle was Baron Ecker von Eckhoffen. Beyond Austria they were especially active in Wetzlar and Marburg. Their principal degrees were: 1, the Searching; 2, the Suffering; 3, the Knight and Brother Initiate; 4, the Wise Master; 5, the Royal Priest or True Rosicrucian; and finally, the Secret Superior. An experienced brother says of the Asiatic Brethren: "Their system contains everything that can possibly tend to make men insane."

This is probably a fit place to mention the impositions of *Cagliostro*, whom Goethe characterizes, in his *Grandcophta*, and in his *Italian Journey*. His true name was Joseph Balsamo. He was born in Palermo, in 1743, and from 1782 to 1785 did business in *Egyptian Masonry*, which consisted in cabalistics, theosophy, apparitions, tinctures of gold, the art of prolonging life, etc., etc. After exploring Italy, France, and Germany with various degrees of success, he was,

in 1789, incarcerated, as a felon, in Rome, and died in prison in 1795.

By the influence of Emperor Joseph II, the order of Jesuits had been dissolved in 1778. Professor *Weishaupt*, of Ingolstadt, who had been educated by the Jesuits, conceived the idea to form an influential association, for charitable purposes, on the pattern of the organization of the Jesuits. Thus originated, in Bavaria, in 1776, the order of the *Illuminati*, which, for a long time, zealously opposed the fathers of the Society of Jesus, who were continuously, though secretly, active. *Weishaupt* is said to have been made a mason in 1777, in the lodge "Theodore, of the Good Advice," in Munich. He endeavored to use masonry as a harbor for his plans, which aimed at a higher development of morality in the human family, and at the diffusion of religious and political instruction. Public offices were to be filled by *Illuminati*, and thus the affairs of state influenced. The members of the order were bound to a blind obedience. On reaching the degree of Regent, they were released from all previous obligations. The order spread from Ingolstadt to Munich, Eichstadt and generally through southern Catholic Germany. In Frankfort on the Main it won favor with the most gifted, between 1778 and 1786, who, upon its dissolution, joined the Eclectic League; in other places, the systems of Schröder or Fessler. Among them is particularly worthy of mention, *Knigge*, the well-known author of the book, "On intercourse with our fellow men." He had joined the order in Frankfort on the Main in 1780, by the name of "Philo," had devised the rituals for the higher degrees, and had, in 1782, upon the occasion of the convention at Wilhelmsbad, initiated Br. *Bode*, delegate of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Gotha, upon his promise to procure for the *Illuminati* the supremacy in the system newly created in that convention. In 1784, *Knigge* abandoned the Order, owing to disputes with *Weishaupt* about the rituals. The order of the *Illuminati* had the following construction:

CLASS I. (*Nursery*.)

1. Novitiate.
2. Minervall degree,

3. *Illuminatus minor*, including the *Magistratus*.

CLASS II. (*Symbolic Masonry*.)

1. Three St. John's degrees.
2. *Illuminatus major*, or Scottish Novice.
3. *Illuminatus Origens*, or Scottish Knight.

CLASS III. First.—*Minor Mysteries*.

1. *Presbyter* or *Epopt*.
2. *Princeps* or Regent's degree.

Sec'd.—*Major Mysteries*.

1. *Magus*.
2. *Rez*.

Making in all twelve degrees.

The creation of the *Illuminati* was destined to have but a brief existence. The Elector Charles Theodore of Bavaria instituted measures against them, in 1784, as a society endangering the state. Members who could be seized, were either banished or imprisoned. *Weishaupt*, himself, was, in 1786, condemned to death, and fled to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who cheerfully afforded him protection. Together with the Order of *Illuminati*, Freemasonry was suppressed in Bavaria. It is tolerated only in the principalities of Anspach and Bairreuth, which were ceded to Bavaria in 1806 by Prussia, but state officers are not allowed to join lodges.

We have seen above that the first lodge in Frankfort on the Main was founded in 1743, with a charter from London. As early as 1746 the Scottish Masters, and in 1752 the other French theosophic and Knights' degrees made their appearance in that city. The lodge of "Unity," which, in 1766, was raised to the dignity of Provincial Grand Lodge, was proof against all the seductions of the various systems. The *Illuminati* alone gained some influence with her. The publican, Schrepfer, had also made efforts there for his doctrines, but with very doubtful success. The Grand Lodge of England had, in 1784, in consequence of an erroneous opinion of the prevailing circumstances, recognized the "National Grand Lodge of All Freemasons in All Germany," as alone legitimate, and had referred, among others, the Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main to that superior tribunal, in all questions

of masonry. This led to misunderstandings, and Frankfort on the Main adjured its allegiance to London in 1782, still retaining the title of "Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main." The Convention at Wilhelmsbad, called by Duke Frederick of Brunswick, met about the same time. Although it did not bring about an immediate general agreement, it still put an end to the foolish tricks with the Order of Temp-lars, and opened the eyes of the masonic world to the universal rottenness of their pretensions. From it, therefore, dates the return to ancient, noble, and simple Freemasonry.

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main and the Provincial Grand Lodge of Wetzlar issued a joint circular, on the 18th of March, 1783, by which all lodges of Germany were invited to put an end to strife and deception, and to unite in one grand league on the basis of the three St. John's degrees. In the same year as many as 25 lodges of Germany had joined the league. The first code of laws of the new league was issued in 1788, and still tolerated higher degrees. About this time, the Provincial Grand Lodge of Wetzlar was discontinued, and thenceforth the Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main headed the league alone as "The Eclectic Grand Lodge." At the same time a new treaty was made with the Grand Lodge of England, the latter having perceived her former error, and corrected it by declaring the National Grand Lodge to be the Grand Lodge of Prussia only. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main retained the right of electing, triennially, her own Provincial Grand Master, and of granting independent charters to lodges in the provinces of the Upper and Lower Rhine and Franconia. The Royal Arch Degree, which had been instituted in England between 1770 and 1779, was introduced in Frankfort on the Main, and a Chapter founded, which continued in existence up to 1833 without acquiring the least influence.

The French Revolution caused an interruption of masonic work from 1793 to 1801, during which period the Provincial Grand Lodge was closed. In the latter year a lodge, under the name of "Socra-

tes of Steadfastness," was founded in Frankfort on the Main, by the Grand Lodge Royal York, of Berlin. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Frankfort on the Main entered her decided protest against this infringement of her jurisdiction. The Prince Primate of the Rhenish Confederation and Grand Duke of Frankfort, Charles of Dalberg, himself a mason and author of the Masonic song, "Let us, oh brethren, wisdom exalt," etc., sanctioned, in his private capacity, the resumption of masonic work which had taken place a few years previously, while he ignored it in his official character. In the year 1811, a union was finally effected between the lodges *Socrates* and *Unity*, by which they combined in forming an "Independent Grand Lodge of the Eclectic League," and from this union dates a fresh activity.

The Grand Lodges of Germany, almost without exception, having refused to permit the initiation of Jews, as late as the beginning of the present century, a number of Jewish Brethren obtained, in 1808, from the Grand Orient in Paris, a charter for the formation of a lodge in Frankfort on the Main, under the name of "The Rising Aurora." The allegiance to France was abrogated for political reasons, in 1813, and the lodge obtained, in 1817, a new charter from Landgrave Charles of Hesse, who, as has been before stated, was the successor of Ferdinand of Brunswick, and the recognized Grand Master of several lodges in Germany. At a later date the Christian members separated from the Jewish, and formed the lodge "Charles of the Rising Light," under a charter from the same Grand Master, while the Jews obtained a new charter from London. The Christian division, which adopted exclusively Christian views, and which included a Scottish directory, joined the Eclectic League in 1838. Its one-sided views, however, led to deplorable conflicts in the League, and to the dismissal of the lodge from it in 1844. The lodges "St. John the Evangelist of Harmony," of Darmstadt, and "Harmonious Friends" at Mayence, left the League together with "Charles of the Rising Light," and formed the "Grand Lodge of Harmony," at Darmstadt, which is still in existence. The lodge "Charles of the Rising Light," has subsequently

again split in two, one division returning under the old name into the Eclectic League, the other taking the name "Charles of the Lindenberg," and remaining with the Grand Lodge of Darmstadt.

In 1822, the Grand Orient of France chartered still another Israelitish lodge in Frankfort on the Main, under the name of "Frankfort Eagle." This lodge transferred its allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Hamburg in 1847, and was, by its request, installed by the Grand Officers of the Eclectic League. The latter had, in 1845, adopted admirable revised laws, *entirely interdicting the higher degrees*, and since 1848, has permitted the initiation of Jews in the lodges of the League.

In Austria, Joseph II was the protector of Masonic lodges. Hence, a National Grand Lodge was formed in Vienna, during his reign, in 1784, soon after the convention at Wilhelmsbad, and one of the most important Masonic periodicals, the Vienna Journal, was published. But Leopold II annulled the toleration, in 1790, and Francis II moved, at the Congress of Ratisbone, in 1794, the suppression of all secret societies, including Masonic lodges. Prussia, Brunswick and Hanover alone shielded the Fraternity; but the Austrian lodges were closed.

At the second Congress of Vienna, Austria insisted upon the universal suppression of lodges, but was successfully opposed by Prussia, Oldenburg and Weimar. In consequence of the Revolution of 1848, the lodge "Joseph" in Vienna, was revived, and another lodge was formed in Pesth, in 1849, under a charter from Frankfort on the Main. But these lodges have been again destroyed by the victorious reaction.

In Prussia, at whose Masonic history we have already glanced, we have seen that the National Grand Lodge of the Three Globes originated in 1744, and that Zinnendorf, the Grand Master, joined the Strict Observance. Owing to his connection with the latter and with the Swedish higher degrees, disputes arose with the Brethren, and Zinnendorf founded, in 1770, the *Grand Lodge of all Masons in Germany*, which, in 1775, was recognized as such by the Grand Lodge of England, but in 1788, was declared to be only

Grand Lodge of Prussia. In 1778, Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt was its National Grand Master, and a year later it succeeded in obtaining Royal letters patent. It occupies exclusively Christian ground, has a special history of the Order as a mystery for the Brethren of its higher degrees, is closely allied with the lodges of Sweden and Denmark, and, notwithstanding the energetic appeals of the lodges of America, England, France, Hamburg, etc., has not, as yet, yielded the point of admitting non-Christians to its work. Very recently it has had the unenviable opportunity of meeting Hengstenberg's reproach to Masonry, that it admitted to membership professors of all creeds, by pointing to its own constitution in refutation of the allegation. In 1854, Prince Frederick William was introduced to membership by his most serene and illustrious father.

In the year 1760, a lodge by the name of "*L'amitie aux trois Colombes*," had been founded in Berlin. In 1765, Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of George III, was initiated here, during a temporary residence in Berlin. From that date it changed its name to "*Royal York de L'amitie*," and abrogated its allegiance to the Grand Lodge of the Three Globes. It obtained a charter from the Grand Lodge of England, which seems not to have been over particular with regard to territorial jurisdiction, so called, worked according to French Rituals, and granted charters to subordinate lodges. Toward the end of the century, Ignatius Aurelius Fessler became prominent in this lodge. He was a Hungarian by birth, had been a Capuchin monk, and one of the main instigators of the measures adopted by Joseph II against the clergy, having fled from the wrath of the latter to Silesia, in 1788, where he embraced the Protestant doctrine. He came to Berlin in 1796, where he became the reformer of Masonry. He had been made a Mason, in 1783, in the lodge "Phoenix of the Round Table," in Lemberg, and was affiliated in the lodge "Royal York of Friendship" in Berlin, in 1796. He devised new rituals and laws, which were adopted in 1796 and 1797. He was made Deputy Grand Master by the lodge Royal York, and retained this office until his

retirement from the Fraternity, in 1802. The new Grand Lodge obtained, from Frederick William III, the same rights as the two already existing. Fessler's Ritual is similar to that of Schroeder. He adopts an Inner Orient, so called, where the history of the Fraternity is taught. This has also been adopted in some lodges of Germany not working under the Grand Lodge Royal York.

In Saxony, all lodges, with one exception, work, since 1805, in the three St. John's degrees only. The Grand Lodge of Saxony was formed in 1811, under which all but two lodges in the kingdom work, viz.: "Minerva" and "Baldwin of the Lindentree," both of Leipsic. The work of almost all lodges of Saxony is based upon Schroeder's Ritual. The lodges of Meiningen, working under the Grand Lodge of Saxony, of Weimar, working under the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, and of Gotha, working under the Three Globes of Berlin, and the two independent lodges of Altenburg and Hildburghausen, deserve to be especially mentioned, in this connection, as industrious and sterling lodges.

The convention of Wilhelmsbad had also had a beneficial influence in Hamburg. In 1788, the lodge of the "Blazing Star" was formed there, the first in Germany which admitted Jews. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Hamburg was again recognized by the Grand Lodge of England in 1786, and the next year, Schroeder, who had been initiated, in 1774, in the lodge "Emanuel of the Mayflower," became Master of the Provincial Lodge. Hamburg and a number of other lodges are indebted to him for valuable labors and reforms. In 1789, the right of visit was established between the four subordinate lodges of the National Grand Lodge, which had existed since about 1770, and the subordinate lodges of Hamburg. In 1792, Schroeder submitted a new ritual, based upon the most ancient ritual of England, and urged the abolition of the Scottish degrees. The idea of a common correspondence of lodges originated in Nürnberg, in 1793, which later took the shape of special meetings* of

Master Masons, with the object to improve and diffuse historical knowledge.

After Schroeder had become Deputy Grand Master, (1799) he founded (1801) the great Masonic league between the Grand Lodges of Hamburg, Hanover and Royal York of Berlin. In 1814 he became Grand Master of the Masonic Tribunal of Hamburg, which, since 1811, and in consequence of political events, had become independent, and which, in 1819, in its turn instituted a Provincial Grand Lodge for Mecklenburg, Schwerin and Strelitz. Since 1805, Hamburg had declared herself energetically in favor of the admission of Jews, and from 1837 she entered the lists for the universality of Masonry, and against bigotry and religious intolerance. The Grand Lodges Royal York and of the Three Globes were induced to admit Jews as visitors, and the lodge of the "Frankfort Eagle," consisting principally of Jews, joined the Grand Lodge of Hamburg as a subordinate lodge. The example of Hamburg was followed by Hanover, Frankfort on the Main, and Baireuth. On the other hand, the correspondence with the National Grand Lodge of Berlin was discontinued. In 1846, a new code of laws was adopted; in 1853, the ritual was improved, and is now used by 35 lodges in Germany, two in New York, and one in London.

Comparisons between the prominent facts in the history of Masonry in Germany and the state of the Fraternity in America, readily suggest themselves to the mind. When will a new Wilhelmsbad convention come and sweep from the land of liberty the last vestiges of Templars, Rosicrucian Chapters, and Councils, with all of their ridiculous splendor, that they may never return to stigmatize the noble, the simple, and the pure Freemasonry?

that they are accessible to Master Masons only, who are members of the lodge, and tend, in their results, materially to improve the spirit governing the lodge. They are known by the name of *Engband*, (or Inner Lodge,) which has been omitted in the text, lest it should convey the idea of a higher degree. It would, perhaps, be more correct to call these meetings simply "Historical Evenings." The meetings are held entirely without paraphernalia, and are strictly of a literary character.—*Translator*.

* The meetings are no special degree, and have no further connection with the lodge itself, than
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We answer: Not until the leading Masonic minds adopt the teachings of that portion of the Masonic press which is earnestly promulgating truth, and reject these

new Orders, which are as unnecessary for the support of the dignity of men, as they are ineffectual in relieving the suffering or distressed Freemason.—*Ed. A. F.*

HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.



GODFREY DE BOUILLON.



IT is now time to speak of the leaders of the expedition. Great multitudes ranged themselves under the command of Peter the Hermit, whom, as the originator, they considered the most appropriate leader of the war. Others joined the banner of a bold adventurer, whom history has dignified with no other name than that of Gantier sans

Avoir, or Walter the Pennyless, but who is represented as having been of noble family, and well skilled in the art of war. A third multitude from Germany flocked around the standard of a monk named Gottschalk, of whom nothing is known except that he was a fanatic of the deepest dye. All these bands, which together are said to have amounted to three hundred thousand men, women, and children, were composed of the vilest rascality of Europe. Without discipline, principle, or true courage, they rushed through the nations like a pestilence, spreading terror and death wherever they went. The first multitude that set forth was led by Walter the Pennyless early in the spring of 1096, within a very

few months after the Council of Clermont. Each man of that irregular host aspired to be his own master. Like their nominal leader, each was poor to penury, and trusted for subsistence on his journey to the chances of the road. Rolling through Germany like a tide, they entered Hungary, where, at first, they were received with some degree of kindness by the people. The latter had not yet caught sufficient of the fire of enthusiasm to join the Crusade themselves, but were willing enough to forward the cause by aiding those embarked in it. Unfortunately this good understanding did not last long. The swarm were not contented with food for their necessities, but craved for luxuries also. They attacked and plundered the dwellings of the country people, and thought nothing of murder where resistance was offered. On the arrival before Semlin, the outraged Hungarians collected in large numbers, and, attacking the rear of the crusading host, slew a great many of the stragglers, and, taking away their arms and crosses, affixed them as trophies to the walls of the city. Walter appears to have been in no mood or condition to make reprisals; for his army, destructive as a plague of locusts when plunder urged them on, were useless against any regular attack from a determined enemy. Their rear continued to be thus harassed by the wrathful Hungarians until they were fairly out of their territory. On his entrance into Bulgaria, Walter met with no better fate. The cities and towns refused to let him pass; the villages denied him provisions; and the citizens and country people uniting, slaughtered his followers by hundreds. The progress of the army was more like a retreat than an advance; but as it was impossible to stand still, Walter continued his course till he arrived at Constantinople with a force which famine and the sword had diminished to one-third of its original number.

The greater multitude, led by the enthusiastic Hermit, followed close upon his heels, with a bulky train of baggage, and women and children sufficient to form a host of themselves. If it were possible to find a rabble more vile than the army of Walter the Pennyless, it was that led by

Peter the Hermit. Being better provided with means they were not reduced to the necessity of pillage in their progress through Hungary; and had they taken any other route than that which led through Semlin, might perhaps have traversed the country without molestation. On their arrival before that city, their fury was raised at seeing the arms and red crosses of their predecessors hanging as trophies over the gates. Their pent-up ferocity exploded at the sight. The city was tumultuously attacked, and the besiegers entering, not by dint of bravery, but of superior numbers, it was given up to all the horrors which follow when victory, brutality, and licentiousness are linked together. Every evil passion was allowed to revel with impunity, and revenge, lust, and avarice,—each had its hundred of victims in unhappy Semlin. Any maniac can kindle a conflagration, but it may require many wise men to put it out. Peter the Hermit had blown the popular fury into a flame, but to cool it again was beyond his power. His followers rioted unrestrained, until the fear of retaliation warned them to desist. When the king of Hungary was informed of the disasters of Semlin, he marched with a sufficient force to chastise the Hermit, who, at the news, broke up his camp and retreated toward the Morava, a broad and rapid stream that joins the Danube a few miles to the eastward of Belgrade. Here a party of indignant Bulgarians awaited him, and so harassed him, as to make the passage of the river a task both of difficulty and danger. Great numbers of his infatuated followers perished in the waters, and many fell under the swords of the Bulgarians. The ancient chronicles do not mention the amount of the Hermit's loss at this passage, but represent it in general terms as very great.

At Nissa, the Duke of Bulgaria fortified himself, in fear of an assault; but Peter, having learned a little wisdom from experience, thought it best to avoid hostilities. He passed three nights in quietness under the walls, and the duke, not wishing to exasperate unnecessarily so fierce and rapacious a host, allowed the townspeople to supply them with provisions. Peter took his departure peaceably on the

following morning; but some German vagabonds, falling behind the main body of the army, set fire to the mills and house of a Bulgarian, with whom, it appears, they had had some dispute on the previous evening. The citizens of Nissa, who had throughout mistrusted the Crusaders, and were prepared for the worst, sallied out immediately, and took signal vengeance. The spoilers were cut to pieces, and the townspeople pursuing the Hermit, captured all the women and children who had lagged in the rear, and a great quantity of baggage. Peter hereupon turned round and marched back to Nissa, to demand explanation of the Duke of Bulgaria. The latter fairly stated the provocation given, and the Hermit could urge nothing in palliation of so gross an outrage. A negotiation was entered into which promised to be successful, and the Bulgarians were about to deliver up the women and children, when a party of undisciplined Crusaders, acting solely upon their own suggestion, endeavored to scale the walls and seize upon the town. Peter in vain exerted his authority; the confusion became general, and after a short but desperate battle, the Crusaders threw down their arms, and fled in all directions. Their vast host was completely routed, the slaughter being so great among them, as to be counted, not by hundreds but by thousands.

It is said that the hermit fled from this fatal field to a forest a few miles from Nissa, abandoned by every human creature. It would be curious to know whether, after so dire a reverse,

"His enlaced breast
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive,"

or whether his fiery zeal still rose superior to calamity, and pictured the eventual triumph of his cause. He, so lately the leader of a hundred thousand men, was now a solitary skulker in the forests, liable at every instant to be discovered by some pursuing Bulgarian, and cut off in mid career. Chance at last brought him within sight of an eminence, where two or three of his bravest knights had collected five hundred of the stragglers. These gladly received the hermit, and, a consultation having taken place, it was resolved to gather together the scattered

remnants of the army. Fires were lighted on the hill, and scouts sent out in all directions for the fugitives. Horns were sounded at intervals, to make known that friends were near; and, before night-fall, the hermit saw himself at the head of seven thousand men. During the succeeding day, he was joined by twenty thousand more, and, with this miserable remnant of his force, he pursued his route toward Constantinople. The bones of the rest moldered in the forests of Bulgaria.

On his arrival at Constantinople, where he found Walter the Pennyless awaiting him, he was hospitably received by the Emperor Alexius. It might have been expected that the sad reverses they had undergone would have taught his followers common prudence; but, unhappily for them, their turbulence and love of plunder was not to be restrained. Although they were surrounded by friends, by whom all their wants were liberally supplied, they could not refrain from rapine. In vain the hermit exhorted them to tranquillity: he possessed no more power over them, in subduing their passions, than the obscurest soldier of the host. They set fire to several public buildings in Constantinople out of pure mischief, and stripped the lead from the roofs of the churches, which they afterward sold for old metal in the purlieus of the city. From this time may be dated the aversion which the Emperor Alexius entertained for the Crusaders, and which was afterward manifested in all his actions, even when he had to deal with the chivalrous and more honorable armies which arrived after the hermit. He seems to have imagined that the Turks themselves were enemies less formidable to his power than these outpourings of the refuse of Europe: he soon found a pretext to hurry them into Asia Minor. Peter crossed the Bosphorus with Walter; but the excesses of his followers were such, that, despairing of accomplishing any good end by remaining at their head, he left them to themselves, and returned to Constantinople, on the pretext of making arrangements with the government of Alexius for a proper supply of provisions. The Crusaders, forgetting that they were in the enemy's country.

and that union, above all things, was desirable, gave themselves up to dissensions. Violent disputes arose between the Lombards and Normans commanded by Walter the Pennyless, and the Franks and Germans led out by Peter. The latter separated themselves from the former, and, choosing for their leader one Reinaldo, or Reinhold, marched forward, and took possession of the fortress of Exorogorgon. The Sultan Solimann was on the alert, with a superior force. A party of Crusaders which had been detached from the fort, and stationed at a little distance as an ambuscade, were surprised and cut to pieces, and Exorogorgon invested on all sides. The siege was protracted for eight days, during which the Christians suffered the most acute agony from the want of water. It is hard to say how long the hope of succor or the energy of despair would have enabled them to hold out: their treacherous leader cut the matter short by renouncing the Christian faith, and delivering up the fort into the hands of the sultan. He was followed by two or three of his officers; all the rest, refusing to become Mahometans, were ruthlessly put to the sword. Thus perished the last wretched remnant of the vast multitude which had traversed Europe with Peter the Hermit.

Walter the Pennyless and his multitude met as miserable a fate. On the news of the disasters of Exorogorgon, they demanded to be led instantly against the Turks. Walter, who only wanted good soldiers to have made a good general, was cooler of head, and saw all the dangers of such a step. His force was wholly insufficient to make any decisive movement in a country where the enemy was so much superior, and where, in case of defeat, he had no secure position to fall back upon; and he, therefore, expressed his opinion against advancing until the arrival of reinforcements. This prudent counsel found no favor; the army loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at their chief, and prepared to march forward without him. Upon this, the brave Walter put himself at their head, and rushed to destruction. Proceeding toward Nice, the modern Isnik, he was intercepted by the army of the sultan. A fierce battle ensued, in which the Turks

made fearful havoc: out of twenty-five thousand Christians, twenty-two thousand were slain, and among them Gautier himself, who fell pierced by seven mortal wounds. The remaining three thousand retreated upon Civitot, where they entrenched themselves.

Disgusted as was Peter the Hermit at the excesses of the multitude, who, at his call, had forsaken Europe, his heart was moved with grief and pity at their misfortunes. All his former zeal revived: casting himself at the feet of the Emperor Alexius, he implored him, with tears in his eyes, to send relief to the few survivors at Civitot. The emperor consented, and a force was sent, which arrived just in time to save them from destruction. The Turks had beleaguered the place, and the Crusaders were reduced to the last extremity. Negotiations were entered into, and the last three thousand were conducted in safety to Constantinople. Alexius had suffered too much by their former excesses to be very desirous of retaining them in his capital: he, therefore, caused them all to be disarmed, and, furnishing each with a sum of money, he sent them back to their own country.

While these events were taking place, fresh hordes were issuing from the woods and wilds of Germany, all bent for the Holy Land. They were commanded by a fanatical priest, named Gottschalk, who, like Gautier and Peter the Hermit, took his way through Hungary. History is extremely meager in her details of the conduct and fate of this host, which amounted to at least one hundred thousand men. Robbery and murder seem to have journeyed with them, and the poor Hungarians were rendered almost desperate by their numbers and rapacity. Karloman, the king of the country, made a bold effort to get rid of them; for the resentment of his people had arrived at such a height, that nothing short of the total extermination of the Crusaders would satisfy them. Gottschalk had to pay the penalty, not only for the ravages of his own bands, but for those of the swarms that had come before him. He and his army were induced, by some means or other, to lay down their arms: the savage Hungarians, seeing them thus de-

fenseless, set upon them, and slaughtered them in great numbers. How many escaped their arrows we are not informed; but not one of them reached Palestine.

Other swarms, under nameless leaders, issued from Germany and France, more brutal and more frantic than any that had preceded them. Their fanaticism surpassed by far the wildest freaks of the followers of the hermit. In bands, varying in numbers from one to five thousand, they traversed the country in all directions, bent upon plunder and massacre. They wore the symbol of the Crusade upon their shoulders, but inveighed against the folly of proceeding to the Holy Land to destroy the Turks, while they left behind them so many Jews, the still more inveterate enemies of Christ. They swore fierce vengeance against this unhappy race, and murdered all the Hebrews they could lay their hands on, first subjecting them to the most horrible mutilation. According to the testimony of Albert Aquensis, they lived among each other in the most shameless profligacy, and their vice was only exceeded by their superstition. Whenever they were in search of Jews, they were preceded by a goose and goat, which they believed to be holy, and animated with divine power to discover the retreats of the unbelievers. In Germany alone they slaughtered more than a thousand Jews, notwithstanding all the efforts of the clergy to save them. So dreadful was the cruelty of their tormentors, that great numbers of Jews committed self-destruction to avoid falling into their hands.

Again it fell to the lot of the Hungarians to deliver Europe from these pests. When there were no more Jews to murder, the bands collected in one body, and took the old route to the Holy Land, a route stained with the blood of three hundred thousand who had gone before, and destined also to receive theirs. The number of these swarms has never been stated; but so many of them perished in Hungary, that cotemporary writers, despairing of giving any adequate idea of their multitudes, state that the fields were actually heaped with their corpses, and that for miles in its course the waters of the Danube were dyed with their blood.

It was at Mersburg, on the Danube, that the greatest slaughter took place,—a slaughter so great as to amount almost to extermination. The Hungarians for a while disputed the passage of the river, but the Crusaders forced their way across, and attacking the city with the blind courage of madness, succeeded in making a breach in the walls. At this moment of victory an unaccountable fear came over them. Throwing down their arms, they fled panic-stricken, no one knew why, and no one knew whither. The Hungarians followed, sword in hand, and cut them down without remorse, and in such numbers, that the stream of the Danube is said to have been choked up by their unburied bodies.

This was the worst paroxysm of the madness of Europe; and this passed, her chivalry stepped upon the scene. Men of cool heads, mature plans, and invincible courage stood forward to lead and direct the grand movement of Europe upon Asia. It is upon these men that romance has lavished her most admiring epithets, leaving to the condemnation of history the vileness and brutality of those who went before. Of these leaders the most distinguished were Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, and Raymond Count of Toulouse. Four other chiefs of the royal blood of Europe also assumed the cross, and led each his army to the Holy Land; Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother of the King of France; Robert, Duke of Normandy, the elder brother of William Rufus; Robert, Count of Flanders, and Bohemund, Prince of Tarentum, eldest son of the celebrated Robert Guiscard. These men were all tinged with the fanaticism of the age, but none of them acted entirely from religious motives. They were neither utterly reckless like Gautier sans Avoir, crazy like Peter the Hermit, nor brutal like Gottschalk the monk, but possessed each of these qualities in a milder form; their valor being tempered by caution, their religious zeal by worldly views, and their ferocity by the spirit of chivalry. They saw whither led the torrent of the public will; and it being neither their wish nor their interest to stem it, they allowed themselves to be carried with it, in the hope that it would lead them at last to a haven of

aggrandizement. Around them congregated many minor chiefs, the flower of the nobility of France and Italy, with some few from Germany, England, and Spain. It was wisely conjectured that armies so numerous would find a difficulty in procuring provisions if they all journeyed by the same road. They therefore resolved to separate; Godfrey de Bouillon proceeding through Hungary and Bulgaria, the Count of Toulouse through Lombardy and Dalmatia, and the other leaders through Apulia to Constantinople, where the several divisions were to reunite. The forces under these leaders have been variously estimated. The Princess Anna Comnena talks of them as having been as numerous as the sands on the seashore, or the stars in the firmament. Fulcher of Chartres is more satisfactory, and exaggerates less magnificently, when he states, that all the divisions, when they had sat down before Nice in Bithynia, amounted to one hundred thousand horsemen, and six hundred thousand men on foot, exclusive of the priests, women, and children. Gibbon is of opinion that this amount is exaggerated; but thinks the actual numbers did not fall very far short of the calculation. The Princess Anna afterward gives the number of those under Godfrey de Bouillon as eighty thousand foot and horse; and supposing that each of the other chiefs led an army as numerous, the total would be near half a million. This must be over rather than under the mark, as the army of Godfrey of Bouillon was confessedly the largest when it set out, and suffered less by the way than any other.

The Count of Vermandois was the first who set foot on the Grecian territory. On his arrival at Durazzo he was received with every mark of respect and courtesy by the agents of the emperor, and his followers were abundantly supplied with provisions. Suddenly, however, and without cause assigned, the Count was arrested by order of the Emperor Alexius, and conveyed a close prisoner to Constantinople. Various motives have been assigned by different authors as having induced the emperor to this treacherous and imprudent proceeding. By every writer he has been condemned for so flag-

rant a breach of hospitality and justice. The most probable reason for his conduct appears to be that suggested by Guibert of Nogent, who states that Alexius, fearful of the designs of the Crusaders upon his throne, resorted to this extremity in order afterward to force the Count to take the oath of allegiance to him, as the price of his liberation. The example of a prince so eminent as the brother of the King of France, would, he thought, be readily followed by the other chiefs of the Crusade. In the result he was wofully disappointed, as every man deserves to be who commits positive evil that doubtful good may ensue. But this line of policy accorded well enough with the narrowmindedness of the emperor, who, in the enervating atmosphere of his highly civilized and luxurious court, dreaded the influx of the hardy and ambitious warriors of the West, and strove to nibble away by unworthy means the power which he had not energy enough to confront. If danger to himself had existed from the residence of the chiefs in his dominions, he might easily have averted it, by the simple means of placing himself at the head of the European movement, and directing its energies to their avowed object, the conquest of the Holy Land. But the emperor, instead of being, as he might have been, the lord and leader of the Crusades which he had himself aided in no inconsiderable degree, to suscite by his embassies to the Pope, became the slave of men who hated and despised him. No doubt the barbarous excesses of the followers of Gautier and Peter the Hermit made him look upon the whole body of them with disgust, but it was the disgust of a little mind, which is glad of any excuse to palliate or justify its own irresolution and love of ease.

Godfrey of Bouillon traversed Hungary in the most quiet and orderly manner. On his arrival at Mersburg he found the country strewn with the mangled corpses of the Jew-killers, and demanded of the King of Hungary for what reason his people had set upon them. The latter detailed the atrocities they had committed, and made it so evident to Godfrey that the Hungarians had only acted in self-defense, that the high-minded leader declared himself satisfied, and passed on

without giving or receiving molestation. On his arrival at Philippopoli he was informed for the first time of the imprisonment of the Count of Vermandois. He immediately sent messengers to the emperor, demanding the Count's release, and threatening, in case of refusal, to lay waste the country with fire and sword. After waiting a day at Philippopoli, he marched on to Adrianople, where he was met by his messengers returning with the emperor's refusal. Godfrey, the bravest and most determined of the leaders of the Crusade, was not a man to swerve from his word, and the country was given up to pillage. Alexius here committed another blunder. No sooner did he learn from dire experience that the Crusader was not an utterer of idle threats, than he consented to the release of the prisoner. As he had been unjust in the first instance, he became cowardly in the second, and taught his enemies (for so the Crusaders were forced to consider themselves) a lesson which they took care to remember to his cost, that they could hope nothing from his sense of justice, but every thing from his fears. Godfrey remained encamped for several weeks in the neighborhood of Constantinople, to the great annoyance of Alexius, who sought by every means to extort from him the homage he had extorted from Vermandois. Sometimes he acted as if at open and declared war with the Crusaders, and sent his troops against them. Sometimes he refused to supply them with food, and ordered the markets to be shut against them, while at other times he was all for peace and good will, and sent costly presents to Godfrey. The honest, straightforward Crusader was at last so wearied by his false kindness, and so pestered by his attacks, that, allowing his indignation to get the better of his judgment, he gave up the country around Constantinople to be plundered by his soldiers. For six days the flames of the farm houses around struck terror into the heart of Alexius; but, as Godfrey anticipated, they convinced him of his error. Fearing that Constantinople itself would be the next object of attack, he sent messengers to demand an interview with Godfrey, offering at the same time to leave his son as a hostage for his good faith. Godfrey

agreed to meet him; and, whether to put an end to these useless dissensions, or for some other unexplained reason, he rendered homage to Alexius as his liege lord. He was thereupon loaded with honors, and, according to a singular custom of that age, underwent the ceremony of the "adoption of honor" as son to the emperor. Godfrey and his brother Baudouin de Bouillon conducted themselves with proper courtesy on this occasion, but were not able to restrain the insolence of their followers, who did not conceive themselves bound to keep any terms with a man so insincere as he had shown himself. One barbarous chieftain, Count Robert of Paris, carried his insolence so far as to seat himself upon the throne; an insult which Alexius merely resented with a sneer, but which did not induce him to look with less mistrust upon the hordes that were still advancing.

(To be continued.)

UNHEALTHY POSITIONS OF BODY.

THOSE persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind that without constantly raising the frame to an erect position, and giving a slight exercise to all parts of the body, such a practice will tend to destroy their health. They should, moreover, sit in as erect a position as possible. With seamstresses there is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulation, respiration, and digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The head should be thrown back, to give the lungs full play. The frequent long-drawn breath of the seamstress evinces the cramping and confinement of the lungs. Health can not be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in proportionate abundance must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in violation of correct theories of healthy physical development and the instincts of nature. Those accustomed to sit writing for hours, day after day, can form some idea of the exhausting nature of the toilsome and ill-paid labor of the poor seamstress.

ARCHITECTURE ILLUSTRATED.



WITCH'S GROTTTO AT SAUMUR.

LONDON, DEC. 17TH, 1858.

IN my last communication I gave you a good view of the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, with a brief historical and descriptive notice of that far-famed building. I shall now proceed to consider the art of Architecture in a more regular and chronologically important order. I defer my notice of the London Monument until it comes in its regular place.

I shall not stop to consider the many arguments of learned writers, as to the derivation of the word *masonry*, as applied to a speculative science. I care not whether there is or is not any difference between its etymology and that of the same word when it has reference to the works of the operative artist, which have, from the earliest ages of antiquity, excited the wonder and admiration of the antiquarian of every country and of every clime.*

* I leave the more philosophical and abstruse investigation of its "free and accepted" acceptance, to those who have more taste and time to devote to such inquiries; and to another class of writers that appear prolific on your side of the Atlantic, who manifest a desire to be considered learned, by continually parading, in every other line of their effusions, mispelt quotations of Hebrew and Greek and Latin, which sets at defiance all the rules of syntactical concord ever learned at Eton or Harrow, and to be found in the excellent grammars of your own countrymen, Professor Anthon and Doctor Bullions. As your aim, however, is to

We find, by reference to the sacred Scriptures, that Architecture of some kind was known and practiced as early as the days of Adam, for Cain "*builded a city*, and called the name of the city after the name of his son, Enoch."—Gen. iv, 17. This proves clearly the antiquity of Masonry as it applies to an operative art. The style or order of Architecture employed by this ancient Mason in the building of his city, is not described in the sacred record before me, nor is its story told or preserved by any "Masonic tradition" that I am acquainted with.

In the American lecture on the Fellow Craft's degree, we are told that, "When the rigor of seasons obliged men to contrive shelter from the inclemency of the weather, they first planted trees on end, and then laid others across to support a covering.* The bands which connected

cater for the entire body of the masonic brotherhood—the "*ci sears*;" of the order, those learned gentlemen would say—and not alone "for the elite with cultivated minds and educated taste" for whom such effusions are written—the absence of *theorising* on subjects of this kind will be less important to your general readers than if your dishes were prepared alone for gentlemen of the cultivated tastes just referred to.—G.

[There is a good deal of truth in our good brother's sarcastic note. Contributors, whom we know to be entirely ignorant of the alphabet of that language, have sent to ourselves communications copiously interspersed with what they supposed to be Hebrew.—Ed. A. F.]

* "The first structures devised by man for protec-

those trees at the top and bottom, are said to have given rise to the idea of the base



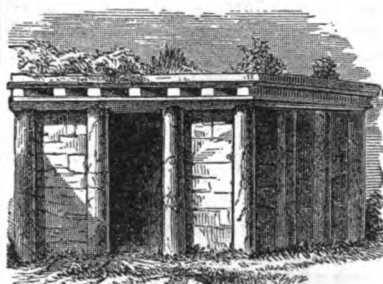
EARLIEST ARCHITECTURE.—CLASS I.

and capital of pillars; and from this simple hint originally proceeded the more improved art of Architecture." Adopting the historically correct part of this quotation, and allowing the speculation at the end to go for what it is worth, the reader will observe that the inconvenience of these primitive dwellings must have soon become manifest: they not only failed to afford sufficient accommodation for the increase of families, but they offered very indifferent shelter from wind and rain. To remedy these disadvantages was the next step and the enlargement of the capacity of these structures led to the use of more substantial materials. Instead of posts they took whole trunks of trees, and entirely inclosed the site of the intended building, placing them close together either in a horizontal or perpendicular position. Other trees were put over these to form a ceiling, and thus originated log-houses. From the great consumption of wood, it soon became necessary to observe economy in its use, and the perpendicular logs began to be separated by intervals, connected only by horizontal pieces. A similar change was made in those on which the roof rested. The latter were afterward covered with boards and earth, and the openings between the perpendiculars were closed with a mixture of earth and loam,* as in

tion against the weather, were huts half sunk in the ground, with the upper part formed by posts covered with earth and leaves on the outside, and on the inside with the skins of animals which had supplied food for the inhabitants of these structures."—HACK.

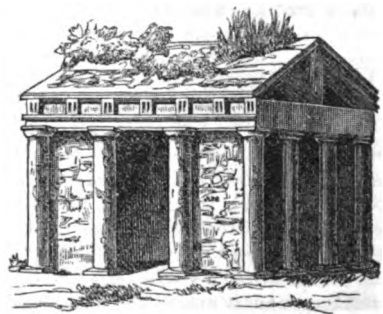
* In many places in Great Britain and Ireland structures not unlike the residences of our primitive forefathers are yet to be found; wicker work being placed between the upright posts and then

the accompanying picture. A structure of this kind was not impervious to water



EARLY ARCHITECTURE.—CLASS II.

from the roof; and in order to avoid leakages, a triangular frame was constructed, to which the boards of the ceiling were attached, as in the annexed picture,



FIRST SLANTING ROOF.

which may be considered the earliest specimen of a *slanting* roof. A building of this description, notwithstanding its rudeness in a scientific point of view, contains all the different parts of a modern building, viz.: a roof composed of rafters, a tier of beams, and posts or supports underneath. Partly in order to protect the lower portion of the posts from the effects of rain, etc., partly from a taste for ornament, the idea was conceived of surrounding the lower part with a few extra boards, or else of setting the post on a support prepared for the purpose, instead of fixing it in the ground and thus originated the *base* of the column. On the other hand, top pieces were laid upon the posts for the better support of the top cross-beams (the *archi-*

plastered over: and sods of tough greensward called *scraes* put upon the roof. Many such buildings, in different parts of Ireland, may be seen to this day.—G.

trave of later buildings), and these top pieces were the germs of the *abacus*, or the blocks surmounting the capitals of columns. To protect the ends of the beams against the rain, a board was fastened to them, in which little gutters were cut to allow the water to run off; thus arose the *triglyphs*. The spaces between the different beams were also filled up, and hence originated the *frieze*. And, finally to carry the water running from the roof clear of the beams, the rafters were made to project beyond the uprights, and a board was fastened to them, which formed that portion of an entablature afterward called the *cornice*.

The mixture of earth and loam, above described, used to fill up the intervals between the different uprights, was soon found to be too frail to protect the inhabitants from the weather, or from the attacks of wild beasts, much less from the assaults of their human foes. They were, therefore, obliged to seek some other material, and they very early began to make use of stones, which were found, almost everywhere, in large quantities. The use of this new material once commenced, in a remarkably short time people began to employ it, not only in their dwellings, but also for making the divisions of their lands; and not only did they manage stones that were easily portable, but large blocks of extraordinary dimensions. Their walls, which were put together without any cement whatever, are known as Cyclopean constructions, and to this day they command our admiration and surprise.

Our engraving, at the head of this article, represents the earliest and simplest mode of building houses of stone. The subject selected, the famous Witch's Grotto, in the neighborhood of Saumur, on the road to Bagnaux, is not the most ancient that might be presented, but it is one of the most perfect I have seen. This style of building, if, in a scientific point of view, it can be called a "style" at all, belongs to that class of more modern Dolmen, and Triliths of Druidical origin, which are to be found scattered over all parts of the old world, and not in a few places in the new. The original ideas of the builders of these Dolmen was, doubtless, to make them temples and altars for

the celebration of religious rites. Tacitus says, speaking of Anglesea, then the center of Druidism in England, that, in those forests there were altars upon which the blood of captives was burned, or rather evaporated, and the Dalmen are such Celtic altars, for upon the majority of them there is a circular depression in which, probably, the blood of the victim was received, and thence flowed away through a groove. In Cornwall there is still a slab, 85 feet in length, 19 feet in breadth, and 15 feet in thickness, which is laid over two natural rocks, and in which there are several such depressions, the largest of which is more than 6 feet in diameter. Some have supposed these depressions to be the work of chance, but more than two hundred monuments of the kind remain, and it is not likely that the same chance would have affected them all. But my present object is not to investigate or write about the religious rites and ceremonies of the ancient peoples, (though I have the materials and may touch that subject by and bye.) I must now steer clear of speculation, and confine myself to the progressive developments of the art of Architecture.

The grotto represented in our chief engraving is still well preserved and surrounded by trees. The entrance on the south-east side, is formed by two stones standing the usual width of a door apart. These stones, as well as all those that support the upper slabs, are about 7 feet high, and their thickness varies from 7 to 21 inches. The exterior breadth of the house, for house it may be called, is nearly 15 feet, and the long sides are each composed of four stones, together about 52 feet in length. In the rear, a single stone, 21 feet long, extending far beyond both side walls, forms the end. All the stones, excepting the two front ones, which form the door, and stand perpendicularly, are inclined inward at the top. The ceiling, or roof, consists of four stones, the largest of which is 22 feet long, 19 feet broad and 8 feet thick. The slab is rent lengthwise and supported by an upright stone in the center.

A glance at the massive material of such a structure as this, will be sufficient to show that the operative masons of

this remote period of rude architecture accomplished, in an eminent degree, what they sought to effect—a residence more secure against the fury of the elements, the attacks of wild beasts, and the assaults of savage men, than the half-mud-built huts which we have described.

The next step in the improvement of this class of buildings was their division into apartments separated one from the other, not unlike the chambers in our own houses of the present day. The best specimen of this class, that I have seen any account of, is the Grotto near



GROTTO NEAR ESSE.

Esse, not very far distant from Rennes. The above is an excellent picture of it. In exterior, its style resembles the Witch's Grotto, before described. Its length is more than 57 feet, and it is divided into two chambers, one much smaller than the other. The smaller one serves as a kind of vestibule, and is about 18 feet long by 8 feet broad, entirely open in front, and lying toward the southeast. A passage between two stones, leads into the chief grotto, which is broader than the first room, being 11 feet in front and 12 in the rear. On one of the walls, which is only a continuation of the wall of the first room, the stones project on the inside, forming, as it were, small chapels. The rear wall of the grotto consists of a single stone, and the ceiling of nine slabs, some of which are six feet thick.

Almost all the earliest strongholds were surrounded by walls of immense strength and durability, built of massive blocks of stone of extraordinary dimensions. At a later period the interstices between the larger blocks were filled up with smaller stones, and gradually the stones were hewn square, and good workmanlike walls were constructed. The entrances at this period were mostly pyramidal-form, and in some we can trace rudiments

of towers of defense. This form of construction passed through various phases of development, into the regular bound masonry or construction with rectangular blocks of stone; but for the superstructure polygonal blocks, or rectangular ones with beveled edges, were retained through almost all periods. The bound masonry was in time superseded by brick work. We find, then, in ancient times, the following modes of constructions, viz.:

- I. The irregular work, *opus incertum*, constructed of stones of various shapes, but of about the same size, and cemented with mortar.
- II. Flat square work, *opus quadratum*, of the Greeks, where the surfaces of all the stones were of equal size, and rectangular.
- III. The faceted square work, as in the Forum of Augustus, where the faces of the square blocks project, the edges being beveled off; the joints are thus sunk in.
- IV. The net-work, *opus reticulatum*, where only the corner blocks are laid horizontally, all the others being set diagonally.
- V. Brick work in even courses, *opus isodomum*, where all the courses were of the same thickness.
- VI. Brick work in uneven courses, *opus pseudisodomum*, where thick and thin courses alternate.

In constructing very thick walls, the two outer faces only were laid symmetrically, the space between being filled up with mortar and small stones; such walls

were called filled walls, *emplecton*, and of these there were three different kinds :

- I. Where the two faces were built without any connection, and the space between them is filled up.
- II. Where the bricks in the faces are laid alternately as headers and stretchers, thus affording a firmer connection of the two faces by the alternate bricks from each side projecting into the rubbish between them.
- III. Where some of the bricks are stretched through both faces of the wall. Walls of this description are even constructed nowadays, but they ought always to be considered as very inferior work.

Having thus glanced, as it were, at the rules which governed the labors of the operative mason in the early ages of rude architecture, and traced step by step the improvements which each period exhibited over the former, we are now brought to see the masons' art in the grandeur of its proportions—the admiration and wonder of all succeeding ages. The most interesting specimens, and the most important to the masonic student and antiquarian, on account of their most remote antiquity, are to be found in the

ANCIENT HINDOO ARCHITECTURE—B. C. 2500 YEARS.

Probably the most ancient architecture that exhibits regular architectonical moldings, is the HINDOO. It is remarkable for its well-defined character, for the distinct ground plan of its temples, and for three different orders of pillars. As its leading features arose from the peculiarity of climate and situation, it has rarely been introduced into any other country.

Impressed with the idea that the worship of an eternal religion should be conducted in imperishable temples, and in order to insure their being both airy and cool, the Hindoos constructed and excavated these edifices in the rocks. The temples at Tintali, Dasavatara, and the grotto palace of Siva, near Ellora, number among the most ancient. They are all constructed in the following manner :

The entire temple being under ground, the ceilings are supported by pillars of three different sizes and forms, of various thicknesses, and more or less finished and elaborated. Some temples are so deep below the surface, as to require two tiers of pillars, one above the other, as in the

grotto temple of Indra Sabah at Ellora. All these pillars are entirely different from those in the Nubian and Egyptian temples. The temples receive no light except through the openings in front. The large pillars, or those of the first order, are square and plain, and from three to five and a half diameters in height. A few small fillets form a kind of base, and a fillet on the top constitutes a capital, upon which rests a sort of cornice, divided into three stripes, and running from pillar to pillar. The higher pillars are of an octagonal form. Their base is composed of regular moldings, and they have caps consisting of a fillet and torus, similar to the astragal of the Doric order, and probably its prototype, as it is supposed that the construction was introduced into the island of Crete from India, where the Indian cap was rounded to suit the round column. Similar pillars are found in the interior of the temple of Wisna Karma at Ellora, and as supporters of the ceiling of the Kailasa near Ellora, as well as in the grotto temple of Indra Sabah. This remarkable palace is 247 feet long, by 150 feet wide; and its height, in the clear, divided by two tiers of pillars, is 47 feet. Some of the walls are supported by elephants cut out of very hard stone.

The pillars of the second order have a very high base (*pedestal*), and a square cap. Those of the third order have a base composed of regular moldings, and a round cap formed of a double torus, divided by a fillet. Above the cap is an echinus, similar to the Doric cap, and above that a small slab which supports a cornice.

According to the different forms of pillars, Hindoo Architecture, in general, is divided into several periods, characterized in the following manner:—

First—The Plain style.

Second—The Decorative style.

Third—The Elegant style.

Fourth—The Meretricious style.

The buildings of Tintali and Dasavatara, near Ellora, and the pyramidal temple, Visvisor, near Benares, a Buddhistic building, belong to the first period.

The Grotto Temple of Siva, and the Temple of Wisna Karmah, (the Heavenly

Architect), both at Ellora, are specimens of the style of the second period.

The Indra Temple at Ellora, and the Grotto Temple on the island of Elephanta, belong to the third period.

Temples, the outer walls of which are decorated in an architectural style, belong to the same period, as for instance, the grotto temple at Kailasa. This temple, which is dedicated to the god Indra, is considered the finest architectural monument in Ellora. It is wrought out of a single piece of rock, without any joints, and consists of three different portions.

I. The Entrance Hall, with two wings.

II. The chapel of Nundi.

III. The main Temple.

The entrance hall, which begins at the termination of the exterior courtyard, is wrought in the form of a screen, with two wings. It is situated on the west side at the lowest part of the hill, which rises from 47 to 104 feet in height. The excavation is 247 feet long, by 150 feet wide. The space outside the entrance is 88 feet long by 188 feet wide. This hall is adorned with pilasters. The interior contains five different rooms, three of which are situated one behind the other, and form a passage to which two large rooms are attached, one on each side. All three rooms are decorated with sculptures. Staircases lead to the upper floor, which has windows on both sides. This floor, by means of a bridge cut in the rocks, communicates with the temple of Nundi, (the bull of Siva,) which forms a square of 16 feet on each side. A door in the rear wall opens upon a second bridge, 21 feet by 23, leading to the main temple, which is 90 feet high. The entrance to the main temple is formed by a portico with two porches, leading to a peristyle, which communicates by staircases with the lower courtyard. The peristyle is 18 feet long by 15 feet 2 inches wide, and 17 feet high. Four steps lead to the main temple hall, which is 61 feet long, by 55 feet wide, and 17 feet 10 inches high. The ceiling of this hall is supported by 16 pillars. Two porches, one on each side of the hall, mark the approach to bridges, forming a connection with the main rock, in which the private rooms of the priests were built. Opposite the main entrance another portico leads to

the sanctuary, which contain the statues of Indra and Lingam. Small doors on both sides of this portico open on a terrace surrounding the sanctuary, and communicating with five chapels of different sizes, two of them projecting on the sides, and three in rear of the temple. The height of the temple above the terrace is 50 feet. The courtyard which surrounds the temple contains a peristyle of pillars, in some places in two tiers. Near the bridge which leads from the entrance to the temple of Nundi, are two colossal elephants, probably the *leaders* of those placed in the lower temple, apparently supporting it. Behind the elephants, ten feet from the smaller temple, stand two obelisks, 38 feet high, and 7 feet wide at the top, by 11 at the base. They are supposed to have supported lions.

Arungzebe attempted to destroy these temples, by surrounding them with fire and causing water to be poured on the burning rocks, but the injury done was only partial, and in some places even the paintings on the walls have not been affected.

Almost all temples of this description are cut out of a single rock. The most remarkable are at Mavalipuram, in the province of Mysore, called the seven pagodas, the smallest of which, decorated inside and outside with inscriptions illegible even to the Brahmins, is 24 feet high by 12 feet wide. To the second pagoda is attached a gallery formed by two tiers of columns. The columns in one tier rest upon bases composed of lions lying upon a double plinth, and the caps are formed by equestrian statues which support the architrave. These pagodas are estimated by the Brahmins to be 4800 years old.

The fourth period is that of *pagodas*, when no more rock-cut temples were constructed. The pagodas are overloaded with ornaments and grotesque sculptures, and are remarkable for their arrangement, as well as for the highly elaborated metallic work attached to them. The most important is found at Chalembaram, dedicated to the God Vishnu.

For the better understanding of the ancient Hindoo Temple Architecture, I annex a general description of the temple district of Chalembaram.

A quadrangle of 1230 feet by 960 is surrounded by a double brick wall 80 feet high and 7 feet thick, faced with freestone slabs, which forms the *peribolus*, or inclosure of the whole of the temple buildings. Each side has an entrance, a pagoda constituting the *pylon* (gateway). The pylon or pagoda is constructed of stone for about 80 feet of its height, the remaining 120 feet being built of brickwork, anchored with copper clamps and plastered with cement. The ornaments of the brickwork, on the upper part are in better preservation than those cut in the stone.

The pagoda forms a passage to the court of the temples. On each side of the passage stands a column, resting upon a base molded into the figure of a lion, the capitals of which are connected by a stone chain cut out of the same piece with the columns, composed of 29 movable links, each 82 inches in circumference; and consequently the block from which the two columns and the chain were cut must have been about 60 feet long. A staircase in the pagoda leads to the top.

About one third of the court of temples is portioned off by a wall into a quadrangular space, which contains three dark cells connected together, the stone ceilings of which are connected, all decorated with sculptures. The largest cell contains an image of Vishnu, to whom it is consecrated. In front of this smaller court is situated the pool of purification* where both sexes bathe.

The main temple, with a portico bordered on either side by three rows of columns, six in each row, which are covered by sculptures, and whose capitals are very similar to the ancient Ionic, which were probably borrowed from them, is located on the right hand side, in the fore part of the courtyard, and surrounded by various colonnades. It is composed of the *pronaos* or ante-nave, the main nave and the sanctuary, which contains a picture of the bull Nimdi, and also a statue of Parvati, the consort of Vishnu. The situation of this statue gives rise to

the supposition that this temple was consecrated to that goddess. On the left of the temple is a colonnade of one hundred columns, covered with a stone ceiling, leading to a small dark building on the opposite side, designed for the use of the priests. At the left of the pool of purification stands the Temple of Eternity, surrounded by 1000 monolithic columns, 30 feet high, with a ceiling partly of stone and partly of cemented bricks. This colonnade, one of the most remarkable constructions in existence, is 360 feet long by 210 wide, and offered to the three thousand priests, who passed here almost all their time, a cool and airy promenade at all hours of the day and night. The temple itself is small; it contains an ante-nave and a main nave, with a plain altar covered with gold leaf. The inscriptions upon the walls are entirely unintelligible, even to the Brahmins, at this day.

There is much difference of opinion as to the age of the ancient Hindoo buildings. From a careful examination of the different theories on the subject, I am inclined to place it about 2500 years before the birth of Christ.

Examining these wonderful monuments of the genius and skill of our operative brethren in those remote ages of antiquity, the speculative mason has the most ample field for investigation and study—for the contemplation and admiration of the glorious Master Builder of the heavens and the earth, by whose fiat weak, feeble man, the dust of the earth, is endowed with intelligence to design, and strength to execute, such awe-inspiring works.

The architecture of the Egyptians will form the subject matter of my next communication.—G.

“WHY is it,” asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, “that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?” “I suppose,” said the Switzer, “that both fight for what they most lack.”

WITH love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors.

WE have generally observed that a man is most apt to abuse his native country, when he is a fugitive from her justice,

*The mystic use of the pool of purification, which corresponded with the ante-room of the temples of speculative masonry of the present day, will be apparent to your readers.—G.

VARIETIES.

KEEP THE BRAIN FALLOW IN CHILDHOOD.—When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity, is incalculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all is its surest implement.

PICKLED BEET ROOT.—There are several species of beet root, which are used for different purposes. The white Sicilian beet, from yielding most saccharine matter, is, according to Burnett, chiefly cultivated in France for the manufacture of sugar and spirit. Another kind of beet is grown extensively by farmers, called "mangel wurzel," which translated means "famine's root," but which more properly should have a name indicative of "plenty," for many of the roots weigh twenty, thirty, and even sixty pounds each. But we have to speak of the red beet, the *beta vulgaris rubra* of the botanists; and the only thing we could desire respecting this

plant is, that it might in reality be what the botanists term it, "*vulgaris*," or common, for a more nutritious esculent could scarcely be found when properly cooked; that is, boiled from one and a half to two and a half hours, according to its size. To pickle beet roots, boil them till three parts done; then, when cold, peel them and cut them into thin slices; put the cut slices into a jar, and pour on them hot spiced vinegar, sufficient to cover the whole. After they have stood a month, ask us to come and take bread and cheese with you; put the pickled beet on the table, and there will then be a supper "fit for a king."

HOW SLEEPERS IN CHURCH WERE TREATED IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Mr. Edmund Quincy, at the Dedham tree planting, gave a graphic account of the ancient custom of appointing tithing-men in the churches, to be a terror to delinquents, who were consigned to penitence and tribulation on the pulpit stairs. The tithing-man, as a badge of his office, carried a long staff, on one end of which was a fox's tail, and on the other a formidable knot, and it was his province, when any of the congregation indulged in somnolence—which they did sometimes then, though such faults are now not known in our day—to walk stealthily along to where the slumberer was sitting, and, if a female, tickle her nose with the fox's tail, and if a male, give him a pretty smart pat on the head with the knob of his official baton. The method was very efficacious in restoring the sleepers to their propriety. No such severity is now needed, the progress of the times having extracted poppies from the sermon, and removed the necessity for tithing-men.

WORLDLY joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is an evergreen—an unfading plant.

A MAN who marries a frivolous, showy woman, fancies he has hung a trinket round his neck, but he soon finds it a mill-stone.

THOSE who come last seem to enter with advantage. They are born to the wealth of antiquity.

Record and Review for the Month.

REVIEW OF DR. MITCHELL'S HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE resume our review of this the latest History of Freemasonry extant. We commence by giving extracts, by which Dr. Mitchell endeavors to prove that Solomon, King of Israel, was the founder of masonry. After informing his readers that great labor and time is necessary for a proper acquaintance with the well-defined traditions of masonry, he says:

"We here state, as our opinion, that God is the author of masonry. Start not, reader; we do not mean to say that the Great Jehovah condescended to form lodges, and preside in their midst, but we do mean to say that it was the result of a divine gift, as we shall presently attempt to show." * * *

"When Solomon was called to the throne of Israel, there were a number of secret societies in successful operation, all professing to teach the wonderful mysteries of nature, the miraculous power of certain gods, and the teaching of their initiates how to escape all evils in this and the world to come. When we shall come to speak of these societies, the caverns, and incantations, and ceremonies, every mason will see that there is no shadow of resemblance between them and masonry; but such was the regard entertained by the Egyptians for them, and such the estimate placed upon admission to their honors, that few men lived without the hope of entering this secret society." * * * To counteract the effect of this, could a better method have been devised than the establishment of a new secret society, clothed with all the paraphernalia of secret ceremonies, signs and symbols which masonry has ever used? We wish not to be misunderstood; we do not believe that this was all that was to be effected by masonry. Nor do we say that tradition tells us that it was created for this purpose at all. But we do say that the teachings of masonry, instead of inculcating a belief in the power and miraculous influence of heathen gods, laid the foundation of a knowledge of that God and that religion which could alone enlighten the mind, and point to a glorious immortality."

From the foregoing extracts will be gathered the date of, as well as the reason for, the organization of the Masonic Institution. To them our author adds the following:

"We say we must fix its origin at the erection of the Temple, because all masonic traditions go to and not beyond that period of time. There is not an Ancient Craft Degree that does not point to the Temple; there is not a lecture that does not go back to the Temple; there is not a ceremony that does not lead the mind to that beloved spot. King Solomon was our first great teacher. He it was who conceived the plan, and brought the beautiful system into being; and, while the excellent lessons taught by masonry would be just

the same, we repeat that if the Institution took its origin anywhere else, all the forms, ceremonies and reasons for their use are false, and should be indignantly rejected."

Having thus shown the reasons for his belief, our author speculates as to the fate of masonry should it be proven to have existed before the time of Solomon:

"We tremble at the judgment of an enlightened community, if you prove that masonry existed at a period when no traces of its good works can be shown, or at a period when every secret association of which we have any account, was strictly idolatrous, and, as we believe, in every essential particular, save the account of the Flood, directly at war with our holy religion and the laws of God. Prove to the well-informed historian that masonry existed before the days of Solomon and after the Flood, and he will be bound to declare that it was a heathen institution in all its original designs."

Thus Dr. Mitchell convinces himself that masonry had its origin at the building of the Temple of Solomon. He argues that this must be true, because Freemasonry illustrates certain ideas conceived, and projects completed, by Solomon at that time, and that it perpetuates the mode of carrying out these ideas, and consummating those projects. Because masonry gives us, in its teachings, no detail or notice of any erection before or after the Temple of Solomon, the date of the Institution must necessarily be fixed at that time, and Solomon, King, be fixed as its originator. We do not think the premises bear out these conclusions, by any means. An active mind, like our brother, Dr. Mitchell's, can see "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and, therefore, it does not surprise us, this his pointing with the directness of a fingerpost to the evident intention of masonry, the time of its birth, and the man who, in his own person, was at once the lawgiver and instrument of its teachings and practice; but it does surprise us to find him believing, with such fullness and force, his own speculations, and denying those of everybody else.

The account of the erection of Solomon's Temple is plainly set forth in the Books of Kings and Chronicles, with a directness and particularity that does not ob-

tain in the description of any other erection or edifice described in the Books of the Old Testament. This is a fact that may not have been noticed by Bro. Mitchell. Neither data, as to time, object, materials, size, shape, ornaments, adornments, details of erection, completion, or dedication (consecration), are given regarding any edifice spoken of in the Books of the Old or New Testaments, from Genesis to Revelations. Is it impossible that this discovery, if such it may be called, was not made by those who, hundreds of years after Solomon and his Temple both had passed away, we believe put masonry into, if not the shape we have it, into a shape to suit their requirements? If there was any thing in our traditions or chronicles that can not be found in the books of the law and history of the Jewish nation mentioned, then we would be inclined, perhaps, to doubt the correctness of our speculation; but, fortunately for it, such is not the case. Brother Mitchell would imply that we have other sources of knowledge than the Bible—"sacred and unerring traditions," he calls them—whereto to look for our information; and these he holds as something which has had no other receptacle of retention, or vehicle of conveyance, than the minds of succeeding generations of men, for twenty-five hundred years—thus tacitly ignoring the real vehicle by which the knowledge has been conveyed to us. But this we do now, as we did, in our former paper, deny the ingenuousness of, and reiterate the fact that to the Bible is masonry entirely indebted for the body of its traditions, and account of the erection of the Temple of Solomon.

The chief object aimed at by our author, in endeavoring to prove that masonry is indebted to Solomon as its progenitor, and his temple for its origin, is, that it was not the size of that temple, but its magnificence and perfection of workmanship, that challenged the admiration of the world. This is a tolerably artful "lay," although of little force. We have evidences numerous of the perfect masonry or stone-cutting and joining that obtained long antecedent to the erection of the Temple of Solomon. That as good work of this character as the temple exhibited

has been discovered by modern travelers, we have abundant proof: and as to perfection of workmanship, in the display of cunning artificers, we must, without attempting to underrate what did obtain, acknowledge there was nothing to compete with the most clumsy attempts of our own day. We have no evidence that there was any man who wrought upon the temple more skillful than Hiram the widow's son, and yet we question whether he could make so common a thing at the present day as a bull's-eye watch. That so cunning a piece of mechanism had place in or about the temple we deny, and yet there was no end or limit to the gold and precious stones and metals worked up. The richness of the temple is no gauge of the excellence or cunning of the workmanship, but rather of the costliness of the material. A man may have several yards of the most expensive fabric, yea, even cloth of gold, if there ever was such a web, swathed about his person, and no credit would result to the tailor's craft, nor would the idea be produced that a vast number or even one of these useful operatives was employed to clothe him. We do not doubt that 186,000 men were employed in the erection of a house one hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred feet broad, because the Bible says so; but our astonishment is great, and credulity severely taxed, when we endeavor to ascertain what all found to do. To change the Hudibrastic couplet a trifle—

"The thing itself was neither new nor rare,
The wonder was what "all" were doing there."

And if the having a great many hands to do a little work, and the wisdom necessary to control and keep so great a number of men from being in each others way was worthy of perpetuation by the invention of masonry, then we will acknowledge that so wonderful a thing ought to be perpetuated. But our author does not admit that Solomon's wisdom was vouchsafed for this purpose; for he very pertinently asks:

"Can any one suppose that God gave Solomon superior wisdom for no other purpose than the erection of the Temple? We think not. We can not conceive of an extraordinary exercise of infinite power for the accomplishment of a finite end only; but we are forcibly driven to the conclusion, that the great end to be obtained by that king, called of God, was to elevate the standard

of moral excellence by all means calculated to impress the mind of man with the belief of his immortality and dependence upon his great Creator."

If this was the fact, it is most unfortunate that this bright exemplar should so soon fall away from the faith delivered to him, as the Bible history informs us he did. That the erection of the temple was the only object of Solomon's gift of wisdom, it is not reasonable to believe; but that shortly after that object was accomplished, Solomon's wisdom began to wane, and very sensibly diminish, we have the same amount and kind of proof that informs us he ever existed. We read of but few acts of his life betokening the possession of wonderful wisdom thereafter, and none which exhibit that ripening of wisdom naturally attaching to an advance toward the prime of manhood, which we might reasonably expect. On the contrary, when we would naturally expect to find him enjoying the fullness of that gift, in the peaceful happiness of a holy and well-spent life, he has fallen into evil ways, idolatry and lust, and his death is the signal for Israel, instead of mourning him or recognizing his successor, to cry: "Every man to your tents, O Israel! and now, David, see to thine own house."

The proofs of Solomon being the founder of masonry, which rise up around Brother Mitchell on every side, calling for notice, are so numerous that neither he nor ourselves can attend to them all. The most weighty ones, however, he embodies, in numerical order, as follows:

"We have said that Solomon instituted and established masonry, and we now proceed to give some of the reasons which present themselves to our mind, in addition to those which we are not at liberty to publish.* And first, as already stated, all our traditions point to him as its first great founder. Second, he was the first Most Excellent Grand Master of which we have any account. Third, Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abiff, were King Solomon's confidential friends and counsellors; and during the building of the Temple, and until it was nearly completed, these three constituted the *only Master Masons in the world*; from them emanated all the instructions in the degrees—nor were any conferred but by their authority, and the third degree, as now in use, was instituted by King Solomon as well to perpetuate an important event, and transmit to future ages a striking example of unprecedented integrity and moral firmness, as to serve the invaluable purposes contemplated by the great founder of a society whose very elements would be calculated to bind together, in one common union, a band of

brothers in every age. Fourth, Solomon foresaw that if the children of Israel continued in their rebellion against the holy laws of God to do them, their enemies would be let loose upon them, that their city and temple would be sacked and destroyed, and the remnant of the Jews be carried away into captivity, and this too by barbarian force, the delight of whom would be to destroy every vestige of the arts and sciences, and especially the holy law, and all the holy vessels. To guard, as far as God permitted, against this impending evil, Solomon instituted a plan by which a knowledge of the degree which was lost at the building of the temple, a copy of all the holy vessels, a knowledge of the arts and sciences, together with a true copy of the *Book of the Law* given by Moses, were all safely deposited, preserved and transmitted to after generations. Other reasons crowd themselves upon our mind, but, for the present, we pause to inquire the probable weight of these."

A very acceptable recess, truly. Here we have the four reasons. The first is without doubt true, because the traditions, which Bro. Mitchell is not allowed to publish, say so. The second reason is indubitable, because Solomon was the first "Most Excellent Grand Master;" and the third and fourth, for equally cogent reasons, are undeniable. The "traditions" pointing to Solomon as he who founded masonry, are in that capacity mere words, without a shadow of proof beyond the convenient assertions of Bro. Mitchell, who freely gives all he can think as bearing upon the subject, and then implies he could give a great deal more if he was not forbidden by his masonic obligations. It is plainly necessary, in getting up a mystic rite upon which to construct traditions or legends, to have a principal support or hero, to figure at the culminating point or closing act of the drama or story. In the Egyptian mysteries, Osiris is assigned this place. In Scandinavian or northern mysteries, Baldur, surnamed the Good, takes this place. In European masonry, Hiram Abiff takes it. The Bible story of Solomon's connection with Hiram, and the building of the temple, form the groundwork for the last, as the Scandinavian and Egyptian stories of the connection of Balder and Osiris with their cotemporary deities, Frigga and Isis, form the groundwork for the first. To give the story or legend a beginning, a middle, and an end, there must be three degrees or acts, and these again are divided into scenes or sections. More than three degrees or acts are unnecessary, unless, as Bro. Mitchell says, in his fourth reason quoted, provision be made for something that was to

* We should like to know how any thing which he is not at liberty to publish can be a reason.

take place after the author's death. We have no Scripture to prove that Solomon named the 186,000 men who wrought upon the temple as masonry names them, but that he divided them into levies of hewers in the woods and quarries, and that they were susceptible of being so named; and that any one skilled in the getting up of such a drama, could with readiness seize on what is in the Bible, and supply the necessary particulars, is palpable to any one who chose to compare the unwritten with the written, as we have it. So easily could this be done, that not twelve years ago, to our knowledge, that portion of the history which intervened between the loss of a certain individual's life and the completion of the temple, was dextrously wrought into a very neat degree, by a western brother, under the title of the *Eureka Hiatus*, which he conferred upon several brothers as the necessary link which connected these two periods, and as supplying the matter missing. And we venture to say, with more neatness and satisfaction did it fill this void than even Solomon, in all his glory, "anticipated," gifted though he was, to so great a degree, in that way. We will not stop here to inquire or speculate as to whether or not the eminently detailed history of the erection of the temple, or the reasons we have just given, had or had not any bearing upon the minds of those who arranged the masonic degrees, as they existed in 1723, but pass to Bro. Mitchell's second reason, which is that Solomon established masonry "because he was the first Most Excellent Grand Master of which we have any account."

The term *Most Excellent Grand Master* is not to be found in *Ancient Craft Masonry*, and was never used until "higher" degrees were tacked on to the three original ones. If, as Bro. Mitchell says, in his next reason, the two *Hirams* and *Solomon* were the only *Master Masons* in the world at the building of the temple, what made *Solomon*, only one of the three, a *Most Excellent Grand Master*? Where there was so little to divide in the way of honor or distinction, why should there be so ostentatious a division? Would not the title *Grand Master*, or simply *Master*, where he had no competitors but

two—who, according to Brother Mitchell, ought to have been his *Wardens*—be title enough? This affected appending of titles but weakens still more a very weak argument. Had our historian said, "Solomon was the founder of masonry, because our traditions say so," and then left the assertion to lean upon something he could refuse to exhibit, it would be taken for granted that *Solomon* was the first *Freemason*, upon the simple principle that the originator of any order or society is its principal exponent and its head; but why that should make him the first *Most Excellent Grand Master* of masons, when there is no record of there being any other *Most Excellent*, *Excellent*, or even *Grand Master*, for two thousand years afterward, is begging a distinction for that sapient personage that excites neither envy nor admiration, but rather a smile of incredulity akin to contempt.

Dr. Mitchell's third reason is plainly made up out of the whole cloth, in the way of convenient traditions, which he had lying about him. He says, "From *Solomon* and the two *Hirams* emanated all the instructions in the degrees, nor were any conferred but by their authority."

Our authority, the *Scriptures*, do not mention that *Hiram*, the king, ever saw the temple during its erection; and *Anderson*, in his *History of Freemasonry* preceding the *Constitutions of 1723*, says that a tradition informed the *Freemasons* of his time, that *Hiram*, the king, was *Grand Master* of masons until he went up to *Jerusalem* for the first time, to survey the temple, before its consecration, but upon sight of that structure, so great was his admiration thereof, that, in the modern parlance of good fellowship, he "caved" incontinently, and at once tendered *Solomon* his hat. Bro. Mitchell, however, hastens to reject this tradition of *Anderson*. He is not partial, we notice, to traditions which do not assist his own views and speculations. He says:

"The reader will at once see—we mean the mason—the fallacy of this so-called tradition, when he remembers that all our traditions taught in the lodges, represent King *Solomon* as the first *Grand Master*. Indeed, any other view of the subject would produce the most perfect confusion in the Craft, by making the entire traditions an absurdity

or a tissue of nonsense.* The doctrine of the divine origin of masonry would be thrown to the winds, unless, indeed, we should be so credulous as to fall into the views of Dr. Oliver, and say that God taught Freemasonry to Adam in the Garden of Eden. Dr. Anderson, though he styles the story a tradition, evidently does not regard it as coming through an authenticated channel, or he would have recorded it as true; but Dr. Oliver, who, we suppose, gets it from some one of the editions of Anderson, gives it as masonically or historically true. When doctors disagree, how are the unlearned to learn? The truth is, we do not wonder that some of the oldest and best informed masons of the present day, entertain doubts about the good resulting from writing so much about masonry; for it is a melancholy fact that most of the authors tend to lead us deeper and deeper into the mazes of conjecture, doubt and difficulty. For the cure of this evil, we know of but one plan, and the day may come when it will be adopted, viz.: require every man who writes a book for sale, purporting to give the history of masonry, to exhibit the work and lectures, and prove thereby that his history agrees with the well-defined traditions, as taught in them; then, and not till then, will the young mason be able to lay hold of a work upon which he may safely rely for correct information. For the present, we can only recommend him to acquire a knowledge of the lectures, and, in reading history, to reject all which does not conform to the traditions taught in the lodges; for it will be found that they, when properly understood, are inconsistent with no principle of common sense, but constitute, as a whole, a beautiful illustration of the catholic or universal religion, as taught in the lives of the apostles and prophets."†

Here we have a clashing of testimony very mystifying, the whole of which Dr. Mitchell says can be at once reconciled and cleared up by a proper study of the lectures. We may here ask, which arrangement of the lectures does he refer to? for it is well known that the lectures in scarcely three Masonic States of this Union are alike, and not one of the whole thirty-five but will tell you that they have the correct work. Go to Rhode Island from Kentucky, and you will scarcely recognize the fact that you are in a masonic lodge, so great are the discrepancies between the works and lectures of these two jurisdictions. But because a mason is old, according to Dr. Mitchell, he must necessarily be best informed. If age, in every case, necessarily implied corresponding knowledge, we would freely admit the force of the conjunction; but, unfortunately for the senile boasters, in all cases it does not. Solomon exhibited

the zenith of his wisdom before he became old; and the context of this sentence of Bro. Mitchell—viz.: that "most of the masonic authors tend to lead us deeper and deeper in the mazes of conjecture, doubt and difficulty"—we subscribe to with great heartiness, the work before us, so far as reviewed, not proving an exception, but rather a valuable case in point.

The fourth and, of this class, the last reason of our author for making Solomon the founder of masonry, as exhibited in our extract, in its first sentence, corresponds badly with the closing career of that renowned king. Solomon foresaw that rebellion to God—by which, we presume, is meant falling into sin, and idolatry, and general wickedness—would provoke Him beyond endurance, and the chastisement to follow would embody the destruction of those most beautiful and holy things which he was at so great expense to collect; and yet this very sin and violation of God's known commands, Solomon himself was the first to plunge into. His providing so carefully for the preservation and transmission to after generations of a knowledge of the vessels of the temple, and the arts and sciences displayed in the building thereof, reminds us of the care exhibited by our forefathers when, as was the custom fifty years ago, they arranged their business to have a jolly good drunk, and a high old time generally—a gratification which, we are credibly informed, this wise king enjoyed in the greatest abundance.

But our author, in addition to the foregoing reasons, is crowded with others, which he must leave to inquire into the probable weight of those. This is a task, we think, of small difficulty, yet he approaches it as warily as if it was a steel trap, cunningly "set" among straw, and having found it, without, as he believes, permitting it to snap upon him, bears it off in triumph. Hear him:

"We here repeat, that the clearly defined traditions of the Craft unequivocally teach all that we have written above. Then is it not remarkable that if masonry existed before the days of Solomon, some one of its traditions do not point to the time, place or persons engaged in its practice? Is it not strange that Solomon is reputed as the first Grand Master, if masonry existed in the Antediluvian age, or in the days of Noah, Enoch, etc.? For if, down to the time of Solomon, masonry had been in existence, how comes it that at the time

* An arrangement which we, for one, would delight to honor, as then we would have some hope of getting at the truth. But as long as every man can make up traditions to bear out his own speculations, and claim masonic immunity therefor, that point will remain unreachd, and forever beyond us.

† To bear out his pronunciamento that masonry has nothing to do with the Christian religion, Dr. M. ought, after the word "prophets," to have added, or of any thing else.

of the building of the temple, Solomon and the two Hiram were for several years the first Master Masons in the world? Can it be believed that masonry existed for ages before, and yet, at the period of which we speak, but three could be found, even admitting our traditions to be silent as to their being the first? Will not the well-informed mason, who adopts the opinion that masonry has existed in all ages, marvel that when the degree of Master Mason was lost, because of the peculiar condition in which Solomon and Hiram of Tyre had voluntarily placed themselves, that none others could be found upon the broad spread earth who were not so situated, but that it was necessary it should remain buried to the world for the space of four hundred and seventy years? But, say these lovers of extreme antiquity, masonry was remodelled by King Solomon, and assumed a new form at the building of the temple. To this we have only to answer, that, while we can not absolutely prove that masonry did not previously exist, we are driven to the conclusion, that if masonry was remodelled by King Solomon, it was so done as to leave no traces of its previous existence, in any form whatever; for no man ever has, nor is it likely ever will, furnish one jot or tittle of testimony that masonry at the temple owed its existence to, or had any connection with, any secret association of previous existence. We, therefore, marvel that the man has ever been found to hazard his reputation by saying that masonry, as a society, is coeval with man, when this opinion is sustained alone by the supposition that its principles are such as must have been more or less in use in all ages. Nor have we ever been able to appreciate the desire of these men so tenaciously to adhere to this flimsy doctrine of extreme antiquity. We admit that masonry is endeared to our hearts by having a head made venerable by long ages; and we glory in the remembrance that it triumphantly marched through countless revolutions, and nobly withstood the crush and ruin of kingdom after kingdom, empire after empire, and still lives and shines upon earth as a star does in bright glory. We say we rejoice in this, because it furnishes evidence, not easily rejected, that an all-wise and overruling Providence has shielded and protected it from the pelting of the pitiless storms that have been hurled against its bulwarks. But what need we more? Need we break through the barriers of truth, and trace its genealogies through the dark vista of time, until the very imagination is lost in the flitting clouds of other times and other worlds? Must the gray hairs, which have adorned its noble brow for more than twenty-eight hundred years, be silvered over with a few hundred generations more, in order to gratify our propensity for the marvelous, and thus attach us to the Order? For ourselves, we see not the necessity nor an apology for such a course."

How artfully is all this put together! He repeats that Masonry clearly teaches the four reasons for Solomon being its founder, which he has given, and then solicits proof to the contrary. He asserts that Solomon is reputed to be the first Grand Master, which could not be the case if the antediluvian worthies knew any thing about Masonry. And then, taking it for assertion by his imaginary opponent in this dispute that Masonry had been practiced previous to Solomon's time, he inquires how, in that event, could the two Hiram's and Solomon have been for several years (a very indefinite number) the only Master

Masons in the world? In the next sentence, he invalidates this inquiry and his third reason alike, by admitting that neither the traditions nor any thing else establish it. And, this being admitted, he appeals to the "well-informed" mason—by which he means that mason who has heard the legend oftener than others who have not heard it as often—to marvel that when the "Master's degree" was lost because of certain peculiarities, none should be found upon the "broad spread earth," who were not so situated, etc., and the said "degree" should remain lost for four hundred and seventy years!

Bro. Mitchell feels quite safe in making Solomon the founder of Masonry, but to give it a year before or a year after the erection of the temple as the date of its present organization, would be heresy of the darkest shade. The "sacred and unerring traditions" are his authority, although these traditions differ from his deductions therefrom largely. He treats with contempt Anderson's, Preston's, and Oliver's histories of the origin of Freemasonry, as well as all others which have preceded his own. These brethren fell into the error that because the principles of the order are coeval with the history of mankind, the institution itself was as ancient; yet they did not pretend to fix the exact time the organization of Grand Master, etc., down to Entered Apprentice was arranged. Not so, however, with Dr. Mitchell. He knows the very year; and speculation, with him, resolves itself into fact incontrovertible, to govern all who may be in doubt!

The idea that is conveyed by our lectures, viz.: that Masonry is a system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, does not seem to strike him as having any bearing upon its origin or as fixing that origin at a later or earlier period than the erection of the temple by Solomon. No, no. There is no doubt that Solomon arranged the whole matter and manner, from the twenty-four inch gauge of the Entered Apprentice to the pick and crow of the Royal Arch; leastwise, if he did not attend to this last arrangement in person, he left all things in condition to have it arranged just as he designed. No one who succeeded him a couple of thousand

years could have read his story, and those in the neighborhood of it, and, with the knowledge patent of other societies, from the earliest Hindoo mythology and religious rites down to their own time, to govern them, arrange a system in which the great event of King Solomon's reign should form the groundwork and principal support of the fabric; and, with the tools necessary alike in the erection of this temple and of all other buildings of just proportions which preceded or succeeded it, veil that system in allegory and illustrate it by these symbols. Oh, no! That would be utterly and in the nature of the traditions impossible. Verily, what castle-builders we all are, and what stupid results are the fruits of our most searching thoughts and profound investigations.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMICAL DISPOSITION OF THE HUMAN BODY.—The Egyptians, at a very early period of their history, placed the various parts of the body under the Zodiacal signs. Thus, "the hair belonged to the moon, the celestial Nile, the god of the primitive waters, and father of the gods; the head to the sun; the eyes to Venus; the ears to Macedo, a god represented with the head of a jackall, the guardian of the tropics; the right temple to the stars; the left temple to the living spirit; the nose and lips to Anubis; the teeth to Selk; the beard to Macedo; the neck to Isis; the arms to Osiris; the knees to Neith; the elbows to Ord; the back to Sisho; the thighs to Bal Hor; the legs to Netpe; the feet to Phtha; the fingers to Uræi, or all the goddesses." (Spineto, Hier. p. 318.) The above appropriation is Egyptian; but the same thing, how absurd soever it may be deemed, was practiced in this country down to the beginning of the present century; as may be evidenced by the *Vox Stellarum*, or any other almanac of that period, under the head of "The Anatomy."

THE SIGNS, WORDS, AND TOKENS.—I am inclined to think that the Ark, Mark, and some others, including what are now termed "the veils," as well as the Link,

were all preparatory to the Royal Arch, at its first establishment, forming a series of degrees connected with Jewish or sacred history; while the three blue degrees formed another series, connecting the Jews and Gentiles. I suspect also, that in the Jewish series alluded to, it was customary to make the word and token of an inferior degree the password and pass-token to the next superior one; and as the gradation was not by any means uniform, the signs, words, and tokens became in the end inextricably confused.—*Oliver.*

THE best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

"COMMITTEES OF MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE."

THERE is no subject that has occupied the attention of the Grand Lodges of the United States for some few years past, more prominent and continuously, than that of Masonic Law. Like the rod of the Patriarch of old, it has swallowed up every other; and scarcely a Grand Lodge in the country can hold a session now without the appointment of a "Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence," and said committee generally find their hands full of business.

It is only very recently that the discovery has been made that the ancient charges and the General Regulations of the Order, are unsuited to the Masonic wants of the age; and in the progressive spirit of Young American Masonic go-a-headativeness, the cords of masonic law must be lengthened, and the stakes of masonic law must be strengthened. "Remove not the landmarks which thy fathers have set," is a warning little heeded by our would-be Cokes and Blackstones of Masonic jurisprudence.

A distinguished writer on the laws of England says, "Every man ought to know enough of the law to enable him to keep clear of the law"—that is to know his responsibilities, his rights, and his duties in society. And just so with the members of the Masonic Order. Every Freemason should know enough of masonic

law to enable him to understand his masonic responsibilities to his lodge, and to the Craft in general, his rights as a member of the Fraternity, and his duties to God, to his neighbor, and to himself. *Talia si jungere possis, sit tibi scire satis.* This is all the masonic law that any Freemason requires; and we believe he will find it fully and plainly laid down in the written charges and regulations of the Institution. His duties to God and to religion he will find in the ancient charges. Here, also, will he find his duties to his lodge and to civil society. His behavior in the lodge and out of the lodge, in the presence of his Masonic Brethren, and of strangers who are not Masons, as well as in his neighborhood and at home, he may learn here.

The entire written law of Masonry is comprised in these charges and regulations, and the ambitious Craftsman who attempts to establish a *better code*, will find that he has undertaken a task which he can never satisfactorily accomplish.

It may be asked, "If the ancient charges and general regulations" of the Order are such a *perfect digest of masonic law*, how is it that such lamentable ignorance of the subject prevails everywhere among the Fraternity? How is it, if the duties and responsibilities and rights of the Brethren are so plainly taught and so fully inculcated, that so few members of the Institution are acquainted with them? How is it, if masonic law be such a clear and easily understood thing, and a knowledge of it acquired with so little trouble, that there should be any *necessity* at all for "committees" to determine and "*decide*" what it is?

To these questions we reply that the "lamentable ignorance" of masonic law that prevails everywhere among the Fraternity, and we can not deny it, is owing to the culpable neglect of *Grand Lodges*, which fail to discharge the high and important duties that the Institution itself imposes upon them, which the landmarks and usages of the Order require of them, and which they voluntarily assume at their organization. A few words about these duties and the manner in which they are neglected. By well established and universally received usage, a *Grand Lodge* is obliged to adopt for the government of its subordinates and the management of

its concerns, a *Book of Constitutions*, containing the written charges, orders, laws, regulations, usages, and landmarks of the Fraternity. It is the duty of the *Grand Lodge* to supply each subordinate lodge under its jurisdiction, with this *Book of Constitutions*. It is, further, the duty of the *Grand Master* to see that the *Master*, *Wardens*, and members of subordinate lodges under his jurisdiction, *learn* and *know* their duties, responsibilities and rights; for, by the twentieth General Regulation, "The *Grand Master*, with his *Deputy* and *Wardens*, *shall* (at least once) go round and visit all the lodges within his jurisdiction, during his *Mastership*." The object of this visit, which is of course an official one, is to see that the *Master* of the lodge understand the constitution and regulations, and read them to the Craft as he is bound to do by his obligation at installation, that none may plead ignorance of the teachings they contain. Looking over the addresses of the *Grand Masters* to their *Grand Lodges* every year, we find this wholesome masonic law practically more honored in its breach than its observance. A majority of *Grand Masters* can not spare time from their ordinary avocations to devote to visiting the lodges, except a very few in their immediate neighborhood; and their reports of the lodges they do visit are in *general terms*, and usually complimentary. In most cases the visit, we hesitate not to say, is *not such a visit as it ought to be*—is not such an one as is pointed out above. Hence the cause of the ignorance of masonic law and usage, so apparent in members of the older lodges. The *Grand Lodges* are responsible, in a *greater degree*, for the ignorance of the members of new lodges.

Most of our readers are acquainted, to some extent, with the manner in which new lodges are started in the United States. A constitutional number of Brethren draw up a petition, in which they assign their reasons for wishing their prayer granted. They nominate in the petition the Brethren whom they wish to have appointed *Master* and *Wardens*, and then they get a recommendation from the nearest lodge. Thus constitutionally provided with the required masonic documents, and the *dispensation fee* forms no

insignificant part of them, application is at once made to the Grand Master or his deputy, and a Dispensation issued authorizing the applicants to open and hold a lodge, and to enter, pass, and raise Freemasons. According to the general usages of the Grand Lodges of the United States, the Dispensation is superseded by a Warrant of Constitution, (sometimes called a *Charter*,) by the next Grand Lodge: thenceforward, the lodge becomes "regularly warranted." It is next consecrated, dedicated, constituted and its officers installed. These ceremonies are performed by the Grand Lodge.* Previous to the installation, the Deputy Grand Master is supposed to examine the officers elect, and before they can be legally installed, he is supposed to find them *well skilled* in the mysteries of the art, which means that the master and his officers are well qualified for the offices into which they are to be installed. Now we keep within bounds when we say that not one set of officers in five, not one Master in five, who undertakes the government of such new lodges, knows any thing whatever of the duties appertaining to his office, apart from the mere ritual of the degrees, which, if he knows at all, he gabbles off like a parrot, innocent of the meaning of the language he is using. Can it be wondered at, then, that the most lamentable ignorance of masonic law and usage is to be found among lodges thus constituted, and among the masons made in them? We should think the wonder ought to be if they were otherwise; but let the saddle be put on the right horse—the culpability rests with the Grand Lodges, and the Grand Lodges alone.

The Book of Constitutions of each Grand Lodge should, as we have shown, contain the charges, regulations, usages, and landmarks of the order, and a thorough digest of the general principles of Masonic Law, as well as the particular regulations adopted by that Grand Lodge. This Book of Constitutions every Master is solemnly bound to read carefully and expound faithfully, for the brethren of his lodge, and every Freemason is equally bound to stand to and abide by its teach-

ings and its injunctions. If this law, one of the most immovable landmarks of Freemasonry, be fully *enforced* by the Grand Lodges, there will be little necessity for the cyclopean legislation on masonic questions, which is now everywhere visible in the masonic horizon.

And who are they who are undertaking to get up new codes of masonic law for us? Who are they whose decisions upon points in masonry, which we had been accustomed to look upon as established beyond question, have startled us? Are they men of profound masonic learning, and of deep research into, and investigation of, the whole theory of masonic law? Are they men whose prominent position before the Fraternity of the country has been such as to inspire confidence in their decisions, such confidence as would entitle them to *greater* weight than their arguments and views would of right receive from every investigating reader? We have tried some of them by their "decisions," and found them wanting. We have found them adopting views and rendering decisions diametrically opposite to the admitted laws of masonry—we say *admitted*, meaning, of course by those who know what the laws of masonry are. We have upon our table proceedings of Grand Lodges, whose "Committees of Masonic Jurisprudence" make decisions that must alarm every true conservator of the pure principles of masonic law. We give a few extracts, omitting, for the present, the names of the Grand Lodges; those having late proceedings will easily recognize them:—

The Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence decide:—

"That it is not competent for a Warden to resign during his term of office. In case of his absence from the Lodge, the Junior succeeds to his station, and the Master supplies the South *pro tempore*."

"The taking a demit does not sever the membership of the brother taking it, unless he remove from the jurisdiction of the lodge; but such demit is in the nature of a letter commendatory of the brother to whom it is issued, for his admission to another lodge; nor does it disqualify him from holding office in the lodge granting it."

Every intelligent reader will see at a glance that these decisions are both radically wrong. The Junior Warden has no more right to succeed to the station of the Senior Warden than the Tyler has to succeed to the place of the absent Secretary.

* *Quod facit per alium, facit per se.*

And that a demit "does not disqualify the brother taking it from holding office in the lodge granting it," is a decision which will hardly pass current with any one who knows the merest rudiments of masonic law. The moment a lodge grants one of its members a demit, that brother, so far as his membership with that lodge is concerned, is as completely cut off from that lodge as if he was never received into it. And we believe that membership in a lodge is a requisite qualification for holding office. The question, "How is he to gain his membership again in that lodge?" is a disputed one—some contending that he can be admitted by a majority vote; others, for a two-third vote; while others still, and with greater propriety, insist that he can not legally come in again except by ballot, the same as if he hailed from another lodge. But all the authorities, except the committee who rendered the above decision, agree that he has forfeited all his rights as a member of the lodge from which he has demitted.

Now, while we approve of and recommend the fullest investigation and the most careful study of masonic law, by the entire body of the Fraternity everywhere, we must be permitted here to enter our solemn protest against this modern innovation—the appointment of Committees on Masonic Jurisprudence. The act is masonically illegal; it is creating offices for men, and assuming for them prerogatives and powers in direct contravention of, and antagonistic to, the established laws, usages and landmarks of Freemasonry. Committee of Masonic Jurisprudence! Who ever heard of such an office or such officers until lately? What are their powers, and where do they get those powers from? The officers of a Grand Lodge of Freemasons are laid down by the Ancient Constitutions, and these we search in vain for a Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence. We have read the Constitutions of most of, nearly all, the Grand Lodges of the world, and, until within half a dozen years or less, the fertile brains of office-makers and office-seekers have been taxed in vain for such committees. Dr. Mackey, in his *Principles of Masonic Law*, beyond all comparison the best work on this im-

portant subject ever written, gives, on page 81, the officers of a Grand Lodge. He divides them into two classes, *essential* and *accidental*—both these classes we have searched for such a committee, but it is not there. Will this ripe masonic jurist of America introduce it in his next edition? We can hear him exclaim, at a distance of a thousand miles from here, emphatically, "Never!"

The Grand Master of a Grand Lodge, from whose decision on points of masonic law there can be no appeal, we have been accustomed to consider the only legal committee who can *decide* questions of masonic jurisprudence. The General Regulations and Constitutions of the Order guarantee him, the Grand Master, certain inherent powers and rights as Grand Master, and what if he, appointing or permitting such a committee, should find himself, some fine morning, shorn of his powers and divested of his rights by this higher legal tribunal—the committee of masonic jurisprudence?

The first General Regulation gives the Grand Master or his Deputy the right to visit any lodge in his jurisdiction and to preside there, with the Master of the lodge on his left. Now, if the laws of Freemasonry are to be tinkered by such committees as we have referred to, who knows how soon this power and right may be declared unlawful and the Grand Master deprived of it.

The Grand Master has the right of granting dispensations and withholding them. He has the right of convening his Grand Lodge whenever he pleases, and he has the power of making masons at sight. Now suppose the masonic jurisprudence committee should decide otherwise? Suppose they deny his power prerogative and rights, what then?

This "committee" *once invested with the power to decide questions of masonic law*, and our word for it masonic law will be something else than the ancient usages, regulations and landmarks of Freemasonry; innovation upon innovation will creep in, and "vexed questions" will spring up "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa" in every jurisdiction where there is such a committee.

We are writing strongly on this subject, because we feel strongly upon it;

and we see clearly that the peace, harmony, usefulness and stability of the institution depend upon the manner in which the portals of our temple are guarded against the introduction of the seeds of contention, discord, disunion and schism, which would soon sap its foundations, and superinduce upon it the elements of a rapid decomposition.

ANCIENT CRAFT MASONRY.

FROM signs apparent in the Masonic horizon, we think the day is not far distant when the question, "Will Masonry in America ever come back to its original purity and simplicity?" shall be answered in the affirmative, by the united voice of a majority of the Fraternity.

Masonry upon this continent, at present, is as nearly like what it was in Germany before the organization of the Wilhelmsbad Convention, in 1790, as it possibly can get to be. Our Grand Lodges, it is true, have, by confining themselves to the recognition of the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, done much toward keeping the stream pure as it was delivered to them; but, possessing as they did, the power to do so, they ought, at the right time, to have gone further, and forbade the recognition of any other order or combination of those under their jurisdiction, as Freemasons, whether as figuring in grand or subordinate chapters, councils or encampments, or any other assemblage pretending to call themselves Free and Accepted Masons. Having failed to do so, however, will they now stand forward, and in their might decide and pronounce that edict which they have so long neglected to promulgate?

The perusal of our translation of an article to be found in another part of this number, entitled "History of Freemasonry in Germany," will well reward the reader. Bro. R. Bartlemess, its author, is one of the most enlightened and thoroughly informed Freemasons upon this continent; and, as an orator, in his own language, he takes rank with the foremost. His knowledge of the rise and progress of the Masonic Institution in Germany is perfect, and his history of it

therefore, must certainly be most accurate. By it we can not fail to perceive that the gross incongruities of fungus rituals, and degrees numerous as the leaves of Valambrosa, assumed form and gathered adherents, increased in growth, influence and unblushing effrontery, until, had they not all, to a more or less firm extent, based themselves upon the original degrees of Freemasonry, they would have completely quenched the parent fire that lighted them. By it we can not fail to recognize how necessary, under these circumstances, was that convention which formed a league, offensive and defensive, for the purpose of rescuing from the abusive grasp of these self-constituted authorities, the sorely pressed body of Masonry, and at the same time deal to them a blow, by lifting the mask of their assumption and hypocrisy, from which they would never recover. How faithfully this duty was performed we have also abundant testimony; and the respect which Freemasonry, at present, commands in the German States, assures us that this step, taken in wisdom, and extended with freedom, fervency and zeal, has gained all for the Fraternity that its most sanguine supporters contemplated.

Will not every American Freemason feel that the Fraternity, in this happy land, where his beloved institution is not trammelled by the will or pleasure of king, duke, or potentate, have a like duty to perform, and lend his aid, unit though it may be, in countenancing a convention, similar, in its object and designs, to that of Wilhelmsbad? Why should Americans be sixty or seventy years behind the times? Why should they, who, of all the world, are known as the men who, respected everywhere, are first in exploration and inquiry, first in discovery, first in useful science and general knowledge, continue, as Freemasons, to be distinguished by their apings of Judaical forms and ceremonies, and military barbarism of the feudal ages?—Hearts of the good and true among the Fraternity, and their name is "legion," have become utterly disgusted with this parade of assumption and trappings; and they look forward with satisfaction to the advent of that day in which this ful-

some tomfoolery of the enlightened nineteenth century shall be cast aside, discountenanced, and forever abandoned by those otherwise sensible men, who, some for one reason, and some for another, have permitted themselves to be enrolled among its supporters.

To what greater extent does any man become a Freemason, by the reception of the obligations and degrees embodied and conferred by Chapters, Councils, and Encampments? We answer, *not any!*—A Freemason is as much a Freemason upon the reception of the third degree of Ancient Craft Masonry, if it were conferred in the manner in use anterior to the schism of Lawrence Dermott, and others, in 1755, as he can become by the administration of forms or ceremonies. Every idea of utility, virtue, and fraternal regard necessary to be recognized by the Institution, is embodied in the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, if conferred as those who fashioned that Institution intended. The oath of a Master Mason covers the whole ground upon which any man worthy of being a Freemason should be bound; and all other oaths, all other degrees, all other trappings, paraphernalia and assumptions of higher knowledge, whether the same be more binding, more ostentatious, more impressive, or more historic, are superfluous, useless, and vain.

To an American, of all others, this should be apparent. As Americans, we despise and detest the distinctions of ribbons and buttons, crooks and scepters, crowns and miters, in short, everything, of the character of fuss and feathers, that characterizes these assemblies and processions. There is no sense in them. They exhibit nothing but the vanity of the ignorant, and the pride of the barbarian. In kingdoms and empires where ribbons, crosses and swords are recognized, and bestowed upon their wearers as badges of distinction, of meritorious conduct or of chivalrous daring upon the battlefield, or in the peaceful walks of life, such insignia of such acts are right and proper, being conducive of that emulation which all respect; but, in this country, where any man who has the money may buy every gaudy, fluttering thing that human ingenuity can devise,

and where there are no laws to prevent him clothing himself therewith, as with a garment, or parading himself, so clothed, in our most crowded thoroughfares, unquestioned, such men and such trappings excite but the smile of pity and contempt rather than the respect of any sensible American citizen.

It may be advanced by the defenders of those "higher degrees" that it is not the show, the glitter, or the tinsel which they admire or defend, or for the privilege of wearing which they obtain admission into the ranks of these bodies, but rather their object is the attainment of that knowledge and position denied to those who have no place therein. Such a defense is baseless "as the fabric of a vision." We deny that knowledge exists in any of the "higher degrees" now, any more than there did from 1750 to 1800, that can not be secured by the same amount of study by any person desirous of obtaining it, though he may never have crossed the portals of these assemblies. Knowledge, forsooth! What number, may we ask, of those who nowadays in America, figure as "Red Cross Knights," "Knights Templar," and "Knights of Malta," to descend no lower in the degree scale of these "higher degrees," are peculiarly intelligent or enlightened men? Is there ten per centum? And can not any man of good moral character, and a Master Mason, if possessed of fifty dollars which he may feel disposed to devote to that purpose, become a "Knight Templar," though he may be as ignorant of all art, and all science as a savage denizen of the Rocky Mountains, if we except the capability of writing his name. Indeed, although it is, we do not see why this amount or kind of knowledge is required, when we consider that those whom the members of these orders pretend were their predecessors in years gone by, possessed it not; but, on the contrary, scorned such possession as a gift derogatory to their martial dignity, and fit only for the use of cloistered monk or crafty priesthood.

The idea involved in this article, although prominent upon our mental tracing-board for some time, we claim not the honor of first publicly announcing.

Under the inapplicable head of "Questions on Masonic Usage," in a cotemporary periodical, which, from a somewhat protracted sleep, has lately awoke to more active life, and, we trust, usefulness, we find a correspondent, who, if we mistake not the initial, has figured in this country as a masonic editor, and later as a historian of superior attainments, embodying our idea in part in a series of questions. They are as follows:

"1. Is it not desirable to restore Freemasonry to its original three degrees?"

"2. Would it be practicable to get up a World's Convention, clothed with power to restore the ritual of Ancient Craft Masonry to the said three degrees?"

"3. As the Grand Lodge of England is the mother of the present Grand Lodge system, would not a call from that grand body lead to the end in view?"

"4. Would not a memorial from a respectable portion of the Grand Masters in the United States, be likely to induce the Grand Lodge of England to take action upon the subject?"

"5. Should said Convention be made up entirely of delegates from England, Scotland and the United States, and, should said Convention agree upon the restoration, would it not have the effect to induce France, Germany, etc., to abandon the modern rites, and practice Ancient Craft Masonry in its appropriate ritual?"

These questions, we are sorry to find, did not elicit such replies as might be expected from the Brother to whom they were addressed. Without consideration, or satisfactory conclusion, even to himself, he answers the questions haphazard, beats about without seemingly any fixed idea upon the subject in hand, and, finally, hopes that what he "has said will call attention from other heads to the subject." We give his reply in full. It is as follows:

"More important issues are involved in the foregoing questions than have ever been presented for our consideration. The gist of the questions is one; I will therefore, instead of answering them categorically, address myself at once to the subject matter of them all.

"It has never been my lot to meet with an intelligent Mason, who was not ready to bemoan the mutilated condition of the degrees in Blue Masonry, and to express a wish that these could be restored to their pristine beauty and entirety. In

this wish I heartily join. But while all are agreed as to the desirableness of the end, none before have spoken out as to the means. Are these, as proposed by our correspondent, practicable? I fear not.

"I am opposed to World's Conventions in Masonry, and consider them as but impracticable humbugs (I hope the apparent inconsistency of the phrase will be pardoned) for *any* good purpose. Yet I am willing to allow (the dead failure of the last World's Convention in Paris, weighing as nothing, seeing that the Grand Orient is no representative of Ancient Craft Masonry) that such a convention, properly guarded and restrained in its powers and its objects, *might* effect some good. I would be willing to see it tried, and the plan proposed by the correspondent is the only feasible one—the only one which seems to contain in itself a promise of permanent good to the Craft we have ever heard suggested. It must be remarked, that this is a very different thing, if I understand the correspondent aright, from the 'imposing grand Camp Meeting of Masons' at York, proposed by the Grand Master of Kansas; though for aught I know, that may have been the germ of this suggested by the correspondent; for whereas that seems to propose for object all things and everything else—this limits the object to the one desirable end, viz., the restoration of Ancient Craft Masonry to its early simplicity and unity. The method proposed to call the convention, too, would seem to ensure a perfect understanding on the part of the Craft generally, of its object, and so not only prepare them for the results which would at first be surprising, but enable them to throw such limitations around the powers of the delegates as would confine their action within the limits set, and to the special ends proposed.

"I write this hastily—too hastily to even glance at the real and important bearings of the suggestions made by the correspondent. But I hope what I have said will call attention from other heads to the subject. Meantime I can not say, but that in view of the great desirableness of the end proposed, I hesitate not to record my opinion in favor of the trial, though I must repeat the fear that it is too late to hope for a very favorable result. In this, I think I am warranted by the great changes which have come over the Grand Lodge of England itself."

Our cotemporary's very far from flattering opinion of World's Masonic Conventions is entirely gratuitous; for, to

far as history informs us, there never has been a *World's Convention* of Freemasons yet convened—that at Paris in 1856, although so called, not proving an exception. His very general denunciation, therefore, of such a convention, is as ungenerous as the condemnation of any thing which has never existed can be. Yet, although he “has never met an intelligent Mason who has not bemoaned the mutilated condition of the degrees of Blue Masonry,” he fears that the plan proposed by his correspondent for their restoration to original perfection, is not practicable. Let us, in a few words, review that plan, and, as one of the other “heads,” exercise ours in considering the same.

To the first question, we answer it is entirely practicable, and most desirable to restore Freemasonry to its original condition, consisting of three Degrees.

To the second, we answer that it is entirely practicable to get up such a Convention, provided there be brought to its support and recognition, not the countenance of the Grand Lodge of England, suggested in question third, but the support and recognition of the entire body of Grand Lodges of the United States. We do not consider that any peculiar deference to the Grand Lodge of England should be shown in this matter; and it is only a blind veneration that would accord it. Although recognized head of more subordinate bodies than any other Grand Lodge in the world, yet she is possessed of no more power to make and unmake, than that recognized in the youngest member of the Grand Lodge family. And we do not, nor can not, therefore, recognize her right to “call” this convention alone, no more than we would that of the Grand Lodge of Nebraska. Indeed, for the matter of respect, if strict accordance with the adjudication of Ancient Craft Masonic purity be the gauge, she has less right to it than the least of her transatlantic sisterhood; for none of them have declined, as she has, from the purity of their organization and aims, to take cognizance of, and jurisdiction over, Royal Arch Chapters and Mark Masters Lodges, etc., etc., for the sake of the little cash such recognition brought to her treasury.

And, so far as England, Ireland, or Scotland's Grand Lodges are concerned, we care little, nor is it at all necessary, whether they recognize this effort or not. Let the Grand Masters of America resolve to call such a convention upon some central portion of their united jurisdiction, and that call will, we venture to guarantee, be heartily responded to by a majority of the leading Masonic minds of America. The object of that call would be, not to disfranchise any Freemason, under whatever Ritual he may have been made, of his rights and privileges, but to discountenance the recognition of the so called “higher degrees” at all as Freemasonry, and restore the three regular degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry to their original purity and perfection in America. Such an act could not affect the Masonic standing of any member of the Fraternity, save in their subsequent communication with those bodies who had not adopted it; and our next inquiry will relate to them.

In the German States and their dependencies, wherever Masonry exists, the ancient standard for the three degrees is recognized generally, and the work and words are the same as they were in 1730. In France and her dependencies the Ritual differs from the German, in the recognition of five degrees instead of three. If Frenchmen are satisfied to prefer their Ritual to the old one, or that under which the first Masonic lodge in that country was organized and worked in 1725, of course they can do so. Let those of our countrymen who desire to visit Masonic lodges in France, obtain the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, which Rite is recognized by the Craft generally there, and thus provided, they will have no difficulty in gaining the admission they may seek. In England and its dependencies, if a like desire obtains in the minds of those visiting these countries, and the Grand Lodge of England prefers to continue as she is, recognizing the various Rites and degrees prevailing in Great Britain as Masonic, let them go boldly up to the doors of her lodges and knock,—they will not be refused admission any more than the German brother is now, at the same doors. He has the work as it was conferred in

1780, and they have it as it was arranged in 1814, and yet he is not refused admission. No more, then, will be the American Brother, whether newly made under the proposed restoration, or healed according to it.

By the fifth question of our cotemporary's correspondent, he exhibits his ignorance as to the Rites prevailing in Germany, when he calls them "modern." There is but one Grand Body in that country at present who recognizes any but the three degrees as Freemasonry, and many of them *forbid* their membership from participating in any other, under penalty of expulsion. This is a stretch of authority that we Americans can never recognize. We can deprive no man of the right to make any kind of an exhibition of himself, provided it be not indecent, nor of connecting himself with any society he may fancy. All that we can do is boldly and unmistakably to announce that Ancient Craft Masonry consists of three degrees, and three only, viz.: 1st, Entered Apprentice; 2d, Fellow Craft, including what is now known as the Mark Degree; and, 3d, Master Mason, including what is now known as the Holy Royal Arch. This done, and Ancient Craft Masonry would be, as every intelligent Freemason desires, restored to its original beauty and perfection. Then could it truly portray, in dramatic order, the beauty and innocence of faith in youth, the wisdom and strength of hope in manhood, and in charity (love) the fidelity and fortitude of a well-spent life, which, succumbing only to the violence of death, is raised by the merits of that Name at which all in heaven shall bow, and all on earth should tremble, to the glories of a resurrection among the just, and be rewarded with a crown of everlasting immortality.

May the prospect of such a consummation inspire the minds of those, who being vested with the authority, can, by a well-directed effort, effect it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—I find you are quite an advocate for the Christianity of Freemasonry. A case which, at the last meeting, occurred in our lodge in this city, furnishes me with a question for you. At a certain point of the initiation of a

candidate who is a Jew, a professing Jew, and a conscientious man, the W. M. requested him to kneel for the benefit of prayer. He refused to do so; alleging that his church recognized and taught him to stand during prayer. The Master, finding him firm in his refusal, ordered him to be conducted out of the lodge, and allowed to depart. Did the Master do right?

We are the advocates of the Christianity of Freemasonry, but we fall at the first glance to see what point of Christian doctrine is involved in this question. All denominations of professing Christians do not kneel when being prayed for, or praying. Although the usual posture is a kneeling one, as representing humility, and the most natural a person can assume when beseeching the pardon and mercy of an offended Lord; yet it is not imperative that this position should be assumed, and decidedly less so, when, instead of being the praying, one is the party prayed for. Taking this view, we think your Master was more nice than wise, and he might be congratulated upon his magnitude in small things. But if we take another view, we may be nearer correct. Your Master knew the candidate was a Jew—"a professing Jew"—and he possibly argued thus:—If this man refuses, at this stage of our proceedings, to kneel, is it likely he will kneel when that position is absolutely necessary? Taking this view of the matter as being, most likely, the correct one, we say your Master did right. And this case furnishes but further testimony to show the incompatibility of the Jewish faith with masonic practice.

No Jews were received into masonry in Great Britain and Germany, or any other part of Europe, except France, before the beginning of the present century; and this is the more strange, if it was consistent with the work and genius of the Institution to allow them its privileges, when we consider that during the latter half of the eighteenth century a looseness obtained in the Masonic Institution it never before or since has exhibited. Innovation was the rule and not the exception. All kinds of degrees and rites that human ingenuity could invent were practiced, gathered adherents and influence, lived and died during those fifty years, and yet, amid all of this sort of thing, the admission of Jews in Europe, except in France, as before excepted, was forbidden. Can not the masonic eye see a reason for this? Can not the Freemason see some satisfactory explanation for the seeming incongruity, that, although the story of Solomon's temple forms the basis of our system, the faith and practice of Solomon's people, as we have them among us, are incompatible with, and have never been recognized during the first hundred years of the existence of speculative masonry? We think we can; and while we acknowledge there are many good and conscientious men among us who are Jews, as there are in other countries many such men professing the doctrines and teachings of others than Christ, the masonic ritual will have to be changed to suit their peculiar opinions and faith before they can be admitted among us. And whether it is better to ignore our work for their accommodation, or refuse them admission, it is for the Fraternity in America to decide. One thing is certain—a Jew can not be made an Ancient Craft Mason in an American lodge, no more than can a Christian, who refuses to comply with the requirements of masonry in his making, without that lodge de-

siring him, violating the well-known operative law by which Freemasons are made in open lodge, and which is practiced by every lodge under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodges of America.

It is useless, in this connection, to talk about the freedom of conscience that should obtain in liberal and free America. As a whole country, America is the most free and enlightened upon the face of the globe; but the organization of her societies and institutions, civil and religious, are just as binding upon those who recognize them as are those of any country, whether monarchical or republican. The castes of blood, of intelligence, and of wealth, are as much countenanced and enforced here as elsewhere; nor can one discountenance or reject the rules and well understood usages by which they are governed, without violence to the feelings and wishes of his friends and relations. The Jewish faith is one not recognized anywhere in Europe or America. It is simply tolerated. And it is the mistaken idea of undue good-fellowship, to admit Jews to the enjoyment of like privileges, in a Christian country, with those who profess the general belief recognized and practiced throughout universal Christendom. If Christians are expressing their real sentiments when they hopefully look forward to the day in which the gospel of Christ, with him as its teacher, prophet, priest and king, shall rule and govern the earth, and spread from shore to shore, to what extent do they assist in hastening its advent by fellowshipping with men eminently, in faith and practice, antagonistic to the fulfillment of this hope, and countenancing them, in such antagonism, by admitting such into their most sacred companionship?

We must be just before we can be generous,—just to ourselves, our families, our religion, and our professions. The enemies of our religion, if religion means any thing that we value, we must discountenance and avoid, as we would so discountenance and avoid the enemies of our families, our kindred, or our peace of mind. If we can not admit a Jew into our family circle upon equal terms with any other stranger, nor grasp his hand in the street without reluctance, why should we fellowship him in an open lodge of Freemasons? If we recognize the peculiarly strong claims masons are entitled to have upon our regard and consideration, friendly aid and fraternal assistance, certainly these claims are greater than those of business or civil society. Why then should we admit ourselves subject to the greater call or recognition, if we deny our subjection to the less? It is wasting time and indulging twaddle to talk about the universality of Freemasonry, and its ignorance of religion within its lodges, if its members fail to recognize such ignorance in the world. And the feeling, that there is one place where Jew and Christian can meet upon the level, and only one, is more pretty as a fancy than satisfactory as a fact, particularly, we should think, to the Jew. If Jews desire to become Freemasons, let them apply to such Grand Lodges as will grant them warrants to organize lodges for themselves, as they did in Germany, in 1808, to the Grand Orient of France; and by the refusal or concurrence of the Grand Lodge approached for such warrants, will be evinced the recognition or rejection by such Grand Body, of the principle involved in the question we have here answered,

J. H., Vr.—“I notice in the December number of the *Georgia Signet and Journal*, under the head of ‘Gleanings from the old Records,’ by Rob. Morris, the following paragraph, under the head of *Relief*: ‘The sum of twenty dollars was appropriated for the relief of Bro. N. B. Haswell, by the Grand Lodge of Vermont, in 1825.’ Now I do most solemnly protest, on behalf of the family of that lamented brother, one whose services to Freemasonry in this State will never be forgotten, so prominent an exhibition of the paltry gift of his Grand Lodge. And I think that, above every other man in America, the gleaner, of whose ‘sheaf’ this noxious paragraph forms a straw, ought to have been the last man to have noticed such a thing, or caused it to be printed in a public journal.”

Your remarks are forcible, and your protest just. Pickings from Proceedings of Grand Lodges of the character of the above, of which, besides the one you have quoted, we find several others in the same place, and from the same pen, ought never to have place in a public periodical. Such gleanings are in the highest degree objectionable. We should as soon think of publishing the most hidden arcana of the Fraternity, as expose the names of those to whom, at any time, fraternal relief had been afforded. That Bro. Morris should have made such a mistake we are sorry to see, as we believe no man would be more ready to deprecate and atone for such an act than he, could atonement of any kind remove the feeling the objectionable publication is calculated to create. The defense that it first appeared in the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge, can not be made tenable, as in that publication it appeared properly as a minute of those proceedings, and their circulation was confined to the lodges in the jurisdiction. Bro. Morris writes a great deal. He is, we believe, a correspondent of every Masonic periodical in England and America; and he who writes a great deal, like him who talks a great deal, must necessarily produce something which, if not foolish, is far from being creditable either to mind or manners.

W. S. R., GA.—“Did not the translation from Clavel of the ‘Adoption of a Mason’s Son,’ which appears in the December number of the *Signet and Journal*, and which is credited to the *Masonic Journal* therein, first appear in a translation in the *American Freemason*? Where is the *Masonic Journal* published, who is its editor, and what is its price? Please inform me.”

A correct translation of the ceremony of adopting a Masonic “*Louvetain*,” from Clavel’s *Histoire Pittoresque de la Franc-Maçonnerie*, appeared in the September number of this Magazine, at page 222. The translation you allude to we have no claim upon. It is so full of ridiculous blunders that the wonder is how any editor having the least regard for orthographical or typographical accuracy, ever permitted it to disgrace the pages of his publication. In the first line the word *louvetain*, (a young wolf), is rendered “lowton.” The same error is repeated wherever the word occurs in the article. What it, as a word, means, we can not say. The name of Clavel is rendered Clovel; and his history entitled “*Historic Pittoresque de la Francs Maçonnerie*.”

The *Masonic Journal* is a small paper, edited and published monthly at the small price of fifty cents a year, at Haverhill, Mass., by Bro. G. W. Chase, a professor of music, real estate and insurance agent, and, we believe, dealer in musical instruments and musical merchandise generally.

American Freemason

Vol. 3.

A. L. 5859.—MARCH—A. D. 1859.

No. 3.

Romance of Masonry.



THE POINT WITHIN THE CIRCLE.

DEATH ON THE SIERRA NEVADA.

BY BRO. ROSE MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

THE Indiana wagon-train had crept up one of the Nevada spurs, its front pointing due westward. As the vanguard reined up their jaded mules on the summit, the level rays of the setting sun reminded them that they were full late for encamping; for by the time the three grand requisites of caravan travel—wood, water, and grass,—and their own supper prepared, the full moon would be high in the heavens. All day they had journeyed steadily, tarrying not to look at the drifts of human wrecks, the broken wagons, the

putrid remains of cattle, or the wolf-torn graves of humanity. Such objects were too familiar to excite the curiosity of men twelve hundred miles advanced on the California road; and even had their curiosity been aroused, the necessity of reaching camp by sunset was too obvious to justify the least delay. So when a tottering beast fell from exhaustion, he had been hastily stripped of his saddle or harness, and left to the wolves. When a wheel gave way, the contents of the injured wagon were transferred to the others, and the vehicle, whose iron and wood had been fashioned in the best shops of Indiana, was deserted to the Camanches. Much suffering had been experienced

since morning. Eyes seared with heat and blinded with dust had looked all day wishfully forward to the Nevada peaks, that seemed, like some evil enchantment, to recede as the caravan advanced. Lips, parced with thirst, murmured indistinctly of the gushing waters whose moisture and coolness they coveted. Death was behind, life and hope before, and every nerve was strained to attain the goal of their ardent expectations.

The sun went down as wagon after wagon drew up in its appointed place in the encampment. The animals too weary to satisfy any craving of nature save the want of rest, dropped in their harness, soon as the sting of the long wagon whips ceased to urge them on, and not a few of them dropped to rise no more.

But water and food were now ready for all. Swollen lips and jaded limbs were soon forgotten. The jest and laugh began to ring merrily through the echos of the hills. With a ready adaptation to emergencies, the Indiana train that had defied all the toils and dangers of the prairies, and sustained their spirits and the ties of their organization, when other companies had broken up, now seated themselves near the Totem spring, and, in the merriment of supper, banished all recollections of the day. An hour had passed, and the whole train might have been seen dispersed in groups, reclining upon the matted grass, after supper.

The commander of the train, whose mess embraced six stalwart fellows, was loudly called for to come and join them. The word was passed from group to group, but no response was heard.

"Captain Glass! Captain Glass!" was shouted, until his companions, too hungry for further ceremony, filled their huge tin-cups with coffee, and set themselves voraciously to work. Old Clark, whose gray head had dodged bullets at Packenham's defeat thirty-five years before, shook it with a sage air, as he held out his hand for a slice of fat bacon, and hazarded the remark:

"Reckon he's in the wagon with Tolliver yet; he's been with him most all day."

"Yes," responded Tilly Hikes, the mule driver, "he's a blamed sight more particular with that chap than he was with me when the blasted mule kicked me;" referring to an incident that happened a month back, wherein the brute aforesaid shattered three of Hikes's ribs, and changed the native graces of his countenance, so that his own mother would hardly have known him, should he live to get back to her again.

"Tis said they is both Freemasons," suggested Coney Wacks, the Dutch boy.

"Oh dang your masonry on the prairies," pursued Old Clark, pouring out his second cupful of coffee; "that thing called

Masonry *may* do in the settlements, and they had a heap of it in Jackson's army at the cotton bags, but it's frostbit in a caravan. It can't blossom here. I knowed a case of a British officer that was tuck prisoner and brought into New Orleans arter the fight, with all his legs shot off, and the Masons just spread themselves to —"

"I knows one of the mason's signs," interrupted Dutch Cooney. "I got it from a boatman at Cairo for two dimes. It's this'er way;"—and the squabby little chap went into some pantomimic spasms, so hideous that the whole mess broke into a simultaneous roar at the idea of his paying out his money for what any frog could do.

In the midst of their merriment the voice of their commander, Captain Glass, was heard issuing from a wagon at some distance, "Wackes, Cooney Wackes, a cup of water here, quick! move yourself, you lazy hound. No, not that—bring it from the spring;" and as the stupid boy moved along, much too slow for the crisis, the captain jumped down from the wagon, and ran to the ravine in person. The front part of the vehicle was opened towards the west, so that the ice-cooled breezes from that quarter might fan the sick man's brow. Through the vacancy thus left, there was a view of the splendid colors that reddened the sky long after the sun went down. The unfortunate man, already referred to under the name of Tolliver, lay there in the last struggles of life. Poor fellow, he had borne up manfully against the hardships of the journey, but the flesh, not the soul, yielded at last.

The dreadful fatigues of that long day's march had exhausted his remaining strength. He felt that this encampment was to be his last. His languid eye was fixed vacantly upon the scarlet west and the snowy peaks, but his thoughts went back far toward *the east*, to the land where wife and babes were patiently enduring his absence, and praying for his safe return. Oh the unwritten thoughts of humanity in such an hour as that! Oh the vision,—the keen pangs of memory, the despairing cries, the agonized prayers. Who shall know them? who shall presume to describe them? The all-seeing eye that searches man's heart, it alone reads them; and in the day when all secrets shall become known, *we* shall understand them too.

The cool draught which the commander brought fresh from the fountain head, revived the dying man for an hour. He expressed a desire to be taken out of the wagon, and to lie on the bosom of his mother earth once more. It was granted. A dozen strong men united their hands to form a living couch, and he was placed tenderly as the sick child on its mother's

breast, upon a pile of blankets beneath a thorn tree hard by. The word had gone round the encampment that *Tolliver was dying*, and immediately each *brother* in the fraternity of Masons came up to render him the last kind offices. These kind offices of Masonry had been freely dispensed to him ever since his sickness, now of more than a week's duration. The gourd had never been quite emptied by any, for poor Tolliver must have a drink, though others remained thirsty. The strongest mules must be hitched to his wagon, (the one with the square and compass painted upon the canvas covering,) even if other wagons dropped out of line and were left. The care of the company was left much to the lieutenant, so that Captain Glass might remain by his side to support his languid frame and to hinder him from inflicting any self-injury while under the influence of delirium. And there was good cause for all this; for Laban Tolliver had been one who, in his days of prosperity, had brightly exemplified the principles of Masonry by good deeds. The various lodges in his district owed many of them their existence, all of them their illumination to his self-sacrificing efforts. Upon the rolls of the Grand Lodge his name was honorably recorded. Upon the memory of the widow and fatherless, the distressed brother, and the neglected orphan, it was indelibly engraved. But misfortune had come in the end. The evil day arrived: the checkered pavement had its squares of gloom. False friends, in whose affairs he had interested himself, for whose pecuniary stability he had become guarantee, made business failures of such a character that while their own property was selfishly secured, the pledge of their endorser was sacrificed. A tornado destroyed a valuable mill upon which he had expended thousands. A boat-load of produce that he had shipped to New Orleans was lost, while running the gauntlet of that river of wrecks. The four messengers, who in one day brought to Job the intelligence of Satan's dealings in the loss of his cattle, his sheep, his camels, and his children, had their counterparts in the hard experience of Laban Tolliver; and when, as he sat, amidst his beloved family, a letter came to his hand, that the bank in which he was a director, had failed and involved him to the amount of thousands beyond his remaining means, it was to his credit, as a Mason, that he could say with the patriarch, "the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Well, everything was at once up. Houses, lands, furniture, even the wardrobe of his family were resigned to his insatiable creditors. All was done that time and talents and inexperience

permitted, to raise money and pay off the balance; for Laban Tolliver felt that indolence at such a time would be in God's judgment a high misdemeanor.

But when three years had elapsed, and he found that hard toil and anxious scheming scarcely sufficed to pay the interest on the debt, while his family were neglected, and his children were growing up without education, a sense of duty prompted him to engage in something more promising, even though considerable hazard were attached to it. It was the time of golden dreams relating to California. One of those wild epidemics that stately pervade our country, had fevered every mind, and a company of his neighbours were organizing to gather in the golden harvest. Mr. Tolliver offered himself as a volunteer, and the proposal was eagerly accepted. His wife, resigning herself with woman's patience to necessity's stern decree, set herself at once to prepare for him the most comfortable outfit in her power. His friends came nobly forward and advanced the necessary funds, not by way of loan, but gift, and so privately, that he could not discover the names of the donors. *But they are known in heaven*, and a bounteous recompense shall be awarded them there. The last word—the last embrace—the last look—oh! that they should be the last!

And here, on Sierra Nevada, lay Laban Tolliver—the point within a circle—the point a dying mason—the circle a sun-burnt company, whose hands had not unfrequently pressed his, in the distant Indiana Lodges, with fraternal grips.

As death approached, his soul brightened. His speech, which had been quite indistinct for several days, was suddenly restored. Many a thankful word did he say to each of those who had made him their debtor in his past week's illness. Many a good wish was uttered for their prosperous journey; for a full realization of their hopes; for a safe return to their friends. Many a little token of remembrance was distributed amongst them.

Then came the farewell. It was in silence; not a word expressed it: but *by the grip*—emblem of the Christian's hope in the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul—*by the strong grip*, known and valued by all enlightened Masons, the dying man said more than tongue could say, of the comfort that filled his heart that hour. And now a word to Brother Glass, the patient, the indefatigable, the true brother Mason, who, day and night, had watched over him as the nurse attends her helpless charge. It was a brief word, but quite enough; for the strong man suddenly bowed himself; big sighs shook his whole frame; a shower of womanish tears bathed his cheeks, and he

could only beseech, "No more Brother Tolliver, not a word more! I am more than repaid!"

The world recedes; it disappears; heaven opens on his eyes: his ears with sounds seraphic ring. He is done with time. He is shaking off the remembrances of earth, even while he casts off the well-worn garment, his body. His treasure was in an earthen vessel, which is about to be broken, and then he will be free to employ it. A thought of his absent family, never more to hear his returning steps—oh! nothing but that could convulse his face with such an expression of grief! It is over now. Doubtless he has commended the widow and the fatherless to God. Or may be, the solemn pledge made to him by every member in that circle, "to consider his family as their own," has had a soothing influence. For now, all is calm again, and the clay shall be no more convulsed. His eyes turned inward. A few sentences, incoherent, but hopeful, can be heard by those around: "Blessed are they that dwell in my house: thou hast covered all their sin: the emblem of Providence is fixed in the centre; the symbol of Deity in the east; the Messiah taught the doctrine of a resurrection from the dead: arise and call on the name of the Lord: having done all, to stand: come and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach: though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death: but Masonry shines: hand to back: Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit: . . . this body . . . again . . . the tribe of Judah."

Midnight arrived. All in the encampment were buried in profound sleep, despite the howling of the wolves, who had gathered that night in immense bands, as if the demon whom they served, had notified them of a corpse in the camp. All were asleep, save the brotherhood, who were engaged at this solemn hour in the burial of their dead. One had decently sewed a shroud, his own best garments forming the materials, and enwrapped the body therein. One had made a headboard, the gate of his wagon furnishing him with a proper plank, and by the light of his last candle, had neatly engraved the name, and age, and masonic character of the deceased thereon, resting not his hand until it had also executed a copy of that Masonic symbol which should mark the resting-place of every Mason. A grave had been dug, east and west, deep enough to bury the remains far beneath the eye of mortal man. A procession was then formed. Two by two the wearied brothers interlocked their arms, and walked slowly to the grave. The bright moonlight glittered on their fronts, and revealed the Masonic clothing, worn in honor of Laban Tolliver, as they often before wore

it in funeral processions at home. The body was lowered with fitting reverence. A roll, containing the name of the deceased, was cast upon it; then the apron he had so often worn; then the sprigs of evergreen, plucked from the shrubbery which abundantly adorns the ranges of the Sierra Nevada. Heavy flat stones were next laid upon the corpse, that the ravening wolves might be disappointed of their death feast. And now the solemn words of a Mason-prayer, broke the midnight silence. Never will a member of that funeral group forget the thrilling sentences read that hour above the remains of their Brother. For, at this instant, a band of Indians, who had dogged them all day, broke out in a yell that curdled the blood of each hearer, and a spiteful volley of arrows was fired upon them from a neighboring hill. And then the wolves, with their glittering eyes fixed upon the clear moon, howled louder than before, while far above them in the west, could be seen the snow peaks of Sierra Nevada, looking down upon the accustomed rites.

"Unto the grave we resign the body of our deceased brother, there to remain until the general resurrection, in favorable expectation that his immortal soul may then partake of joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the beginning of the world. And may Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, at the grand tribunal of unbiased justice, extend his mercy toward him, and all of us, and crown our hope with everlasting bliss in the expanded realms of a boundless eternity. This we beg for the honor of His name, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

And from each full heart there went up the solemn response. So MOTTE IT BE.

A HAPPY DISTINCTION.—"You've no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married." "Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog!" A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said, "You have a wife, sir?" "Yes, sir—a wife and three children." "Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man!" "Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to unmarried and married men seem to conflict somewhat." "Not at all—not at all, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a 'happy dog,' and the man who had a wife was 'a happy man.' Nothing conflicting, sir—nothing at all. I know what I say, sir?"

WILL AND WON'T.—Somebody says there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

THE POCKET-BOOK.

"LET us take a stroll, Emily," said the elder Miss Hardy to her beautiful sister; "there is a glorious sunset, and our favorite path through the shrubbery will be quite pleasant and dry now, though it has been raining all the afternoon. Come, we have not had a breath of fresh air to-day."

"I'm sure it will rain again directly," said Emily, raising her eyes from her book, and turning them towards the window, where the rich glow of a crimson sunset plainly confuted her prophecy; "and, besides, I have just begun this third volume, and the hero is in the most distressingly interesting position you can possibly imagine." And the fair novel reader wiped away the tears that flowed abundantly for the well-depicted woes of an imaginary lover.

"Nevertheless," pursued her sister, "come out for a little while. Books will keep for months and years; but a lovely evening passeth away for ever, unless, by enjoying its loveliness, we enable our memories to

"Draw from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year."

"Ah!" exclaimed Emily, laying down her book, "you have no sympathies, Harriet, or you would not disturb me in the midst of such a scene."

"Have I really no sympathy?" repeated Harriet, smiling archly; "I thought I had, at least with *real* sufferings and *real* griefs."

"But those are always vulgar and common-place," said the young beauty, listlessly descending the garden steps; "there is no sentiment, no refinement, in the realities of this matter-of-fact world."

Her sister turned hastily round, and "did address herself to speak," but, as quickly checking the impulse, she nodded her head significantly, and, passing her arm fondly round Emily's waist, they sauntered in silence down the path. Both appeared to be listening to the songs of rejoicing which the thrushes and black-birds pour forth so richly after a summer shower; but the thoughts of both were in reality far from the lovely scene through which they bent their steps. Emily's were busied in conjecturing the probable issue of the romance she had quitted with so much regret; but Harriet's seemed, from the expression of her features, to have taken a far more serious and important turn. Emily's attention was at length aroused by their passing through a side gate that led from the garden into a small wood.

"Don't go this way," she said, drawing back; "let us keep in the shrubberies."

"But the path along the skirts of the

wood will be so dry, and we can see the sunset so much better there," said Harriet, with unusual pertinacity; for she commonly yielded to her younger sister in all minor matters; "what objection can you have to it, Emily?"

"Well, it is not of much consequence," murmured the other, passing onwards; "I can occupy my mind with other and pleasanter thoughts."

Harriet, however, seemed to be in a contradictory humor; for they had not gone far through the woodpath when she began:

"I am surprised, Emily, that you should be so much affected by the fictitious sorrows of a hero of romance, when you show such complete indifference to the unhappiness of a person who was once dear to you."

"Now, I hope Harriet, you are not going to say anything about Mr. Denman," cried Emily, with extreme irritability of tone and gesture; "you know that the subject is odious to me, and I am astonished that you should try to force it upon me!"

"Yet, surely, if evidence were placed before you sufficient to prove that you had been mistaken, you would not obstinately turn your back upon your own happiness?"

"My happiness!" repeated Emily, with a forced and bitter smile; "oh, yes! *that* is in imminent peril, to be sure. I believe, my sage sister, that I have taken the best means of securing it: so we will drop the subject, if you please."

"Oh, certainly," said Harriet, in a tone of indifference; "only I thought that if you were to see"—and she drew a book half out of her pocket—"well, it's no matter," she added, returning it again; "it might be too late. I have been very much puzzled by a flower that I found here the other day," she said, after a pause, "and, as you are so good a botanist, I want you to tell me what it is."

The elder sister immediately began an active search after the little denizen of the woods, but the younger stood absorbed in thought, and heedless of all around her.

"Here it is," exclaimed Harriet.

Emily took it, and, without any scientific comments, began mechanically to pick the poor flower to pieces, and scatter its petals to the winds.

"What is it you were going to show me just now, Harriet?" said Emily, at length, in a very low tone.

"Merely a pocket-book," replied Harriet, "that I found sealed up and hidden behind the books in my book-case. You had better not see it, however; for if it should cause an alteration in your opinions, it would most probably be too late, as Mr. Denman will by this time have

sailed with the expedition to the South Pole."

"Sailed where?" faltered Emily, turning deadly pale.

"To the South Seas; did you not know?" answered her sister, carelessly.

"Good heavens! how coldly you talk about it!" cried Emily, trembling with agitation; "have you no feeling—no sympathy?"

"I hope I have; but I do not wish to force upon you a subject which I know to be odious to you: so let us go on with our botanical studies."

"Oh, Harriet! dear Harriet! leave the flowers alone, and show me that pocket-book—pray show it to me!" said the now quite subdued Emily.

The appeal was irresistible; the book was instantly produced, and the repentant girl, hanging upon her sister's shoulder, followed with eager eyes the blotted pages, as the latter turned them over.

"It may be many years," began the manuscript, "before these lines meet the eyes for which they are intended; yet I write them in the hope that, whatever may be the future lot of Emily Hardy, she may one day be convinced of her injustice towards as fond and faithful a lover as she will ever have. My time is brief, for the expedition to the Southern Ocean—which I trust I may obtain interest to accompany—is announced to set out early next month; and yet I cannot help lingering over these pages, which she may never see, but which seem to keep me in the presence of her who was my first, and I feel sure will be my last, love. Hence with this folly! A few words of plain truth are all that are needed. Here they are: Lydia Brown was privately married to my brother six months ago. Being under the legal tutelage of her step-mother and guardian till she came of age, and being also subject to very harsh treatment from them, her marriage was kept so profound a secret that I, the only one intrusted with it, was bound by a solemn promise to reveal it to no person under any circumstances whatever. The letter which you saw me give her on that unlucky evening was from her husband, and my brother. My embarrassment—which you construed into guilt, when you taxed me the next day with carrying on a clandestine correspondence with Lydia—arose from my inability to give you any explanation until I could write to, and receive an answer from, my brother, granting permission to disclose their secret to you. It was too late to ask Lydia; for she was already gone with her step-mother to London. You mercilessly refused me the time I entreated of you, more humbly than I would have sued for any favor from any other created being. In your passion you spurned me with your little

foot as I knelt before you—knelt for the first time, Emily; for when I asked your love I walked by your side (down that pleasant path that skirts the wood—will it be haunted by happy recollections when you walk there for the future?)—yes, I walked there beside you as your equal—not kneeling like an abject slave, ready, when occasion served, to become a tyrant. You spurned me, Emily!" (The writing was here almost illegible, as though large drops of moisture had fallen upon the paper while the ink was wet.) "The baby blow was scarcely felt where it struck upon my knee; but I think the impress of that little foot will be found upon my brain when I am dead.

"Then I left you without another word. The live-long night I lay in the drenching rain under the old beech-tree where your first coy kiss was granted. But enough of this; I have no wish to work upon your feelings.

"I have now received my brother's letter, inclosing a copy of his marriage certificate. They are of no use now; but I shall leave them in the pocket of this book as additional evidence to my unsupported assertion, which I know you would not credit. You told me so, you may remember. Farewell, Emily. My sincere hope is, that you may form some happier and more lasting attachment than you could ever have felt for HARRY DENMAN.

"I have addressed this to Harriet, for she will be ready to do me justice."

The expression of Emily's face, as she perused these lines, had changed from eager curiosity to the most poignant anguish.

"He is lost to me for ever!" she exclaimed.

"There is one chance yet left," said her sister, "and that is to advertise. If he has not left England he will be sure to see it."

"But he can never care for me more," said Emily; "he would never come back to me."

"That is not the question now. You have committed an act of injustice, and your manifest duty is to repair it as far as you can, on the first opportunity. It is not to be expected that any man should be so generous as to forgive such injuries as you have heaped upon him; but the apology is due from you to him, nevertheless, as from one human being to another."

Emily groaned in anguish, while her sister thus irritated her already smarting feelings, in the hope that a little wholesome suffering might benefit her eventually.

"If you agree with me," continued Harriet, "I will go at once and dispatch the advertisement. There is just time to save the post."

"Thank you—thank you, dear. Do whatever you think best for me. Let me

stay here awhile ; I will follow you soon."

It was precisely to this sort of salutary self-communion that Harriet wished to subject the too impetuous spirit of her sister ; so she hastened alone to the house, and quickly sent off a letter to the *Times* office, containing the advertisement which she had already planned :

"If H. D. is still in England, he is entreated to communicate with H. H. The pocket-book has been found, and E. H. only desires to make an ample apology for the injustice that has been done."

The day after the insertion of this notice a postchaise dashed up the avenue, and stopped at the door of the quiet country house, where the two sisters lived with a kind old bachelor uncle, who allowed them to do in every thing exactly as they liked, provided they left him in undisturbed possession of his easy chair and his library. Out of the chaise sprang Harry Denman. Harriet, who had seen him from the window, ran to meet him, while Emily cowered into the corner of a sofa.

"Come, Emily, make your apology before Mr. Denman sets off for the Antarctic regions," said Harriet, who had read in the young man's glowing face that nothing was farther from his thoughts than leaving Emily again. The culprit arose, and was stammering forth a confession of her sins, in a most humble tone and lowly attitude, when she felt herself folded in her lover's arms, and a shower of kisses poured upon her pale brow and tear-bedewed cheeks.

"This does not look much like a calm explanation and parting!" said Harriet, in feigned surprise.

"But I hope it looks like a perfect reconciliation, never to be followed by a parting," exclaimed the lover. "Is it not so, my Emily?"

"Oh! can you ever forgive me, Harry?" sighed the fair penitent, raising her beautiful eyes to his for the first time. Whether it was the sight of those eyes, or the pleasure of being sued for pardon, I can not tell, but Harry Denman began to kiss her again.

"Well, I must confess that this *does* look like a reconciliation," said the good-natured Harriet, "so I'll go and tell uncle."

She did so, and when she came back neither Harry nor Emily complained that she had been long, though she had occupied two hours in the telling.

A CHAP who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected. Quite another triumph of Homœopathy—"like cures like."

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

ON board one of the Lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances ; but the exceeding beauty of the children—two girls and a boy—was the admiration of all their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travelers, and made application to the father through a friend, who gives the following touching and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation :

I proceeded, he says, immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair :

"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic :

"Poor, sir!" said he ; "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about aiquil."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way ; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden ; he turned sharply round.

"A what, sir!" he cried ; "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied.

"If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he ; "the heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it ; but do tell uz what you're driving at."

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children ; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratitude. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said—

"O, murther! wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them ; an' it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' wont need her mother so much; but then—O! tear and aigers—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes, wid a blessin'. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears—

"May God be good to him that's good to you, an' them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Peter."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he. "I ax your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinking that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, beause the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like."

So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were a recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it meself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Norah, because

she had a look of me; and, be my troth, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap agin, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it's all the same to me." And so little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby, cried out—

"It's no use; I've been talkin' to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look of Mary; but, be me troth, laitle Paudeen has the mother's eye an' my nose, an' a little of both of uz all over. No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it be the will of heaven to take them from us."

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

LIFE is sad, because we know it,
Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—

Every man must bear his lot,
Coward hearts who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
Neither Death, for that's unknown:
Courage, Patience—these are virtues

Which for many sins atone:
Who has these—and have not I?
He is fit to live and die!

A NAÏVE REASON.—"Hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?"

"Yes, papa, I have observed it; but then he speaks so kindly and piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet."

"Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure."

"I, too, papa; but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet he would not be Wilhelm Stelling, and how could I love him then?"

DID anybody ever know a man that bore malice against his neighbor to possess any brains, or a mind strong enough to think an idea to sleep?

Select English Story.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.



AMY ARRIVED AT HER NEW HOME, AS LADY PLATWELL.

CHAPTER XLI.

ENVY, PRIVATION, AND RELIEF.

Autumn came next, in his stately pride—
His form it was lusty to see ;
The maiden he sought to win as his bride,
And wooed her his true mate to be.
But merrily thus the maiden sung,
As she roamed the woodland free ;
“ Age should ne’er mate with the gay and young—
So, Autumn, I cannot wed thee.”

—Robin Goodfellow.

AMY and her companion had now been more than a month together ; and each fresh day endeared them more and more to each other. In Fanny Wyndham the poor orphan found a heart to sympathise with her sufferings, and a kindred spirit to pour balm on the yet bleeding wound which the supposed treachery and heartlessness of Henry Beacham, and the apparent desertion of her by the Bowles’s, had inflicted. At first, when she attempted to console her the unhappy girl would only sigh and shake her head. One day she answered her :

“ Ah, Fanny, you have never loved !”
In an instant the composure on the countenance of the young sempstress gave way. ’Tis strange how a word will unseal the fountain of the heart, call up feelings long repressed, and cause the tears to flow.

“ Pardon me—pray pardon,” replied Amy, “ for my inconsiderate words. But sorrow is generally selfish. I would not have wounded you, Fanny, for the world.”

“ You have not wounded me,” replied the poor girl, trying to smile ; “ at least, not intentionally. But you wrong me, Amy : I have loved—loved fervently, truly ; and, though he I love is dead, love still.”

Fanny Wyndham was the daughter of a country curate, whose only means of bringing up a large family was the small stipend arising from his curacy, and a school which he kept at the parsonage ; for the rector to whom the living belonged was one of those pluralists on whom the church had showered preferment, and generally resided at his deanery, or the vica-

rage house of the parish of Puddington-cum-Appleton, which he possessed, and which, being situated in a more aristocratic neighborhood than Mayfield—the title of the parish where Fanny's father resided—was preferred by his wife and daughters on that account.

Poor Fanny's days had been as cheerful as they were innocent, till love, that subtle poison, found entrance to her young heart. The object of her passion was a young officer, who came to reside in the village for his health, which that scourge of our English climate had gradually undermined. He came there, as he fondly trusted, to recruit. Poor fellow! he only came to die. He was the nephew and ward of the rector, and consequently took up his residence at the parsonage.

When Fanny first beheld his attenuated form and thin cheek, the sentiment was pity; but pity in the female heart is generally the precursor of love. Like some fairy, graceful thing, she hovered round the invalid. Her care placed the freshest flowers in his room, her hands prepared the little delicacies which tempted his failing appetite; and her attention was amply repaid when she fancied that his eye shone brighter, or that a more healthy color dawned upon his cheek.

For some time both Henry and Fanny were unconscious of the nature of their feelings. A very simple circumstance revealed it to them. The poor girl had been in the garden to cull her usual bouquet for the invalid; he had thanked her for it with his usual quiet smile and gentle pressure of the hand. Just as she left the room she saw him raise the flowers to his lips. Their eyes met, and the countenance of each was suffused with blushes. They were both young—the world had not taught them to conceal their hearts. For the first time the true nature of her sentiments for the young stranger flashed upon the mind of Fanny: ardent, young, she welcomed the gentle passion to her breast, and, like the timid bird fluttering round its nest, trembled lest other eyes should discover the secret of her love.

Poor Henry! there had been no avowal; but in that blush, that parting glance, their mutual passion was revealed. In the enthusiasm of the new-born sentiment he longed to vent his feelings in the open air—to make the trees, the flowers, the running stream, the passing cloud, confidants of his bliss. Catching up his hat, he left his breakfast untasted upon the table, and hastened to the wood at the back of the house, to enjoy the transport of the discovery with the confidants he had chosen.

Casting himself upon a bank, he indulged in blissful anticipations of the future: his health, he fondly flattered himself, was re-established; he was well—

quite well—or nearly so; and through the medium of his present happiness he viewed the future.

"Oh, God! how bounteous, how benign
Are those two precious boons of thine!
Retrospection of pleasure gone,
Hope of those which are drawing on.
They are the banks so soft and sheen,
Which times that are present roll between;
And if for awhile some happy dream,
We launch on the dancing, floating stream,
The tiny bark, spite of helm or oars,
Is sure to sail for one of those shores."

Near the spot where Henry was reclining grew some double violets, which nature's prolific hand had planted. He knew that Fanny was fond of their sweet perfume, and stooped to gather them, in return for her morning offering. While thus employed, with every flower he plucked he breathed her name.

A light footstep startled him—it was the object of his thoughts. Like him she had longed to gaze upon the face of nature, and make its silent beauties the only witnesses of her newly-discovered passion:

In an instant poor Henry was at her side, his offering at her feet. She affected not to notice his gallantry, and received them as if presented in a less impassioned manner.

"Fanny," he said, "will you not raise me, and place those happy flowers where all my hopes of happiness are centered—next your heart? Am I less valued than my gift?"

"No, Henry—no! I value both," answered the blushing girl.

"And I?"

"What would you more?"

"To be ever with you—to share your thoughts—to read within your speaking eye an answer to a thousand hopes and fears; I would be loved!"

"After my parents and my brother," replied Fanny, with a faint smile, "you shall be."

"No, Fanny—no!" impetuously interrupted the young man; "mine is not a brother's love. I shudder even now as you pronounce the name. I would have heart for heart and soul for soul—but one thought, one feeling, one communion between us: I would be loved as man by woman should be loved—with angel fondness and with equal truth."

The poor girl felt that the crisis of her fate had arrived: her heart pleaded strongly in his favor, and yet, without her father's sanction—the difference of his rank and position in the world. As these thoughts flashed upon her mind, her cheek grew pale; but the kneeling form before her—his speaking eyes, and looks of fond entreaty, recalled the fleeting blush. Sinking her head upon his breast, she could only falter:

"Henry, I love thee!"

Tears came to her relief, and Henry, as he kissed them off, felt that his passion was returned, and he was happy.

From that day the lovers were inseparable in their walks; and all but the father of Fanny clearly saw the state of her affections. But he, good, easy, simple-minded man, had been so long accustomed to consider and treat her as a child, that the idea never entered into his erudite head that children in time grow to be men and women; added to which, his time was too much occupied with his school and the duties of his parish, to listen either to the gossip of the village, or observe what passed at home. The village of Mayfield is perhaps one of the most picturesque spots in England; and although removed from the fashionable world, could boast of something like good society. Two or three half-pay officers, a retired physician, and the widow of a city knight, who kept a carriage, and occasionally hired post-horses, gave both importance and respectability, in the eyes of the peasantry, to the place.

The scenery around the village was beautifully diversified by hill and dale. Several small streams of transparent brightness meandered through the fertile valleys, and were lost gradually, and almost imperceptibly, in the thick grove in which Fanny had made her lover happy by the confession of her passion. The church, too, whose square pillars, grotesque ornaments, and segment-formed arches, bespoke its Saxon origin, added not a little to the beauty of the scene.

Amongst the inhabitants of Mayfield was a Miss Burge—a lady of a certain, or, rather, uncertain age; for no one ever exactly knew how many years she had bloomed in single blessedness. By the young she had long been set down as an old maid—perhaps it was not her fault, but her misfortune; for no one dressed more gaily, or gave better parties; but, somehow or another, although matches were frequently concluded between parties whose first flirtations had commenced at Verandah Cottage—the name of her residence—still no one ever ventured to propose to its mistress. She had received more wedding favors, perhaps, than any other person in the village; but they had not served either to soften her temper or render her disappointment more endurable. She had seen, with a malignant eye, the love of the young officer and Fanny, whom, as the prettiest girl in the village, she honored with her peculiar dislike, and determined, if she could not secure a beau for herself, to do her best to deprive the poor girl of hers. For this purpose she waited after the service was over, in order to encounter the worthy curate, in his way home, alone. In her heart she believed

that the simple-minded man was perfectly cognizant of the affair, and only affected blindness in order to give the artful girl, as she called the object of her dislike, time to play her cards.

"Well, Mr. Wyndham," said the old maid, with a knowing look, "and when is the marriage to take place?"

"To-morrow," answered the old gentleman.

The querist was astonished. She had merely put the question as a means of introducing the conversation—of giving a friendly hint of what was going on.

"To-morrow!" she mechanically repeated.

"Yes; Peter Hurls has just spoken with me on the subject."

The fact was, the young man—a farmer in the village—had just been to the vestry to settle the hour for his wedding with his cousin—a pretty little blue-eyed girl of the same place—and the curate naturally thought that his inquisitive neighbor alluded to that. In his unsuspecting nature, a courtship under his very nose would not have excited his attention, so absorbed was he in his books, school, and the labors of his office.

"I am not speaking of Peter Hurl's wedding," said the old woman, "but of Fanny's."

"What Fanny's?" demanded the astonished Mr. Wyndham.

"Why, your daughter Fanny's, to be sure."

The old man smiled. The idea of his daughter marrying had never once entered into his speculations—he regarded her as a mere child; he forgot that, in time, children become endowed with passions and feelings—whom toys no longer content—to whom the heart speaks with the resistless voice of its affections.

"As soon as she has found a bridegroom," he replied.

"I should have thought he was found already. I am sure it is high time."

"Perhaps you will name him?"

"Why, Mr. Henry, to be sure," said the spiteful old maid; "your rector's nephew, who has been lodging so long with you. Is he not the companion of her walks, morning and evening? Does she not hang upon his arm in a way which—"

which —

"Which what?"

"Makes prudent people stare. I never was seen to hang upon a man's arm in such a fashion, and I am some years older than Fanny."

"Yes," innocently observed the father of the poor girl, who little imagined the storm which threatened to obscure the sunshine of her heart—"old enough to be her mother. But I will speak about it. Good evening."

And so they parted: the old gentleman

for the first time in his life, uneasy for the happiness of his child, whom he loved as men love the only thing to which their affections cling; his informant with her heart filled with spite, mortified vanity, and anger—an allusion to age being a most delicate subject: it was enough to feel that she was old—not to be told so.

"Old enough to be her mother, am I? Well," she muttered, "at least I am old enough to see your drift—artful, manœuvring set; but I'll spoil your game! We shall hear what the rector will say to this fine scheme of trepanning his nephew!"

Conformably with this resolution, the old maid that very night, on her return home, sat down and concocted an anonymous letter, signed, as such letters generally are, by a friend, and professing the most disinterested motives. In it the conduct of poor Fanny and her father was depicted in the most odious light: the former as an artful girl, eager to entrap a young man whose fortune and family entitled him to look above her, and her father as quietly sanctioning the attempt.

The next post brought two letters from the rector—one to his nephew, full of reproaches, commanding his immediate return, the other to Mr. Wyndham, dismissing him from the curacy.

Perhaps of all the actions into which the evil passions of humanity are led, there is none more base than that of writing an anonymous letter! It is a moral assassination, committed by a masked murderer!—a lie without an author!—the mean-spirited act of the disreputable coward in whose heart gall has replaced the wholesome blood, and whose malice, jealousy, and revenge vent themselves in slander! I would as soon trust my purse with a thief, my friendship with the hangman, my name with a coquette—or take a serpent in my hand, or a liar to my heart, as hold communion of love, friendship, or interest with the despicable writer of an anonymous letter.

Nothing could exceed the dismay of Fanny's lover and the indignation of the poor curate at the letter of his harsh, overbearing rector. Despite the entreaties of Fanny, her lover started that very night for his uncle's, determined to have an explanation. Unfortunately the inside was full, so he rode out, and the night proved a wet one. When he arrived he was in a burning fever—three days afterwards a corpse! He died without a will, Fanny's name mingling in his last prayer. As next of kin the rapacious uncle inherited his fortune; but that circumstance only increased his dislike to the innocent object who had so nearly deprived him of it. Despite their entreaties, Fanny and her father were compelled to leave Mayfield; the old curate soon afterwards died,

and ever since the poor girl had sustained existence by working at the needle.

"You see," she added, "dear Amy, that, like your own, my history is a sad one!"

"But you have still one consolation," observed her friend.

"Consolation!" repeated the curate's daughter mournfully.

"Yes; you were loved to the last, fondly—faithfully. The object round which your heart's affections twined is in his grave! You can love him even there—look forward to your reunion; but my love, Fanny," she added, with a flood of tears, "is now a sin—an unholy passion—for my Henry is another's!"

"Forget him, Amy."

"Forget him!" repeated her friend.

"How easy to advise—how hard to follow! I have prayed for forgetfulness, but it will not come. Memory clings to the past, and its shadow darkens my path of life. I loved him, Fanny—not with a light and girlish passion, but the deep true love which woman feels but once. He was my childhood's love; before I knew the nature of my feelings, they were his. No, no," she added, mournfully; "time may pour its balm upon my heart—its very agony may render it at last insensible to pain; but memory will cling to his image still, as the green ivy clings round the blighted oak!"

"Can love exist without respect?" demanded her friend.

"Yes—at least with me. I love him for what he once was. What he is, appears like a hideous dream. At times I can not believe it—cannot believe that he hath broken vows which angels might have registered, and smiled upon the record—so truthful did they seem—so deep and pure. I trembled at my own happiness, Fanny, as my ears drank the rich music of his voice: his very heart seemed in it; and mine believed him."

"Come," replied her companion, after a pause, "let us think of something else. The mind which dwells too long upon the same unvaried theme becomes morbid and diseased at last."

So saying, the kind-hearted girl commenced a simple ballad, which she had learned in happier days at Mayfield:

Why should memory's iron finger
Grave those lines upon thy brow?
Why should sorrow's traces linger?
Learn to scorn a broken vow.

Though the false one could deceive thee,
Must regret eternal be?
There are true hearts still, believe me—
Earth has friendship still for thee.

Banish, then, each trace of sorrow
From thy fair and sinless brow;
Peace of mind may dawn to-morrow—
Learn to scorn a broken vow.

Well I know how memory treasures,
Like some miser, in her store,
Early vows, and faded pleasures—
How it weeps when they are o'er !

But the balm that should preserve them
Is the tears of fond regret.
Unless those we mourn deserve them,
It is wiser to forget.

Then dismiss each shade of sorrow,
From thy fair and sinless brow ;
Peace of mind may dawn to-morrow—
Learn to scorn a broken vow.

The season—as the annual round of dissipation and extravagance is called in London—was a brilliant one. More than the usual number of marriages took place—heirs got plucked by designing friends, and daughters settled by manœuvring mammas. Ball after ball was given—the milliners were at their wits' end not to disappoint their customers ; and the number of coach-horses and needle-women killed by being over-worked was quite extraordinary. In justice to the butterfly minions of pleasure, we must add, that the former were at least sincerely regretted by their owners, for it cost money to replace them ; the latter were only mourned by some orphan, perhaps, or widowed mother, whom their bereavement reduced to starvation or the tender mercies of the parish.

Amy and Fanny worked hard. Night after night they sat up toiling over the delicate robe which some fair young creature or faded dowager was to wear at court or an assembly, and must have home by the appointed hour, little thinking of the eyes which grew dim over it, or that every stitch set in the costly tissue was accompanied by a sigh drawn from the heart of the toil-worn, ill-paid creature who made it.

Poor Fanny at last fell ill—dangerously ill of a nervous fever. Despite the anger and reproaches of madame the work was neglected : Amy could do nothing but attend upon her friend, who refused medicine and food alike from every hand but hers.

The savings of the poor are generally but little : the slender resources of the two orphans were soon exhausted, and Amy was driven to poverty's last sad resource—the pawnbroker.

It was at the close of a sultry evening, her last shilling spent, that the unhappy girl started off with the only trinket of any value she possessed. Thrice did she pass the door—her heart failed her ; the recollection of poor Fanny's sufferings at last gave her courage : with desperate resolution she stepped into the shop. A tall, rakish, dissipated looking man was standing in front of the counter, while the shopman examined a gold watch and chain.

"Eight pounds," said the man.

"Hang it ! make it ten ? you know I always take it out."

"Can't indeed, sir."

"Well, nine, then ?"

"Not a shilling more—our stock is very heavy already."

"Nine will do," said the fellow, with a curse ; at the same time he turned round, and leered impertinently under poor Amy's bonnet.

His business transacted, he slowly left the shop, but not the street : he had evidently been struck by our heroine's appearance, and was determined to watch her out ; so placing himself at the window, by way of excuse he pretended to examine with considerable interest a bowl of trinkets—odds and ends which from time to time had accumulated in the tradesman's hands.

We have often thought, that if the various trinkets scattered in the windows of a pawnbroker could speak, how varied and sad would be the tales they would tell of those who had formerly possessed them ! of pledges of affection given in hours of happiness—parted with in those of misery ; how the wedding-ring, placed upon the finger of some blushing girl whose path of life seemed strewn with flowers—drawn from her widowed hand to sustain the prattling innocent, perhaps, who cried for bread at home ; next it the mother's dying gift—how often, when years have passed and the grave closed over her hallowed form, will a word, a look, recall to mind the tender care of that loved being ! again her eyes, beaming with affection, seem to dwell on ours ! Mementos of love, joy, friendship, and former prosperity lie confusedly jumbled together—not one but, like a gravestone, tells of the past, and has its tale of sorrow and regret !

"Now, miss," said the shopman, civilly, for he saw that his customer was a novice, "what can I do for you ?"

"I believe, sir," timidly answered Amy, "that you lend money ?"

"Upon security."

She could not speak—there was a choking sensation in her throat which prevented her. Silently she drew from her bosom the chain and gold locket which contained Henry's hair and her dead brother's, and laid it on the counter. To save her own life she would not have parted with it ; the sacrifice, like those made by most generous hearts, was for another—for poor Fanny.

"How much ?" said the man.

This was a question she had not expected ; she scarcely knew what to answer : it had been her lover's parting gift—she had never cast a thought upon its value—the giver made it priceless to her.

"What you please," she faltered,

The man stared—he was not accustomed to such easy customers.

"Three pounds?"

"Yes, yes—that will do."

In her present poverty three pounds appeared a treasure. The fellow knew that it was honestly worth ten.

"It's your own, I suppose?" he observed.

There was a mild dignity in Amy's manner—as, for the first time, she raised her eyes, and met the speaker's gaze—which silenced his suspicions.

"Of course it is."

The duplicate was made out, and the money paid. Hastily placing the gold in her empty purse, Amy drew her shawl around her, and left the shop. She had not proceeded far before the gentleman—we use the word conventionally—who had been watching her through the window, overtook her, and, touching her arm, asked her if she was going home. The object of his persecution quickened her step—she was terrified.

"You had better let me accompany you?" he added.

"Leave me, sir—pray leave me! You are mistaken in supposing——"

She could not finish. Grief and indignation choked her utterance.

"Oh, that's all nonsense, although it's devilishly well acted!" exclaimed her tormentor, trying to take her arm. "I am a gentleman, although I did slip into the pawnbroker's and pop my watch. Too late for the bank. Out for a spree—'pon my honor it's a fact. Pshaw! why so coy?"

Amy was nearly fainting: for the first time in her life she found herself exposed to insult, and no one near to protect her. The sickness of heart which suddenly overcame her rendered her unable to withdraw her arm, which the ruffian still retained, despite her feeble struggles.

"Let me go!" she sobbed at last; "if you are a man, do not—pray do not insult me—I am wretched enough already!"

"It's all right—shall I call a cab?"

At this moment two old gentlemen turned the corner of the street: one of them was General Playwell, who, since the supposed loss of his fortune, had been so coolly treated by Lady Playwell and her hopeful children, that he and Rigid, much to the delight of the latter, that very day had left the house and taken a quiet lodging in Jermyn street, still keeping up the appearance of poverty.

"Leave me, I insist, sir!" exclaimed Amy, gathering courage.

The general was struck by the voice, and recognised it.

"Miss Lawrence?" he said, advancing, and bowing respectfully; "can I be of any service to you?"

"Yes, thank heaven, you will protect me?"

"Do you know this person?"

"Know him!" exclaimed Amy, bursting into tears—"no! He has cruelly insulted me—persecuted me."

General Playwell, as we before stated, was a very peppery-tempered man. Amy, from the first moment he saw her, had interested him: and he had secretly caused his man Rigid to make every inquiry after her, but in vain. To raise his heavy cane and knock the ruffian down, was the act of an instant. Poor Amy fainted, and in a moment they were surrounded by a crowd. Several policemen came up. The fellow was only stunned. As soon as he recovered he charged the general with an assault, and, as several persons witnessed it, he was taken in charge.

"I am perfectly ready to attend you," he said, in reply to the officer, who told him he must go before the inspector. "Will you, my lord," he added, turning to his astonished companion, "oblige me by sending for your carriage—it is still waiting at the Carlton—and place the lady in it?"

A messenger was instantly despatched, and in a few minutes the still insensible girl was placed in the splendid equipage which drove up. On their way to the station-house the orphan recovered.

"Where am I?" she sobbed.

"With a friend," replied the general kindly; "an old man, but not an unkind one. As soon as I have settled a little business, I will conduct you home."

"General Playwell! Oh! I recollect all now! And that ruffian?"

"Will annoy you no more."

On their arrival at the police office, the unmanly insulter of poor Amy made his charge, which the general at once acknowledged; but stated, as his reason for the assault, his conduct to a young lady who was well known to him.

"Pretty lady!" observed the fellow. "Why, I followed her from the pawnbroker's!"

Her protector was inexpressibly shocked—not at the circumstance so much as at the distress which Amy must have endured before she would have descended to such extremity.

"Is the young lady in court?" demanded the inspector.

"She is in my carriage," replied the peer, who had followed to the office on foot. "I witnessed the whole affair, and the complainant's unmanly outrage upon one whom he thought unprotected and friendless."

"Your name, sir?"

"The Earl of Egmont."

As the speaker was not only a peer of the realm, but a member of the cabinet, the inspector became profuse in his civil-

ity ; and said that if the young lady would step into the office and prefer her charge, he would at once send the now chapfallen ruffian before the magistrate—an offer which the general, from consideration for Amy's feelings, positively declined.

"You must feel, sir, that a young lady whom accident has placed in so painful a position, cannot have her name bandied in the papers, and endure the gaze of a police court."

"I presume," observed the peer, "you have no objections to take my bail for the appearance of my friend to answer any charge which this person may prefer against him?"

"Certainly not, my lord."

The customary forms were speedily complied with, and the general and Amy drove from the place. The affair proceeded no further, for the gentleman, when he found whom he had to deal with, never appeared to prefer his charge—consequently it dropped, and no report appeared in the papers ; at which the old soldier was more delighted than he chose to express, for he already began to entertain designs respecting the orphan. In justice we must add, that they were—like himself—honorable.

"And so, my poor girl," he said, when seated at last in the humble lodging where Amy and Fanny resided, "you have left the splendid abode of my sister-in-law, for a wretched place like this? It's a sad change!"

"But an honest one," replied our heroine, whose feelings had been cruelly humbled.

"Why did you leave?" demanded her protector.

"Because I was insulted daily—hourly—exposed to solicitations which the woman who voluntarily remains in a position to listen to encourages."

"I understand—my puppy of a nephew."

Amy was silent.

"And how have you lived?"

"By honest industry," she answered. "Day and night I worked at my needle, till my kind companion, the dear girl who received and sheltered me fell ill. What could I do? She would receive medicine from no hand but mine—permit no other to smooth her pillow: sickness is a sad thing, general, even to the wealthy, surrounded by all those ministering cares, which money can procure; but to the poor it is terrible. Our last shilling was gone, and last night I—but you know the rest."

The old soldier was moved: he had a generous heart, especially when his passions were not concerned: he pitied her—more—he respected her, and insisted on sending a physician with such delicacies as Fanny's state demanded. The offer

was so delicately made and so kindly pressed, that Amy could not refuse.

"And will you permit me to call and see you?" he demanded.

"Yes, willingly," replied our heroine; "I should indeed be ungrateful to refuse you: but I fear, general, it will be a long time," she added, "before I and Fanny shall be able to repay you for your kindness."

"Repay me!" said the old man, reproachfully; "true I am poor—that is, comparatively poor—but I have still enough to serve a friend, if Miss Lawrence will condescend to consider me as one."

"Friend!" repeated the grateful girl, "say rather, benefactor—father!"

Perhaps the general would have been more pleased if the latter title had been spared him; it reminded him too much of the disparity of their years. Before he left the house he placed ten pounds in the hands of the landlady, a worthy woman, with strict injunctions to see that her lodgers wanted for nothing, and added, that his servant would call in the morning to inquire after the young lady's health.

On his way home he could not help reflecting how delightful it would be to win the affections of a sensible, grateful girl like Amy—to have her for a companion—a friend—a nurse—a wife.

"Why should I not marry her?" he said, "the world will laugh, and I can laugh with it. At my age it would be ridiculous to expect her to love me with ardor; but what of that? I can be content—nay, happy—with friendship and respect."

Like many persons of an equal age, the speaker was mistaken: there is nothing more craving, jealous, and exacting than an old man's love; but we must not anticipate events.

From that evening the visits of the general became constant at the humble abode of the two orphans. The assistance he rendered them was just sufficient to prevent the necessity of their toil, and to procure the few little luxuries which Fanny's illness required. For this he had his own motives; he did not wish to appear rich—he knew that Amy would never sell herself for wealth; his object was to keep the grim spectre, poverty, from approaching too near—not to drive him from her view. Frequently would he regret the loss of his fortune, because it prevented him placing her and her young friend above want; and he wondered what would become of them when he was dead.

"What, indeed!" thought Amy, with a sigh—"Again the needle and long nights of toil!"

Not that she would have feared that, had her companion's health been restored.

One evening, when he called, he found the poor girl more than usually depressed,

Upon inquiring the cause, she informed him that she had consulted the physician, Dr. Nunn, upon the chance of Fanny's recovery.

"And what said he?"

"The change of air and scene are her last chance—that her return to the labors of the needle will be the signal of her death. God help us!" she added; "I would willingly toil for her night and day; but, should my strength fail, what will become of her then—for we are both friendless!"

"Not quite friendless," observed the general, reproachfully; am not I near you?"

"Oh, you have been too good, too kind already!" exclaimed the grateful girl; "deprived yourself, I am sure, of many luxuries which long habit has rendered almost necessary to your existence. Do not deem me ungrateful. I feel your generous conduct—your sacrifice; but we cannot always depend upon your bounty."

"True—I may die; and my half-pay as a general dies with me; but the pension of my widow would be ample."

Amy started, and turned deadly pale.

"Hear me, Amy," he continued, in a voice as calm as that of a father reasoning with his child—"I have thought of this, not with the feelings of passion, but with the deep interest I take in your welfare. Old as I am, the busy tongues of the world will not permit me, with impunity, to continue my visits here. Observations have already been made; and, unhappily, the loss of my fortune prevents my acting towards you and your suffering friend as my heart would dictate; but I can offer to you an honorable name, a cheerful home, and an assured asylum against the storms of life. You would not be rich, Amy; but you might be placed far above want—above the vulgar necessity of toiling for your bread. All I ask, in return, is friendship—the love a child should bear its parent. What say you?"

"Another's!" sobbed Amy; "oh! impossible!"

"Take three days—more, if you will—to consider of my offer: cast not away the plank which, in the shipwreck of your fortunes, may bear you safe to land; no answer now—at the expiration of the time I will return. God bless you, my poor girl! and may your decision be such as prudence and your welfare prompt!"

With these words he took up his hat and left the house. With all his selfishness, he had some generous feelings; and he could not endure the quiet agony of her eye, the pale despair stamped upon her features—he feared to trust himself.

"Another's!" repeated Amy as soon as she was alone; "oh! never—never! false as he is my heart still clings to him with all the fervor of its early love; his image

is graven too deeply on my heart for another's ever to replace it! I must work—beg—do anything rather than sacrifice the faith I vowed to Henry, though he has forgotten his!"

There was no anger towards the general for his proposition: in her simplicity she deemed it more the benevolent wish of securing her against the future—that dark and lonely future which fate seemed to have shadowed with adversity. Had she known him to be rich, her heart would have revolted even more strongly at his insidious offer. That which would have induced half the belles of the season to have accepted the offer, would have decided the orphan on rejecting it; and General Playwell, who was no mean judge of character, knew this—pleaded friendship instead of love, poverty in lieu of wealth—and he judged rightly.

Full of her resolution to remain faithful to the recollections of the past, Amy sought the chamber of her sick friend. Poor Fanny opened her languid eyes and tried to welcome her with a smile, but it faded upon her thin, parched lips.

"Try some of these grapes," said her friend, pointing to some delicious fruit which the general had sent; "they will refresh you?"

The sufferer shook her head and burst into tears.

"I cannot touch them Amy," she replied; "I know how you must have toiled, night after night, to procure me these unusual delicacies! they may prolong, but cannot preserve my life. Husband your strength—you will need it when I am gone; but you will often think of me—how we used to sit till the first light or morning, talking over older, happier times, as we sat at our weary work—will you not, Amy?"

"I will—I will."

"Sometimes," continued her friend, unconscious of the pang she was inflicting, "I think that if I could once more behold the green fields of Mayfield I should die happy. I cannot tell you how I long to breathe the cool, pure air of my native village. It's hard to die in a close room like this—to be buried amongst strangers, far from my mother's grave! 'Tis a foolish fancy, but I think I should sleep happier there."

"You shall see Mayfield again," exclaimed Amy, with desperate resolution; "not to die, dear Fanny, but to live. Doctor Nunn says that country air and change of scene might restore you, and I—I hesitated!"

The sick girl only answered her by an inquiring look.

"Yes," she continued, "you shall see the green lanes again, and we will walk together, pray together—perhaps," she added, "die there, and both repose under

the same turf: we would sleep sweetly then, for there is peace in the grave!"

"Don't mock me," said her friend; "the fever has passed now. I am not a child, to be promised impossibilities. See," she added, extending her white, emaciated arm, "I am better now, my hand is almost steady; I shall soon be able to work again. We must labor hard to pay these sad expenses—very hard! But God will help us!"

"He has Fanny—he has raised us up a friend."

"A friend?"

"A kind, generous, noble-hearted one; and my selfishness shall not interfere with his benevolent designs. Yes—I renew my promise—we will go to your native village together—visit the spot dear to your memory—to your heart."

"Bless you, Amy—bless you! I shall indeed die happy if my last breath is drawn at Mayfield."

Despite the resolution which the sight of Fanny's sufferings had caused her to take, poor Amy's courage gave way as the day drew near on which she was to give an answer to the general; and in all probability she would have refused him, but for the conduct of her landlady, who was in the old suitor's interests. She was a good sort of creature in her way, and really pitied the two orphans, who worked so hard in her humble lodgings, and paid so regularly, whilst able to ply their needles. The last three weeks, unfortunately, the account had been suffered to run on; and by the desire of the general, she pressed for payment; but it went against her conscience. Still she reconciled herself to the unkindness, by reflection that it was for Amy's good. Had she not been assured that it was the old gentleman's purpose to marry her, she would have scorned his bribe, poor as she was.

"I have brought your bill, miss," said the landlady, as she entered the apartment; it has run now for three weeks,

"It is a long time," replied her lodger, despairingly; "and I have no money."

"No money?"

"Not a shilling!"

"What do you intend to do then?"

"I thought, perhaps," replied Amy, mildly, "you would be kind enough to wait—wait till Miss Wyndham recovers."

"I am afraid," said the woman, whose heart reproached her for the part she was acting, "that Miss Wyndham will never recover—there is death in every feature. I am sure I am very sorry for her," she added, wiping her eyes; "but what can I do? I have a family of my own to support; quarter day is very near, and I have had an offer for the rooms."

"But you will not take it?" exclaimed Amy; "you will not be so heartless as to turn two unhappy creatures into the

streets? What would become of Fanny, in her feeble state? The shock would kill her."

"She can go to the hospital."

The idea of the dear girl being carried to an hospital, to die amongst strangers, with only the half-sleeping nurse, perhaps, by her bed-side, or some hireling looking coldly on, was more than the affectionate heart of Amy could endure: her firmness returned.

"You shall be paid," she said.

"But when?"

"To-day. Leave me now, for pity's sake! You know that you may trust my word. I tell you," she repeated firmly, "you shall be paid."

Just as the promise escaped her lips, she heard the general's well-known knock at the door.

"Bless me!" said the landlady, who was secretly delighted at the success of her errand; "there is that kind, handsome old gentleman again; perhaps he will pay it for you."

"No, no; pray do not name it!" eagerly exclaimed her lodger; "he has been too kind already."

"As you please, miss. Are you at home?"

"No—yes, yes; I must be at home," answered Amy, with a sigh; mentally adding, "that if the sacrifice must be made, it was useless to delay it."

"All right, sir!" whispered the woman, as she let him in; "I don't think you need fear a refusal; but I trust your intentions are honest. I have girls of my own, and, God knows, would not blindly lend a hand to the injury of any one."

The general assured her once more of the purity of his intentions, and mounted the stairs which led to Amy's apartment with an air of satisfaction which he could not, with all his efforts, entirely conceal. It was not without a secret pang of reproach that he beheld the pale, agitated countenance of the suffering girl. The impulse of his heart bade him act generously; but his love—if such a feeling in an old man who abuses his wealth to entrap an unprotected creature into marriage is worthy of the name—restrained him.

"You will pardon me," he said, after having first inquired after the health of Fanny, "if I allude to the subject of our last conversation. Have you thought of it?"

"I have."

"And the answer?" he eagerly demanded.

"General, I will be truthful with you," replied our heroine. "I should blush for myself were I capable of deceiving the man who had honored me with the offer of his name and hand—whose generosity, whose bounty—"

"No more of that," interrupted her suitor.—"Had my means been more ample, the offer, which I fear distresses you, should not have been made. I would then have adopted you as my child, despite the censoriousness of the world; but as it is——"

"I know—I know. Before I reply to you, I must unfold my heart—lay bare its weakness—it's regrets. I love another!"

General Playwell was too much of a man of the world to have proffered his hand—however deeply he might be in love—to a woman of whose former position he was ignorant. He cared little for family or name: his own rank was sufficient to cause his wife to be respected; but he cared much for character, and had secretly sent an agent to Manchester to make cautious inquiries respecting the former life of Amy; consequently he was no stranger to her early affection for Henry Beacham, and his supposed unworthy treatment of her. This knowledge gave him an opportunity of displaying a false generosity, which at once decided his victim.

"Then marry him!" he exclaimed, with affected warmth. "Heaven forbid that I should step between your heart and its affections! Mine is not a selfish love: it would have shielded you from the storms of life, as the parent bird shelters its young; have provided a peaceful home for you and your suffering friend. It was no selfish passion!" he added, with a sigh; "although the hope that your kind hands would close my eyes, your tears fall upon my grave, mixed with it. Pray forgive me the pain my offer must have caused you!"

Struck by his generosity, at that moment the sacrifice appeared less painful.

"Can I do less," she thought, "for friendship so disinterested—for my dying friend—than sacrifice the weak regrets which still cling to the past? He I love," she said, in a voice which she vainly endeavored to render firm, "proved false to me without a word, a reason, save interest; perhaps married another!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed her suitor, with well-affected concern.

"Left me," she added, "the blighted, broken thing you see me!"

"Heartless scoundrel!"

This time his indignation was real; for he firmly believed the report of his agent, that Henry Beacham was really married.

"How, then, could I give my hand to you, with my heart another's? deceive your generous, noble, confiding nature, by promising an undivided love? I mistrust myself; memory would return—I should not make you happy."

"Not if I sought," eagerly interrupted the old man, "those warm, fresh feelings which have been wasted upon a

heartless being unworthy of them! Such flowers bloom but once, Amy, in the heart, that I know full well; but respect, friendship, calm affection, these are still within your gift.

Amy only sighed.

"I ask but these, to shield you like a tender plant from the storms of life, and to know that when I die you will not be left again to the cold mercies of an un-pitying world!"

"Then take my hand," sobbed the unhappy girl. "Would that the gift were worthy of the noble heart which asks it. Would that mine went with it."

The delighted suitor was too much transported at the consent to cavil at the terms in which it was given, and too prudent to startle her feelings by his transports. Respectfully kissing the extended hands he assured her that his life should prove how deeply he felt the value of the gift.

"And now, Amy," he said, "the sooner, for both our sakes, that this is concluded, the better. Once a wife, you will, in the strong purity of your mind, find an additional strength; for it will then be a duty as well as wisdom to forget him. I regret I cannot offer you a more splendid destiny, but it is a safe one; for even if that tumultuous, short lived feeling, happiness, escape your grasp, you will find that surer stay of life, content."

Seeing that Amy was overcome by her emotion, and the efforts she had made, her now happy suitor took his leave—happy in his selfish joy—happy in the prospect of bliss extorted from gratitude—not affection. But such is ever an old man's love. Like a flower which blooms out of season, it may dazzle the eye, but it possesses no perfume to charm the heart.

No sooner was Amy alone than she bitterly repented of the promise she had given. It was like divorcing herself from the memory and old love of the past; something whispered her that she done wrong—acted prematurely; and yet she doubted not for an instant that Henry Beacham was married. Had the hope, the chance of his proving true, but glanced across her mind, there was no trial, no struggle which she should not have endured to preserve her faith to him.

"This is folly—weakness," she murmured.—"Why should my affections cling to a shadow—to an ideal love—to a being who has abandoned me—bartered my heart for wealth—heartlessly broken vows which I deemed as true as heaven? I'll think of it no more: a kind and generous man, who has stepped between me and misery, has asked my hand; my word is given, and gratitude demands that it should be kept. A last tear to my blighted love, a last sigh to the dream of my

girlhood," she added, "and Henry must henceforth be to me as the dead."

Unfortunately for Amy's peace of mind, neither the sigh nor the tear were doomed to be the last. She wept so long and bitterly, that, fearful of her resolution, she sought the chamber of poor Fanny, to gather strength for the sacrifice she was about to make, by witnessing the fortitude and resignation of the suffering girl.

"Fanny," said her friend, as the patient welcomed her with her faint smile, "do you think that you are strong enough to take a short journey?"

"My next journey will be to the grave, Amy!" replied her friend mournfully. "The hand of death is upon me! I can feel his cold touch and chilling breath! No, no—I must die here—here in this close stifling room! but you," she added, "will be by my side! your hands will close my eyes, your prayers support me, and your tears embalm my memory!"

Amy was for a few moments too much agitated to reply: the mild tone of resignation of the speaker affected her too much!

"I did not mean to grieve you," added the poor girl, as her friend's tears fell fast upon her thin wasted hand.

"You must not speak of dying!" sobbed Amy. "What would become of me, should I be left alone in the world, without one friend?"

"God will raise up others, Amy?"

"Aye, but not friends whom I can love as I do you. Who will feel for me, and sympathise with me? I am not, I trust, ungrateful to Him!" she continued, in answer to the half-reproving look of her friend. "He has indeed been merciful! He has raised us up a friend in the hour of our misery—a kind, generous one! Fanny," she added, trying to smile, "do you think you could bear the fatigue of a short journey?"

The patient shook her head.

"What, not to Mayfield?"

"Mayfield!" exclaimed the dying girl; "oh, yes! But you are jesting with me! How are we to live at Mayfield?"

"I am too sad to jest, Fanny. We will go together."

"Then I shall see the spot where I knew all that life has given me of happiness—sit once more by my poor mother's grave—breathe the air of the quiet fields and green lanes, so different from the hot, stifling atmosphere of London—view once more the spot where I have walked with him whose smile, I trust, will welcome me at the gates of heaven!—Death, dear Amy, there will close its sting! Bless you! bless you!"

Overcome with her emotions, the sick girl sank back, half-fainting, upon her pillow; but her tears were tears of joy.

The general returned home in a state of excitement difficult to describe. He was intoxicated with the prospect of his happiness; the thought of winning the love of a pure, young, and lovely girl was too much for his philosophy to withstand. He trusted to his wealth, to the splendor and luxuries he could surround her with, to gain the heart of Amy. How little did he know it, how little understand that though we coin our affections, lavish gift on gift, prayer on prayer, we cannot purchase even a corner in that wayward thing, the human heart.

His old servant Rigid met him on his return home. His thin, vinegar countenance expressed more than its usual dissatisfaction; but his master was too full of his own happiness and his dreams of the future to notice the discontent of his crabbed domestic.

"Back at last?" muttered the old soldier.

"Yes, Rigid; anything the matter?"

"Nothing more than usual," replied the one-headed Cerberus. "Tiffin spoiled; but you never would keep your time! And pray how much longer is this foolery to last?"

"What foolery?" demanded his master, seriously alarmed lest he had discovered anything respecting his intended marriage with Amy.

"What foolery?" repeated, or rather snarled the old soldier; why, living here in these cursed lodgings, where the air is more stifling than in India; where I can't smoke my pipe in peace, because the landlady detests the smell of tobacco. A fine madam!" he added: "she is not above robbing us in our weekly bills."

"Well, well, it will soon be over," observed the general with a complaisant smile.

"So much the better, sir."

"Rigid?"

"Well!"

"I have a secret to inform you of; but you must give me your word not to mention it without my permission?"

"Another fine scheme, I suppose, to try your relations?" said Rigid. "I should have thought that you had tried them enough already! No sooner did they believe you to be poor than your brother's and sister-in-law's affection cooled faster than a spent bomb; your puppy of a nephew cut you, your niece became suddenly near-sighted, and Sir William has called twice to see you when he knew you were sure to be out; perhaps he thought you wanted to borrow money of them?"

"They have indeed been heartless!"

"Bad lot! bad lot!"

"But it is nothing respecting them—it is something which concerns myself; and you are the first person—and, with the exception of Lord Egmont, the only one—I

shall confide it to ; but give me your promise ?”

“Speak !” said the old soldier, drawing himself up, and standing in an attitude of attention.

His master knew that one word was enough. With all his brusque manner and affected independence, the old soldier would have cheerfully died for his general : he loved him with that sort of savage fidelity which, like the affection of a bear, displays itself in a growl ; but then, he permitted no one else to growl at him.

“Rigid,” said the general, after a little hesitation, “I am going to get married.”

The old soldier made no reply—a slight grimace, as if something had set his teeth on edge, alone indicated how disdainful the intelligence was to him.

“I tell you,” repeated his master, annoyed at his silence, “that I am about to get married.”

“Sorry to hear it !”

“Why so ?”

“Too old—and too jealous a temper.”

“She who has accepted my hand will never give me cause of jealousy—of that I feel assured.”

“More than I do !”

“Why I have heard you praise her !” said his master.

“Have you ?” exclaimed the old man. “By heaven, then, but she must be a rare one—I have seen few I praise !”

“That’s true, at any rate !” observed the general, with a smile.

Rigid was stung by the reply, for he immediately added :

“Few as they are, they are more, perhaps, than deserve it. Now, you praise as little as I do, but you suspect more : it’s a wonder you never suspected yourself ?”

“Well, well—no matter ?” said his master, who knew, by long experience, that he was no match at saying bitter things with his domestic ; “as I told you, I am going to be married.”

“Sorry to hear it !”

“Why so ?”

“Because you will make two people miserable, yourself and your wife.”

“Not the wife I have chosen !” exclaimed the old man, with fervour ; “she is even more amiable than beautiful ! why, even you—brute as you are—admired her !”

“Did I ?” said Rigid, with a look of surprise.

“What think you of Amy Lawrence ?”

The old soldier started, and eyed his master with a painful expression of countenance.

“Amy Lawrence ! Poor thing ! poor thing ! And have you, general, really taken advantage of her poverty to trepan her into a marriage at which her heart, I am sure, revolts ! I thought better of you !”

“She loves me.”

Rigid whistled.

“I repeat, she loves me.”

“Did she tell you so ?” inquired the man, sarcastically.

Not even to his domestic would General Playwell condescend to a lie—he remained silent.

“I am sure she did not !” continued the eccentric fellow ; “she is too truthful for that ! It is my opinion that she loves another.”

“Why so ?”

“Because I have seen her pale face, her love of solitude, and the disgust with which she turned away from the ridiculous compliments which your puppy of a nephew was continually addressing to her. Her heart is engaged ; but what do you care for that ? her hand is all you require. Of course you are right ! what is the use of being rich, unless we buy every toy which passion or caprice desires ?”

“Hearts are not toys, Rigid.”

“Then why treat them as such ?” retorted the old man, scornfully. “You can’t be so blinded by vanity as to suppose that she accepts you for love ?”

“She thinks me poor !” exclaimed the general.

“And so marries you from pity ! a pretty bargain ! but I’ll undeceive her : I’ll tell her that you are still the wealthy General Playwell ! Then, if she is the girl I take her for, she will shrink from selling herself : if not, she will at least know that the cage she hops into is a gilded one.”

“And your promise, Rigid ?”

The soldier paused : with him his word implied or given had hitherto been his bond, and not even to save Amy would he break it. With a dissatisfied shrug of the shoulder he turned upon his heel, and marched out of the apartment.

“Pshaw !” muttered the general, as soon as he was alone : “Rigid, although honest, is a fool ! What should he know of hearts, a fellow that never loved anything, save his musket and his master ?” he added, after a pause. “Amy must be happy—she shall be happy. I will make her the envy of her sex, anticipate her every wish, surround her with more than Eastern luxuries ! Her life shall seem one golden holiday. Once married she will forget all her girlish love for this Henry Beacham, who, like a true trader, has cast away a pearl because the setting was not of gold. The fool doubtless mistook it for a pebble.”

That same day General Playwell engaged a magnificent house in St. James’s Square, and gave orders for it to be furnished in the most sumptuous style. Even the tradesmen who received his orders, accustomed as they were to the lavish expenditure of the English aristoc-

racy, were startled at the expense of the order. The upholsterer ventured to observe that the outlay would be enormous.

"If you doubt my capability of payment," observed the old gentleman, "you had better call at Coutt's; they will satisfy you that, even were the order ten times more extravagant, General Playwell need not deprive himself of his caprice."

At the magic name of Coutt's the tradesman bowed, and declared that such inquiries were unnecessary, although, like a prudent man, he determined to make them. Doubtless they were satisfactory, for on his return from the bankers', his men instantly commenced executing the costly order he had received.

An almost regal service of plate, and jewels to an immense amount, were ordered at Rundle and Bridge's, the then fashionable jewellers. If diamonds could have won a woman's heart, Amy's would have been purchased over and over again. The amorous bridegroom little dreamed that in her case they would only make it ache the more; but he judged as the world judges.

All these preparations were studiously kept from Amy. His intention was, on his return from Mayfield, where he proposed to spend the honeymoon, to bring her to his splendid mansion, and dazzle her, if possible, by the magnificence of his gifts.

"I am sure she will love me!" he kept repeating to himself. "What woman's heart can refuse to be touched by a devotion so costly, so true as mine?" Like many others whose hair has become grey with age, experience had not followed. He knew the world as well as most men, but the heart was still a sealed volume to the wealthy General Playwell.

Three days before the ill-assorted marriage, Amy and Fanny started for Mayfield. The vicarage, which happened to be disengaged, had been hired by the intended bridegroom; and the two orphans found themselves installed in the spot where one of them had passed the only happy moments of her brief existence. The patient, whether from excitement or change of scene, found herself so much better the day after her arrival, that, accompanied by her friend, she even ventured to walk into the little wood where she had passed so many hours with her lover. There was something soothing to her wounded spirit in the scene: she fancied that she heard his voice again, or listened for his step upon the green turf; she could have remained for hours there, with no other companion than the memory of the past; it was all now to her.

That same evening General Playwell arrived; the next morning his marriage with Amy was solemnized by special license in the village church, and poor Amy

found herself a wife. No sooner was the knot tied which death alone can break, than the poor girl would have given worlds, had it been possible, to recall the act which made her another's; but it was too late; out of gratitude she struggled with her regrets and feelings. Had she known that her lover was still true, even at the very moment she bartered her faith to another, it would not have ben regret, but despair.

"You have done wrong, Amy, very wrong," said her friend, as soon as she was informed of what had taken place, for the union had been kept a secret from her till too late to prevent it; "and I have to reproach myself with being the cause. Unkind girl! think you my friendship is so weak that, even to prolong my life a few brief days, to gild my declining hour with the last ray of sunshine it can ever know, I would have consented to this sacrifice? Unkind, dear, generous Amy!"

As the poor girl predicted, the sacrifice was comparatively a useless one. Three weeks afterwards she was found dead one morning on the bank of violets where her lover had first declared his passion, and presented her with the flowers whose existence, brief as it was, lasted as long as their dream of happiness. There was a smile upon her lips, and an expression of deep, calm content upon her pale features, when Amy and her husband, who, alarmed at her absence, had sought her—approached the spot.

"Dead, dead!" exclaimed her friend, throwing herself upon the turf beside her; "my last, my only friend!"

"You forget me, Amy," whispered her husband.

Although the mourner's tears fell fast, her lips moved in silent prayer.

"It is natural to mourn for those we love; but sorrow has its limits. Remember," he continued, "that Fanny was unhappy; that to her death was a release from pain and a broken heart. Cease, then, to weep for her."

"My tears are selfish," sobbed Amy; "I do not regret, I *envy* her!"

These words sank deep into the heart of General Playwell.

Fanny Wyndham was buried, as she had frequently expressed a wish to be, in the grave of her mother; and her young friend, in token of her love, planted upon her resting-place in the village churchyard some of her favorite violets. She felt that could the dear girl have been conscious of the act, she would prefer those simple memorials to a prouder monument.

At the end of the month Amy and her husband returned to London. The very day that she started for town, Henry Beaucham and his friend William Bowles landed in England, after their perils and es-

cape from Russia. Both the young men were full of hope and blissful anticipations of the future—each in fancy pictured a life of love and married happiness. Little did the former dream of the bitter disappointment that awaited him.

Nothing could exceed Amy's astonishment when, on her arrival in town, the chaise in which she travelled, instead of stopping at some quiet cottage in the suburbs—as she imagined the general's residence to be—drove up to a magnificent mansion in St. James's Square, and a troop of liveried domestics lined the way from the door to the foot of the great staircase, up which her husband supported her. It was in vain that he looked for an expression of pleasure in her eye—it was, if possible more than usually sad.

"Where are we?" she demanded.

"At home, love."

"Home!" repeated Amy; "this our home?"

"Where you," exclaimed the general, "shall reign a queen! Forgive me, Amy, the only deceit my heart ever knew! I am rich! The tale of the loss of my fortune was intended first to try the affection of my mercenary relatives, and not contrived from any doubt of you. Dispose of that fortune as you will—gratify every desire of your generous nature—make the poor rejoice in the bounties of your heart—dazzle your enemies by your magnificence and luxury. All that wealth can purchase I cast at your feet—you are its mistress and I your friend—your slave!"

"Would you had been poor!" said Amy, faintly—"would you had been poor! The world will say I sold myself for that fortune which cannot bring one pleasure to the heart, or peace to the mind."

"Not the pleasure of doing good?" demanded her husband; "of alleviating in others the misery you have known yourself—of saving innocence from the snares of vice—of hearing your name pronounced with blessings by those whom your hand has snatched from ruin?"

His wife tried to smile. He had touched the only chord which could reconcile her to wealth. She felt that in solacing the misery of others she might still find an alleviation of her own.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment and rage of the general's sister-in-law and her hopeful children, when they found that their relative was not only rich, but married; and that they had lost, by their selfishness and heartless conduct, all chance of the princely fortune once within their grasp. Lady Playwell could have bit her lips through with vexation. The only person who received the news with indifference was her husband. The captain was even more incensed than his worldly-minded mother. As far as his vain and

selfish nature would permit, he had loved Amy. He now felt that all chance of obtaining her on honorable or dishonorable terms was lost. His amiable sister was sulky and silent, as usual.

"The old fool!" exclaimed her ladyship, throwing down the *Morning Post* in a fit of disgust, in which she had just read a description of the magnificent diamonds ordered for the bride at Rundle and Bridge's, and which the editor stated to be valued at sixty thousand pounds; "diamonds for such a creature!"

"Preposterous!" added her daughter.

"I suppose," continued the mother, "he will be expecting me to present her at court. Lady Playwell presenting her daughter's lady's-maid," she added, bitterly; "that would be the climax!"

"Your daughter's companion, you mean," observed her husband, gravely. "Miss Lawrence was never considered in the light of a domestic in my house."

"Companion or lady's-maid, it's all the same!" exclaimed the lady, testily. "I shall not visit the creature!"

"There will be no occasion," observed the captain, who had taken up the morning paper which her ladyship had thrown down in a pet. "Here is a paragraph which escaped you."

He read as follows:

"General Playwell's house in St. James's Square is a perfect *bijou*. The saloons are of the noblest proportions, and decorated with a splendor which would be overwhelming but for the exquisite taste which chastens it. We understand that as soon as the bride has been presented at court the noble mansion will be thrown open to the fashionable world, and the lovely wife of the gallant general introduced into society, under the auspices of a royal duchess."

"A royal duchess! I shall go mad!"

"Devilish provoking!" exclaimed her son. "And I cut the old fellow, too!"

"Deceitful, mean trick!" added his mother, in allusion to the artifice by which her brother-in-law had tested the sincerity of his relatives. "But I suppose the artful creature either knew or guessed it!"

"Lady Playwell," observed her husband, seriously, "you have no one to blame but yourself. Despite my entreaties, you and your son so conducted yourselves towards my brother on the presumed loss of his fortune, that he must have been blind indeed had he not seen through the motive of your preceding kindness. Regret is useless. You, of course, will act as you please."

"Of course," said the lady.

"But I," continued her husband, firmly, "shall most certainly recognize my brother's wife, and it will be but wisdom in you to do the same—that is," he added,

"if you wish to escape the ridicule of a disappointed fortune-hunter, out-manceuvred in her calculations."

Her ladyship began to reflect that there was some truth in the observation. Ridicule was more galling to her pride than even the loss of fortune.

"Were you as good a general as my brother," continued the speaker, "you would put a smiling face on your defeat, and turn it to a drawn battle, in which, although the spoil escapes, you retire with at least the honors of war. Call upon the bride and bridegroom, whisper it as a secret amongst your friends that the pretended poverty of the general was to test the sincerity of the lady, not the disinterestedness of the sister-in-law."

"True. Really, Sir William," said his wife, with a smile, "you sometimes have an idea worth following! I may become *her friend*! Poor thing! with her dreadful inexperience I am sure she must require one! You are right—I *will visit* them."

Our readers will not for an instant suspect that it was either a kind or repentant feeling which induced her ladyship to come to the determination of visiting Amy, but the hope, if possible, of poisoning her happiness and her husband's, whom she hated as disappointed women only hate. She knew by experience how difficult it is for a young creature to steer clear of the rocks and quicksands of life, cast as the bride was, in a sphere so widely different from the one in which she had hitherto moved: she decided, in her evil nature, on becoming her friend, her guide, and *chaperone*, on the same principle that pirates often contrive to place one of their crew on board a vessel to pilot it, the more effectually to wreck the gallant ship. More women have been betrayed by the artifices of their own sex even than by ours.

Ordering her carriage, and directing her daughter to accompany her, she started, with this charitable intent, to pay her visit to the bride and her brother-in-law, at their splendid mansion in St. James's Square.

Had any incentive been wanting to confirm her in her purpose, the sight of the richly-decorated drawing-room into which she and her daughter were shown, whilst the groom of the chambers hastened to his mistress's boudoir to announce their visit, would have been sufficient. She had not even the consolation of finding something to quarrel with in the arrangements. Costly as the furniture and pictures were, every thing was in the most exquisite style. If wealth had presided at the furnishing of the house, it had not been unaccompanied by good taste.

Amy and her husband were seated in

conversation, when the card was brought to her by the domestic.

"Lady and Miss Playwell," said Amy, as she glanced at the names with an air of surprise, and handed it to the general. "Wait in the ante-room, James."

The groom of the chambers withdrew.

Although General Playwell cared as little for his sister-in-law as she did for him, still he was pleased at the visit—it gratified his pride. He knew her influence in the fashionable world, her powers of ridicule; and felt that a seeming friendship between the ladies would save his wife many little annoyances in her outset in society—in fact he preferred Lady Playwell as an ally rather than an enemy.

"Come," he said, "this shows, at least, a desire to atone for her past ill-treatment. It is something for a woman of her temper to make the first advance. Of course you will see her?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do wish it. Not that I entertain a higher opinion of her ladyship than you do; still, as she is so nearly related to us, it would seem odd in the eyes of the world if we were to remain on unfriendly terms; and all eyes, Amy, in fashionable life are now fixed on you."

"On me?"

"Even so. Your presentation is looked forward to as an event. Your first appearance in private society will be what the fools call a sensation, and much depends upon the auspices under which a young wife makes her *début* in the world, whether her career in it is to be brilliant or obscure."

"But I do not care for society," meekly replied his wife, who felt a secret repugnance at renewing her acquaintance with Lady Playwell.

"You will do, my love," said the general with animation, "for you are formed to adorn it; and your present position calls you to act no mean part in it. It is something, believe me, Amy, to find yourself the centre of a brilliant circle, looked up to honored, courted, and respected; leaving the impress of your mind, giving its tone to conversation, leading the world, instead of following it. Have you no ambition?"

"None, but to please you," she added, "to prove myself worthy of the generous man whose confidence has elevated me to a height which it sometimes makes me giddy to contemplate. I should have been much happier had you been poor—contentment needs so little!"

General Playwell took the arm of his young wife, and led her towards the drawing-room. He disliked all allusion to the subject of his supposed poverty, for something whispered to him that he had not acted a generous part by the poor orphan,

in making the loss of his wealth a plea for their marriage, urging his inability to shield her under any other character from the perils of life. Poor Amy was so bewildered by her new position, that she had not yet found time to analyse all this. The storm had not yet broken—it was rolling at a distance.

"My dear creature," exclaimed Lady Playwell, advancing to the bride, as she entered the drawing-room, leaning on her husband's arm, "how happy I am to see you! Good morning, general; accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage. But you look pale, my love," she added, turning to Amy! "Pestered to death with visits, no doubt!"

"Many persons, whose names even were unknown to me, have called since my return to town."

"Of course," said her ladyship, "you have not been at home to any of them?"

"To none but those whom the general wished me to receive."

"Very right. There is nothing so dreadful as an ineligible acquaintance. Jane, my love," she added, turning to her daughter, "go and kiss your uncle. Poor child, she is so timid!"

The young lady obeyed with her usual ill grace.

"But what do you intend to do," continued the manœuvring visitor, "with all these persons? To a woman her visiting list is one of the most important affairs of life, and it is doubtful whether you ought to know one-tenth part of those whose names and reputations these little bits of pasteboard represent."

Seeing that Amy was bewildered, the general undertook to reply for her. He knew the importance of proper selection of acquaintance—we use the term proper in the fashionable sense of the word—as well as his sister-in-law, whose skill and tact as a leading *ton* had long been universally acknowledged.

"Amy cares but very little for society," he observed, and will, I fear, never become, like your ladyship, one of its leaders. The Countess of Egmont, who has kindly offered to *chaperone* her in the world——"

"The Countess of Egmont!" interrupted his sister-in-law, in a tone in which she tried to make one of affectionate reproach. "Oh, general, you will positively make me quarrel with you! What will the world say, if so near a relative is introduced into its circles by any other than myself? The countess is certainly a highly unexceptionable acquaintance, but *passé* and about as fit to *chaperone* a young lady in society as I am to be Lord Chancellor. No—Amy must positively make her *entree* into society at my house. I intend to give a ball three days after the

drawing-room. Positively I can take no refusal."

This was what her brother-in-law secretly wished: he felt that it was important that his wife should be acknowledged by Lady Playwell, and he almost fancied that he had formed too hasty a judgment of her heart and character. Could he have read the latent hope, the secret purpose for which so much kindness was shown, he would have turned from her as from a serpent in his path!

"Both Amy and myself," he said, "feel delighted at the arrangement."

"That's settled. Of course I do not prefer my claim for the pleasure of presenting Mrs. General Playwell. A simple baronet's wife against a royal duchess would be too absurd. *Au revoir*, we shall meet at least at the drawing-room. By-the-by, my love, who has arranged your dress?"

"Herbele."

"Good; you can't be in better hands. Give him a *carte blanche*, and I will answer for the result.—The jewels I need not inquire about—all the world has been to Rundle and Bridge to see them. You will be the very queen of diamonds. Adieu!"

Saluting Amy on the cheek, her heartless relative bid her adieu, and accompanied by her daughter, left the house with smiles upon her lips, kind words upon her tongue, but gall and hate in her heart. The coolness of the girl who had so lately been treated by her as a dependant annoyed her, and she mentally vowed she would destroy her happiness, no matter what means she descended to in the attempt.

Amy's presentation at court created quite a sensation: the women raved of her jewels, the men of her beauty; but all admitted the quiet grace with which she stood the ordeal: even Lady Playwell was at a loss to find a fault.

"Perfect, my dear creature—perfect!" she whispered, as, leaning on her husband's arm, Amy passed her on the great staircase of St. James's Palace. "I really must congratulate you upon your self-possession. Remember," she added, "in three days you will have another ordeal to go through: doubt not but it will prove equally successful with the first."

The very day on which the drawing-room had taken place the two friends reached London. It was agreed between them that William Bowles should proceed to Lady Playwell's, and break the news of Henry's arrival to Amy. Neither of the young men had the least suspicion that she was married.

Her ladyship had just returned from court when the card of the young man

was brought her, which she read twice ere she consented to receive him.

"Mr. William Bowles, Cannon-street, Manchester! who the deuce can he be? and what can he want with me?" She was about to say "Not at home," when the recollection that Amy came from Manchester suddenly struck her. She was too skilful a tactician to throw the slightest chance away. "At home," she said, and in a few minutes the visitor was admitted.

William Bowles felt himself placed in rather an awkward position when in the presence of the astute Lady Playwell, whose court dress and jewels made her appear more like a queen in his eyes than an ordinary mortal. She saw at once the cause of his embarrassment, and hastened to relieve it.

"I must apologise for receiving you thus," she said, with a bland smile—for William was very handsome; "but really the drawing-room was so late that I had not had time to change my dress. Such crowds, such confusion. May I beg to be favoured with the object of this visit?"

"It is," said William, "to inquire after a young lady, who has, I believe, for some time been residing with your ladyship—Miss Lawrence."

"You mistake—Miss Lawrence is——"

"What?" inquired her visitor.

"*Not here at present*," added Lady Playwell, who suspected that she might learn from her visitor something to aid her designs against Amy. She had been on the point of saying "married," when the idea struck her, and, with her usual tact, she was not slow in seizing it. "You appear interested in the young lady, not—not that I wonder at it," she continued, with a smile; "all who know her must love her. She has made sad havoc with the hearts of the men since her arrival in London."

"I can readily believe that, madam," replied William Bowles with an unembarrassed air, which showed how little his feelings were affected by the observation.

Lady Playwell felt disappointed: she had hoped to have found out that he had been the lover of Amy Lawrence, instead of a friend.

"Too cold," she muttered, "for a lover!"

When the kind-hearted Doctor Currey first placed his *protege* under her care, he had told her in confidence as much of poor Amy's history as he thought would secure her sympathy. She was perfectly aware, therefore, that she had loved and been cruelly deceived—as all believed—by the object of her choice.

"And yet," she said, "the dear girl failed to secure the only heart which could have made her happy?"

"She is deceived," exclaimed William, eagerly; "we have all been cruelly deceived! His uncle, who had other views,

sent him on a pretended errand to St. Petersburg, caused him to be detained there against his will, and spread a false report of his marriage. Henry has not even in thought been unfaithful to the object of his love: he is as true to Amy as she has been to him. A few hours since we arrived in London: he would have flown to her presence to undeceive her, had not my counsel restrained his impatience. I took the task upon myself, fearful," he added, "lest the unexpected sight of one so justly dear to her should cause too great a surprise."

To Lady Playwell every word he uttered was like delicious music—her ears drank greedily the intelligence: it placed the happiness of the being she secretly hated in her power. Now, indeed, she felt that she could crush her through her heart—be avenged upon the general for the deception which had placed her mercenary attentions in so ridiculous a light. In an instant the whole plan of her proceedings became plain.

"You have made me happy indeed," she said, with a face radiant with smiles; "have removed a regret—a doubt—which I felt for the happiness of my young *protege*. At present she is staying with a friend, but I will write to her this very day and break the intelligence. Stay," she added, "in three days I give a party; leave your address—I will send cards for you and your friend. Perhaps it would be as well that their first meeting should be less public. No matter—they can easily escape from the crowd, and enjoy a *tete-a-tete* in my boudoir—it will be better than delaying their interview."

William was of the same opinion, and, after leaving his address, took his leave, impressed with the idea that the heartless woman was a true friend to the unfortunate being whose happiness she sought to blight, whose reputation she trusted to ruin.

"What a scene it will be!" thought Lady Playwell, as she paced the drawing-room with a triumphant air. "I would not miss the meeting for worlds. Now, general, I'll pay you back scorn for scorn, deceit for deceit! Pray heaven nothing happens to mar my design!"

And she could pray to heaven—that heartless being—for the success of a project which a fiend might have blushed to have conceived, or lacked heart to execute. Oh! woman, woman, how truly has it been said that you are better and worse than man! nearest to angels when worthy of your sex: akin to devils when evil passions take the rein, or jealousy, mortified vanity, and revenge stifle the impulses of your nature!

The next day the two friends received the promised cards of invitation. Eleven was the hour fixed. Their intended hos-

ness was resolved that not one circumstance which could detract from her triumph, or add to Amy's mortification, should be spared. She wished all the world, if possible, to witness the meeting, and dwell in anticipation upon its agony—she would not spare them a single pang.

"What an hour!" observed William; "eleven! but I suppose its the rule in fashionable life. No matter, Henry; don't look so sad, or let your heart devour itself through impatience. A few days will see us all at home again, and the same day which unites me to Mary must see you the husband of Amy Lawrence. There is nothing to interfere with your happiness now," he added; "you are rich, and free to offer your hand where you have so worthily bestowed your heart! How they will rejoice at Burnley to see us all at home again!"

"Heaven grant it!" replied his friend. "Would we were there!"

And thus did the two young men picture a life of future happiness, which, for one at least, was farther than ever from being realised.

Lag as we will, old Time is sure to bring the appointed moment at last; although, to Henry's love and William's impatience to join his betrothed, the three intervening days seemed as many ages. But the evening at last arrived, and the young men started upon their visit—Beacham's countenance radiant with happiness, Bowles content in the prospect of his friend's. On reaching the mansion of the baronet, from which a long line of carriages extended half way down the square, they were shown into the library, where Captain Playwell, who had been initiated into the plot by his subtle mother, was waiting to receive them. He had his part to play in the scene—he had neither forgotten nor forgiven the mortification which Amy's scornful rejection of his infamous proposals had occasioned; and, like most ungenerous natures, he triumphed in the thought of a mean, despicable revenge. In his usual off-handed manner he introduced himself to the young men, and offered his services to *chaperone* them through the crowded rooms. Amy and her husband he knew had arrived.

"Allow me," he said, "to be your guide through the menagerie of human animals. You will find men of all countries—statesmen, poets, philosophers *flâneurs*; the collection is as varied as it is amusing. There, for instance, is the Earl of Carey, who in his youth was one of the wildest fellows upon town. He caused three divorces, and Heaven knows how many duels. At present he is an Exeter-hall man, subscribes to the Bible Society, talks at missionary meetings, and

has got thoroughly whitewashed for the sins of his early life."

"I have heard that the Princess Augusta," said William Bowles, "was attached to him?"

The captain looked surprised—he, too, had heard of the antiquated piece of scandal, but was puzzled to know how a man from the city of weavers could have learnt it.

"You are right," he said, "he was only a baronet then. Her highness even went so far as to consent to a marriage, but the regent interfered, and the ardent lover was consoled for the loss of his wife by an earldom—no bad exchange!"

Both his companions thought differently, but did not think fit to contradict him.

"There goes the Prince of Sorrento, and his wife upon his arm. There was a sad report about her in Naples with the king; but his majesty gave the husband an embassy, when, of course, his honor was satisfied."

"And is she still received into good society?" demanded Henry Beacham, with surprise.

"Certainly—as a foreigner. I need not tell you that in England, exclusive as we are, everything foreign is sure to be well received. We look most carefully into the characters of our own countrywomen, but trouble ourselves very little about those of our continental neighbors: they have a morality of their own—we have no right to judge them by our standard."

By this time they had reached the principal drawing-room, where Amy and Lady Playwell were standing in the centre of a bery of beauties, who were criticising the bride, and envying or admiring her jewels. Adolphus caught his mother's eye, and felt that the moment had arrived.

"Here," he said, "is the star of the evening—the young and beautiful bride of my old uncle, General Playwell. To be sure he is old enough to be her grandfather—but what of that? he is one of the wealthiest commoners in England. The lady's diamonds are unrivalled. She is envied as much by her own sex as much as he is by ours. Of course she must be happy."

"Is it possible?" said Henry, glancing towards Amy, whose back was turned to him; "so young, and yet so heartless!"

Adolphus shrugged his shoulders.

"Sold herself," added William. "Of course there could be no love?"

"Allow me," said the captain, "to present Mrs. General Playwell to —"

On hearing herself named, Amy naturally turned round, and her eyes fell upon Henry; his cheek glowing in manly health, his eyes sparkling with the hope which animated him of again beholding the object of his love. To both the

shock was electrical. A glassy expression came over the eyes of the fair bride, as, with a deep sigh, she sank fainting in the arms of her husband.

"Married!" faltered Henry, his heart crushed at the blow.

Without giving him time to repeat the word, William seized him by the arm, and dragged, or rather carried him through the rooms. So sudden had been the introduction, so brief the moment it occupied, that only those who were conversing with Amy at the time, were aware that it had taken place; by every one else the heat of the room was supposed to be the cause of her indisposition.

"How distressing!" said Lady Playwell. "Who can the young man be whose sudden appearance has caused this emotion?"

"Your son, madame," said the general coldly, "can best answer that question."

"Oh, certainly—a Mr. Henry Beacham, some former acquaintance of my aunt's; he requested an introduction—of course I could not refuse him.

Amy, still insensible, was borne to the carriage by her husband, and driven home. It was a sight to make an angel weep—that pale, fair girl, in her ball robe and resplendent with jewels, crushed like some delicate flower, by the machinations of Lady Playwell. It was long—very long—ere she awoke to a sense of her misery. She had seen him—the only being whom her heart had loved—and, faithless, changed as she still thought him, the sight had awakened feelings which, however time might subdue, death only could destroy.

General Playwell was scarcely less happy than his wife. The inquiries he had caused to be made respecting Amy previous to his marriage sufficiently explained the scene he had witnessed. Like most old men, he was jealous of the thing he loved; and the proof of the deep hold which a man who was worthless still retained on the affections of Amy, gave him a bitter pang. What would it have been had he known that Henry Beacham's love had been as constant and unchanged as her own?"

"I must see the fellow!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "It is for me to protect the woman he deserted against the recurrence of a scene like this!"

The first thing he did on the following morning was to write a note to Lady Playwell, requesting the address of Mr. Beacham.

(To be continued.)

WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances the dignity of thinking beings.

THE INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A GENTLEMAN riding in an eastern railroad car observed, in a seat before him, a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and, after shifting his position several times, and manœuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent?—father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Child, perhaps?—boy or a girl?"

"No, sir, not a child: I have no children."

"Husband, then, I expect?"

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum! Cholery?—a trading man, maybe?"

"My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel; he did not die of cholera, he was drowned."

"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his *chist*?"

"Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "*Pious* man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

The next question was a little delayed; but it came.

"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his *chist*?"

"I do," said the widow, abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window.

The indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat—

"Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "you are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the opposite side of the car.

"Pears to be a little buffy!" said the ineffable bore. Turning to our narrator behind him—"What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand?"

A YOUNG clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky?

"Madam," replied he, "I knew that they could not live without contradiction, so I thought it best to let them have their own way."

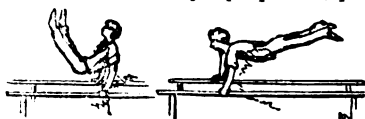
Youths' Department.

Gymnastics.¹

PARALLEL BARS.

These are two pieces of wood, from six to eight feet in length, and about four inches square, the edges rounded. For lads, they are fixed at about eighteen inches apart, and supported by two round standards, firmly fixed in the ground, from three to four feet high, according to the stature of the boys.

Balancing.—Being placed between the bars and in the centre, put your hands right and left on the bars at the same time. After a little jump upwards, pre-



serve your equilibrium on both wrists, the legs close; this is called the first position. Then communicate to your body a gentle movement of balancing from behind, forwards, and continue this for several times, the body moving as it were upon a pivot. This should be practised until the body swings freely backwards and forwards.

To bring both legs over.—From the first position, after a little movement of balancing, bring both legs, close and at once, over one of the bars forwards, without touching it or moving your hands from the place. The same ought to be made backwards, from right to left.



To jump out.—After having communicated to the body a movement of balance, the moment at which the legs are raised over the bars, jump backwards over the right without touching it with the feet or waist; then perform the same jump forwards. By the vaulting jump you may easily come between the bars, and also bring your body over both without touching them otherwise than with your hands.

To rise and sink down.—Being in equilibrium in the middle of the bars, place



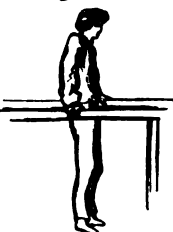
the legs backwards, the heels close to the upper part of the thigh. From this position, come gently

down, till the elbows nearly meet behind the back, then rise up gently without any impulse or touching the ground with your feet.

To kiss the bar behind the hands.—In the same position as before, bring the body gently down between the bars without touching the ground with your knees; kiss the bar behind each hand alternately, and then rise up in the first position.

Jumping on the bars.—Keep the knees straight, and jump along the bars backward and forward. Afterwards, do the same with the fingers turned inside. These will be learned easier, if the young gymnast tries them first with bent knees.

Walking on the Bars.—Walk on the hands to the end and back again. In walking backwards, take care to keep the elbows straight, or you will come down. When this is done with ease, do the same, only keep your fingers inside the bars.



WALKING ON THE BARS.

The L.—Sit on the ground between the bars; take hold of the bars with your hands and raise your body still in the sitting position, and stay there as long as you can. When that is learned, jump along the bars in the same attitude. Keep your knees straight, and don't mind if your limbs ache a little.

The Arm Swing.—Rest the fore arms on the bars, and swing. When tired of swinging, let the body hang straight.



and then rise on the hands. Not easy at first, but soon done with practice.

The Roll.—Rest on the fore arms, swing backward, and turn completely over, catching the bars under the arms. It looks difficult, but is easy enough, only wanting a little nerve.

The Janus.—Sit astride the bars, having your hands rather behind. Now raise the feet, swing through the bars, and come up astride on the other side. Your arms will then be twisted, and your face will be looking in the opposite direction. Swing

boldly, or the shins will be knocked against the bars.

The Sausage.—Kneel on the bars. Stretch the hands as far forward as possible, and hitch the toes over the bars be-



hind, at the same time stretching them backwards as far

as possible. Now let the body sink between the bars, being supported by the hands and insteps. Now rise again. Difficult, but soon learnt.

To Stand on a Bar.—Sit astride one of the bars. Place the heel of the right foot on the bar, hitching the left instep under it. Draw yourself up by means of the left



instep. Take care of your balance. This is a very useful accomplishment, and may possibly stand the gymnast in good stead.

The Drop.—Stand on the bars with each foot over one of the posts. Spring slightly into the air, put the feet together, and come down stiff, catching yourself by your hands. This should be done over the posts, as the bars might be broken were the weight of the fall to come in the middle.



The Spring.—Swing at one end, and with a sudden impulse leap to the other on your hands. Take care of the balance of the body, or you will come on your back between the bars.



The Barber's Curl.—Hang on one end of the bars as in the L. Keep the knees straight, and turn over slowly, not letting the feet come to the ground. Stay there while you count ten, and come back the same way.

THE HORIZONTAL BAR.
Let two strong upright posts be firmly

fastened into the ground, about six feet apart, and let a wooden bar be strongly mortised into their tops. The bar should be made of white deal, about two inches and a half in diameter. The bar must have no knot in it, or it will break. It should be so high from the ground that a spring is required to reach it with the hands. The surface of the bar should be free from all roughnesses, but not polished.

The Grasp.—The fingers should be hooked over the pole, keeping the thumb on the same side as the fingers. Hang as long as possible, first with both hands, then with each hand by turns.



The Walk.—Hang by the hands, and walk by them from one end of the pole to the other, backwards and forwards. Do not slip. Do it first with both hands on the same side of the pole, afterwards with a hand at each side.



Breasting the Bar.—Hang by the hands, and draw up the body slowly until the chest touches the bar. Practise this as often as possible—knees straight.



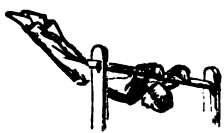
Kicking the Bar.—Hang by the hands and draw up the feet very slowly until the instep touches the pole. Do it several times. Difficult at first, but soon learned. Do not kick about, or jerk yourself upward, or you may strain yourself.



Swinging.—Hang by the hands and swing backward & forward. Practise this until your heels are considerably above your head each way. After a while, let go of the pole as you swing back, and catch it again as you come down.



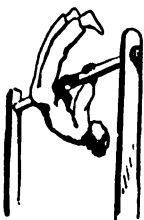
An inch or two at first is enough, but do not be satisfied until the



hands can have a space of eight or ten inches between themselves and the bar.

To sit on the Bar.—Hang by the hands, and pass one of your feet through them, hitching your knee over the bar. Then give a good swing backwards, and come up sitting on the bar with one leg. Now

draw the other leg over, and do not tumble off.



Circling the Bar.—Hang by the hands, and curl the body gently over the bar. If it is too difficult, stop for a minute or two, try something else, and after an interval try it again. It will be soon learned.

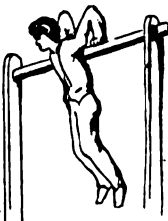
The True Lover's Knot.—Grasp the bar; pass the left knee through the right arm, so as to let the knee rest in the elbow; pass the right knee over the instep of the left foot; let go with the left hand, and with it grasp the right foot. You will now be suspended by the right hand, and will be packed



up in a remarkably small space. Take care of the right wrist, or you will spin round and twist off.

Passing through the Arms.—Hang by the hands, and bring the feet between them, permitting them to pass through until they can nearly touch the ground; now return in the same way. This cannot be done properly without practising, as the muscles of the shoulder blades must be capable of great relaxation, together with great power.

The Grasshopper.—Sit on the pole, grasping it with the fingers at the front. Slide gradually off, until the small of the back rests against the pole, while the arms are elevated at the elbows like a grasshopper's legs. Now draw yourself up again,



THE GRASSHOPPER.



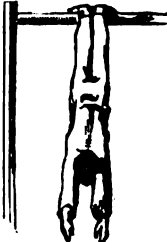
HANGING BY THE LEGS

Hanging by the Legs.—This is easy enough, and a capital preservative against determination of the blood to the brain. First practise it with both legs over the pole; then take off the left leg and hitch it over the right instep; then learn to hang by one leg only, while you try to carry a weight in your hands. When you are perfect and confident, sit on the pole, and drop off backwards, catching yourself by the legs. This must be done with a fall like a plummet, or the body will swing, and probably unhitch the legs from the pole.

The Arm-chair.—Hang on the bar by the arms just below the elbows, keeping the elbows firmly pressed to the side. The hands should be lower than the bar, to counteract the swing of the body.



Hanging by the Feet.—Hang by the hands, and curl up the body, until the insteps are well hitched over the bar. Let go the hands cautiously, and permit the body to hang at full length. The best way to reach the bar again is to seize one of your legs, and pull yourself up by it.



To leave the Bar.—Never get on the bar or leave it in a clumsy manner; there should be art about everything. To leave the bar effectively is well worth practising. Here are six modes:

1. Sit on the bar; drop and hang by the legs, at the same time giving the body a swing forwards which will loosen the hold of the legs. Alight on the hands, and get gently on the feet. This is rather a brilliant finish, and not so difficult as it appears.

2. Sit on the bar, place both hands on one side, and vault over.

3. Sit astride, place both hands on the bar in front, bring up both feet, at the same time springing upright; run along

the bar and jump off the end, or slide down the post if it is too high to jump.

4. Hang by the hands, draw up the body until the chest touches the bar; spring off backwards by the force of the arms.

5. Hang by the hands, and swing completely round once, letting the impetus hurl you forward. Take care to cross the feet and come down on the toes.

6. If you are tired and cannot perform any of these things, merely hang by the hands, and come round through them, but never merely loose the pole.

THE HORSE.

There is not a more graceful or more interesting series of exercises than those performed on the Wooden Horse. They are very useful also, as they give exceeding pliancy to the limbs, and teach the gymnast how to take advantage of the weight of each member. They have also the advantage of requiring some daring, and a spirited lad will always surpass at these exercises.

The horse is made of a great cylinder of wood mounted on four legs, which are firmly fastened into the ground—their ends should be charred as was directed for the Giant Stride.

Nearer one end than the other a piece of stout rough leather is firmly nailed, to represent the saddle, and two curved pieces of wood bound the saddle and represent the pommels. The hind pommel should be nearly half an inch higher than the other. They may be covered with leather also.

On the off side of the horse a pit about a foot deep and four feet square should be dug and filled with sawdust, while on the near side the paving should be either very fine gravel, or, if possible, sand.

There should be several horses, adapted to the different sizes of boys who are to practise on them. When a boy can place his chin on a level with the saddle, he should change to a higher horse, as the top of the saddle ought to be on a level with the nose of the gymnast.

Mounting.—Stand by the horse, place one hand on each pommel, spring up, so that the body is supported by the hands, while the legs rest lightly against the horse. Keep the body upright and knees straight. Down and up again several times. Always come down on the toes.

Now do the same thing; but, in springing up, throw out the right leg until it is nearly at right angles with the body, then the left. Afterwards spread both legs as widely as possible.

When this can be done with ease, spring up as before, rest a moment, then throw

the right leg easily over the saddle, removing the right hand, and there you are.

Dismounting.—Put the left hand on the fore pommel, right hand on the saddle, spring off and come to the ground, keeping your right hand still on the saddle. Be sure in all these exercises to come down on the toes.

Sustaining the Body.—1. Spring up as in mounting, and throw the body away from the horse, bringing it back again without coming to the ground.

2. Mount, and putting both hands on the front pommel, raise the body as high as you can. Don't be afraid of going too high.

3. Do the same, but swing the body backwards and forwards. Hard work, but capital exercise.

4. Do the same, and slap the soles of your shoes together.

Knee Practice.—1. Put your hands on the pommels, spring up, and lodge your



KNEE PRACTICE.

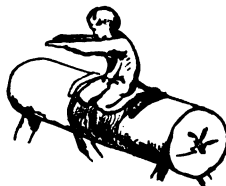


TOUCH SADDLE.

right knee on the saddle. Down, and then the left knee. Then both knees. Practise these well.

2. Hands on pommels, leap up and touch the saddle with both toes.

3. Kneel on the saddle with both knees; now lean well forward and jump off. Very easy, but requires confidence.

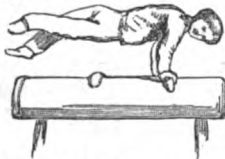


Swinging Practice.—1. Sit behind the saddle, put the left hand on the front pommel, and the right hand on the other. Raise the body and swing round the horse, seating yourself on his neck, before the



saddle. Change hands, and swing round until you regain your former position.

2. Put both hands on the front pommel, raise the body, and suddenly swing boldly upwards, turning round and crossing the legs, so that you will sit on the saddle with your face to the tail. Keep the hands in their places, and swing back again in the



same manner.

Miscellaneous Exercises.—Hands on pommels, spring up and put the right leg through the arms, letting the left hang straight. Withdraw the right leg, and spring up again, using the left leg, and letting



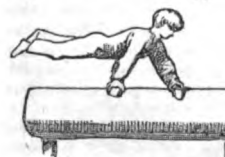
the right hang down.



before the saddle.



Hands on pommels, spring up, cross your feet, pass them through the hands, and come to the ground on the opposite side.



Take a short run, place the hands on the pommels, & vault completely over the horse, keeping the knees straight.



Sit behind the saddle, put both hands on the hind pommel, & throw yourself off over the horse's tail.

Hands on pommels, spring up, make the body into an L, let the feet pass through the hands and rest suspended without touching the saddle. Knees quite straight,

A good one for a finish. Take a run, put both hands on the very top of the pommels, and throw yourself over in a regular somerset. This is not bad, but you can do better after the somerset has been learned.



Throw the somerset as before, only do not let go the hands. You will now be standing with your back to the horse, the spine considerably bent, and your arms thrown over your head. Wait so for a few seconds, and then with a powerful effort throw yourself back again, so as to come on the ground on the same side of the horse from which you started. This is really difficult, as it requires practice, strength, and confidence, but it looks so well that it is worth learning. The writer of these few instructions has often astonished the natives with it, and has lately repeated it after two years' absence from any gymnasium.

In our next we shall treat of the Swing, an exercise though common, but little understood.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.—Dr Pöppig, in his voyage to Chili, saw from the topmast a dark red streak, estimated at six English miles broad; then the color changed to the brilliant purple, and the foam at the ship's stern was roseate. The water taken up in a bucket appeared transparent; but a moderate magnifying-glass showed little red dots, consisting of infusoria of spherical form, but destitute of external organs of motion. The ship sailed for four hours through this streak, the superficies of which must have been 168 English square miles; and if we add that the infusoria may have been equally distributed in the water to the depth of six feet, their numbers surpass the conception of the human understanding.

AN Irishman took the train from London to Gravesend. On jumping from the carriage he remarked, that "if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time he would have walked a-foot!"

SOME people seem as if they can never have been children, and others as if they could never be any thing else.

"FRANK, where have you been? You are in a perfect glow?"

"I've been playing at an old game—chasing a hoop in Chestnut street."

Masonic Law, History, and Miscellany.

Masonic Law.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY :

Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Freemasonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. R. S.
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PART III.—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONIC LAW.

CHAPTER II.

SUPERVISORY, CORRECTIVE AND APPELLATE POWER IN THE EX. LEG. AND JUDICIAL FUNCTIONS OF MASONIC GOVERNMENT.—THE DOGMATIC, DIPLOMATIC AND PRAGMATIC PREROGATIVES OF SUCH A MASONIC POWER.—UNIVERSITY OF MASONIC SCIENCE—UNIVERSAL MASONIC CONGRESS.

HAVING considered the elective, executive, legislative, and judicial functions of masonic government as the same apply to individual Masons and the sphere of the local lodge, it now remains for us to set forth the manner in which a uniform system may be constantly maintained in the exercise of these prerogatives by numerous and diversified bodies, such as are spread out before our view in the multiplied organizations of local lodges throughout the world.

We have already seen that the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of masonic government are inherent in the local masonic lodge. They take their origin and rise therein, and are an indispensable concomitant of its organic existence; and unless such bodies are perpetually guaranteed and secured in the indefeasible right to exercise the same, the whole superstructure of Freemasonry would instantly crumble into chaos.¹

¹ This principle was distinctly brought out at the organization of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717. The four old lodges that united in forming that Grand Lodge were particularly guaranteed this inherent right of self-government, by a conventional compact reiterating their immemorial privileges

Hence, then, the exercise of these functions by any masonic power beyond the local lodge, must be expressly derived from those primitive organizations in Masonry. And as it is an axiom, both in morals and politics, that no man nor body of men can entirely alienate or forfeit inherent, essential and indispensable rights belonging unto him or them by the very order and nature of things, except for crime, it is clear that all masonic powers or organizations, beyond the local lodge, can only be invested with such supervisory, corrective and appellate prerogatives in the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of masonic government, as may be expressly conceded by local lodges to the same, in well defined stipulations and conventional compacts.²

Therefore, as such concessions can not be made for the purpose of conferring any right to impair the full exercise of the legitimate functions of local lodges, but only to aid in securing a wiser, better and juster exercise of the same, it must be apparent that as soon as such a supervisory power in Masonry dares to entrench upon the reserved rights of local lodges, its acts, in this respect, become at once null and void; and these bodies fall back on their original rights antecedent to Grand Lodge compacts.³

and imprescriptable constitution. And this right of the local lodge to control its own affairs is presented still more palpably to view among the German brethren, in the fact that independent, isolated lodges exist in Prussia, holding no allegiance to Grand Lodges, and yet are received into full masonic fellowship by the rest of the fraternity. (See quotation from Bro. Finlay M. King, Part I, chap. 4, note 12.) The Grand Lodge of Scotland has acknowledged the same principle by placing Kilwinning Lodge at the head of its list without number or warrant.

² The Grand Lodge of England in its formation had the sphere of its duties and the limits of its powers thus prescribed by the stipulations which the four old lodges made between themselves in the convention held in 1716.

³ The Grand Lodge of England, towards the close of the eighteenth century, intrenched upon the reserved rights of the Lodge of Antiquity, and this lodge, headed by the illustrious brother Preston, treated this assumed authority of the Grand Lodge as a nullity, and fell back upon its original rights as an independent lodge. Holland Lodge No. 8, on

Then, as such special concessions and express stipulations are necessary to give validity to the acts of a supervisory masonic power, this body should be governed by a written constitution, duly ratified and acceded to by the local lodges of its jurisdiction.⁴ And as the usefulness of such a power in Masonry depends upon the observance of its constitutional limits, in not entrenching upon the reserved rights of its subordinates, a species of diplomatic stipulation, by means of a conventional or representative legislature, becomes necessary between these subordinates, in promulgating all of the general decrees of this supervisory masonic power, as the surest guarantee against unauthorized usurpations by ambitious and despotic officials.

In forming such a supervisory power in Masonry, the local lodges that enter into such a conventional compact should duly observe the following limitations, in order to add to the convenience, suitableness, and efficiency of the same, viz: 1, contiguity of location; 2, subjection to the same civil authority, or being within the same political territory; 3, similarity of

the registry of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, claimed this imprescriptible right of a local lodge, in withdrawing from the jurisdiction of the latter Grand Lodge, because of an alleged mal-administration of its supervisory trust. The six lodges that formed the St. John's Grand Lodge in that State, prior to the secession of Holland Lodge, claimed the same right of falling back on the original privileges of local lodges when Grand Lodges overstep the limited boundaries of their power. We mention these instances, not for the purpose of expressing an opinion one way or the other on the merits or facts of either case within itself considered, but only to show that there has been an understanding all the way along, from the beginning of the present Grand Lodge system, which gives foundation for asserting that there are some inherent rights of self-government belonging to each local masonic lodge, as such, which no Grand Lodge can disregard without usurpation and tyranny, and thereby render its own acts a nullity in masonic jurisprudence.

⁴ As soon as the Grand Lodge of England was definitely organized in 1721, by a noble brother being elevated to the Grand Master's chair, as had been provided for in the stipulations of 1716-17, it immediately set to work to digest a written constitution that should define the boundaries of its power. And this constitution was drawn up with due deference to the privileges that the ancient constitutions conferred upon the craft from time immemorial; although in some things a basis was laid for future assumptions of Grand Lodge power, and subsequent rebellions against the same, by too great a bias towards masonic centralization in the grand constitution.

language; 4, identity of race; and 5, unity in masonic ritualism.

Such, then, being our conclusions in this preliminary consideration of our subject, we are therefore led to take the Grand Lodge organization, established in England in 1717, and since spread throughout the world, as the best basis of such a supervisory power in Masonry,⁵ and we will suggest such modifications to the same as shall adjust it to the theory already advanced in the preceding chapter, that requires such a distribution of the several functions of masonic government among separate departments as shall secure a well-adjusted organization, supplied with the proper checks and balances of a judicious administration.

The executive prerogative should therefore be vested in the Grand Master at the head, and having the official direction of the usual Grand Lodge officers; the Deputy Grand Master, Senior and Junior Grand Wardens excepted. The legislative prerogative should be vested in two co-ordinate branches, as follows: 1st. A masonic senate, composed of the Worshipful Masters of lodges, presided over by the Deputy Grand Master; and, 2d. A masonic assembly, composed of the Senior Wardens of the Jurisdiction, presided over by the Senior Grand Warden.⁶ And the judicial

⁵ According to the theory already advanced, which limits the active powers of a supervisory body to the provisions of a written constitution, mutually agreed upon by local lodges entering into conventional compacts, its functions can not be exercised with a judicious and safe regard to these limitations unless it is a representative organization like that of a Grand Lodge, wherein every party to the compact may be present and participate in the promulgation of every new edict that is to govern their masonic jurisdiction. Hence, the necessity of such an organization is so apparent as the proper constitution for a supervisory body, that the Supreme Council of the Scotch rite in France has established a representative Grand Lodge for the oversight of its subordinates, because these councils are not representative, but have an absolute constitution within themselves like local lodges, and are even more limited than these in the selection of their membership. (*Actes du Supreme Conseil*, p. 240.)

⁶ In the Grand Lodge organization we propose to bring the legislative department nearer to perfection, by having its powers distributed between two councils instead of one, as in the local lodge. The object of establishing separate but concurrent houses of legislation among the modern nations of Europe was for the purpose of having the different estates or conditions of men in the kingdom represented. This idea, however, is fast passing away as the lines of caste are being effaced, and instead

prerogative of the masonic power should be vested in Superior or Intermediate Masonic Courts, and a Supreme Appellate Court, organized as follows: 1. District Courts, superior to those of local lodges to be held by District Deputies, assisted by at least two Junior Wardens of the same district, to try cases brought by appeal from the judiciary of local lodges; and, 2d. A Supreme Court of Masonic Appeals, presided over by the Junior Grand Warden, and assisted therein by at least a majority of the District Deputies of the jurisdiction.⁷

The Grand Master, in exercise of the usual executive powers, should be invested with the right to nominate the Grand officers of his Executive Council, to accredit representatives to foreign orients in power, and to conclude treaties and concordats with the same, subject to the confirmation and ratification of the Masonic Senate. He should also hold similar checks on the decisions of the legislative and judicial departments as have been set forth among the executive prerogatives in the preceding chapter.⁸

The Masonic Senate should have the exclusive right to confirm executive nominations and ratify masonic treaties and concordats. And it should also possess a concurrent voice with the legislative assembly in all of its enactments.⁹ The legislative assembly should have the exclusive right to originate financial measures, and should propose for the concurrence of the Masonic Senate such other

useful measures of legislation as may be constitutionally invested in the same.¹⁰

The District Masonic Courts should try cases brought up by appeal from the judiciary of local lodges; a masonic jury being empanelled therein to try over again the facts as well as the law, as in the first instance. The Supreme Court of Masonic Appeals should not empanel a jury to try the facts of a case, but it should decide definitely upon all disputed points of masonic law, correct the errors of the inferior courts in this respect, and where the facts of a case have been prejudiced by an erroneous construction of masonic law, this court should remand the case back, by a change of *venue*, for a new trial.¹¹

As the ordinary judicial powers of masonic government would come to an end in the Supreme Masonic Court of Appeals; and as this court would be only a co-ordinate department of the Grand Lodge, it would, therefore, be necessary to provide in the Grand Constitution, or by special enactment, for extraordinary courts for the trial of offences charged against official dignitaries occupying these high departments of masonic government.¹²

The two legislative branches of the

of some four or five legislative houses, composed respectively of priests, nobles, tradesmen, serfs, etc., we find that the most advanced nations have only two legislative assemblies. The first is partially executive and partly legislative in its functions, and is composed of the wisdom, experience, merit, and learning of the nation. The second house is strictly legislative, and its chief occupation is with the financial budget. This house is composed of the more immediate representatives of the great mass of the people. This two-fold legislative distinction has also been carefully preserved in the American Constitution, notwithstanding the essential democracy of this nation.

⁷ A similar judicial organisation may be found in all civilized states.

⁸ The executive powers mentioned in this section are similar to those that the best usage of the world accords to sovereign chieftains.

⁹ The first legislative body is always a transition link between the executive and the popular assembly. Hence it has a concurrent voice in all important acts whether legislative or executive.

¹⁰ As the members who compose this branch of the Masonic Legislature preside over the financial business of their respective lodges according to the theory advanced in the preceding chapter, the best practical knowledge of the state of the order would be continued in this assembly, and they would, therefore, be the safest depository of all financial measures to be promulgated by the Grand Lodge.

¹¹ The principal end to be sought in the constitution of all courts of law should be to administer fair and impartial justice. An accused person should have the best opportunity to meet and confront his accusers; and therefore when he is on trial to determine his guilt or innocence, he should be summoned to some place convenient to his domicile. Hence the reason why the trial of the facts of a case should not be carried to the Supreme Court of Appeals at the central seat of the Grand Orient. It is proposed, however, that such may be done in the Supreme Court, or that held by the district deputies. This may often be necessary when prejudice or excitement might render a fair trial impossible in his immediate lodge. And for fear that a whole district might thus become tainted with a biased judgment, it is provided also that a new trial may take place elsewhere in the jurisdiction by the Supreme Court of Masonic Appeals commanding a change of venue. These precautions are all proposed, not to let the guilty go unpunished, but to enable the innocent to vindicate themselves against the freaks of popular prejudice when wrongfully accused.

¹² The Constitution of the United States pro-

Grand Lodge should meet at least once in each year for the dispatch of business ; and the Grand Master should communicate to the same, at the opening of their sessions, a full expose of the state of the order.¹³ The Supreme Court of the Judiciary department should also meet at the same time for the hearing of cases of masonic appeal.¹⁴

But aside from this supervisory, corrective and appellate power belonging to Grand Lodges, there are other prerogatives of masonic government that take their rise, and are inherent, in such masonic powers. These prerogatives are the dogmatic, diplomatic, and pragmatic functions of masonic government, each of which necessarily implies a sovereign, directive and combined system of administration for their proper exercise.¹⁵

The dogmatic prerogative is that which heads up in the Grand Master as the Grand Pontiff or Supreme Hierophant of the Mysteries. This prerogative is not derived from any conventional compact entered into by local lodges, neither is it dependent upon the Grand Lodge system of government that we have taken as the basis of our present suggestions ;¹⁶ but it is a traditional, immemorial and imprescriptible prerogative, inherent in every system of the ancient mysteries that have been propagated, perpetuated and preserved.¹⁷ Local lodges could not exist legitimately unless they derived their being and sanction from the source of this traditional authority. Grand Lodges

would not be tolerable for a moment as supreme powers in masonry unless they had the countenance and approbation of this fountain head of all masonic authority ; and not only must such powers have this countenance and support, but the legitimate exercise of their high masonic prerogatives over the craft in general depends upon their organizations being headed up with their executive powers in the hands of such dogmatic masonic chieftains. This prerogative is, in short, the depository, and these dignitaries are the guardians and conservators of all the ancient laws, usages, compacts, traditions, doctrines, science, literature, arts, rites, and ceremonies of Freemasonry.

From this point of view at which we have now arrived, we are enabled to discover at a glance what a grand mistake it is to invest such ephemeral and transitory bodies as Grand Lodges, as at present constituted, with the exercise of this dogmatic prerogative. It is the greatest imprudence, and the most unadvised indiscretion, to thus submit the weightiest and most vital interests of Masonry to the final decision of the hurried ballots of such popular assemblies at their quarterly or annual communications, embracing sessions of a few hours only, or, at most, of a few days duration. Instead of such brief and periodic sittings, occurring after long intervals, and composed of members with their minds pre-occupied with every other matter, a permanent faculty, primarily engaged in the one specific object, and in continuous activity, is needed for the proper exercise of this prerogative, as an advisory and co-operating body with the Grand Master.¹⁸ And the weight of profound learning should be looked for in such a body, instead of the greatest show of hands, in order to arrive at a judicious determination of the momentous issues involved in the proper exercise of this prerogative.

Hence, in every country, before the same should be acknowledged as a regu-

vides that the Senate of the nation, presided over by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, shall be an extraordinary tribunal for the trial of the President of the United States, on the impeachment of the House of Representatives. And each House of Congress is made a court to try its own members.

¹³ This is not only the common usage of civilised polities, but it has also become to a great extent the practice of the masonic fraternity where the Grand Lodge system prevails.

¹⁴ The Supreme Court of the United States holds its annual session at the same time and place where Congress convenes. It is proper that at least once a year the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of government should be concentrated in one focus, and each in full and simultaneous activity in its respective sphere.

¹⁵ See Part 1, chap. 4, sec. 3—Paras. 12, 13.)

¹⁶ "Grand Masters possess *inherent* powers that Grand Lodges cannot detract from nor take away, and which they themselves cannot surrender."—*P. G. M. B. B. French's Report to the Grand Chapter of Maryland*, 1858.

¹⁷ See Part 1, chap. 3, sec. 3—Par. 21.

¹⁸ The Supreme Council of the Scotch rite, although not so well calculated for a supervisory legislative body as a Grand Lodge, because of its limited local and absolute organization, yet, on the other hand, it is far better adapted for dogmatic instruction and oversight in matters of masonic ritualism and philosophy than a Grand Lodge ; because it is a permanent body, composed generally of learned and experienced Masons, whose official masonic labors in that sphere are only limited with their lives.

lar masonic jurisdiction, to take rank as a sovereign masonic power of the world, there should be established a university of masonic science, charged with the exercise of the dogmatic teachings of Freemasonry.¹⁹ This university should be committed to the hands of a learned masonic faculty, presided over and directed by the Grand Master of Masons as the Grand Pontiff or Supreme Hierophant of the Mysteries in their respective jurisdictions. This faculty, for convenience and greater efficiency, should be divided into three departments, as follows: 1st. A Tribunal of Masonic Law; 2d. A Consistory of Masonic Rites; and, 3d. An Academy of Masonic Philosophy.²⁰

There should be a carefully and well-digested course of masonic study prescribed for each department of this university;²¹ and the graduates of the first

department might be distinguished by the honorary degree of Doctor of Masonic Laws; those of the second by that of Doctor of Masonic Rites; and those who graduate in the third department, by that of Doctor of Masonic Philosophy. These degrees to be conferred by the Grand Master after the writing of appropriate theses by the candidates for these honors; and a diligent examination in the prescribed course of studies, in order to determine their qualifications and proficiency for the same.²²

The dogmatic system of masonic jurisdiction being once settled on this basis, no Mason, thereafter, should be eligible to the post of Junior or Senior Warden unless he had regularly received the degree of Doctor of Masonic Laws; none should be eligible for the post of Worshipful Master unless they had served in the vocation of both Wardens, and also received the degree of Doctor of Masonic Rites; and none should be eligible to the stations of District Deputies, Grand Wardens, or Deputy Grand Master, unless they had served as Worshipful Masters, and received in addition thereto the degree of Doctor of Masonic Philosophy. And there should be a regular succession in office, from that of Junior Grand War-

¹⁹ If some of the efforts that have been wasted by Grand Lodges in attempting to found institutions of learning that the church and State are bound to provide, had been put forth to establish universities of purely masonic science, it would have been far wiser; and by so doing, the fraternity would have occupied to-day a more commanding position from whence to exert a good influence for the general welfare of humanity than it does.

²⁰ All of these proposed titles occur in Freemasonry. *Tribunals* and *Consistories* are appellations made use of in the Scotch rite for organic bodies of the 31st and 32d degrees; and the word *academy* was made use of by the rite of Pernetty or the Illuminees of Arignon, (see *Orthodoxie Magonnique*, p. 160, and a curious note thereon.) The Grand Orient of France has in its bosom a Grand *College of Rites*, besides several other permanent committees and five distinct chambers of administration. (See *Histoire Pittoresque*, p. 27.)

²¹ The following may suggest an idea of the course of instruction that might be pursued in such a university:

1st. A preparatory school for instruction, particularly necessary before entering on the course of studies in the departments of masonic rites and philosophy. In this school the higher mathematics and the oriental languages should be taught, particularly Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, and Persian.

2d. In the University course, first would be that of masonic law. In this department, Morris's *Masonic Code*, Mackey's *Principles of Masonic Law*, Mitchell's *Digest*, and such a general treatise as the present work is designed to be, might form appropriate text books of study.

3d. In the department of masonic rites, a particular acquaintance with the York, French, and Scotch rites should be taught by initiation therein and a working illustration of their several systems. A theoretic acquaintance with other masonic rites (so called) should be taught by a collection of their rituals as is done by the eclectic lodges of Germany. Oliver's *Book of the Lodge* and other masonic manuals and monitors might be used as text books.

And finally, let the course of study be completed in this department by Ragon's "*Orthodoxie Magonnique*."

4th. In the department of masonic philosophy, the occult sciences, Jewish and Pagan, should be reviewed. Oliver's *Historical Landmarks*, *History of Initiation*, *Signs and Symbols*, *Theocratic Philosophy*, and Ragon's *Cours Philosophique*, might form the text books of study. Lenning's *Encyclopedia*, Mackey's *Lexicon*, and Oliver's *Dictionary* might be hand-books of reference throughout the studies of each department. The system of Fessler, established in 1796, proposed a similar system of dogmatic instruction to the above, and Ragon proposes something of the same kind in his project of schools for general masonic instruction. (See "*Orthodoxie Magonnique*," pp. 280 and 358.)

²² By the proposed arrangement the need that is felt and imperfectly supplied by masonic treatises and hand-books in the dogmatic teachings of Freemasonry would be fully provided for by an efficient and well-directed system of instruction under competent masonic professors. And when a candidate thus instructed had received his dogmatic honors by the university degrees which should be conferred as the complement of his proficiency in his studies, the masonic order would be supplied with well-qualified set of rulers, which now the fraternity so sadly needs, and whose desire to obtain such by a proper qualification for their duties is so painfully apparent in the miserable caricatures that compose the ritual of the chair master's degree.

den, through the two intermediate offices, to that of Grand Master.²³

Passing from these suggestions relative to the dogmatic prerogative of masonic government, we come now to consider the diplomatic function, as the next inherent privilege that takes its rise in the formation of a supervisory masonic power. The conventional organization and constitutional limitations of Grand Lodges originate in the stipulations of an internal diplomacy between lodges in a given masonic jurisdiction that enter into a compact of union between themselves. Hence, as soon as such a supervisory power is formed within a certain jurisdiction, it becomes the only proper medium by which external relations should be maintained and carried on with foreign orients in power. Therefore the right to accredit and receive masonic representatives, to carry on foreign masonic correspondence, to conclude masonic concordats and treaties, and to issue diplomas, inheres solely in a Grand Lodge, acting through and in concert with the Grand Master of Masons in each state or country, as the executive and dogmatic chieftain of the order.

Having thus set forth two of the inherent prerogatives that pertain to the exclusive functions of Grand Lodges, it remains for us, in concluding this dissertation, to bestow a passing word upon the pragmatic prerogative of masonic government, that forms the third and last privilege which is inherent in the organic sphere of a supervisory masonic power. This prerogative is the summit of all organic action in Freemasonry.²⁴ It is a prerogative that may be used in marking out new conventional compacts or prag-

matic landmarks by such a discreet modification of the esoteric and exoteric usages of the fraternity as the changing circumstances of time, place, and customs may render necessary.²⁵ It is a prerogative, however, whose discreet exercise is but imperfectly understood, and is liable to great abuse.²⁶ Therefore, in order that the ruthless hand of innovation may be stayed from a wanton desecration of our time-honored usages, this is a power that ought never to be exercised by any one national masonic power, not even to meet any supposed or real exigencies; but its exercise should be reposed alone in a universal masonic congress, called and assembled with the concurrence of a majority of the masonic powers of the world, and primarily composed of the dogmatic chieftains of every masonic system.²⁷

INADEQUATE MOTIVES FOR BECOMING MASONS.—Too many persons take upon themselves the obligations of Masonry without proper reflection and examination into the objects, constitution and *grand design* of the institution. Impelled, too frequently, by a spirit of idle curiosity, they rush blindly into the masonic portals, totally unprepared to encounter the serious and important duties which they suddenly find imposed upon them. The consequence is that they either wholly neglect these duties, or perform them in a very lame and insufficient manner; showing too evidently, that the performance is a drag and a bore, instead of being a source of profit and enjoyment.

²³ Ashmole's Modification of the Esoteric Ritual in 1646-49, and Anderson's Modification of the Exoteric Constitutions in 1721-23-38 are instances of the use of this prerogative.

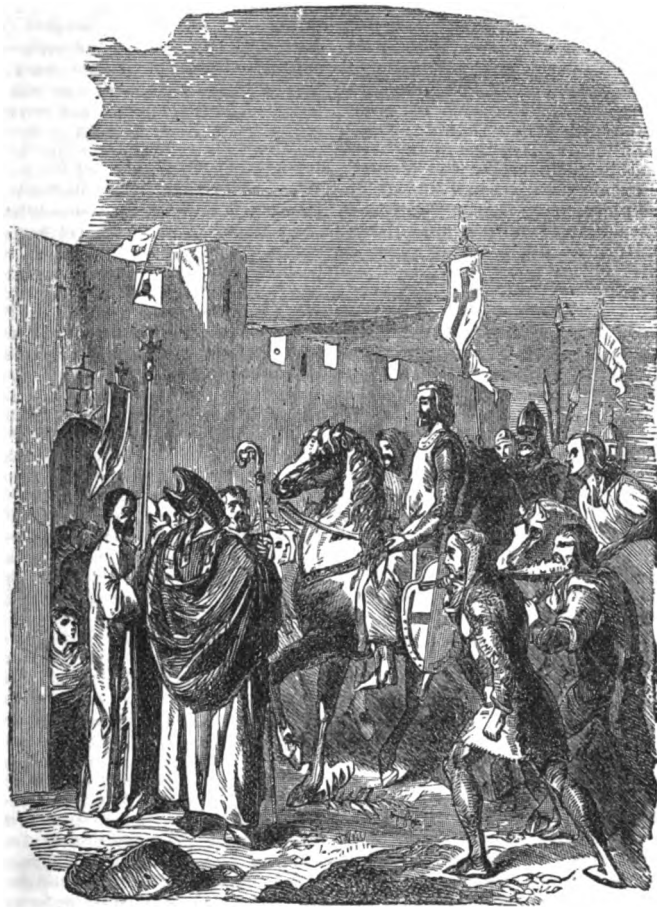
²⁴ The ritual-mongers of last century give us an evidence of the great abuse that may arise from an injudicious and private use of this prerogative.

²⁷ The general necessity felt that such a universal congress should be convoked for the full exercise of this prerogative may be traced back as far as the general convention held at Wilhelmsbad in 1782. Dr. Dalcho broached a similar idea in his lecture published at Charleston at the beginning of this century. A congress of this nature was held in Paris in 1834, to which we have already referred, (see part 2, chap. 3, note 25); and the congress convened in 1855 at the same place by the Grand Master of France, and its permanent commission now at work in gathering the suffrages of the masonic world, is a grand development of the same inextinguishable idea, that such a cosmopolitan assembly is the needed depository for the safe exercise of this prerogative.

²² The office of Grand Master, when viewed in the light of all its dogmatic prerogatives, requires more practical experience in masonic government, as well as more exalted wisdom, than can be hoped for in any candidate who may be suddenly elevated from an inferior position thereto. Neither is it desirable that any one Mason, however well qualified, should continue to occupy that post until he grows despotic or falls into dotage. Therefore a continual but gradual succession, as is proposed, will keep the Grand Mastership supplied with fresh and well-qualified men just as they reach the official maturity of their usefulness. The official term of Grand Lodge officers might, however, be judiciously extended from one to three years.

²⁴ It being the seventh and last prerogative of masonic government, it completes the perfection of all organic functions, as the seventh day completed God's work of creation.

History of the Crusades.



BALDWIN SEIZES EDESSA.

IT is impossible, notwithstanding his treachery, to avoid feeling some compassion for the emperor, whose life at this time was rendered one long scene of misery by the presumption of the Crusaders, and his not altogether groundless fears of the evils they might inflict upon him should any untoward circumstance force the current of their ambition to the conquest of his empire. His daughter, Anna Commena, feelingly deplores his state of life at this time, and a learned German,¹ in a recent work, describes it, on the authority of the princess, in the following manner :

“ To avoid all occasion of offence to the

Crusaders, Alexius complied with all their whims and their (on many occasions) unreasonable demands, even at the expense of great bodily exertion, at a time when he was suffering severely under the gout, which eventually brought him to his grave. No Crusader who desired an interview with him was refused access ; he listened with the utmost patience to the long-winded harangues which their loquacity or zeal continually wearied him with ; he endured, without expressing any impatience, the unbecoming and haughty language which they permitted themselves to employ towards him, and severely reprimanded his officers when they undertook to defend the dignity of the imperial station from these rude assaults, for he

¹ M. Wilken's *Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*.

trembled with apprehension at the slightest disputes, lest they might become the occasion of greater evil. Though the counts often appeared before him with trains altogether unsuitable to their dignity and to his—sometimes with an entire troop, which completely filled the royal apartment—the emperor held his peace. He listened to them at all hours; he often seated himself on his throne at day-break to attend to their wishes and requests, and the evening twilight saw him still in the same place. Very frequently he could not snatch time to refresh himself with meat and drink. During many nights he could not obtain any repose, and was obliged to indulge in an unrefreshing sleep upon his throne, with his head resting on his hands. Even this slumber was continually disturbed by the appearance and harangues of some newly-arrived rude knights. When all the courtiers, wearied out by the efforts of the day and by night watching, could no longer keep themselves on their feet, and sank down exhausted—some upon benches and others on the floor—Alexius still rallied his strength to listen with seeming attention to the wearisome chatter of the Latins, that they might have no occasion or pretext for discontent. In such a state of fear and anxiety, how could Alexius comport himself with dignity and like an emperor.

Alexius, however, had himself to blame, in a great measure, for the indignities he suffered: owing to his insincerity, the Crusaders mistrusted him so much, that it became at last a common saying, that the Turks and Saracens were not such inveterate foes to the Western or Latin Christians as the Emperor Alexius and the Greeks.² It would be needless in this sketch, which does not profess to be so much a history of the crusades, as of the madness of Europe, from which they sprang, to detail the various acts of bribery and intimidation, cajolery and hostility, by which Alexius contrived to make each of the leaders in succession, as they arrived, take the oath of allegiance to him as their suzerain. One way or another he exacted from each the barren homage on which he had set his heart, and they were then allowed to proceed into Asia Minor. One only, Raymond de St. Gilles, count of Toulouse, obstinately refused the homage.

Their residence in Constantinople was productive of no good to the armies of the cross. Bickerings and contentions on the one hand, and the influence of a depraved and luxurious court on the other, destroyed the elasticity of their spirits, and cooled the first ardor of their enthusiasm. At one time the army of the Count of Tou-

louse was on the point of disbanding itself; and, had not their leader energetically removed them across the Bosphorus, this would have been the result. Once in Asia, their spirits in some degree revived, and the presence of danger and difficulty nerved them to the work they had undertaken. The first operation of the war was the siege of Nice, to gain possession of which all their efforts were directed.

Godfrey of Bouillon and the Count of Vermandois were joined under its walls by each host in succession as it left Constantinople. Among the celebrated Crusaders who fought at this siege we find, besides the leaders already mentioned, the brave and generous Tancred, whose name and fame have been immortalized in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the valorous Bishop of Puy, Baldwin, afterwards king of Jerusalem, and Peter the Hermit, now an almost solitary soldier, shorn of all the power and influence he had formerly possessed. Kilij Aslaun, the Sultan of Roum, and chief of the Seljukian Turks, whose deeds, surrounded by the false halo of romance, are familiar to the readers of Tasso, under the name of Soliman, marched to defend this city, but was defeated after several obstinate engagements, in which the Christians showed a degree of heroism that quite astonished him. The Turkish chief had expected to find a wild undisciplined multitude, like that under Peter the Hermit, without leaders capable of enforcing obedience; instead of which, he found the most experienced leaders of the age at the head of armies that had just fanaticism enough to be ferocious, but not enough to render them ungovernable. In these engagements many hundreds fell on both sides: and on both sides the most revolting cruelty was practised: the Crusaders cut off the heads of the fallen Mussulmans, and sent them in panniers to Constantinople, as trophies of their victory. After the temporary defeat of Kilij Aslaun, the siege of Nice was carried on with redoubled vigor. The Turks defended themselves with the greatest obstinacy, and discharged showers of poisoned arrows upon the Crusaders. When any unfortunate wretch was killed under the walls, they let down iron hooks from above, and drew the body up, which, after stripping and mutilating, they threw back again at the besiegers. The latter were well supplied with provisions, and for six and-thirty days the siege continued without any relaxation of the efforts on either side. Many tales are told of the almost superhuman heroism of the Christian leaders—how one man put a thousand to flight; and how the arrows of the faithful never missed their mark. One anecdote of Godfrey of Bouillon, related by Albert of Aix, is worth recording, not only as shewing the high opinion entertained of

² Wilken.

his valor, but as shewing the contagious credulity of the armies—a credulity which has often led them to the very verge of defeat, as it incited them to victory. One Turk, of gigantic stature, took his station day by day on the battlements of Nice, and, bearing an enormous bow, committed great havoc among the Christian host. Not a shaft he sped but bore death upon its point; and although the Crusaders aimed repeatedly at his breast, and he stood in the most exposed position, their arrows fell harmless at his feet. He seemed to be invulnerable to attack; and a report was soon spread abroad, that he was no other than the Arch Fiend himself, and that mortal hand could not prevail against him. Godfrey of Bouillon, who had no faith in the supernatural character of the Mussulman, determined, if possible, to put an end to the dismay which was rapidly paralyzing the exertions of his best soldiers. Taking a huge cross-bow, he stood forward in front of the army, to try the steadiness of his hand against the much-dreaded archer: the shaft was aimed directly at his heart, and took fatal effect. The Moslem fell amid the groans of the besieged and the shouts of *Deus adjuva! Deus adjuva!* the war-cry of the besiegers.

At last the Crusaders imagined that they had overcome all obstacles, and were preparing to take possession of the city, when, to their great astonishment, they saw the flag of the Emperor Alexius flying from the battlements. An emissary of the emperor, named Faticius, or Tatin, had contrived to gain admission with a body of Greek troops, at a point which the Crusaders had left unprotected, and had persuaded the Turks to surrender to him rather than to the crusading forces. The greatest indignation prevailed in the army when this stratagem was discovered, and the soldiers were, with the utmost difficulty, prevented from renewing the attack and besieging the Greek emissary.

The army, however, continued its march, and, by some means or other, was broken into two divisions; some historians say accidentally,³ while others affirm by mutual consent, and for the convenience of obtaining provisions on the way.⁴ The one division was composed of the forces under Bohemud, Tancred, and the Duke of Normandy; while the other, which took a route at some distance on the right, was commanded by Godfrey of Bouillon and the other chiefs. The Sultan of Roum, who, after his losses at Nice, had been silently making great efforts to crush the Crusaders at one blow, collected in a very short time all the multitudinous tribes that owed him allegiance, and with an army

which, according to a moderate calculation, amounted to two hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry, he fell upon the first division of the Christian host in the valley of Dorylæum. It was early in the morning of the 1st of July, 1097, when the Crusaders saw the first companies of the Turkish horsemen pouring down upon them from the hills. Bohemud had hardly time to set himself in order, and transport his sick and helpless to the rear, when the overwhelming force of the Orientals was upon him. The Christian army, composed principally of men on foot, gave way on all sides, and the hoofs of the Turkish steeds, and the poisoned arrows of their bowmen, mowed them down by hundreds. After having lost the flower of their chivalry, the Christians retreated upon their baggage, when a dreadful slaughter took place. Neither women, nor children, nor the sick, were spared. Just as they were reduced to the last extremity, Godfrey of Bouillon and the Count of Toulouse made their appearance on the field, and turned the tide of battle. After an obstinate engagement the Turks fled, and their rich camp fell into the hands of the enemy. The loss of the Crusaders amounted to about four thousand men, with several chiefs of renown, among whom were Count Robert of Paris and William the brother of Tancred. The loss of the Turks, which did not exceed this number, taught them to pursue a different mode of warfare. The Sultan was far from being defeated. With his still gigantic army, he laid waste all the country on either side of the Crusaders. The latter, who were unaware of the tactics of the enemy, found plenty of provisions in the Turkish camp; but so far from economising these resources, they gave themselves up for several days to the most unbounded extravagance. They soon paid dearly for their heedlessness. In the ravaged country of Phrygia, through which they advanced towards Antiochetta, they suffered dreadfully for want of food for themselves and pasture for their cattle. Above them was a scorching sun, almost sufficient of itself to dry up the freshness of the land, a task which the firebrands of the sultan had but too surely effected, and water was not to be had after the first day of their march. The pilgrims died at the rate of five hundred a day. The horses of the knights perished on the road, and the baggage which they had aided to transport was either placed upon dogs, sheep, and swine, or abandoned altogether. In some of the calamities that afterwards befel them, the Christians gave themselves up to the most reckless profligacy; but upon this occasion the dissensions which prosperity had engendered were all forgotten. Religion, often discarded, arose in the stern presence of misfortune, and cheered them as

³ Fulcher of Chartres; Guibert de Nogent; *Final*.

⁴ William of Tyre; Mills; Wilkin, &c.

they died by the promises of eternal felicity.

At length they reached Antiochetta, where they found water in abundance, and pastures for their expiring cattle. Plenty once more surrounded them, and here they pitched their tents. Untaught by the bitter experience of famine, they again gave themselves up to luxury and waste.

On the 18th of October they sat down before the strong city of Antioch, the siege of which, and the events to which it gave rise, are among the most extraordinary incidents of the Crusade. The city, which is situated on an eminence, and washed by the river Orontes, is naturally a very strong position, and the Turkish garrison were well supplied with provisions to endure a long siege. In this respect the Christians were also fortunate, but, unluckily for themselves, unwise. Their force amounted to three hundred thousand fighting men; and we are informed by Raymond d'Argilles, that they had so much provision, that they threw away the greater part of every animal they killed, being so dainty, that they would only eat particular parts of the beast. So insane were their extravagance, that in less than ten days famine began to stare them in the face. After making a fruitless attempt to gain possession of the city by a *coup de main*, they, starving themselves, sat down to starve out the enemy. But with want came a cooling of enthusiasm. The chiefs began to grow weary of the expedition. Baldwin had previously detached himself from the main body of the army, and, proceeding to Edessa, had intrigued himself into the supreme power in that little principality. The other leaders were animated with less zeal than heretofore. Stephen of Chartres and Hugh of Vermandois began to waver, unable to endure the privations which their folly and profusion had brought upon them. Even Peter the Hermit became sick at heart ere all was over. When the famine had become so urgent that they were reduced to eat human flesh in the extremity of their hunger, Bohemund and Robert of Flanders set forth on an expedition to procure a supply. They were in a slight degree successful; but the relief they brought was not economized, and in two days they were as destitute as before. Faticius, the Greek commander and representative of Alexius, deserted with his division under pretence of seeking for food, and his example was followed by various bodies of Crusaders.

Misery was rife among those who remained, and they strove to alleviate it by a diligent attention to signs and omens. These, with extraordinary visions seen by the enthusiastic, alternately cheered and

depressed them according as they foretold the triumph or pictured the reverses of the cross. At one time a violent hurricane arose, levelling great trees with the ground, and blowing down the tents of the Christian leaders. At another time an earthquake shook the camp, and was thought to prognosticate some great impending evil to the cause of Christendom. But a comet which appeared shortly afterwards raised them from the despondency into which they had fallen; their lively imaginations making it assume the form of a flaming cross leading them on to victory. Famine was not the least of the evils they endured. Unwholesome food, and the impure air from the neighboring marshes, engendered pestilential diseases, which carried them off more rapidly than the arrows of the enemy. A thousand of them died in a day, and it became at last a matter of extreme difficulty to afford them burial. To add to their misery, each man grew suspicious of his neighbor; for the camp was infested by Turkish spies, who conveyed daily to the besieged intelligence of the movements and distresses of the enemy. With a ferocity, engendered by despair, Bohemund caused two spies, whom he had detected, to be roasted alive in presence of the army, and within sight of the battlements of Antioch. But even this example failed to reduce their numbers, and the Turks continued to be as well informed as the Christians themselves of all that was passing in the camp.

The news of the arrival of a reinforcement of soldiers from Europe, with an abundant stock of provisions, came to cheer them when reduced to the last extremity. The welcome succor landed at St. Simeon, the port of Antioch, and about six miles from that city. Thitherwards the famishing Crusaders proceeded in tumultuous bands, followed by Bohemund and the Count of Toulouse, with strong detachments of their retainers and vassals, to escort the supplies in safety to the camp. The garrison of Antioch, forewarned of this arrival, was on the alert, and a corps of Turkish archers was despatched to lie in ambuscade among the mountains and intercept their return. Bohemund, laden with provisions, was encountered in the rocky passes by the Turkish host. Great numbers of his followers were slain, and he himself had just time to escape to the camp with the news of his defeat. Godfrey of Bouillon, the Duke of Normandy, and the other leaders had heard the rumor of this battle, and were at that instant preparing for the rescue. The army was immediately in motion, animated both by zeal and by hunger, and marched so rapidly as to intercept the victorious Turks before they had time to reach Antioch with their spoil. A

ferce battle ensued, which lasted from noon till the going down of the sun. The Christians gained and maintained the advantage, each man fighting as if upon himself alone had depended the fortune of the day. Hundreds of Turks perished in the Orontes, and more than two thousand were left dead upon the field of battle. All the provision was recaptured and brought in safety to the camp, whither the Crusaders returned singing *Alleluia*, or shouting *Deus adjuva! Deus adjuva!*

This relief lasted for some days and, had it been duly economized, would have lasted much longer; but the chiefs had no authority, and were unable to exercise any control over its distribution. Famine again approached with rapid strides, and Stephen, Count of Blois, not liking the prospect, withdrew from the camp with four thousand of his retainers, and established himself at Alexandretta. The moral influence of this desertion was highly prejudicial upon those who remained; and Bohemund, the most impatient and ambitious of the chiefs, foresaw that, unless speedily checked, it would lead to the utter failure of the expedition. It was necessary to act decisively; the army murmured at the length of the siege, and the Sultan was collecting his forces to crush them. Against the efforts of the Crusaders Antioch might have held out for months; but treason within effected that which courage without might have striven for in vain.

Baghasaihan, the Turkish prince or emir of Antioch, had under his command an Armenian of the name of Phirouz, whom he had entrusted with the defence of a tower on that part of the city wall which overlooked the passes of the mountains. Bohemund, by means of a spy who had embraced the Christian religion, and to whom he had given his own name at baptism, kept up a daily communication with this captain, and made him the most magnificent promises of reward, if he would deliver up his post to the Crusaders. Whether the proposal was first made by Bohemund or by the Armenian is uncertain, but that a good understanding soon existed between them is undoubted; and a night was fixed for the execution of the project. Bohemund communicated the scheme to Godfrey and the Count of Toulouse, with a stipulation that, if the city were won, he, as the soul of the enterprise, should enjoy the dignity of Prince of Antioch. The other leaders hesitated: ambition and jealousy prompted them to refuse their aid in furthering the views of the intriguer. More mature consideration decided them to acquiesce, and seven hundred of the bravest knights were chosen for the expedition, the real object of which, for fear of spies, was kept a profound secret from the rest of the army.

When all was ready, a report was promulgated that the seven hundred were intended to form an ambuscade for a division of the Sultan's army, which was stated to be approaching.

Everything favored the project of the treacherous Armenian captain, who, on his solitary watch-tower, received due intimation of the approach of the Crusaders. The night was dark and stormy; not a star was visible above, and the wind howled so furiously as to overpower all other sounds: the rain fell in torrents, and the watchers on the towers adjoining to that of Phirouz could not hear the tramp of the armed knights for the wind, nor see them for the obscurity of the night and the dismalness of the weather. When within shot of the walls, Bohemund sent forward an interpreter to confer with the Armenian. The latter urged them to make haste, and seize the favorable interval, as armed men, with lighted torches, patrolled the battlements every half-hour, and at that instant they had just passed. The chiefs were instantly at the foot of the wall: Phirouz let down a rope; Bohemund attached it to the end of a ladder of hides, which was then raised by the Armenian, and held while the knights mounted. A momentary fear came over the spirits of the adventurers, and every one hesitated. At last Bohemund, encouraged by Phirouz from above, ascended a few steps on the ladder, and was followed by Godfrey, Count Robert of Flanders, and a number of other knights. As they advanced others pressed forward, until their weight became too great for the ladder, which, breaking, precipitated about a dozen of them to the ground, where they fell one upon the other, making a great clatter with their heavy coats of mail. For a moment they thought all would be lost; but the wind made so loud a howling as it swept in fierce gusts through the mountain gorges, and the Orentes, swollen by the rain, rushed so noisily along, that the guards heard nothing. The ladder was easily repaired, and the knights ascended two at a time, and reached the platform in safety. When sixty of them had thus ascended, the torch of the coming patrol was seen to gleam at the angle of the wall. Hiding themselves behind a buttress, they awaited his coming in breathless silence. As soon as he arrived at arm's length, he was suddenly seized, and, before he could open his lips to raise an alarm, the silence of death closed them up for ever. They next descended rapidly the spiral staircase of the tower, and opening the portal, admitted the whole of their companions. Raymond of Toulouse, who, cognisant of the whole plan, had been left behind with the main body of the army, heard at this

^s Vide William of Tyre.

instant the signal, horn, which announced that an entry had been effected, and leading on his legions, the town was attacked from within and without.



RAYMOND SLAYING THE TURK.

Imagination cannot conceive a scene more dreadful than that presented by the devoted city of Antioch on that night of horror. The Crusaders fought with a blind fury, which fanaticism and suffering alike incited. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered, till the streets ran with blood. Darkness increased the destruction, for when morning dawned the Crusaders found themselves with their swords at the breasts of their fellow-soldiers whom they had mistaken for foes. The Turkish commander fled, first to the citadel, and that becoming insecure, to the mountains, whither he was pursued and slain, and his grey head brought back to Antioch as a trophy. At daylight the massacre ceased, and the Crusaders gave themselves up to plunder. They found gold, and jewels, and silks, and velvets in abundance, but of provisions, which were of more importance to them, they found but little of any kind. Corn was excessively scarce, and they discovered to their sorrow that it in this respect the besieged had been but little better off than the besiegers.

Before they had time to instal themselves in their new position, and take the necessary measures for procuring a supply, the city was infested by the Turks. The Sultan of Persia had raised an immense army, which he entrusted to the command of Kerbogha, the emir of Mosul, with instructions to sweep the Christian locusts from the face of the land. The emir effected a junction with Kilij Anslau, and the two armies surrounded the city.

Discouragement took complete possession of the Christian host, and numbers of them contrived to elude the vigilance of the besiegers, and escape to Count Stephen of Blois, at Alexandretta, to whom they related the most exaggerated tales of the misery they had endured, and the utter hopelessness of continuing the war. Stephen broke up his camp and retreated towards Constantinople. On his way he was met by the Emperor Alexius, at the head of a considerable force, hastening to take possession of the conquests made by the Christians in Asia. As soon as he heard of their woful plight, he turned back, and proceeded with the Count of Blois to Constantinople, leaving the remnant of the Crusaders to shift for themselves.

The news of this defection increased the discouragement at Antioch. All the useless horses of the army had been slain and eaten, and dogs, cats, and rats were sold at enormous prices. Even vermin were becoming scarce. With increasing famine came a pestilence, so that in a short time but sixty thousand remained of the three hundred thousand that had originally invested Antioch. But this bitter extremity, while it annihilated the energy of the host, only served to knit the leaders more firmly together; and Bohemund, Godfrey, and Tancred swore never to desert the cause as long as life lasted. The former strove in vain to reanimate the courage of his followers. They were weary and sick at heart, and his menaces and promises were alike thrown away. Some of them had shut themselves up in the houses, and refused to come forth. Bohemund, to drive them to their duty, set fire to the whole quarter, and many of them perished in the flames, while the rest of the army looked on with indifference. Bohemund, animated himself by a worldly spirit, did not know the true character of the Crusaders, nor understand the religious madness which had brought them in such shoals from Europe. A priest more clear-sighted, devised a scheme which restored all their confidence, and inspired them with a courage so wonderful to make the poor sixty thousand emaciated, sick, and starving zealots put to flight the well-fed and six times as numerous legions of the Sultan of Persia.

This priest, a native of Provence, was named Peter Barthelemy, and whether he were a knave or an enthusiast, or both: a principal, or a tool in the hands of others, will ever remain a matter of doubt. Certain it is, however, that he was the means of raising the siege of Antioch, and causing the eventful triumph of the armies of the cross. When the strength of the Crusaders was completely broken by their sufferings, and hope had fled from every bosom, Peter came to Count Raymond of

Toulouse, and demanded an interview on matters of serious moment. He was immediately admitted. He said that, some weeks previously, at the time the Christians were besieging Antioch, he was reposing alone in his tent, when he was startled by the shock of the earthquake which so alarmed the whole host. Through violent terror of the shock he could only ejaculate, God help me! when turning round he saw two men standing before him, whom he at once recognised by the halo of glory around them as beings of another world. One of them appeared to be an aged man, with reddish hair sprinkled with grey, black eyes, and a long flowing grey beard. The other was younger, larger, and handsomer, and had something more divine in his aspect. The elderly man spoke, and informed him that he was the holy apostle St. Andrew, and desired him to seek out the Count Raymond, the Bishop of Puy, and Raymond of Altapulto, and ask them why the bishop did not exhort the people, and sign them with the cross which he bore. The apostle then took him, naked in his shirt as he was, and transported him through the air into the heart of the city of Antioch, where he led him into the church of St. Peter, at that time a Saracen mosque. The apostle made him stop by the pillar close to the steps by which they ascend on the south side to the altar, where hung two lamps, which gave out a light brighter than that of the noonday sun; the younger man, whom he did not at that time know, standing afar off, near the steps of the altar. The apostle then descended into the ground and brought up a lance, which he gave into his hand, telling him that it was the very lance that had opened the side whence had flowed the salvation of the world. With tears of joy he held the holy lance, and implored the apostle to allow him to take it away and deliver it into the hands of Count Raymond. The apostle refused, and buried the lance again in the ground, commanding him, when the city was won from the infidels, to go with twelve chosen men, and dig it up again in the same place. The apostle then transported him back to his tent, and the two vanished from his sight. He had neglected, he said, to deliver this message, afraid that his wonderful tale would not obtain credence from men of such high rank. After some days he again saw the holy vision, as he was going out of the camp to look for food. This time the divine eyes of the younger looked reproachfully on him. He implored the apostle to choose some one else more fitted for the mission, but the apostle refused, and smote him with a disorder of the eyes, as a punishment for his disobedience. With an obstinacy unaccountable even to himself, he had still delayed. A third time

the apostle and his companion had appeared to him, as he was in a tent with his master William at St. Simeon. On that occasion St. Andrew told him to bear his command to the Count of Toulouse not to bathe in the waters of the Jordan when he came to it, but to cross over in a boat, clad in a shirt and breeches of linen, which he should sprinkle with the sacred waters of the river. These clothes he was afterwards to preserve along with the holy lance. His master, William, although he could not see the saint, distinctly heard the voice giving orders to that effect. Again he neglected to execute the commission, and again the saints appeared to him, when he was at the port of Mamistra, about to sail for Cyprus, and St. Andrew threatened him with eternal perdition if he refused longer. Upon this he made up his mind to divulge all that had been revealed to him.

The Count of Toulouse, who, in all probability, concocted this tale with the priest, appeared struck, with the recital, and sent immediately for the Bishop of Puy and Raymond of Altapulto. The bishop at once expressed his disbelief of the whole story, and refused to have anything to do in the matter. The Count of Toulouse, on the contrary, saw abundant motives, if not for believing, for pretending to believe; and, in the end, he so impressed upon the mind of the bishop the advantage that might be derived from it, in working up the popular mind to its former

excitement that the latter reluctantly agreed to make search in due form for the holy weapon. The day after the morrow was fixed upon for the ceremony; and, in the mean time, Peter was consigned to the care of Raymond, the count's chaplain, in order that no profane curiosity might have an opportunity of cross-examining him, and putting him to nonplus.

Twelve devout men were forthwith chosen for the undertaking, among whom were the Count of Toulouse and his chaplain. They began digging at sunrise, and continued unwearied till near sunset, without finding the lance; they might have dug till this day with no better success, had not Peter himself sprung into the pit, praying to God to bring the lance to light, for the strengthening and victory of his people. Those who hide know where to find; and so it was with Peter, for both he and the lance found their way into the hole at the same time.



THE HOLY LANCE.

On a sudden he and Raymond the chaplain beheld its point in the earth, and Raymond, drawing it forth, kissed it with tears of joy, in sight of the multitude which had assembled in the church. It was immediately enveloped in a rich purple cloth, already prepared to receive it, and exhibited in this state to the faithful, who made the building resound with their shouts of gladness.

Peter had another vision the same night, and became from that day forth "dreamer of dreams" in general to the army. He stated on the following day, that the Apostle Andrew and "the youth with the divine aspect" appeared to him again, and directed that the Count of Toulouse, as a reward for his persevering piety, should carry the Holy Lance at the head of the army, and that the day on which it was found should be observed as a solemn festival throughout Christendom. St. Andrew shewed him at the same time the holes in the hands and feet of his benign companion; and he became convinced that he stood in the awful presence of **THE REDEEMER.**

Peter gained so much credit by his visions, that dreaming became contagious. Other monks beside himself were visited by the saints, who promised victory to the host if it would valiantly hold out to the last, and crowns of eternal glory to those who fell in the fight. Two deserters, wearied of the fatigues and privations of the war, who had stealthily left the camp, suddenly returned, and seeking Bohemund, told him that they had been met by two apparitions, who, with great anger, had commanded them to return. The one of them said, that he recognised his brother, who had been killed in battle some months before, and that he had a halo of glory around his head. The other, still more hardy, asserted that the apparition which had spoken to him was the Saviour himself, who had promised eternal happiness as his reward if he returned to his duty, but the pains of eternal fire if he rejected the cross. No one thought of disbelieving these men. The courage of the army immediately revived; despondency gave way to hope: every arm grew strong again, and the pangs of hunger were for a time disregarded. The enthusiasm which led them from Europe burned forth one more as brightly as ever, and they demanded with loud cries, to be led against the enemy. The leaders were not unwilling. In a battle lay their only chance of salvation: and although Godfrey, Bohemund, and Tancred received the story of the lance with much suspicion, they were too wise to throw discredit upon an imposture which bade fair to open the gates of victory.

Peter the Hermit was previously sent to the Camp of Kerbogha to propose that

the quarrel between the two religions should be decided by a chosen number of the bravest soldiers of each army. Kerbogha turned from him with a look of contempt, and said he could agree to no proposals from a set of such miserable beggars and robbers. With this courteous answer Peter returned to Antioch. Preparations were immediately commenced for an attack upon the enemy: the latter continued to be perfectly well informed of all the proceedings of the Christian camp. The citadel of Antioch, which remained, in their possession, overlooked the town, and the commander of the fortress could distinctly see all that was passing within. On the morning of the 28th of June, 1098, a black flag, hoisted from the highest tower, announced to the besieging army that the Christians were about to sally forth.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE.*

BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

I PROCEED to show the presumption that the Royal Arch Degree was concocted by the ancients to widen the breach, and make the line of distinction between them and the Grand Lodge broader and more indelible. Colonel Stone says—"It is asserted, but with how much truth I have not the means of deciding, that the first warrant for the practice of the Royal Arch Degree was granted by Charles Edward Stuart, son of the Pretender, to hold a Chapter of an Order called the Scotch Jacobite, at Arras, in France, where he had received many favors at the hands of the Masons. This Chapter was subsequently removed to Paris, where it was called *Le Chapitre d'Arras*, and is, in fact, the original of our present *Royal Arch Chapters*." Stone's information on the foreign degrees, however, was very imperfect; for there is no evidence to prove that the English Royal Arch was ever worked in France. The Chapter established under the auspices of the Chevalier was denominated the Eagle and Pelican, another name for the Royal Order of Bruce, or that part of it which is called the R. S. Y. C. S., a composition of a widely different nature from our Royal Arch.

In compiling the Ahiman Rezon, Dermott was particularly guarded lest he should make any undue disclosures which might betray the English origin of his degree, for it would have destroyed his claim to the title of an *ancient* Mason; but, notwithstanding all his care, I shall

* Continued from page 48.

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be able to prove the fact almost from the Ahiman Rezon itself, with the assistance of a little analogous testimony collected from other sources. It was evidently his intention that the Royal Arch should be received amongst the brethren as a foreign degree, which had been practised from the most ancient times. Now it could not be a continental rite, because it does not correspond with the Royal Arch propagated by Ramsay on the continent of Europe; neither is it found in any of the French or German systems of Masonry practised during the early part or middle of the last century. It is not contained in the Royal Order of Bruce, which is the only ancient system of Masonry in existence, except the three blue degrees; neither do we discover it in the systems of Charles Edward Stuart, of the Chapter of Clermont, in the degrees of Baron Hinde, in Hermetic, Cabalistic, or Eclectic Masonry; nor in the elaborate rights of Zinnendorf, Swedenborg, Fessler, Bedaridde, Peuvret, or their compeers. It was not included in the order of Mizraim, Adoptive Masonry, or the Rite Ancien et Accepte; nor, I am persuaded, in any other system which was ever practised on the continent of Europe. If it were, I have failed in my endeavors to discover it. It is, therefore, very properly denominated the English Royal Arch, for it was doubtless a fabrication of this country, and from hence was transmitted to every part of the world where it now prevails. Let us, then, endeavor to ascertain its precise origin.

The ancients proclaimed to the public in their Book of Constitutions—"It is a truth beyond contradiction, the Free and Accepted Masons in Ireland and Scotland, and the ancient Masons of England, have one and the same customs, usages, and ceremonies; but this is not the case with the modern Masons of England, *who differ materially*, not from the above, but from most Masons in all parts of the world."¹¹ And in another place they state particularly what some of these points of difference were, viz., "they differ exceedingly in *makings, ceremonies, knowledge, Masonic language, and installations*; so much so, that they always have been, and still continue to be, two distinct societies, totally independent of each other."¹² To authorize such assertions as these, there must have been some organic difference, which could be nothing short of the institution of a new degree, practised in the ancient lodges. And to make it the more attractive, they dignified it with the title of the Royal Arch, as Ramsay had done before them, although their degree differed materially from that which he had promulgated under the same name. Although it is extremely probable that Ramsay may

have had some hand in this, he visited London at the very time in question, for the purpose of introducing his new degrees into England, and his schemes being rejected by the constitutional Grand Lodge, nothing appears more likely than that he would throw himself into the hands of the schismatics, who would receive his communications with pleasure, because they presented the means of furthering their views in the propagation of what they termed ancient Masonry. And under these circumstances a new degree might be concocted,¹³ which would cement the schism, and prove an effectual bar to all reconciliation, by constituting a tangible line of demarcation between them and the moderns, which would be impregnable. Dermott confesses that the Royal Arch was first practised in England by "the Excellent Masons of the Grand Lodge of England according to the old constitutions who, duly assembled, and constitutionally convened in general Grand Chapter, carefully collected and revised the regulations which have long been in use for the government thereof;"¹⁴ thus asserting their claim

¹³ In the R. A. of Ramsay, there was a jewel inscribed with the letters I. V. I. O. L. meaning *Inveni verbum in ore Leonis*, of which the following explanation was given in the historical lecture attached to the degree. "Biblical history informs us that the Jews were slaves to the Egyptians until they were redeemed by Moses, for the purpose of occupying the promised land. We also learn from the annals deposited in the archives in Scotland (!) and only to be examined by us, that in a certain battle the ark of alliance was lost in a forest, and was subsequently found by the roaring of a lion, which, on the approach of the Israelites, ceased its roarings, and couched at their feet. This lion had previously devoured a great number of the Egyptians who attempted to carry away the ark, keeping securely in his mouth the key to the treasures which it contained. But when the high priest came near him, he dropped the key from his mouth, and retired crouching and tame, without offering the least violence to the chosen people." There is a similar allusion to a lion in the degree of the venerable Grand Master of all Symbolic Lodges, or Master Ad Vitam, where he is represented as having been wounded by an arrow, and having escaped from the stake to which he had been bound, lay at the mouth of a cave with the broken rope about his neck, using certain mathematical instruments. At the foot of the stake lies a crown. This bore a reference to the escape of Charles Edward Stuart, the claimant to the crown of England; and in the lectures a question is asked, "What does Jackson signify?" which is thus answered, "I am that I am, which is the name of him who found the cavern where the lion was that kept in his mouth the key of the ark of alliance, which was lost, as is mentioned in the degree of the R. A." It is now universally allowed that Jackson meant Jacques-son, the son of James, the exiled king. There can be no doubt but Ramsay invented the French Royal Arch, and made it the highest of all his degrees, and the *ne plus ultra* of Masonry. The fact is, the above was a symbol to signify the lion of the tribe of Judah, or Christ, pierced with the spear, and bearing the key to unlock and explain the tendency of the Jewish dispensation and its reference to Christianity.

¹⁴ Laws and Regulations of the Holy Royal Arch, in Dermott's Ahiman Rezon, p. 114.

¹¹ Dermott's Ahiman Rezon, p. 70. ¹² Ibid.

to antiquity, although it had never yet been practised in England. Ramsay had already made the same claim for the antiquity of his degrees, which, it is well known, were invented by himself. It is, therefore, extremely probable that Ramsay was concerned in the fabrication of the English degree; because it still embodies some of the details of this Royal Arch, the whole of which, I am inclined to think, in the earliest arrangement of the English degree formed one of the preliminary ceremonies.¹⁵

Besides, Dermott could not have derived his degrees from any other source, for the age of continental innovation had only just commenced, and Ramsay's degrees were the only new introductions grafted upon symbolical Masonry in France. The Freemasonry which was practised in that country, between A. D. 1700 and 1725, was only by some English residents, without a charter or any formal lodge. The first warrant for opening a lodge in France, was granted in 1725, by the Grand Lodge of England to Lord Derwentwater, Maskelyne, Higuetty, and some other English followers of the Pretender, who met at an eating-house in the Rue des Boucheries. It was not till 1728 that Ramsay added his new degrees; and this gave the idea of the hauts grades, which soon came into vogue; but they were received with suspicion, and made little progress for some years. In December, 1736, Lord Harnouester was elected Grand Master for France, and Ramsay was installed into the office of Grand Orator. In 1740 he came over to England, and remained in this country more than a year; after which he returned to France, where the rage for innovation had now fairly commenced.¹⁶

¹⁵ I make this statement, because the earliest copy of this degree in my possession, dated 1788, commences with a long explanation of the ceremonies of Ramsay's Royal Arch as preparatory to the English degree. This ceremonial had been discontinued before my own exaltation in 1813; and probably not long before; because a copy of the lectures which was placed in my hands, by a friend, at that period, opens with the details of Enoch's arches, but this portion had been obliterated by running a pen through it. The notorious Masonic quack, Finch, in the explanation of one of his engravings, says, "the four equilateral triangles, within the perpendicular part, is emblematic of the *Suspended Arch, Advanced Arch, Dedicated Arch, and Circumscribed Arch*; and the twelve letters are the initials of the proper words belonging to these four points of the Royal Arch degree. In the right hand corner is another *Cross relative to the Royal Arch, with nine perpendicular Arches, made by Enoch, and discovered by Solomon*. The *Z* stands for the chief officer of the Chapter, and the equilateral triangle round the letter *Z*, alludes to the triangular chains of the Jews, during part of their Babylonish captivity."

¹⁶ We have the testimony of Professor Robison, the anti-Mason, that "Ramsay was as eminent for his piety as he was for his enthusiasm, but his opinions were singular. His eminent learning, his elegant talents, his amiable character, and particularly his estimation at court, gave great influence

It was during this period, I am persuaded, that the English Royal Arch was fabricated; for very soon afterwards, the ancients publicly announced that "Ancient Masonry consisted of four degrees," while modern Masonry had only three; the fourth signifying the Royal Arch, of which, until a much later period, the constitutional Grand Lodge professed to know nothing, but which was authoritatively pronounced by the ancients to be "an essential and component part of ancient Masonry, and that which is the perfection and end of the beautiful system."¹⁷ The words of the preamble to the original laws of their Royal Arch, are these—"Ancient Masonry consists of four degrees; the three first of which are those of the apprentice, the fellowcraft, and the sublime degree of master; and a brother being well versed in these degrees, and otherwise qualified as hereafter will be expressed, is eligible to be admitted to the fourth degree, the Holy Royal Arch. *This degree is certainly more august, sublime, and important than those which precede it, and is the summit and perfection of ancient Masonry.* It impresses on our minds a more firm belief of the existence of a Supreme Deity, without beginning of days, or end of years, and justly reminds us of the respect and veneration due to that Holy Name. Until within these few years, this degree was not conferred on any but those who had been a considerable time enrolled in the fraternity; and could, besides, give the most unequivocal proofs of their skill and proficiency in the craft."¹⁸ In fact, until within a few years before these laws were drawn up, it was not conferred at all; for it was unknown.

In proof that the members of the constitutional Grand Lodge were, at this period, ignorant of its existence, and disclaimed its authority as a masonic innovation, the grand secretary of the moderns stated, in answer to the petition of an ancient Mason for pecuniary relief, about the year 1758 "Being an ancient Mason, you are not entitled to any of our charity. The ancient Masons have a lodge at the 'Five Bells,' in the Strand, and their secretary's name is Dermott. OUR SOCIETY IS NEITHER ARCH, ROYAL ARCH, nor ancient, so that you have no right to partake of our charity."¹⁹ It is clear, therefore, that the moderns had no Royal Arch in 1758; and equally clear that it had not been

to everything he said on the subject of Masonry, which was merely a matter of fashion and amusement. Whoever has attended much to human affairs, knows the eagerness with which men propagate all singular opinions, and the delight which attends their favorable reception."

¹⁷ Dermott's Ahiman Reson, pp. 113, 114.

¹⁸ Dermott's Ahiman Reson, p. 113.

¹⁹ A copy of this curious document will be found in Dermott's Ahiman Reson. Introduction, p. ix.

long practised by the ancients, who were entirely ignorant of it at the first breaking out of the schism; for they were then members of lodges under the constitutions of England; and if they were acquainted with the degree, they were bound on their allegiance to communicate it to their superiors, if, as they afterwards asserted, it formed a constituent part of ancient Masonry, which they did not do. And if they were not acquainted with it, as it is reasonable to presume, how did they know it after the schism, if it was not a new invention or a new communication? And it could not be the latter for the reasons already stated. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, that the ancients fabricated the degree.

In confirmation of this fact, the same book of constitutions declares, that "it is impossible to exalt a modern Mason to the Royal Arch. without previously conferring upon him the Master's degree according to their own ceremonies."²⁰ This assertion made on the ground that he was already in possession of the Master's word, which they knew was communicated in the third degree, according to the terms of the "Master's part," as then practised by the modern Grand Lodge: for the first lectures which were drawn up by Brothers Payne, Anderson, Desaguliers, Martin Folkes, Madden, and other eminent Masons, expressly declare, in the degree of Master, that "that which was lost," meaning the Mason's word, "*is now found*;" i. e. in the latter ceremonies of the third degree, when it was delivered to the newly-raised Master in due form; and, therefore, the Royal Arch Degree would have thrown no new light on the subject to a constitutional Master Mason.²¹

This is a convincing proof that the difference between the ancient and modern systems consisted solely in the mutilation of the third degree; and it is actually referred to in the proceedings of the modern Grand Lodge, in 1755. where they express their disapprobation at the conduct of the ancients in "*introducing novelties and conceits of opinionative persons, to create a belief that there have been other societies of Masons more ancient than this society*;"²²

evidently alluding to the establishment of the Royal Arch; which they publicly repudiated three years afterwards, as I have already shown, by declaring that they knew nothing of "either Arch or Royal Arch."

These declarations appear to have created a sensation amongst the Fraternity, which was unfavorable to the seceders; and, therefore, Dermott proceeded, in his own justification, to charge the regular Grand Lodge with having concocted a new third degree at its first establishment, because the Masons who formed it were ignorant of the Master's part. He says that "About the year 1717, some joyous companions who had passed the degree of a Craft, though very rusty, resolved to form a Lodge for themselves, in order, by conversation, to recollect what had formerly been dictated to them; or if that should be found impracticable, to substitute something new, which might for the future pass for Masonry among themselves. At this meeting the question was asked, whether any person in the assembly knew the Master's part; and being answered in the negative, it was resolved that the deficiency should be made up with a new composition, and what fragments of the old Order could be found among them, should be immediately re-formed, and made more pliable to the humors of the people."²³ It will be needless to add that this is an exaggeration; because it is very improbable that the Brethren who were acting in the four old Lodges in existence at that period, with Sayer, Payne, Lamball, Capt. Elliott, and other eminent Brethren at their head, should be ignorant of the ceremonies of the third degree.

From the above facts and arguments we may rationally conclude that the Royal Arch was practised at that period by the ancient Masons only.²⁴

²³ Dermott's Ahiman Rezon, p. 23.

²⁴ At the fabrication of this degree, it is evident that the word "Keystone" was used; for Dermott, who was doubtless the individual to whom its origin may, in a great measure, be attributed, in an epilogue of his composition, which was spoken at the Theatre Royal at the Haymarket, has the following passage, in evident allusion to it:—

"The men, too, can build, as their fancy best suits,
With curls on each side like a pair of volutes:

High toupees in front, something like a KEYSTONE."

I think he was right in the use of this word, although our Supreme Grand Chapter has substituted the words *cape stone*, to imply that the subterranean passage of those early ages, was not vaulted, but covered with a flat stone roof supported by pillars after the manner of the Egyptian temples; under an impression, I suppose, that arches and keystones were unknown at the building of Solomon's Temple. The subject is of sufficient importance to merit a brief examination, because modern discovery has confirmed the belief that the use of the keystone is older than the first temple. Mr. King indeed asserts that "arches were not used for a thousand years after the building of King Solomon's Temple;" and as a proof it, he cites the temples of Zerubbabel and Herod, which contained

²⁰ Dermott's Ahiman Rezon, p. 20.

²¹ A highly valued correspondent says, "Since I last wrote to you, I have had occasion to study much Masonry, both as to the history and origin of the several degrees, and its distinction into speculative and operative; and after the closest attention I can pay to the subject, I have come to the conclusion that no degrees are ancient except the three first. The R. A. Degrees may or may not; but I cannot trace them much, if at all beyond the middle of the last century; in fact I have great doubts if they be not a modern compilation (I speak particularly of the R. A. Degree itself); the idea having been taken from Ezekiel's vision, as the almost blasphemous foreign degree of — is taken from the first chapter of Revelations."

²² Noorthouck's Constitution, p. 264.

It appears further, that the degree was then conferred in the Master's Lodge; for separate chapters were a subsequent introduction, as also was the change of color. The records state, that "every regular and warranted lodge possesses the power of forming and holding meetings in each of these several degrees, the last of which, from its pre-eminence, is denominated a chapter."²⁵ But these regulations were drawn up many years after the first establishment of the R. A.

They speak also of "Excellent Masons," which is another proof that the degree had been adapted from Continental Masonry, and that the fabricators were desirous of inculcating the belief that it was a foreign rite. This is further confirmed by what Dermott's Ahiman Reson says of the lodge at the "Ben Jonson's Head," that "Some of the brethren *had been abroad*, and received extraordinary benefits on account of ancient Masonry."²⁶ The Excellent Masons were alone eligible to be present during an exaltation. It is evident that Dermott knew nothing of the degree so called, which is a more modern compilation, because if he had, his R. A., or Ne plus ultra, would have constituted a fifth degree, and this was repudiated by his preliminary announcement that "Freemasonry contains four degrees, and no more." The name of *Excellent* was, therefore, a mere distinction applied to those who had received the new degree. And

this argument will serve to prove that the Past Master's was also unknown as a degree, it being then considered as a simple ceremony, and was confined to those who had actually occupied the chair of their lodge.

When the General Grand Chapter was formed, the degree was dignified with the name of Most Excellent; the chief officers of the Grand Lodge were considered *ex-officio* as "Grand Chiefs" of the Royal Arch; and in the end, warrants were pronounced necessary to authorize lodges to confer the degree; and the fee was stated as one guinea. These, however, appear to have been gradual steps; and many years elapsed before the system was arranged, and the order of the Royal Arch organized so as to constitute an independent rite. Altogether it was a bold proceeding; but Bro. Dermott was an intrepid character;²⁷ and he succeeded in establishing quietly in England that which excited on the continent of Europe, opposition and tumult, and sometimes exposure and disgrace.

It is true, the degree was unattended with any speculative doctrines of a questionable or dangerous nature; and, therefore, it was not likely to excite an extraordinary degree of attention in the recipients. It embodied none of those theosophic notions which pervaded some of the Teutonic systems of continental Masonry; it promulgated no doctrines which were prejudicial to the interests of morality; and for these reasons it escaped animadversion. It aimed to embody the sublimities of religion, and to hallow the attributes of the Most High. And while it pointed to the prophecy of Jacob, that the sceptre should not depart from Judah until Siloh come,²⁸ the prejudices of the Christian and the Jew would be alike conciliated, and no one would feel justified in questioning the propriety of an extension of the third degree, while its object was reputed to promote the glory of God, peace on earth, and good-will amongst mankind.

Even after the Grand Chapter was formed, it was only necessary to produce a

no arches; nor are they mentioned by Homer. None, he says, were introduced into the magnificent buildings either of Babylon or Persopolis; neither were they made use of at Athens; in the temple of Diana at Ephesus; nor in Egypt, except in the edifices which were constructed after the time of the Ptolemies; and he concludes by assigning the honour of the invention to Archimedes.—(Mun. Antiq., vol. ii., p. 225.) But subsequent investigations have shown the inaccuracy of this opinion. It is now clear that the arch and keystone were known to the Tyrians before the time of Solomon. "An opinion," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his Topography of Thebes, "admitted by the generality of the learned world, gains force by want of contradiction, till at length it passes into fact. The arch was employed in the houses of the Egyptians, owing to the small quantity of wood growing in the country, and in roofing the chambers of the crude brick pyramids. I had long been persuaded that the greater part of the brick vaults in the western tombs of Thebes were at least coeval with the eighteenth dynasty, but had never been fortunate enough to find proofs in support of my conjecture, till chance threw in my way a tomb, vaulted in the usual manner, with an arched doorway of the same material, stuccoed, and bearing in every part of the frescoed paintings, the name of Amenoph I. Innumerable vaults and arches exist at Thebes, of early date, but unfortunately none with the names of kings remaining on them. The above discovery carries the existence of the arch up to B. C. 1540, or 450 years before the building of King Solomon's Temple." And the same Egyptian antiquary thinks that they were known at a still earlier period. Dr. Clarke carries arches up to the time of Abraham; an opinion which is corroborated by Sir W. Gell.—(Argylls., p. 56.)

²⁵ Dermott's Ahiman Reson, p. 14.

²⁶ Dermott's Ahiman Reson, p. 12.

²⁷ Sir W. Drummond (Origines, vol. i., p. 13), speaking of the fabulous history of the Chaldeans, says, "mankind are seldom satisfied with remaining in doubt, when conjecture can explain what curiosity desires to know. The bold invent, and the credulous believe. Imagination embellishes tradition, illumines the dark pages of history, and builds on the early and doubtful annals of former times some glittering edifice, which dazzles the eyes of the ignorant, and which even pleases the spectator who doubts of its solidity."

²⁸ The name given to the Chapter No. 1 of the modern system, viz., "The Rock and Fountain Shiloh," is a proof that our Brethren of that age considered the Royal Arch to be a Christian degree; for the above title interprets Shiloh as Christ, and refers to the fountain of blood springing from the rock of our salvation.

certificate that the applicant was "a Geometrical Master Mason" to entitle him to be *passed*²⁹ to the Royal Arch; and the candidate was privately *passed the chair* as a preliminary ceremony;³⁰ a custom that was used till the union, in 1813.³¹ This extension of the primitive principles of the Order was subsequently adopted by the constitutional Masons under the Grand Lodge of England, who remodelled the degree, and brought it to its present form after many judicious alterations and improvements; but the period when it was first introduced amongst them is uncertain. The edition of Preston's Illustrations, dated 1781, contains no reference whatever to the Royal Arch; but in the very next edition, after the author had been admitted into the Fraternity of the ancients, the word "Companion" occurs in reference to the Grand Chapter of Harodim, established by the constitutional Grand Lodge in 1787, which, says he, "for some years was faintly encouraged; but after its merit had been further investigated, it received the patronage of several exalted masonic characters."³² The poetical department of the first named edition contains no Arch songs, while the latter contains several. Bro. Dunckerley composed his Royal Arch songs between these two dates. The introduction of the

Royal Arch degree into the modern system could not, therefore, be earlier than the dedication of Freemasons' Hall in 1776. Ten years after this date, the regulations of the degree were first published. I have before me a list of Grand Officers in 1788, which shows the state of the Royal Arch at that period; and from the number of Past Grand Masters Z., which was then an annual office, being only eight, the presumption is that the Grand Chapter had been formed only eight or nine years previously, viz., in 1779.³³ But it was not till the year 1785 that newly exalted Companions were required to pay a registration fee.

At the period of its introduction by the ancients, however, and before the moderns ever contemplated its use amongst themselves, the Grand Lodge was alarmed at the innovation; and when the Marquis of Caernarvon was elected to the office of Grand Master, he applied himself steadily to the extinction of the schism. His acting deputy, Dr. Manningham, conducted the proceedings, and pointed out the necessity of discouraging such an open violation of the laws of the Society, by some decisive measures. At a Grand Lodge holden on the 20th of March, 1755, a formal complaint was preferred against certain brethren for forming and assembling under the denomination of ancient Masons, and pronouncing themselves independent of this Society, and not subject to the laws or to the authority of the Grand Master. Dr. Manningham, the D. G. M., observed that "such meetings were not only contrary to the laws of Masonry, but an insult to the Grand Master and to the whole body of Free and Accepted Masons; as they tended to introduce the novelties and conceits of opinionative persons, and to create a belief that there have been other societies of Masons more ancient than this Society." After much deliberation, it was unanimously resolved, "That the meeting of brethren under any denomination of Masons, without a legal power and authority from the Grand Lodge of England for the time being, is inconsistent with the honor and interest of Masonry, and an open violation of the established laws of the Order."³³

This resolution was followed up by the erasure of twenty-one lodges from the list, for irregularity; and particular mention is made of one of these lodges, which was most active in its propagation of the schism, held at the Ben Johnson's Head, in Spitalfields, and its fourteen members were all expelled the Society by name.

²⁹ This is the word that was then used.

³⁰ The qualification of a candidate at that period, as I find by an old MS. in my possession were these:—"Brethren who had distinguished themselves in Craft Masonry, not only by their learning and talent, but by their love of Masonry, their activity, generosity, and liberality of sentiment. They must have shown themselves possessed of a great desire to increase their masonic knowledge, and to promote the general interests of the society; nor governed by either enthusiasm or bigotry, but by a general love to the human race. They cannot be admitted until they have passed through the degrees of Craft Masonry, nor until they have attained the age of twenty-five years, unless their father be a Companion of the sublime degree, and then they may be admitted, if well recommended, ballotted for, and approved, at three several periods, at the age of twenty-three."

³¹ The fact is proved by the form of the official documents. Before the degree was conferred the following certificate was issued by the Master and Wardens:—"Whereas our trusty and well-beloved Brother —, a geometrical master mason, and a member of our Lodge, has solicited us to recommend him as a *Master Mason*, every way qualified for passing the Holy Royal Arch; we do hereby certify that, so far as we are judges of the necessary qualifications, the said Brother has obtained the unanimous consent of our Lodge for this recommendation." But after the candidate had received the degree, this certificate was issued to authorize his registration in the books of the Grand Chapter:—"We, the three Chiefs and Scribe, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do certify, that in a chapter of Holy Royal Arch, convened and held under the sanction of the worshipful Lodge No. —, our beloved Brother —, having delivered to us the recommendation of the Lodge —, hereunto subjoined, and proved himself, by due examination, to be well qualified in the several degrees of Apprentices, Fellowcraft, and Master Mason, and *having passed the chair*, was by us admitted to the supreme degree of Excellent R. A. Mason."

³² The names of these eight were Comps. James Galloway, Esq., Thomas Dunckerley, Esq., John Brooks, Esq., Jas. Heseltine, Esq., John Allen, Esq., Bartholomew Ruspinl, Esq., Francis Coust, Esq., Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart.

³³ Minutes of the Grand Lodge, March 20, 1755.

Such prompt and decisive proceedings were met by a public remonstrance on the part of the ancients, couched in the following language:—"A Lodge at the Ben Johnson's Head, in Pelham street, Spitalfields, was composed mostly of ancient Masons, though under the modern constitution. Some of them had been abroad, and received extraordinary benefits on account of ancient Masonry; therefore, they agreed to practice ancient Masonry one very third Lodge night?" This avowal contains an indirect allusion to the continental innovations from which the Royal Arch had been concocted; for all the new systems claimed to be derived from some ancient system of Scotch Masonry, which, in fact, never existed. "Upon one of these nights, some modern Masons attempted to visit them, but were refused admittance. The persons so refused laid a formal complaint before the modern Grand Lodge, then held at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar. The said Grand Lodge, though *incapable of judging the propriety or impropriety* of such refusal, (because, I suppose, they knew nothing of the Royal Arch,) not being ancient Masons, ordered that the Ben Johnson's Lodge should admit all sorts of Masons, without distinction, and, upon non-compliance with that order, they were censured.

"The persons thus censured drew up, printed, and published a manifesto, and Mason's creed, which did honor to their heads and hearts. The following lines are copied from the preface to their pamphlet: 'Whereas, the genuine spirit of Masonry seems to be greatly on the decline, that the Craft is in imminent danger from false brethren; and, whereas, its very fundamentals have of late been attacked, and a revolution from its ancient principles, &c., it has been thought necessary by certain persons who have the welfare of the Craft at heart, to publish the following little pamphlet, by means of which it is hoped the ignorant may be instructed, the lukewarm inspired, and the irregular reformed.' Every real, that is, every ancient Mason, who read those publications, was convinced of the injustice done to the Ben Johnson's Lodge in censuring them for having done their duty; a duty which they owed to God and to themselves; and a business with which their judges, the then modern Grand Lodge, were totally unacquainted. Nevertheless, censure was passed, and a minute thereof preserved in the archives, from whence it was published as one of the legislative orders on their records."²⁴

(To be continued.)

ABOVE all things never despair; God is where he was.

²⁴ Dermott's *Ahisman Reason*, p. 12.

THE BRIDAL.

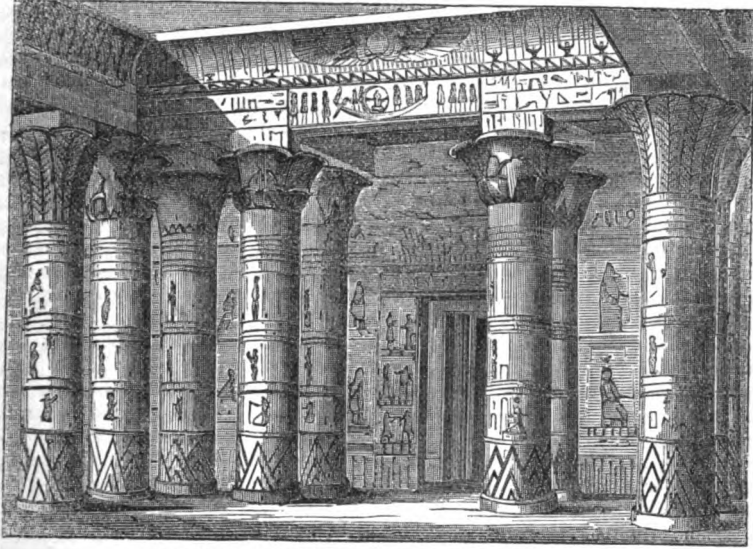
BY A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a funeral note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.
We married him quickly, to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim
To think him not more discerning. (Light,
To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him!
Few and short were the words we said,
Though the wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.
Slowly and sadly we marched adown,
From the first to the lowermost story;
And we have never heard from or seen the poor
Whom we left alone in his glory. (man.

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—The late Mr. Huddleston believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstan, of which his name was allowed to be an undeniable corruption; a belief shared by the late Duke of Norfolk. These two worthies often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees; and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddleston was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the untitled descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sternly repelled the proffered hand of the cadet. "Never," he hiccupped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too far gone to pick up the head of the house of Huddleston, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world." So saying, the duke also took his place upon the floor.

TAKING THE OATH.—A correspondent in Ottawa, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following scene in the Mayor's Court. Witness sworn by the clerk. Clerk: Do you solemnly swear. Mayor: The witness will hold up his right hand. Clerk: The man has no right hand, your honor. Mayor: Let him hold up his left hand, then. Clerk: He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your honor will perceive. Mayor (savagely): Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something. Silence, gentlemen. Our dignity must be preserved! (Witness sworn on one leg.)

Architecture Illustrated.



HALL OF THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, ON THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

LONDON, January 12, 1859.

THE object of my last communication was to point out and illustrate the earliest attempts at building houses, and to trace the gradual improvements which the necessities of the people pointed out, and the wisdom of our ancient brethren so well contrived. From the rude skin-covered huts, the log-built cabins, the dolmen of our uncivilized progenitors, to the gorgeous temples and meretricious pagodas of the Hindoos, I have endeavored to develop the progressive history of architecture, until we find it as a science and an art, the wonder and admiration of both the philosopher and brother of humbler but more practical genius and ability.

In my present communication I give you a description of many of the temples, the palaces, and underground buildings of the ancient Egyptians, which, though necessarily dry, as all such descriptive matter must be, to the general reader, will be found, I think, full of interest to the investigating Freemason; to whose perusal and study I now, without further preface, fraternally submit it.

According to the histories of Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Pausanias, Strabo, and other old historians, and the works of more modern writers on Egyptian architecture, — Pocock, Burkhardt, Beechey, Belzoi, and

Gau,¹ we do EGYPT no more than justice in declaring that she surpasses all the nations of the earth in the magnificence and grandeur of her architectural monuments, her numerous temples, her palaces, her pyramids, and obelisks, and her hypogæa,² or underground buildings. This vast country, which, from the time of Sesostris, 1700 years B. C. to the Persian War, about 600 B. C., extended over Bactria, Æthiopia, Abyssinia, and Lybia, affords the most remarkable and important monuments for the study of architecture as an art, and offers us an ample scope for the illustration of these papers.

In the island of Philæ, above the last cataract of the Nile, is contained the mausoleum of Osiris, a congeries of temples disposed according to the form of the island, which is shaped like a gunstock, the small end pointing up the stream. At the southern end is situated a smaller temple, to which a large court-yard is attached, surrounded by porticoes leading to the first two pylons, or propylæa, large temple entrances between tower-like build-

¹ Derived from *ἐπο* under, and *γη*, the earth.

² I have made free use of those writings in this series of papers, so that I lay no claim to *originality* in them. I have read all the works to which I have above referred, translated them, collated them together, and from them compiled these articles.

ings of considerable height. These propylæa lead to the fore court-yard of the temple of Osiris. On the west side of the courtyard stands another temple. The residences of the priests are on the east ; and towards the north are the second propylæa, which lead to a smaller court-yard, which, surrounded on three sides by porticoes, forms the fore hall of the temple of Osiris. Our engraving represents a perspective view of this hall, with the entrance to the large temple.

Here our investigating readers will have field large enough to engage their most diligent research. At the top will be seen that eloquent symbol of the Egyptian idea of a triune deity—the ECTON-KNEPH-PTHIA—the *Winged Globe* and *Serpent*. The Globe symbolized the supreme and eternal God ; the Serpent, the animating principle ; and the wings the hovering spirit of the great Creator, which moved upon the face of the waters when "GOD SAID LET THERE BE LIGHT : AND THERE WAS LIGHT." This symbol, it will be observed, surmounts each entrance, doorway, or pylon. Under the winged globe is seen the *sacred ship* of the Egyptians. This vessel was an object of general reverence and profound regard. It is sometimes found resting upon a pedestal ; and in other places, as in our engraving, surrounded by many priests, who carry it on their shoulders, and sometimes by means of poles. The centre is occupied with a small temple, around which are grouped a number of figures and ornaments, as cherubim and other representations. In the temple in the centre, is a figure representing the body of Osiris, after he had been slain by his brother Typhon. It is uncertain whether it was placed there in commemoration of the act of launching it upon the waves of the Nile, or of the devotion of Isis, in carrying off the body, after she had discovered it at Byblos. It was a favorite device of the Egyptians to represent the gods as going about in vessels ; and they kept the idols generally in large boxes which were deposited in the sacred ship, whence they were removed during festival seasons, or for sacrificial solemnities, and placed in the temples dedicated to them.

The symbols of the four elements,* the eagle, salamander, lion, and fish ;

* The EAGLE, representing air ; the SALAMANDER, fire ; the LION, earth ; and the FISH, water. The

the Crux Ansata ; the sun, representing Osiris, and the moon, Isis ; the gods Hermes and Harpocrates ; the sacred birds—the falcon, ibis, dove, eagle, and hawk ; the sistrum, sacred cruse, and caduceus ; the lotus, leaf and seed ; and in short, most of the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians may be seen in this engraving, the symbolism of which, and the connection of the whole with Freemasonry, must form a most important and interesting study for our readers.

The objects of greatest interest to the investigating Freemason, in connection with the temple of Osiris, are the remarkable sculptures which show that the Jewish lawgiver, who was conversant with the forms of the Egyptian religion, to a certain extent, adopted its symbols in the Mosaic system. The hieroglyphics in this temple distinctly represent the cherubim, the ark of the covenant, the vessel in which Osiris came to Egypt, and the table with the sacred candlesticks and the shew bread.

To the east of the temple of Osiris, are the ruins of another temple, the columns of which measure forty feet, or more than any other upon the island. The cubes between the capitals and the architraves are remarkable for their height, which is more than a diameter of the column—a proportion greater than in any other monument. All the temples on this island are built of whitish sandstone, which is almost as durable as granite ; although the rocks of the island itself are composed of red granite. The most recent of the temples on this island dates, at least 2,500 years B.C.

The spot occupied by the once famous city of Syene is marked now only by a portico of four columns and a few walls, all richly decorated with elaborate sculptures.

Egyptians also represented the four elements, thus:—



AIR,



WATER,



EARTH,



FIRE;

And altogether in this figure.



They were also represented by the colours. WHITE, representing the air ; BLUE, the water ; PURPLE, the earth, and CARMINE, the fire.

The island of Elephantine contains the ruins of two temples, both of the same style of architecture, the one to the south, which was dedicated to Kneph, the good spirit, is still in very good condition.

The temple of HORUS, the Egyptian Apollo, is situated on the left bank of the Nile, between Syene and Esneh. The entire edifice consists of—1. An enclosure, whose front side is formed by the propylæum, with the entrance, in front of which two obelisks are erected. 2. The peristyle, or first fore-court, with the porticoes: the court has the appearance of a staircase of twelve steps, 3 | 4 | 5, so as to make each succeeding column shorter than the other by the height of a step. 3. The pronaos with six columns in the first row, and eighteen columns altogether, all very beautiful: here commences the main wall of the temple, which is constructed with buttresses, and between it and the outer wall on each side, are small side courts. 4. The fore hall of the temple, which communicates with the staircases and the rooms of the priests. 5. The sanctuary, behind which there are different rooms located.

The length of the temple is 300 feet, its width 150 feet, its form, an *oblong square*, or double cube. Indeed, if we consider the architectural proportions of this temple, we find that all its parts harmonize in the utmost symmetry and order. The length of the temple is eight times the height of the pronaos, four times the height of the propylæa, and twice their width.

All the walls, outer as well as inner, all the columns and entablatures, and almost all the ceilings, are covered with highly elaborate sculptures and hieroglyphics, still in excellent condition, which symbolize the rites, ceremonies, and religion of the ancient Egyptians. Some of the capitals are in the form of vases, decorated with palm leaves and date branches, symmetrically arranged and of uncommon beauty. From the striking resemblance of the leaves and volutes to the Corinthian capitals, we might not unreasonably suppose the latter to have been modelled after them.⁴

Near this large temple is a smaller one,

⁴ "The story of CALIMACHUS—the basket, tile, and acanthus—is now considered but as a pretty fable."—Grand Master Rockwell, of Georgia, United States.

consecrated to Typhon, the evil spirit, 90 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 22½ feet high. The date of this temple is 2,500 years before the birth of Christ.

There is a group of temples at Latopolis (Esneh) which, according to the representation of the zodiac on the ruins, must have been built 2,600 years B. C.

The city of Thebes the ancient Diospolis Magna, was situated upon both banks of the Nile, and surrounded by a wall 60 feet thick, furnished with 100 gates. Here are found a large number of edifices of the utmost importance to the student of Masonic Architecture. The ruins of the palace of Sesostris, and of several temples and other buildings, are situated on the left bank of the Nile.

In the palace of Sesostris, erected about 1,700 years B. C., are three large courts, two of them surrounded by colonnades. The first propylæum is 162 feet long, 27 feet wide, and 66 feet high, and contains three rooms or divisions, each 54 feet long by 27 feet wide. Its vast entrance leads to an extensive court, bounded on two sides by galleries, and on the others by the first and second propylæa. The northern gallery, which is roofed over, is composed of seven square pillars, six feet thick, with statues of Osiris, twenty-three feet high, before them: the southern gallery also has a ceiling, and is formed by eight round columns. The second propylæum leads to the second court yard, which is furnished with galleries on three sides. On the eastern side are eight columns, and opposite each column stands a square pillar, with a statue of Osiris in front of it. Behind the gallery is a door communicating with the third court, which is separated from the preceding by a wall. The third court-yard, which was probably surrounded by the dwelling of the king and the royal family, is completely destroyed. The columns, the walls and the ceiling are completely covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, representing the famous expeditions, by land and sea, of Sesostris, the Egyptian hero, and introducing very often the statue of himself; sometimes riding in his triumphal car, at others slaying his enemies with arrows; but the most remarkable are the representations of a sea fight, in which the opponents are represented as Indians, whilst in the battle scenes on land they are depicted with beards, and

intended to represent Persians. The bas-reliefs in the peristyle represent the triumphal expedition of Sesostris to Arabia, after his numerous victories, so eloquently recorded by Diodorus Siculus.

A grove of acacia trees, firmly rooted now marks the spot where the world renowned palace of Memnon at Thebes, called by the Romans the temple of Serapis, once stood, and was looked upon as the admiration of the world. But so effectually has time obliterated all traces of the great monument itself, that we are left to infer, from strong collateral evidences, that this was the site it occupied. The colossal statues between the palace of Sesostris and the Mausoleum of Osymandias corroborate, so far, Strabo's description of it, as to remove any doubt as to its location, near Medinet Abou.

The colossi of Tamy and Shamy are the most attractive of a large number of fragments of colossi in the Acacia Wood, numerous enough to decorate all the squares of a large city. Almost all the colossi are formed of limestone or sandstone, granite, or breccia, a material which the Egyptians alone have ever been able to work into statues. The northern of these two colossi, which were probably the largest statues in the Memnonium, is covered with hieroglyphics, and with inscriptions proclaiming that the colossus at sunrise emitted a sound somewhat like the breaking of a harp or guitar string. Cambyzes caused this statue to be overthrown and destroyed, for the purpose of examining its internal construction, and of finding out whether the reputed sounds were not a deception practised upon the people by the priests. Similar sounds are said to have been heard by the French engineers in the granite apartments of the palace at Carnak. The mutilated portion of the colossus was rebuilt by five courses of sandstone, and the ancient head was replaced upon it by the Romans. The statue and base were sixty-one feet high. The southern colossus, which is also somewhat defaced, is formed of an immense single block of breccia, and between its legs are placed three smaller statues.

Another architectural monument worthy of mention is the mausoleum of Osymandias, as it contained sixteen statues of Osiris, each 29 feet 2½ inches high, and the statue of Osymandias, represented in a sitting posture, 53 feet 10 inches high,

several feet higher than the largest of the Memnon statues. It was cut out of rose colored granite, containing about 11,965 cubic feet, and weighed about 1,000 tons. After standing for 2,000 years, it was thrown down by Cambyzes, in the year 523 B.C.⁵ The second peristyle of the building contains columns 35 feet 9 inches in height, by 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, modelled in a higher style than those in the palace of Sesostris, though the latter was built 800 years afterwards. In the second court was a statue of black granite, with a beautiful rose-colored granite head, all in one piece, 22 feet high. The head is still to be seen, in excellent condition, in the British Museum. The sculptures and bas-reliefs on the walls mostly represent battle scenes, war chariots, and attacks upon the enemy's position, who retreats, swimming to his reserve on the opposite side of the river.

In addition to those monuments on the left bank of the Nile already mentioned, there were about forty royal tombs, catacombs, or hypogea, only ten or twelve of which can be entered at the present day. They were rock-cut, and highly interesting on account of their sculptures, bas-reliefs, and fresco paintings.⁶ The tombs themselves are generally ranged in different tiers, one above the other; the lowest are usually the most elegant, while those in the upper tiers are very plain. The walls and ceilings are decorated with sculpture-

⁵ Diodorus Siculus gives an account of another statue, smaller than this, situated opposite to it, and representing the mother of Osymandias, in a sitting position.—G.

⁶ It may not be out of place here to correct a very prevalent error respecting the art of fresco painting. The term fresco painting, an Egyptian invention, means a painting produced by a chemical preparation of the mortar before and at the time of putting it on the walls, so that it may not be affected either by atmospheric influence or by time, and that the painting executed ages ago may appear as fresh in color and as correct in outline as if done but yesterday. It has nothing at all to do with the object represented, or with the beauty of the design. The art of fresco painting is entirely lost to the moderns, and the attempts made in different parts of Europe to re-discover it, sometimes at extravagant outlay, particularly at Munich and Berlin, have, after several years' experiments, turned out entire failures. It is either simply ridiculous, or a proof of ignorance, or intentional fraud, to dignify by the name of fresco, the common water color or oil painting, such as now covers the walls and ceilings of our theatres and other public buildings, whatever may be the subject they represent.

work and fresco paintings, representing vases, furniture, musical instruments, harps, lyres, &c., of the most elegant forms, girls dancing to the music of the harp, hunting and fishing scenes, rural occupations, naval scenes, vintage, weighing of goods, a large dinner party seated at a well supplied table, and a court of death. One of the catacombs contains a representation of a royal throne, which most minutely corresponds with the description of that of King Solomon, given in 1 Kings, x, 19, 20, which was, therefore, in all likelihood, copied from the Egyptian throne. On one of the ceilings a zodiac is painted, by the position of the sun in which it is inferred that the temple was built 1,700 years before Christ. Some of the catacombs contain fragments of *arches*—a fact well worthy of notice by the Masonic student. At the present time these underground buildings are almost destroyed, and the mummies, divested of their coffins, lie mingled promiscuously together.

Near the village of Luxor (El Kusr), on the right bank of the Nile, are the ruins of a palace, which according to Diodorus Siculus, was built by King Busiris, about 3,100 years before Christ. Among the ruins is a gallery of fourteen very remarkable columns, 10 feet 6 inches in diameter by 66 feet 7 inches high. What is most remarkable about these columns is the fact that they were made first of *hollow* stone rings, and filled up inside with bricks, mortar, and cement. Their capitals are shaped like *inverted bells*, 16 feet 11 inches at the top by 10 feet 9 inches below. This fact shows clearly that *hollow* columns were known and used in Egypt over two thousand years before the commencement of Solomon's temple.

The most extensive ruins to be found in Egypt are in the village of Carnak, to the north-east of El-Kusr; and of these the palace of Carnak is the most important. This palace, which is situated about 2,400 feet from the Nile, was surrounded by a brick wall 7,052 feet long, and 30 feet thick. One half of this wall exists; and the dimensions of the bricks which composed it, are 12 inches long, 6 inches broad, and 5 inches thick. From the first propylæum, on the side that faced the Nile, there were two rows of sphinxes, forming an avenue to the river. Two of these sphinxes are still in existence; they have the body of a lion and the head of a

ram, and a symbolic covering, enveloping the chest and back. They are placed upon a plynth, 12 feet long, 3 feet four inches broad, and 7 inches thick, which rests upon a base 10 feet high, finished with a cyma recta. The front, or propylæum of the palace is 347 feet 10½ inches long, and 173 feet 11½ inches wide—thus showing that in building their temples our ancient brethren strictly regarded the symbolism of the oblong square, or double cube. In the interior, staircases lead to the different stories, which contained several rooms. This colossal propylæum leads to the fore court-yard, which contains two rows of columns on the north and south sides. The row on the south consists of eighteen columns, which are still in comparatively good preservation, and, in connection with the wall behind it, forms a colonnade covered with stone slabs. The entablature rests upon cubes, which are placed upon the capitals. No bas-reliefs have been found, and the colonnade appears to have been left in an unfinished state. The southern colonnade, eight feet wide, was divided by a building, which was probably a temple. The frieze of this gallery contains two rows of hieroglyphics. In the centre of this court, there were two rows of colossal columns, each consisting of six. Only one of these now stands. The remainder lie prostrate, but the shafts are not broken. The rows were 42 feet apart. The columns are composed of single pieces, each 22 inches high. The entire height of the column was 65 feet 8¾ inches, with a diameter of 9 feet 2 inches. The greatest width of the capital is 15 feet 4 inches. The shaft, during its entire length, and the cube upon the capital, are covered with significant hieroglyphics, representing *purification*, and *initiation* into the mysteries. Whether the space between these two rows of columns was covered, and if so, whether the ceiling was formed by beams of cedar or by a tent (*velarium*), is a question that has yet to be decided. The French writers are of opinion that statues of the gods were placed upon the columns, and that they never did support a ceiling. The temple projected thirty-six feet into the court, and had a propylæum, the remains of which yet appear in a dilapidated condition. The central line of the temple, which points due east and west, is not strictly square to that of the palace, from

which it has been inferred to be of greater antiquity, an opinion which is strengthened by the fact that the temple is completely finished and covered with hieroglyphics, which are found in no other part of this court. The fore-court has a peristyle, with statues of Osiris in front of the columns; and the court leads to the pronaos, the ceiling of which is supported by eight columns, ranged in two rows. These columns are profusely adorned with hieroglyphics, many of which will be familiarly recognised by the masonic reader: the *pentalpha* ☆, the *interlaced triangle* ☆, the *cubic stone* □, the *point within a circle* ○, the *equilateral triangle* △, the *law-cross* ⚡, the *cruz ansata*, or key of the ☐, Nile, etc., etc. The temple, which was probably the private chapel of the palace, presents another instance of the *oblong square*—it is 160 feet long by 80 wide. Seven winding steps lead to the outer pylon, or entrance of the propyleum; on the right side of which was a statue of Harpocrates, the God of Silence, and on the left one of Hermes. The door posts were decorated with bas-reliefs, representing Osiris and Isis; as well as Horus, the Egyptian symbol of the fructifying sun.

The saloon, or hall, was 307 feet 10 inches long by 153 feet 11 inches wide. The ceiling was supported by 134 highly adorned columns. This hall is certainly the most astonishing and magnificent edifice in Egypt. It is in three divisions; the centre is formed by 12 columns, 66 feet high without the entablature, by 11 feet in diameter; the capitals being 10 feet high, 21 feet in diameter, and 64 in circumference. All these columns remain yet entire. The two lateral divisions contain 61 columns each, 40 feet 6 inches in height, by 8 feet 6 inches in diameter. One row supports a stone wall, with six openings, protected by stone lattice-work, through which the hall is lighted. The ceilings are constructed of stone slabs, mostly 28 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 4 feet thick, weighing over 65 tons each. The architraves are 24 feet long and 6 feet thick. The shafts of the columns are constructed of courses each 3 feet 2 inches high, and each course is composed of four pieces; all covered with hieroglyphics and symbolical sculptures in the recesses. The

ruins of this temple most distinctly show that the stones used in the construction of the palace of Carnak had previously formed portions of some other buildings, another proof that long before the erection of those buildings, the ruins of which are now before us, other and similar edifices had been built in Egypt and destroyed by time.

From the saloon hall, a fore-hall, 18 feet 6 inches by 37 feet, leads to a dilapidated wall, with red granite door jambs; probably the ruins of a small propyleum. Two doors lead to different halls, the walls of which are decorated with highly elaborated symbolic sculptures. In front of the sanctuary were two truncated obelisks (*steles*), which probably served as pedestals for busts. A door between them leads to the granite apartments, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs, frequently representing Horus, the son of Osiris and Isis. The ceiling constructed of granite and sandstone blocks, is decorated with yellow stars, with red centres, on a blue ground—giving an excellent idea of the symbolic *covering* of a lodge. Small chambers at the *east* end of those granite apartments, contain elaborate sculptures, representing the anointing and inauguration of kings by the priests, or hierophantæ. From inscriptions over the entrances, it appears that none but the anointed kings (and candidates for that degree, if we may so term it,) and the priests were admitted within those guarded chambers.⁷ Behind this is another hall 88 feet long by 44 feet wide, the columns of which are remarkable on account of their 16 flutes; it is probable they gave the idea of the Doric column. According to Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, this palace was built at the time of King Busiris II., about 4,500 before the birth of Christ.

I fear your subscribers will consider these descriptions rather dry reading, but the studious Freemason can discover in them important facts, which prove beyond a doubt that the ancients employed the same allegorical mode of imparting their religious doctrines and abstruse philosophy that we Freemasons have always used, and ever will use, in imparting a knowledge of the traditions, the philosophy and wisdom of our ancient brethren. I have

⁷ Probably the source of the aybil's "PROCU, O PROCU ESTE PROFANI."

been somewhat particular in repeating descriptions of decorations, dimensions, &c., in order that those brethren who may not have an opportunity of seeing the works from which I have compiled these papers, may be able to compare them, and to form a correct estimate of the importance of many of the symbols used in Freemasonic teachings. Some of the most elegant specimens of Egyptian architecture, including the ruins of Tentyra. I have reserved for my next paper, together with a glance at the architecture of the Assyrians. G.

Miscellany.

FIGURES AND ASPECTS OF MEN.

IT is a favorite amusement of mine to walk along a crowded street and observe the various aspects of men—how some faces are long, some short, some hollow, and others prominent; and withal, what a variety of expression animates the various physiognomies. There is an optical instrument called the anamorphosis, which, if you look into it one way, elongates you to a maypole, and in another, makes you as broad and flat as a toad-stool. Nature, in scheming out men, seems to make use of a kind of anamorphosis of her own; and hence in some figures we see everything in long perpendicular lines, while in others all is latitudinal and horizontal. Some men seem as if they had been framed upon a bundle of spears, others upon a five-bar gate. Some men appear as if they had been looking into the hollow of a tea-spoon, and all at once, by some strange spell, had their features fixed in that configuration; others seem as if they had been petrified some day while staring at themselves in the bulge of a spheroidal tea-pot. Some are born (to use the Earl of Pembroke's idea) of the poplar, others of the yew. And not in upright measurement alone are variations observable. Some men sink inwards about the middle like hour-glasses. Their heads and feet are in clumps, and their waists in threads. Nature, in fashioning them, seems to have fallen into a reverie, and rolled the clay so long between her hands, that the ends, before she was aware, had almost fallen away from the attenuated centre. Others, again, are almost perfect spheres; others nearly regular cubes, or crystals, with hardly and proper extremities either for locomotion or for thinking; so that one might suppose Nature had been in a hurry in their case, and formed them much after the manner of boys fashioning snowballs in a

thaw, or a man making nails at the rate of three hundred in the hour. Then, again, some men have straight legs, like two marks of admiration; others have them bandy, like a pair of parentheses; others are what are called knock-kneed, like the same figures with an inverse arrangement of parts. But what is most strange of all, some men (Lintot, the celebrated bookseller, was a specimen, if we are to believe Dryden) have two legs of one kind—two left ones, for instance. When both lie in one way, the effect is most singular. I remember a man of that kind, who went as straightforward as any man; but yet I never could resist the idea that his walk *ought to have been* a series of circumgyrations, like the orbit of the moon round the sun. King James I., according to Weldon, had a circular way of walking, and in entering a room, we are to suppose he made a sweep towards the object as one now-a-days drives round the lawn in front of a manor-house.

The size and arrangement of the feet of men are so various, that while some seem to stand like the letter V, upon a point, others have the broad basis of an A, and taper towards the crown. A few seem placed upon an X, and some spread out from the middle like a Y. On the other hand, take men in profile, and you will find some to be like the letter I, some like P, and some like f; the first being slim tall men, the second fat and protuberant of paunch, and the third having a strange droop of the head. Mark mankind as they walk past you, and you will find hardly one going at the same angle to the horizon as another. The military man, perhaps, walks pretty vertically; but hardly any others. The proud man is perhaps ten degrees off the perpendicular *backwards*; the hurrying shopkeeper as much *forwards*. Some walk altogether upon their heels; others altogether upon their toes. Some men always seem following their noses; others come sulkily after their great toes. Some have themselves all thrown out towards the front, like bow-windows—show a great convex chest, shoulders well laid back—in fact, three-quarters of their persons seem to go before them; others are all gathered coweringly inwards, like coiled hedgehogs—carry three-quarters of themselves behind—seem, in short, to be almost altogether back. Some men come dancingly and easily up to you, whisk round you in a few moments, asking how you do, and then dance off as trippingly as they came; other men come up with all the solemnity of a tall chest of drawers, pronounce a few grave words like the bass sounds of an organ, and then go lumbering on as before, without having altered a muscle.

The way in which the head is carried makes a material difference in the aspects

of men. Some have the occiput laid quite back upon the neck, so as to over-realise the classical idea of the great distinction of the human race—*'vultus ad sidera.'* Men conscious of good looks, or of good birth, and who have never needed to stoop to commonplace employments, are apt to carry themselves thus. When a man, on the contrary, feels that nature has given no external advantages, and has to bow fifty times a-day over a counter to whoever may give him a trifle, he almost unavoidably carries his face rather below the level than above it. A mercantile nation must thus look a little nearer the ground, upon the whole, than an idle and military one. The habit of command gives a peculiar air—an air of confidence, firmness, and dignity—which the man who is accustomed to obey can never attain. There is also a completeness of visage about some men—an integrality of feature I may call it—which sets them at their ease with themselves and others, and conduces greatly to make up a presence. A man of this kind can do without a collar—almost without a neckcloth; he will look well any way. Others, again, whose physiognomies are not so perfect—whose faces, as it were, want bottom—require a calyx, as the botanists would say, wherein to rest the head; which purpose is served by a stock and its usual appurtenances. It is remarkable how much the angle of the visage affects the voice. The self-confident man seems to speak from the point of his chin; the long-nosed boring man spins out his words at his proboscis; and the obstinately modest and bashful man generally addresses you from a corner of his forehead. Every head has its ecliptic as well as its equator; and there is always one point which is more generally presented to the spectator than any other; that I call the point of voice—the mouth has nothing to do with it.

To come to features: it is astonishing how various are their forms in different men. The profile of Louis XVI. was altogether, apparently, moulded in a circle; the brow, the nose, the chin, all formed segments of circles in themselves, and, in the whole, composed only a larger segment. Such faces we see every day; and we as frequently see others in which the form is entirely reversed. Such are the dish faces, where the features seem arranged within a crescent, and the point of the nose does not advance so far as either the brow above or the chin below. Some faces go outwards to a point at the tip of the nose; others go inwards to a point at the root of the same feature. Some noses are isosceles triangles; others equilateral; others have the base by far the longest side. Some are tuberosus; others acute. Some spring out like the style of a dial; others look as if they had been dashed

against the face in a soft state, and by that means pressed broad and flat, like a piece of clay thrown hard at a wall. Sometimes the base is level; sometimes hollow; sometimes convex. In some men the nose is pointed downwards to the upper lip; in others it tends upwards to the brow. Some men have its point drawn to one side, some to another—like a helm when in the process of turning a vessel.

I come now to speak of the various characters which may be read in the faces of a passing crowd. Some who have not been in the habit of studying human character anywhere, may not recollect being struck with the infinite variety there to be observed. Yet there are some points which may be easily brought to the remembrance of the most careless onlooker. How absorbed some men appear! Their souls, like their eyes, seem set far back in their heads, and they move along the street seeing everything, but never showing as if they saw at all. They wink, for the ordinary refreshment of the organs; but no other muscle ever plays. In some the absorption is that of pride; in some that of indifference. Such persons are like coffins sent out to take the air. The great mass of mankind, in walking the streets, have pretty much one look—something between the smirk of actual conversation and the coldness of perfect tranquility or reverie. They hold themselves ready, if they are not strangers to the place, to break into a smile as they pass a friend. But there is a set who do not conform to this general system, and may be described as a contrast to the haughty and the cold. These people wear their heart on their lips and in their eyes. As you pass them, you feel convinced that you must know them, and that they know you. They always look as if they were addressing you with the words, "My dear fellow, how are you?" It requires an effort to keep your hand from going forth of its own accord and seizing theirs. As they go along with this perpetual salutation in their looks, they leave all who pass them in the same state with yourself; and perhaps two hundred persons at once are saying to themselves, "Surely I have seen that gentleman before." Such a man will reduce a whole street to bewilderment in five minutes. There is a peculiar twitchiness about the noses and upper lips of some men which contributes to give them this universally familiar air. I have long marked a person of this kind, and who, moreover, has that ruddiness of complexion which betokens the *bon-vivant*; and he always appears to me as if he were going about seeking to make up a party for a beef-steak in some neighboring tavern. Though I have no acquaintance of him, I daily expect him to address me as follows: "I say, can't we have a few oysters

to night at Gabriel's?" He is a kind of Vanderdecken—always wishing to get some one inveigled into a snare of his own fate. I have resolved, however, to have nothing to do with him. It would never do for a person of my retired habits. He would introduce me to the whole town in an afternoon.

PLAINNESS.

THERE is one subject which I have long meditated, but yet long neglected, to illustrate—and that is, the great advantage of being tolerably ill-looking. We all admire and express pleasure in contemplating beauty, but we do not trust to it. We regard it, somehow, as a superficial, transitory, vain thing—good enough for the hour it lasts, a very fair subject of rhyming and raving among young men, but still an evanescent deceptive kind of thing, unworthy of any serious attention, and not at all to be depended upon. On the contrary, all our associations respecting plain people are of a respectful kind. There is a substantiality, a durability, a respectability about ugliness, that is quite delightful to the reflecting faculties. We know ugliness never runs away. It is a solid, sponable, fixed quality, like a decent tradesman; while beauty is like some poor player, who, with all the handsomeness and cleverness, yea, more, all the honesty in the world, is a vagrant by act of parliament.

The very admiration we bestow on beauty tends to diminish its title to esteem. The possessor of the quality becomes puffed up with the homage of our gaze, and deems nothing else to be necessary to secure approbation. But though this is the usual and plain-sailing way of accounting for the inferiority of character which too often attends good looks, there is perhaps another and better reason for our never attaching the idea of intellectual or moral excellence to beauty. There is considerable reason for supposing that the beau-ideal of beauty is also the beau-ideal of insipidity, and that it is only in certain degrees of departure from the former property that we find certain degrees of exemption from the latter. Thus, the exquisite Venus of Florence, the wonder and the passion of the world, is not less remarkable for the absence of every appearance of mental charm, than for the possession of every animal grace. And if we cast back upon all the faces we have most admired, we will be apt to confess, in regard to most of them, that it was not perfect beauty, but only some approach to it, that we were delighted with. There seems to be a mysterious sense, either the result of frequent observation, or an innate and instinctive faculty, which leads us to attach ideas of uncertainty and

emptiness to beauty even at the moment our eye is gratified with the sight of it. It is only considered as a tincture, a rainbow in the heaven of the human face, a finery which is presently to pass away, leaving something tawdry behind. Plain looks are something in the regular course of things—a consistent, uniform peculiarity; but beauty is a mere accident.

It is in the female face that beauty is most advantageous and least harmful. It is natural there; we look for it; and when we find it in a certain degree, it usually conveys a pleasing impression. Even here, however, we still allow it only the admiration due to a thing affecting the physical surface, and are apt to look with more expectation to a plain face for those inner qualities which are most entitled to esteem. We look on beauty as we look upon the rose—the fairest of flowers while it lasts, but proverbially short-lived and easily blighted. Plainness, on the other hand, is the unpretending evergreen which is to adorn our garden with a certain steady amount of good looks all the year round. Beauty seems to have an unfortunate effect upon the most of females, filling them with affectation and conceit. Hence it often happens that men retire with contempt and indignation from the temple of vain beauty, and unite themselves with homely good sense and true unpretending gentleness. If of questionable advantage in a female, beauty is positively detrimental in the opposite sex. A young man afflicted with beauty is one of the most pitiable objects in the world. He is despised at first sight by both men and women. He begins the world with an *ex facie* bad character, which he may spend the half of his life in wearing down to even start fair point. Far better for him if two of his nearest kinsmen had been transported for felony. His most valuable acquirements, his most precisely good behaviour, his most persevering application to business, are all regarded with suspicion; and even after he has for many years enacted the part of a good citizen, no one will be able to make sure that he is not to break out to-morrow into some unheard-of silliness and extravagance, or altogether to vanish away. On the other hand, a plain-looking man gets credit at once upon the mere security of face. A snub-nose is as good to him as patrimony, and cheeks seamed with the small-pox serve all the purpose of a bank account. An ungainly form conveys the idea of steadfastness to purpose, and even a little lameness may be of service. To go upon neat ebony crutches, or to have a foot supported by a supplement of thick leather, may not be very convenient, but I know few things that look more respectable. A well-dressed lame or blind man is one of the most imposing of all charac-

ters. We have an idea that such people are well off, and never run away. We imagine them exempted by their personal peculiarities from many of those follies and frivolities which detract from the solidity of other men, and suppose that because they want personal advantages, they must have all others. A genteel crooked man seems the very anchor of fortune.

Look around both the natural and artificial world, and it will be found that similar associations are everywhere awakened. Whatever is the most beautiful in the sky, on the ground, in the tribes of animated nature, carries us to the impression of *brevery of duration and insolidity of substance*. I might except the heavenly bodies, if I thought it strictly proper to style those objects beautiful. The blossom passes away before the leaf, and the leaf falls, while the tree, the least beautiful of the whole, remains. The goldfinch is the creature of a few summers, while the raven lives a century. The air fills in an hour with creatures that seem shed prismatically from sunbeams, but which, in another hour, sink back into their real nativity, the dust. The gay poppy is but a weed; the food of man is found in the bristling and repulsive corn. In the artificial world we habitually expect the sound and plain to go together. A gaudy-colored dress is usually a thin thing of gingham and gauze, designed only to be worn for a few sunshiny forenoons. The most valuable articles of attire are generally simple in form and hue; and so accustomed are we to judge accordingly, that to make an unsubstantial thing sober in color, would be the surest way to gain for it some share of sincere esteem. Hence it is that we attach such notions of respectability to the Society of Friends. There is nothing about them that leads us to think of insolidity or transitoriness—all is downright, simple, homely, lasting, and good. People, we think, who can make themselves so completely independent of show and glitter, must possess an unusual share of the more solid and worthy qualities of character.

Our estimation of men is in the same way affected by the nature of their employments. It may be stated as a general proposition, that those who are engaged in the simply useful arts and branches of employment, enjoy a larger share of public respect than those who are concerned in the ornamental. Our notion of the substantiality and credit-worthiness of a man who deals in woollen goods is a very different thing from our notion of a man who trusts for his bread to the writing of plays, the teaching of some elegant accomplishment, or the construction of musical snuff-boxes. Though twenty men are fitted by nature for dealing in flannels for one who is capable of composing

poetry, and though we feel hardly any interest in the former compared with what we do in the latter, yet do we secretly accord to the humble trafficker that we deny to the thinker of fine thoughts. On this account it may be observed that persons connected with those professions which aim only at pleasing the human race, are usually very anxious to form acquaintance with their humbler but more solid fellows, as if they imagined that they might thus catch the contagion of public respect; an expedient which, it is to be feared, does not always succeed in obviating this injustice of society. All is owing to our instinctive sense of the vanity of what is beautiful and the solidity of what is plain. And hence arises a difference in the condition of men that has not perhaps been hitherto remarked upon. The homeliness of the profession of one man may, if not counteracted by an unfortunate handsomeness of person, do as much for him in the way of securing a good reputation, as the utmost good behaviour and industry of another man, exerted during a long course of years. A hosier, tolerably ill-favored, lame in one foot, dwelling in a plainish part of the town (for this is also a consideration), may be at once at his ease upon the score of credit and the respect of his fellow-creatures; he sets up in business and in character at once. But a player, or a painter, or a musician, or a man of letters, being liable to suspicion at the very outset, has to make incredible exertions, put a constraint upon many of his most innocent tendencies, and practise many harmless but troublesome little arts, before he can procure the same respect—if indeed he ever gains it, or any share of it.

LITTLE BOYS.

HUMAN nature is delightful in all its miniature shapes. With bulk come sin and folly; but while the man remains at a stature under thirty inches, he is not only endurable, but positively charming. Hence I heartily join with Mr. Burchell in liking those innocent little men called boys—that is, before they have acquired the unruly habits too generally associated with trousers, but are as yet clothed in gentle cotton—handleable and dandleable—with a few endearing imperfections of speech, not very much disposed to quarrel with their neighbors, even upon the interesting subject of bread and butter. A human being of this kind has all the beauty of the young leopard with undeveloped claws. He is still dependent and controllable. The tendrils by which he hung in infancy from your heart are not yet severed, and you still think of him rather as the baby than as the boy. His plump rosy face, his dumpy *tournaire*, his

thoughtless turned in-feet and unidea'd legs, all conspire to form one image of inexpressible softness and Cupid-like beauty, upon which you could repose for eves. Gleams of a manly nature occasionally break through the chrysalis of his babyism; but the original innocence, the bloom of Eden, is still there. Delightful it is to see him sitting quietly, with his meek and glistening head bent over the book of one of his elders, which he is affecting to read—and every now and then casting a sly and merry glance aside, to see if his little trick is appreciated. Delightful it is to have him coming fondly and intrestingly to one's knee, to ask for the five-hundredth repetition of some story or rhyme, the sound of which charmed his imagination. Delightful it is to see him sliding awkwardly but affectionately towards his baby junior, and conferring upon that unconscious individual his blundering but well-meant kiss. Every prank, every attitude, every little trait of character, bears an appeal to your love. You treasure his droll absurd speeches like aphorisms, and sometimes catch yourself repeating them to old bachelors. You resign the most serious employments, and break up the most solemn reveries, in order to teach him how to propel a marble or toss a ball. You offend worthy people by neglecting their conversation in order to gratify or repress some wish of your chattering favorite. The first lilt of his voice, as it breaks in the morning like a cock-crow in some of the upper regions of your dwelling, causes you to start from your recumbency, hurry on your clothes, and rush up to hug him to your bosom. At all your outgoings and incomings he is ever ready with his dejected farewell and his blithe and bright salutation. And at night, as you plod homewards, how often do you detect yourself, with a palliatory laugh at your own folly, repeating beneath your breath the fond addresses which you are accustomed to pour upon him during the day!

This chubby and cottony period of life is that at which the little male human being first shows a disposition to wander. He is yet too young and insignificant to be received into the company of other boys, but he suits the elders of the other sex; and accordingly he is often found creeping along under convoy of a bevy of girls, who have kindly resolved to patronise him. On he goes, if in a town, musing silently upon the wonders of the next street to that in which he has been born, and, after a walk of two hundred yards, quite surprised to discover that he lives in so extensive a world. If in the country, his walk is along some ancient pathway or sequestered road, where for the first time he becomes acquainted with daisies and crowslips, with the flickering

beauty of the butterfly, and the merry hum of the bee, and where perhaps the whole of the troop sit down at length to rest upon some bank, starred with primroses, and ponder and prattle for hours upon things which no more advanced mind may appreciate. Little Nathaniel is at this time quite amenable to counsel. A girl six months older than himself can guide him. He follows listlessly and yieldingly in their train, a mere subordinate, and would no more think of raising his voice for a digression into a neighbouring turnip-field, than he would think of calling for a change of measures in the state. Indeed he generally hangs somewhat in the rear of the party, partly through timidity and partly through fatigue, and it is frequently necessary for some one of his conductors to fall back to his position, and give him a tug onward by the hand.

In these wanderings of little ones, especially in crowded cities, it sometimes happens that our juvenile hero falls too far into the rear, and is lost to the ken of his companions. The party reaches home, and every mother finds her own except one, of whose fair-haired darling she can give no account. Inquiry becomes alarm—there are sorrowful exclamations and wild looks—the neighbourhood is stirred with sympathy—figures are seen hurrying to and fro, the men without their hats, and the women in dishabille. The cry of a child lost flies from mouth to mouth, and all is dismay and compassion. Meanwhile, at the distance of a few streets, a little boy is seated on the lowest step of a stair, with a crowd round him. He is crying bitterly, and often calls for that mother who is so far out of hearing. One tender-hearted female is doing her best to elicit from him the name his of parents, and their place of residence; but all in vain. He knows nothing but that he wants his mother. There is not now a woman in the whole street who has not joined the crowd, to express her pity for the poor infant. At length an officer of police approaches to take the child under charge, and convey him to the district office, where, after an anxious hour spent in the meantime by his parents, he is once more clasped, and with ten times the usual rapture, to their throbbing bosoms.

Incidents of this kind are now generally attended with little danger, in consequence of the excellent organization of the police of most large cities. But it is impossible to assure parents of humble rank against accidents of a more calamitous nature. For these individuals to keep their children out of the streets, or to provide the means of watching and protecting them when they are there, could not be expected, though the danger were much greater than it is. Hence they are exposed to a class of distresses which

seldom fall upon the wealthier part of the community. I never shall forget a scene of this kind which I happened to witness a few years since. I had occasion to call, respecting some matter of business upon a shopkeeper, who, with the aid of an industrious wife, carried on a toilsome retail business in a suburban situation. While I was conversing with the worthy pair in the shop, a little boy came gaily out of a back room, where I could hear he had just been taking his supper; from the hoop in his hand, I could see that he was now bent on a little amusement before going to bed. As the happy little boy passed his father, he received a kind word and a pat upon the head—from the mother, an admonition to stay out only a few minutes. He went singing away in innocence and glee, and my conversation with his parents, which he had scarcely interrupted, proceeded as before. Within five minutes, almost before we were conscious of his absence, the child was carried into the shop a bleeding and blackened corpse! He had turned into a neighbouring street in pursuit of his sport, and been crushed to the earth beneath a passing curricule. The men who carried him were allowed no time by the distracted parents to stammer out their tale. With short, sharp, breathless exclamations, or rather sobs, they rushed to ascertain for themselves the nature of the injury which their babe had suffered. It had been mercifully decisive, and death already sat on those cheeks where the rose of life had so recently bloomed. But it required no common testimony to convince the parents of their misery. The father called loudly for medical help—the mother would not admit that her child was dead. With instinctive but delusive hope she took the shattered corpse into her lap, into her arms, into her bosom, and sought to restore animation, alternately by handling tenderly the injured limbs, and by pressing the whole to her heart, and calling with wild fondness on the name of her boy: "Oh, Thomas, Thomas—one word, one breath, one move of your hand, to tell me you live!" Such were her exclamations; nor it was till her husband removed from her arms the soiled and bloody mass, and told her mildly but firmly that God had seen fit to deprive them of their child, that she would even allow herself to weep. Tears at length came to her relief, and, as she folded a younger infant to her bosom, I could see that she was not altogether left comfortless.

It is usually about the period of life which is here indicated, that little Nathaniel becomes acquainted with magical powers of money. The golden age of innocent ignorance is all at once succeeded by the age of brass. For some time, perhaps, he has known cents as toys, pleasant play-

thing acquaintances, pretty well to look at, and quite harmless to roll and toss. But, happening one day to accompany an embassy to a shop, where he sees one or two of his brown friends exchanged for articles which he already knows to be right agreeable to the taste, a new light breaks in upon him; he perceives that cents were not solely for sport, and instantly, like the tormenting fire kindling in the bosoms of the inmates of the hall of Eblis, the accursed love of copper takes possession of him, never to be extinguished but with life itself. How fondly longed for, how earnestly implored, how wildly rejoiced over, is then—a cent! And what pleasing distraction in the spending of it! At first he has a vague impression that *one* can obtain everything. But soon, too soon, he is corrected in this magnificent delusion, and called upon to choose, out of the many things that contend for his approbation, the single article which can alone be obtained for so small, though to him so important a sum. The choice of Hercules, the choice of the ass, the choice of Macbeth, or any other of the difficult choices recorded in history and in fable, was nothing to the puzzlement experienced by Nathaniel in laying out his first cent.

Dear happy period of early boyhood, when everything can please, because everything is new—once more let us enjoy it, by contemplating its innocent sports and nacent emotions in those who are now passing through it. How much should our happiness, and even our moral nature, be improved, if, in great part, we could once more become like little boys, shaking off the cumbrous and hardened coil which years, and circumstances, and habits have thrown around us! But since nature has denied this, let us at least take advantage of that freshening and purifying of the feelings which is to be derived from the society of children. Let us, while guarding those beings from the corruption and perversion which advanced life is sure to bring in greater or less degree, sun ourselves in the example which they in the meantime hold forth, of all that is conceivable of that simplicity which is not only one of the prime elements of goodness, but of greatness also.

NOAH'S DIFFICULTY.—A young preacher, who had just started on his travels, was one evening holding forth on the Deluge. After describing the manner in which Noah built the ark and filled it with animals of every kind by pairs, he closed thus:—"You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a pair of whales into the ark!"

THERE are two temples of God; the one the universe, the other the rational soul.

Monthly Review and Record.

REVIEW OF MITCHELL'S HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

HAVING, in our second paper of this review, exhibited the weakness of the arguments advanced by Bro. Mitchell to sustain his assertion that Freemasonry had its origin at the erection of Solomon's Temple, we shall next, we trust, conclusively show the untenability of these arguments; and, in doing so we shall employ no other evidence than that which our historian has himself advanced. At page 50, he says:—

"We have said Masonry was not known in the Garden of Eden; we have said it was not known to the antediluvians; and we have further said that there is no testimony upon which a prudent man would risk his character as an author, going to show that it had a being until the building of the temple. There we believe it was introduced and perfected. With any Mason who has become acquainted with the third degree, we shall have no difficulty to establish this truth. But how difficult does it become to those who are not Masons, that our venerated institution has even this antiquity? For when we have given a true and faithful account of the excellent tenets of the order, and trace it back to the most remote period of which there is the slightest recorded evidence, still there is a mighty interregnum to be filled up by other means than sacred or profane history."

Without attempting to provide in any way for our enlightenment as to the darkness of this "mighty interregnum," our author continues:—

"We have stated that we rely more implicitly on a well defined tradition, transmitted from age to age, from one organized association to another, in support of any supposed event happening anterior to the dark ages, than upon any profane history, and we apprehend this is the opinion of most well informed men. The Mason, therefore, who has the tradition upon which we shall rely, will be constrained to admit our position to be correct, while those who know nothing of that tradition, are called upon to exercise a liberal faith in our declaration of what is, and what is not, clearly defined tradition; and we ask this the more earnestly, not because we care so much whether it has this or that antiquity, but because Masonry has no history aside from, and independent of, its traditions. Strip it of its sacred lineage, as handed down from generation to generation, through the medium of oral communications, from father to son, from brother to brother, from society to society, and you reduce it to a level with the lowest schemes that were ever invented to delude a credulous or superstitious people."

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We differ from our well-informed brother here in toto. If masonry had no history to rely upon but such traditions as Bro. Mitchell says alone support it, its downfall would be but matter of short time indeed. Webster defines TRADITION as being derived from the Latin word *traditio*, which in its turn is derived from its own root *trado*, signifying to deliver. This learned lexicographer further explains that traditions may be true or false, and quotes the following passages of Scripture to support his assertion:

"Stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle."
—2 THESS. II. 15.

"Why do ye also transgress the command of God by your traditions?"—MATT. XV. 3.

By these apposite quotations it will be seen that whilst our Saviour rejected tradition, as subversive of truth, St. Paul supported tradition, whether oral or written, as doctrinal truth, provided it was taught by himself. That which St. Paul taught either could not be considered tradition, in Dr. Mitchell's sense of the term, seeing that his teachings were of events which had taken place but a few years before, or, if tradition, in its strictly literal sense, viz., delivery into the hands of the faithful of certain doctrines he was commissioned to promulgate—he certainly attached no greater importance to those traditions he had taught by words than he did to them he had taught by letter. In this respect he differed largely from our author; as the latter looks upon tradition by word (oral) as the only authority worthy of consideration—the written article not being considered by him as tradition at all. In his zeal to establish this, he indulges in the unfortunate assertion, that Masonry has no history independent of its traditions—an assertion which proceeding from a writer of "Masonic History," is calculated to lessen the character of what he no doubt values. For if Masonry has no history aside from its traditions, or in the sense Dr. Mitchell uses traditions, that history which cannot, without violation of obligations binding upon every one to whom they have been delivered, be written, he must, as the author and publisher of a history of Masonry, be

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looked upon either as a charlatan, or a violator of his masonic obligations.

Bro. Mitchell, so firmly is he fixed in the opinion upon which his unwarrantable assertion just quoted is based, that he treats as contemptible any idea opposing it, says :

"All our talk about 'Ancient Landmarks,' 'Ancient Usages,' becomes an idle tale, if Masonry originated before or since the building of the temple. The entire fabric becomes a flimsy tissue of misrepresentations, worthy only of the ridicule of all."

What an absurd assertion is this! As if to be properly considered "ancient," anything must necessarily and exactly number, as those of its age, the years which have elapsed since the erection of Solomon's temple. If our historian had stopped to inquire the meaning of the simple word "ancient," we think he would have discovered that its use in the connection he finds it is not so very "ridiculous." It does not follow that cycles of ages must have passed to entitle anything to the application of this word. If he will look at it in the dictionary we have just quoted, he will find that it may be as properly applied to things which cannot in their very nature have existed more than a century, as to things which may have existed a century of centuries. In the seventh section of his history, in describing the arrangement made by the masters of the four lodges, who had elected Anthony Sayre as first Grand Master of Masons in 1718, to protect themselves in the full enjoyment of their privileges as the original Masons of England, Preston says: "By this prudent precaution of our *ancient* brethren," &c.; thus proving, by his use of the word, that he considered these brethren *ancient*, who were living and acting in the year 1717, and no doubt lived and acted for many years afterwards.¹

But our historian, Bro. Mitchell, has another object in the advancement of his last assertion. He says :

"On the other hand, admit its origin as stated, the great good it was designed to accomplish, and it stands forth in all the moral grandeur and magnificence of the first, the greatest, the most powerful auxiliary to our holy religion—the only association that, through weal or woe, through sunshine or storm, through evil as well as through good re-

port, has never failed to inculcate and propagate the inimitable truths of God's holy law. All other associations have come and gone, because they were conceived in sin or brought forth in iniquity. God's withering blight has been laid upon them, because corruption was in their midst. We say we must fix its origin at the erection of the temple, because all masonic traditions go to, and not beyond, that period of time. There is not an Ancient Craft Degree that does not point to the temple; there is not a lecture that does not go back to the temple; there is not a ceremony that does not lead the mind to that beloved spot. King Solomon was our first great teacher; he it was who conceived the plan and brought the beautiful system into being; and while the excellent lessons taught by Masonry would remain just the same, we repeat, that if the institution took its origin anywhere else, all the forms, ceremonies and reasons for their use are false, and should be indignantly rejected. And with a view that our readers who are not masons may the better understand and appreciate our views, we voluntarily give the most sacred pledge that we will not put forth and claim as masonic history that which we do not sincerely believe to be sustained by the tradition of the degrees; nor will it be difficult to confine ourself to the truth. The Ancient Craft degrees are the same everywhere; their history is the same; and though the simple truth may strip the lectures of some gewgaws and trappings of modern innovators, and though they be deprived of some of the fascinations of modern refinement, the fault is not ours. As a faithful historian, we do not feel at liberty to write for those who expect us to tickle the fancy, and captivate the imagination, by dealing in the miraculous. We intend to have no interest in misleading any one. We expect our work to stand upon its merits for truth, believing, as we do, that much harm has already been done to a great and good cause, by claiming for it more than is warranted by the facts. Truth assumes many of the appearances, if not attributes, of falsehood, when it is overdrawn or clothed in fiction. There lived in the early ages of the world men whose excellent qualities and noble conduct rendered them, doubtless, ornaments to society, as the benefactors of mankind. But instances are numerous, where a just appreciation of their worth was merged into a blind deification and worship of their names, until so much fable attaches to their history, that, at this day, the most sagacious are at a loss to determine whether such men ever lived,² except in the imagination of an idolatrous world. We are not ashamed to say that we tremble for the history and continuance of Masonry, if it is to be enveloped in the mists of mere conjecture. We tremble at the judgment of an enlightened community, if you prove that Masonry existed at a period when no traces of its good works can be shown, or at a period when every secret association of which we have any account was strictly idolatrous, and as we believe, in every essential particular save the account of the flood, directly at war with our holy religion. Prove to the well-informed historian that Masonry existed before the days of Solomon, and after the flood, and he will be bound to declare that it was a heathen in-

¹ For this passage see "Preston's History of Freemasonry," at p. 362 of the 11th No. of this Magazine.

² "Well defined tradition," to the effect that they certainly did, to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Editor A. F.*

stitution in all its original designs. Tell him that it existed before the flood, and he will ask you, What for? What was it designed to perform? Was it to build the ark? Was it to cause Adam to partake of the forbidden fruit, in order that he might learn the mystic art of making an apron? Or was it to bring Adam to repentance after his fall? We believe Masonry has been made by different writers to do all these things; and yet is the history plain and simple when once understood. But when men have not given themselves the trouble to become acquainted with the well-defined traditions of the Order, (and great labor and time is required to do so,) if they write its history, they must necessarily be groping in the dark."

We must pause for breath to relieve us after the absorbing perusal of this diatribe. Standing in the midst of it, like the captain of an infantry company formed to receive cavalry, our worthy historian no doubt considers his position invulnerable. But never was *nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi* applied more justly than it can be to this chapter; for certainly a greater number of inconsistencies and contradictions have never been presented in so small a space.

"Admit that Masonry originated at Solomon's temple, and the institution stands forth in all the moral grandeur of the first, the greatest, the most powerful auxiliary of our holy religion." What "holy religion" is here meant? It cannot be the religion of the Jew, for Dr. Mitchell is not, we believe, a Jew; neither can the Jewish religion be styled holy, seeing that it is but an unmeaning round of senseless forms and ceremonies, as far removed from the holiness of spirituality as such things can well be. And it cannot be the Christian religion, for Dr. Mitchell says Masonry does not recognize any particular religion, nor require of its candidate any particular religious belief. What religion is meant, then, by the Doctor as "our holy religion?"

But "its origin must be fixed at the erection of the temple of Solomon, because all masonic traditions go to, and not beyond, that period." This argument is as sound as if one was to claim that the date of Shakespeare's tragedy of "King John" must be fixed as cotemporary with the events dramatised in it. There is no more reason to believe that Masonry, either as an operative or speculative institution, originated at the erection of the temple of Solomon, than there is that any of the plays, historical or comic, which have rendered the name of that greatest of drama-

tists immortal were written by him at the time the events they so well portray transpired. Anything which does not correspond with the Bible account of the arrangements made for, or events passing at, the erection of Solomon's temple, or subsequent thereto, whether that thing be tradition, oral or written, is *false*; for of the events which at that time took place, there is no history known at all to be relied on but what is described in that book; and that which is not to be found recorded therein is unworthy of confidence as history, although, as "masonic tradition," it may usefully serve the purpose of connecting the events and supplying the voids we find in that history. To treat such supplied portions, however, as the true, because they are "traditional," as Dr. Mitchell does, and upon them base his "history," is as discreditable to the masonic historian as it is to any one claiming to be possessed of the general knowledge expected of every educated man.

We will not waste our own or the time of our readers in following our author through, and criticising wherever criticism is called for in, the lengthy quotation we have last made; but hasten on to notice his historic treatment of the different degrees. And first, of the Entered Apprentice degree, he says:

"We believe that Entered Apprentices at the temple were those who came forward and had their names recorded to serve till the work was completed—that thereupon Solomon gave them a lesson or set of instructions adapted to their capacities, calculated as well to promote their own interests and happiness as to forward the great work; and as soon as they had proved themselves worthy, by having acquired an intimate acquaintance with said instructions, he gave them privileges and benefits which were enjoyed by none who were not engaged upon the temple."

He next indulges in the pleasing speculation that Masonry in its original plan was both operative and speculative, because the "traditions clearly teach that he (Solomon) gave them (the apprentices) certain signs and tokens by which they would be able to make themselves known as sons of light whithersoever they might be dispersed;" and then, after asking "what benefit this knowledge would be, if these apprentices were strictly operative and in no wise superior to the Greeks of that period, answers himself by asserting his "belief that these apprentices were qualified to do better work, and were bet-

ter instructed in the arts and sciences than were the most accomplished cotemporary Greeks." We compassionate, certainly, these "most accomplished Greeks," if the apprentices, or in the words of our lectures, the "seventy thousand bearers of burdens"—the veriest drudges who wrought upon the temple—were in knowledge and skill their superiors. And the idea that this was true, we think, will find a harbor in no other brain than that of our "well informed" historian.

Bro. Mitchell denies that the teachings of Masonry are the teachings of Christianity, yet he finds an extraordinary similitude between the requirements of the apprentice Mason and those of the Christian. He says :

"This degree is justly esteemed of greatly less value than the third or even second ; and yet when we properly appreciate the moral lessons here taught, we are struck with the conviction that a God-like wisdom must have instituted it. The very first lesson teaches the candidate that humility is necessary to the acquisition of all true knowledge ; and here is shown a striking likeness between this great system of ethics and that sublime system of Christianity taught in the Holy Bible. To whom does Masonry promise its benefits and blessings ? To those only who humble themselves to a proper condition to receive—to those who come forward as dependent creatures. To whom does God promise the benefits and blessings of Christianity ? To those only who humble themselves as suppliants at the footstool of his sovereign mercy."

After indulging in several more of these strikingly analogical comparisons, he decides :

"Thus, we think, may be traced, even in this, the preparatory and least important degree, a striking likeness between the divine teachings of our Heavenly Father³ and the institution of Masonry. Nor are these salutary lessons the invention of modern times. They were taught at the building of the temple—they have been taught ever since ; and palsied be the arm that shall be raised to oppose or withhold them. Who then will say that Masonry was operative only in former times ? Who shall say it was anti-Christian in its formation ?"⁴

Bro. Mitchell glories in the universality of Masonry. He looks upon the "fact" that all sorts and conditions of men, whether Jew or Hindoo, Mohammedan or Egyptian, Indian or Hottentot, can partake of its mysteries and enjoy its privileges, as being Masonry's greatest boast ; and yet he cultivates the idea that the En-

tered Apprentice, above all others, should have the most implicit faith in divine Providence. After copying the language of our "manuals," in the lecture on this degree, unmeaning to any but a Christian, and dwelling thereon with considerable unction, exemplifying, as he believes it does, his theory of universality, he concludes his chapter upon this degree with the following words :

"The Entered Apprentice is pointed to the Mosaic pavement. . . . He is taught that the Mason's lodge, in which our brethren formerly ceased from their labor and sunk to sweet repose, conscious of a well spent day in toil and labor, and brotherly kindness and charity, is typical of that Grand Lodge where saints and angels assemble around the throne of God to welcome the returning prodigal, with songs of rejoicing and hallelujahs to the Lamb for ever and ever. This, this is Apprentice Masonry, and who does not discover the finger of God in all this ?

"Oh ! how must the Christian Mason's heart bleed at hearing this glorious institution wantonly assailed !"

This exclamation is certainly, we have no doubt, intended to be pathetic ; but really, if Masonry is universal, we can not see the force of it. Why should the heart of the Christian Mason bleed, any more than that of the Jewish, Hindoo, or Mohammedan Mason ? If there are Ancient Craft Masons to be found in Palestine, India, or Turkey, as we know there are a scattered few among the followers of the Prophet and among the Jews resident in Christian lands, who under this mistaken belief have been received into the Order, why should they not feel as keenly as the Christian the indignities suffered by "this glorious institution ?" But we can not suppose, from the invidious manner of the text, that their hearts are at all thus affected. It is the Christian Mason's heart alone that can "bleed at hearing the glorious institution of Masonry wantonly assailed." And yet Dr. Mitchell denies that Masonry recognizes any religion !

Having finished the first degree to his satisfaction, with the sentence just quoted, our historian proceeds to the second, and at once informs his readers that it, "as now conferred, is infinitely less important than it was at the building of the temple." His opening paragraph on this subject, being a curiosity of pedantic effrontery, we copy nearly entire :

"As the second, or Fellow Crafts degree, as now conferred is infinitely less important than it was at the building of the temple, and as a faithful histo-

³ Here he evidently means "Redeemer," but we presume he dislikes to say so.—*Editor A. F.*

⁴ And yet "Masonry originated at the erection of Solomon's temple," two thousand years before the Christian era !—*Id.*

rian it will devolve on us to show why this is so, we shall not shrink from the task when the appropriate time shall arrive ; but, as we are now considering the earliest history of our Order, we think it proper to lay before our readers Masonry as it then was, and in tracing its somewhat obscure advancement through several ages, arrive at and account for the changes alluded to as best we may. That the Fellow Crafts degree embraced a much larger amount of valuable instruction, both in reference to speculative and operative Masonry, than is now to be found in the degree, we think the well-informed Mason can not rationally doubt. Who and what were the eighty thousand craftsmen employed at the building of the temple? We hesitate not to say that they were accomplished workmen ; that, while it was the business of the Entered Apprentice to prepare the rough ashler, it was the business of the Fellow Craft to polish and perfect the stone for the builders' use, to accomplish which great skill and experience were necessary ; that these workmen were inferior only to the three thousand and three hundred whom Solomon had qualified by still higher instructions to take charge of and oversee the work, must be apparent to all ; that the most vigilant watch was kept over them, in order that no imperfect work might be assigned to, or find a place in, the edifice ; and that to insure this result, the most perfect system of checks and balances was instituted. If we understand the degree as then in use, the work of these men was regularly brought up to the temple for inspection and careful examination by such as were fully competent ; and the system of examination was so perfect as to admit of no infractions, nor was it possible that the craftsmen could be imposed upon, should a corrupt overseer be placed to examine the work, for every craftsman was furnished with means by which he was safely protected from having it appropriated to the use of another. So in reference to the wages, which we are traditionally informed were paid regularly on the evening of every sixth day. . . . It is worthy of remark, that after the lapse of so many ages, and all the powers and inventions of man have, from time to time, been brought to bear, in order to facilitate easy and correct settlements of accounts, and the speedy liquidation of just demands, no system has ever been discovered or brought into use that will at all compare with that to which we now allude, but which the Mark Master Mason of the present day can alone understand. We are aware that we lay ourselves liable to ridicule by those who are unacquainted with Masonry, in stating the fact that one man paid off regularly, justly and satisfactorily, every craftsman ; and, when the number is considered, we are aware how natural it is for those who have not become acquainted with the simple plan, to declare the thing utterly impossible, and yet he who has witnessed an exhibition of the work has probably wondered more that he had not thought of so simple a method, than that the thing was impracticable."

Bro. Mitchell, "as a faithful historian," says he "shall not shrink from the task" of showing why and how the second degree has departed from what it was at the building of the temple, and in the course of the next few lines he "begs the ques-

tion," by saying that he believes every well-informed Mason will admit with him that the degree at present and at the time of its origin are not alike. He then, after asking who the eighty thousand employed at the building of the temple were, "hesitates not to say that they were accomplished workmen," &c. That the business of the Fellow Craftsman is to square the stones of an edifice, whether moral or natural, every manual, handbook, and monitor, from that compiled by Thos. Smith Webb, in 1797, to the latest production of that character, fully teaches to every masonic tyro ; and this being the fact, we cannot afford to Bro. Mitchell's historic powers and imagination that meed of praise which he evidently considers himself, for announcing so astounding a discovery, so well entitled to. A question, however, suggests itself just here. If the seventy thousand Entered Apprentices possessed knowledge and skill far transcending that of the most accomplished Greeks, and yet, according to the manuals aforesaid, were but bearers of burdens, was it not very unwise of Solomon to keep such highly educated men at such menial employment? Could the reason be that he had eighty thousand engaged upon the work the seventy thousand ought to have been at—the former being possessed of yet higher knowledge, a knowledge that enabled them to accomplish the most skillful operation of *squaring stones* ; and hence the seventy thousand, although possessed of knowledge far in advance of the most skillful operatives in the whole world at the time, out of Jerusalem, had to be kept, for want of better employment, carrying water and the hod!

That the business of the Fellow Craft went to no greater length of science or wisdom than *squaring stones* is plain, because the very tools used by them, the mallet, the chisel, and the square—the two first of which, however, they have been deprived of by Dermott's innovation, the "Holy Royal Arch"—denote this fact ; and the fact is further proved by the evidence, that upon the discovery, by some of them, of "a curiously wrought stone," they failed to find any place where it would fit, it being neither plumb, square, nor level, and therefore they heaved it over among the rubbish ; and yet Bro. Mitchell awards to them skill as far superior to that possessed by the Entered

Apprentices as their skill transcended that of all others, the most skillful of the earth. What a precious set of savages the balance of the world's inhabitants must have been two thousand years anterior to the Christian era! We are not surprised that Solomon was considered such a prodigy of wisdom, when the veriest bearer of burden in his employ knew more than any other man in the world at the time out of that employ.

But there was yet another class of workmen whose knowledge, Bro. Mitchell says, far exceeded that of either the Entered Apprentice or Fellow Crafts who wrought at the temple. They were the thirty-three hundred overseers whose services were required to keep watch over the two sets of operatives just named, inspect their work, report it, and march them every sixth day to receive their wages, according to that most perfect system of checks and balances invented by Solomon, of which Bro. Mitchell says, "it is worthy of remark, no system has ever been discovered before or since that will at all compare with it." As this announcement will interest book-keepers and employers of large bodies of operatives at the present day, we will examine how far this "most perfect system" can be subjected to the test of our overseer's square.

According to Bro. Mitchell, the eighty thousand Fellow Crafts were paid their wages regularly on the evening of every sixth day. The Entered Apprentices, we presume, received no wages, at least we have no account, either traditionary or otherwise, that they did. We think Bro. Mitchell ought to have supplied a tradition to settle this, by saying that they, being employed in the forests and quarries, could not be paid as were the Fellow Crafts, or, that being but the Fellow Crafts' assistants, they were paid by them. There is a gap in the "well-defined traditions" here, which, as a true historian, Bro. M. ought to fill; for it is not reasonable that such capable and intelligent men as he believes those seventy thousand to have been, should not have received wages of some kind.

But to return. According to our monitorial lectures, from which Bro. Mitchell copies so largely, the eighty thousand Fellow Crafts were regularly assembled every sixth day, and marched in procession to the middle chamber of the temple, where

they were paid by the Senior Warden, one at a time, according to the claim each presented, and when paid, each passed on. The "perfect system of checks and balances," so vaunted by Bro. Mitchell, was here brought into practice. No man could claim wages for what he failed to do, and no man could receive wages due to another. The thirty-three hundred overseers and the Senior Warden—we do not know who he was, but no doubt in wisdom he took rank the very next to Solomon—had provided against both of these contingencies. Well, let us start the procession. The hour is evening, or, as stated by our lectures, the sixth hour of the sixth day of the week—certainly the proper hour for operatives to be paid the wages they have earned during the week previous. Our readers will observe that they are now looking at a procession arranged in single file of eighty thousand men. Allowing a space of two feet as the least a man can comfortably stand upon, 160,000 feet, or 53,333 yards, or 30½ miles, would be the length of this procession, every man in which expected to pass a certain point before him and receive his wages. Now the next question that naturally presents itself will be, how long will it take one person to pay these men each their claim? As every man's claim has to be submitted to an examination to prevent imposition, we will say the third of a minute each could not be considered an unreasonably long time. Three a minute would be one hundred and eighty an hour, and thus over four hundred and forty-four hours, or thirty-seven days of twelve hours each, would be intensely occupied by the Senior Warden in this occupation. Granting, instead of this calculation, the utter impossibility of one man being paid every five seconds after the first man was paid, the time in that case would be shortened by three-fourths, or to one hundred and eleven hours—a space of time which, in the very nature of human endurance, could not be devoted to this purpose, and which no supernatural strength, to be supplied by a knowledge of the "Mark Master's," or any degree of Masonry, could withstand.

Alas for this "most perfect system of checks and balances!" Alas for our "historian." In endeavoring to originate Masonry at the building of Solomon's temple, Bro. Mitchell, at every step, will find,

if he but looks for them, difficulties insuperable. And that man, whether Mason or not, who could believe so preposterous a "fish story" as that one person paid off eighty thousand operatives every week, is beyond redemption, an idiot of the most imbecile stamp.

UNAFFILIATED MASONS.

AN important masonic question now occupying the attention of the brethren and Grand Lodges of the United States, is the Affiliation or membership in a lodge, of every Mason, or more properly his right to *dimil* or withdraw from such membership. The Ancient Charges and General Regulations of the Fraternity, which form the basis of all legislation on such matters, are far from making it obligatory on brethren to be members of a lodge. By the third Article, it is declared that "A lodge is a place where Masons assemble and work; hence, that assembly, or duly organized society of Masons, is called a lodge, and every brother *ought* to belong to one, and to be subject to its by-laws and general regulations." This is the language of the Ancient Charges, published in Anderson's Constitutions of 1723—undisputed authority on all points of masonic law of which it treats—and on this subject it is merely recommendatory, not compulsory or obligatory. Where *obligation* was the law, Anderson made use of the very strongest words in the language to set forth that obligation: "A Mason is *obliged* by his tenure to obey the moral law," is the first of his charges. Again: "The persons admitted members of a lodge *must* be good men and true;" "He *should* be descended of honest parents;" "The Grand Master has power to choose his own Deputy Grand Master, who *must* be then, or *must have been* formerly, the master of a particular lodge," &c.; "All Masons *shall* work honestly on working days;" "The most expert of the Fellow Craftsmen *shall* be chosen or appointed Master," &c., &c. Anderson, therefore, could not have intended to use the word "*ought*" in any other sense than simply commendatory.

Now, that every Mason *ought* to belong to a lodge we cordially admit and agree with; few Masons, affiliated or unaffiliated, will deny it. But there may exist, and oftentimes do exist, certain reasons

why a Mason would prefer to withdraw from his lodge to remaining in it, and the possibility or liberty to enable him to do so, implied so expressively by *ought* in the above extract, is in perfect harmony with the *freedom* and voluntary character of Freemasonry, and the customs and usages of the institution.

The right of a brother to withdraw from his lodge, provided there are no charges pending against him, and that he is not indebted to the funds of the lodge, according to the Secretary's books, has never until recently been questioned. A dozen years ago it was mooted by some Grand Lodges, and so ably discussed and rejected as an innovation, destructive of the rights of the individual brother, that the *no-dimil* party, deeming it not prudent to urge their case at that time, have quietly allowed it to slumber. The able Committee of Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of Maryland declared that "The object of Masonry never was to extort, *volens volens*, money from its votaries. Such are not its principles or teachings. The advocating of such doctrines can not advance the interest or reputation of the institution, but will, as your committee fear, do much to destroy its usefulness. Compulsive membership deprives it of the title of *Free* and *Accepted*."

But although compelled to submit for a time, and allow their case to slumber, the opponents of the voluntary—"free will and accord"—principle of the institution, urged on by a desire to have the funds of the lodge increased by an extended list of *paying* Masons—"members"—are now trying hard to institute a masonic law which shall *compel* every Mason to *pay* a certain annual sum for the privilege of being a Mason. Let us examine for a moment the merits of this question.

A lodge is a place where Masons assemble and work. It is the place where masonic light and instruction in the mysteries, the ritual, and symbolism of the Order are imparted. It is the place where the brethren of the institution are taught those mystic lessons of morality, faith, hope and charity, of temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, which should be learnt and carefully studied by every Mason. To such an assembly of Masons, to such a school of instruction, every Mason *ought* to belong—we will say *should* belong.

A lodge is also the place where a wor-

thy distressed brother may apply for and obtain relief; it is the *consolator afflictorum*, to which the widow and the orphan may apply with a certainty of obtaining sympathy and succor. A lodge should be the custodian of the good name and fame of every brother belonging to it. Within its walls and in its mystic councils should be found the defenders of the character of every brother, behind his back or before his face. Of such an institution every Mason would be a member, and he is no Mason in heart who could even think of severing his membership from such a body. On the contrary, the regular night of meeting would be looked forward to with pleasure, and attended punctually by every brother within the length of whose cable-tow the lodge room was situated. The masonic greeting, the kindness and brotherly love so plainly manifested to each brother by his brother, the practical effect of the teachings of Freemasonry, visible in the conduct of the brethren, the charitable manner in which they excuse the faults of an erring brother, and reclaim him by kindness and brotherly love; the high and holy instructions of the Worshipful Master; in short, the whole manner of conducting the business of the lodge, such as to cause one involuntarily to exclaim, in the words of the Psalmist:

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Need we repeat that every Mason ought to be a member of such a lodge, and contribute to its fund of charity and benevolence—a fund from which in time of poverty and distress, should it please God so to afflict him, he has a right to relief?

But the definitions we have given describe what a lodge *ought* to be, what it *should* be, but what, we are sorry to say, in most instances, it is *not*. Lodges in general are places where brethren assemble and *work* when there is any "work" to be done. But who will undertake to assert that they are schools of instruction where the sacred principles of Freemasonry are expounded, its allegories unveiled, and its symbolism explained? Are they academies where the sciences that symbolize the religion of Freemasonry are taught—where the moral duties and obli-

gations of the brotherhood are inculcated? Are they assemblies where the Ancient Charges, the Regulations, the Usages and Landmarks of the Order are read and defined for the brethren? Are they such meetings as cannot fail to be attractive to the members? Alas! an emphatic negative to these queries is echoed to us from every point of the compass. A loud-sounding "*they are not*" is borne to us across the Alleghanies—from the extreme west and south; the pious ejaculation, "would to heaven that they were," of the Craftsmen from "the Puritan States" calls forth a solemn "So mote it be" from our brethren of the north!"

We are acquainted with the working of lodges in most of the States of the Union, and have conversed with intelligent brethren from every section of the country on this important subject; and all are agreed that *the lodges are not what they ought to be*—that the masters and officers fail to fulfil their part of the contract, to discharge the duties which they owe to the brethren. No instruction in the mysteries, the ritual, and symbolism of the institution, is ever received there: no mystic lessons of brotherly love, morality, forbearance, and charity are taught there. *They are not the custodes* of the character and good name of the brethren. If they were, as they ought to be, all these things together, there would be *no dimitting* from them. No knowledge of Masonry is imparted in them, apart from the mere work of conferring the degrees. The masters are entirely ignorant of all other masonic education, and they cannot *teach* to others that which they themselves never learnt. What attractions do such assemblies present to the would-be enlightened brother? Would not his membership in such lodges *retard* rather than accelerate him in his investigation and study of Masonry? We will just take a cursory glance at the work of a lodge, and see whether there be anything in it to induce an enquiring, studious Freemason to retain his membership in it, and punctually to attend its meetings,

The same "order of business" is gone through at every full moon. The lodge is "opened in due form," the minutes of the last communication are read and "*confirmed*" by brethren, many of whom, in some cases, were not present when the matters recorded took place! The Inves-

¹ According to the present usage, the word *work* means the system of *conferring degrees*—nothing more.

tigating Committee bring their report on the petition of Mr. A. B. The chairman knows nothing against the petitioner, (it is true he took no trouble to ascertain,) and the other members of the committee, confident that the chairman had done all that was necessary, concur in his report, which is favorable. The candidate is ballotted for and elected, and with four others in waiting, initiated after a manner into the first section of the first degree. The second section is then "explained" to them; and then they are addressed by the Worshipful Master in words of like import to the following:—"My brethren, it is now too late to go through the remainder of this degree; I have given you all the essential parts of it, and as the remaining section is monitorial,² you can read it for yourselves." Next come from Bro. Kareless the petitions of at least three "good men and true," who "have long entertained a favorable opinion of the institution;" they are recommended by Bro. Phil Kaufer, and take the usual course; they are referred to a committee, who never do anything, or else do a great deal too much. Then permission is given to make remarks "for the good of Masonry," but on that subject *conticuere omnes*:

"All were hushed, and held their silent whist."

"No further business" appearing in the south, west, or about the lodge, the secretary reads the minutes, and "the lodge is closed in love and harmony."

Now, though there are many brilliant exceptions to it, this description of the work of our lodges is not at all a highly colored picture, but a faithful representation of the working of a large majority of the lodges in the United States, and let us ask what attraction have such lodges for a brother to continue his membership in them? He never learns anything in them, for, if there be no work, the lodge is closed after going through the stereotyped official business, and the brother who has ridden twenty miles for light returns to his home in darkness, if not in despair of ever receiving that instruction which, before his initiation, he was led to suppose was always imparted in a Freemasons' lodge. After many repetitions of this search for light, and as many disappointments, should we wonder that an intelli-

gent man should *dimitt* or withdraw from a lodge which has long since ceased to have any interest for him?

We do not write to recommend withdrawal or dismission from a lodge; far from it. We fully agree with the spirit of the charge which we have before cited—that every Mason "*ought to belong to one.*" Our remarks are given with the view to a removal of the cause of the evil, to a *reformation in the working of lodges*. Let them dispense light—let them impart instruction—let them teach the brethren what Freemasonry is—let them make the institution less resembling a money-benefit society—let a taste for the higher and nobler aims of the Order, the inculcation of morality and brotherly love, be cultivated in them—in short, *let lodges become what they ought to be*, and there will be very little cause for legislation on the subject of "dismission." Before a physician administers medicine he generally seeks to find out the seat of the disease and to trace it to its cause; and his prescription is made up with a view to remove that cause. We should think lightly of the skill of one who did otherwise. *Cessante causa, cessat effectus*; when the cause of this dismission is removed, there will be no dismission.

There are some writers who can only look at the surface of things, and on this subject they have been writing strongly. No names are bad enough, no language strong enough for them in which to hold up to scorn, contempt, and public opprobrium, those brethren who have knelt at the same altar, and who have made the same vows with themselves, provided they are too poor, or for other reasons best known to themselves, disinclined to pay the sum of two dollars a year for the privilege of "affiliation." "Amphibious monsters,"³ "drones in the hive of Masonry," and other equally *fraternal* epithets are applied to the unaffiliated Masons of this country by such scribbling charlatans. Others issue "edicts," with all the pomp and bombast of an autocratic ukase, "positively enjoining the masters of lodges under their jurisdiction to require non-affiliated Master Masons to pay one full year's dues to the lodge under whose jurisdiction

² This contradictory use of the adjective is of common occurrence.

³ The Craftsmen are to avoid all ill language, and to call each other by no disobliging name, but BROTHER or FELLOW.—*Old Charges*, Art. 5.

they are, and also fifty cents to the Grand Lodge."

"Man, vain man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Most Worshipful Bro. Rees, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kansas, in his annual address to his Grand Lodge at Leavenworth, in October last, took up the defence of this large class of much-abused brethren. He discussed the whole subject of their rights, and the duties of the Craft towards them, with singular ability. It would be well for other Grand Masters and Committees to read and to study his remarks, which are, at this time, when the bulk of the Grand Lodges of the country are legislating on that question, exceedingly appropriate: and it should not be forgotten, in this consideration, that the chief difference between *Affiliated Masons*, that is, *members of lodges*, and those who are *not members*, IS THE SUM OF TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, or whatever the annual dues amount to. Whatever may be said about the theory of membership, this is the practice. We know Masons "in good standing" and regular "membership" in lodges, in many parts of the United States, who have not seen the inside of a masonic lodge in five years. The Secretary calls upon them, receives the golden shibboleth, and their "membership" and "good and regular standing" are purchased for a few pieces of silver! If they happen to be too poor to have these, no matter how worthy they may be in other respects, they are *stricken from the roll, suspended or expelled*, according to the wisdom, strength, and beauty, and the brotherly love and relief of modern Freemasonry. Let our legislators ponder well the words applied to the avaricious brother of an ancient mystic institution, who broke his obligation, murdered his friend, and seized his gold:

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?"

Accursed greed of gold, what wilt thou not drive the heart of man to?

In the name of all the illustrious brethren who have prided in our institution, let this "auri sacra fames"—this accursed greed of gold—never, never be allowed to creep into Freemasonry.

MEN are never so apt to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

THE "TRIANGEL" AND THE PUBLIC INSTALLATION AT LOUISVILLE.

BRO. ROEHR, the editor of the *Triangel*, a masonic semi-monthly paper published in the German language at Williamsburg, N. Y., has failed to see the beauty of a late general masonic demonstration which took place in Louisville, Ky., when "the officers of thirteen masonic lodges of Louisville and Portland were installed publicly by the Grand Master." After quoting from the *Deutschen Zeitung*, a German newspaper at Louisville, an account of the demonstration, the "ribbons, and jewels, and embroideries, and fringes," worn by the officers, the smiling faces of the women, the sweet strains of the music, and the learned discourse of the public orator, &c., &c., the editor of the *Triangel* uses the following unmistakeably strong language, condemning the whole proceeding as "an innovation pernicious in its tendency and highly censurable." He says:

"From the foregoing account we see that Bro. Robert Morris could not abstain from engaging with many of his brethren in the public performance of the solemn masonic ceremony of installation. We are on brotherly and friendly relations with Bro. Morris, but we deem it our duty, in this instance as well as upon other occasions, to express our disapprobation of his profanation of our ritual. The solemn and impressive ceremony of the installation of officers forms a part of the ritual of Freemasonry; and the true conservators of Masonry who abhor innovation would as soon exhibit to the eyes and ears of the profane the initiation ceremonies into any degree of Freemasonry, as they would perform the installation ceremony in public. *It is an innovation pernicious in its tendency and in the highest degree censurable.* If we are to permit this part of the ritual to be performed in public, what guarantee have we that such Grand Masters will not next step out and perform the other portions in public—the opening and closing of our lodges, and the working of our most secret mysteries—indeed, may they not perform the whole ceremony of initiation in public?

"And what can be the object of this profanation of the masonic ritual—this exposition of masonic ceremony—this imposing upon the women and the profane? It is no other than a desire to cultivate that vanity which prompts a weak-minded man to allow himself to be admired, with his beautiful shining parti-colored scarfs, and gold and silver-embroidered trappings; and thus to ensnare, by those glittering and tinsel gawags, candidates for

Freemasonry. And when such candidates are admitted into the lodge, what kind of Masons do they make? If they fail to *get office* the first year, and with it the broad collars, and fringes and jewels that appertain to it, they become either drones in the hive of Masonry or discontented and dissatisfied members; who, in order, in some way to gratify their love of *show* and *tinsel*, become Royal Arch Masons, and even *Princes of Jerusalem* and Knights and Emperors of the East and West.

"In view of the deeply-rooted desire of Americans for glitter, and lace, and show, and public demonstrations to show off such embellishments, it will, probably, be a long time before the sun of pure masonic intelligence and genuine Freemasonry may be able to dispel the clouds and dark fog that obscures the atmosphere of Masonry at this time of the presence of whose sombre and sickening influence such humbugs and demonstrations are loud-speaking evidence."—*Triangle*, Jan. 15.

Notes and Gleanings.

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.—The distinguished Orientalist, Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, in a pamphlet, published in 1828, on the most ancient Hebrew Chronology until Moses, has made a comparison between the age of the Adamites, according to biblical years, and their age according to solar years. According to this calculation not more than 713 years elapsed between Adam and Noah. Rask thence draws the unsound conclusion, *that Adam was not the first man upon the earth, and consequently not the father of the whole human race*, although he certainly might be the first man within the localities comprised in the Mosaic writings, and thus the father of the human race which proceeded from these localities, and called the Caucasian, from which the Europeans for the most part are descended. "Without entering upon an examination of this view," says the Count Bjornstjerna, "it seems, however, probable that man's first existence upon the earth must be earlier than 713 years before Noah, which would not be more than 3200 years before Christ, which is much too short a period compared with the age of the great pyramid at Gizeh, as confirmed by astronomical calculations, which is 5000 years earlier than the birth of Christ, and consequently

2000 years older than the period maintained as that of the existence of the first man upon the earth." From these, and other arguments and calculations, the Count comes to the conclusion, that "we cannot conceal from ourselves that the existence of man upon the earth must be of a far higher date than that which is indicated by the Mosaic Chronology."

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.—In Pison, our first parents revered the fountain of *prudence*. In Gihon they beheld the sacred stream of *justice*. The rapid torrent of Hiddekel denoted *fortitude*. And the Euphrates, the mild and steady current of *temperance*. Happy was their state, while these sacred truths continued to guide their actions; and the Mason will be equally happy who, through life, adheres to the lessons here inculcated. Instructed by prudence, guided by justice, strengthened by fortitude, and restrained by temperance, like Adam in the garden of Eden, his services will be acceptable to the Deity.

ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.—The famous charter of Colne gives the following as the origin of the Order. It asserts that "our Brotherhood had its origin in those times when a few of the initiated, filled with a desire of true knowledge and a correct interpretation of the mysteries of Christianity, separated themselves from the various sects who professed the Christian religion; for, in those times, a few wise and enlightened men, perceiving that certain heathenish ceremonies had been introduced into Christianity, which would destroy the principle of brotherly love, united themselves with an oath, to preserve and maintain, in its original purity, the Christian religion, with its benign influence on the hearts and consciences of mankind; to bring the true light out of darkness, and to labour together in combating ignorance, intolerance, and superstition, and to establish peace and happiness amongst mankind, by teaching and enforcing every human virtue. Thus the Masters of our Order took the name of Initiated Brethren of St. John, following the footsteps and imitating the conduct of St. John, the forerunner of Light, and the first martyr of the enlightened. The teachers and writers, according to the customs of the times, were called Masters, and

1 "*Boeswillige*" is the word used here. Literally it is *malevolent*.

chosen from the experienced and learned of their disciples, or fellow-labourers, from whence, we derive the name of Fellowcraft; while the remainder of the brotherhood, according to the customs of the Hebrews, Greek, and Romans, were called Apprentices.

A SPECULATION.—Some say our first parents remained in Paradise one hundred years; others forty years; others think they fell on the fourteenth day; and some say that it was on the same day on which he was created. Thus Theophylact observes, (on Mat. xxii.), that "as man was created on the sixth day, and eat of the forbidden tree on the sixth hour of that day; so Christ, in atoning for his sin, was nailed to the tree on the sixth day and the sixth hour." And hence arose that saying concerning Adam, that in one and the same day he was formed and deformed, not continuing in righteousness and true holiness until the Sabbath; for if he had done this he would have performed the ordinances of the Sabbath, one of which was to eat of the tree of life, which if he had done, he would have lived for ever, and never fallen from that state of blessedness.

"THOU SHALT BRUISE THE SERPENT'S HEAD."—The contests for supreme authority between the good and evil powers, which the spurious Freemasonry represented as being interminable, were variously depicted by expressive symbols; and the machinery by which it was shadowed forth are fanciful in the extreme. In Persia the hierogram was two serpents contending for an egg, as a symbol of the world; and in India it was embodied by the still more remarkable figure of the serpent's head crushed under the heel of the middle god Vischnu; while in a corresponding Mexican painting in the Bogian collection, the deity appears in conflict with a dragon. *He wounds the dragon's head with a sword*, while the monster has succeeded in biting off his foot at the heel. These instances display the evil power in two essentially different attitudes. In the former, he exhibits an appearance of equality, while contending, as before the fall, with the beneficial deity for possession of the universe; while the latter exhibits him writhing and prostrate, beneath the power which he had wantonly provoked.

Hence also arose all the absurd fictions about Jupiter and the Titans—Osiris and Typhon—Ormisdad and Ahriman—Apollo and Python—Brahma and Siva. And when mythology became transferred to romance, the same fable was preserved in the combat of St. George with the dragon, and other legends of similar tendency; which all bore a reference to the tradition of a prophecy delivered at the fall, that the Messiah should bruise the serpent's head.

A tradition that the Messiah, or Middle God, shall bruise the serpent's head, while it should bruise his heel, existed alike in the east and in the west, amongst the Indians, the Greeks, and the Goths of Scandinavia. The Bramins placed in their temples certain sculptured figures, which were unquestionably descriptive of this prediction. One of them represents Vischnu, with his foot placed upon the head of a serpent; and another portrays the same deity encompassed within the folds of the same reptile, which is in the act of biting his heel. These can have no other meaning than as a pictorial development of the original promise of a mediator. Mr. Maurice, in his History of Hindostan, has published engravings of these sculptures; the reader cannot but be struck with an extraordinary coincidence which subsist between the former portraiture and the monkish picture of the victory of Michael over the devil, where the archangel is represented as being surrounded by the angelic host, and trampling on the head of a horned dragon. How this coincidence arose it might be difficult to conjecture, unless we admit that they both originated in an ancient tradition, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. In the same mythology, the principle deities are all accompanied by serpents, as appears from the carvings on the walls of their most ancient temple: and the mostern Garoda, compounded of two portions of the cherubim, the eagle, and the man, is represented as being placed at the eastern portal of the garden of Eden, to prevent the intrusion of serpents, to which reptile he was supposed to bear a mortal antipathy. And they have a legend, that after a severe conflict he destroyed them all except one, which he slung round his neck as a trophy, evidently referring to the fall of man, the cherubim at the gate of Paradise, and the destruction of all mankind at the deluge, except the patriarch Noah.

THE ATHEIST ANSWERED.—“Permit me,” says Bishop Watson, in his celebrated reply to T. Paine, “permit me to recommend to your consideration the universality of the doctrine concerning an evil being, who in the beginning of time had opposed himself, and still continues to oppose himself, to the Supreme Source of all good. Amongst all nations, in all ages, this opinion prevailed, that human affairs were subject to the will of the gods, and regulated by their interposition. Hence has been derived whatever we have read of the wandering stars of the Chaldeans, two of them beneficent and two malignant; hence the Egyptian Typho and Osiris; the Persian Arimanius and Oromasdes; the Grecian celestial and infernal Jove; the Bramah and the Zupay of the Indians, Peruvians, Mexicans; the good and evil principle, by whatever names they may be called, of all other barbarous nations; and hence the structure of the whole book of Job, in whatever light of history or drama it be considered. Now does it not appear reasonable to suppose that an opinion, so ancient and universal, has arisen from tradition concerning the fall of our first parents, disfigured, indeed, and obscured, as all tradition must be, by many fabulous additions?”

AN ARABIAN TRADITION.—A short time before the death of her first child, the devil asked Eve whether she knew how she was to get rid of it? This question alarmed her exceedingly, and she ran to Adam for advice. Being unable to determine the inquiry, he became melancholy. The devil taking advantage of his sadness, appeared to him, and told him that he possessed the power of causing Eve to be delivered of a son in his own likeness, which he would do on condition that Adam would call him by the name of Abdolhareth, the serpent of Al Hareth, which was the name given to the chief of the fallen angels in heaven. Adam unfortunately consented, and when the child was born he gave it that name, and it immediately died. The above is an Arabian tradition, according to Selden.—*De jure Nat. Sec. Heb.* l. v. c. 8.

A TRADITION.—There is a rabbinical tradition, that “Adam, being in great fear of death, earnestly desired to obtain a branch of the tree of life, which was growing in Paradise. He accordingly asked it of the

cherub, who gave him a bough, telling him that what had been appointed should be fulfilled. During his absence Adam died, and was buried; and his son planted the branch upon his grave, where it took root and became a great tree. This tree, with the bones of Adam beneath it, being preserved in the ark, Noah divided the bones amongst his sons. The skull fell to the share of Shem, who buried it on a mountain, which was thence called Golgotha, Calvary, or the place of a skull. The tree was planted upon Lebanon, and was of such an extraordinary nature, that it was at once palm, cypress, and cedar, typical of victory, death, and eternity. Of this mystical wood the cross of Christ was made, and it was erected upon the very spot where the skull of Adam had been deposited.”

AGATES.—On many agates are representations of men, animals, and rural scenery, inscribed by the hand of nature. Velschius had in his custody an agate, on one side of which appeared a half moon in great perfection, represented by a milky semicircle; on the other side, the phases of Vesper, or the evening star; whence he denominated it an aphrodisian agate. Another is mentioned by Kircher, on which was the representation of a heorine armed; and one in the church of St. Mark, at Venice, has the representation of a king's head adorned with a diadem. An agate in the cabinet of the late king of France had a figure of St. John the Evangelist, carried away by an eagle and crowned by an angel. On others we find the triumph of Joseph—our first parents, with tree, serpent, &c.; and Kircher mentions one containing the letters I. N. R. I. In the museum of the Prince of Gonzaga was an agate with the body of a man in a running posture. A still more curious one is mentioned by De Boot, wherein appears a circle struck in brown, as exactly as if it had been done with a pair of compasses, and in the centre of the circle the exact form of a bishop in his mitre. By inverting the stone a little, another figure appears; and if it be turned still further the two others appear, one a male and the other a female. We find also the apotheosis of Augustus and of Germanicus; the figures of Ceres and Triptolemus, Jupiter, and Minerva, &c. &c. But the most curious agate of that description is that of Pyrrhus, wherein

were represented the nine Muses, each with their proper attributes, standing in a circle, and in the centre, Appollo, playing on the harp. In the emperor's cabinet is an oriental agate of surprising bigness, being fashioned into a cup, whose diameter is an ell bating two inches. In the cavity is found delineated in black specks, B. XRISTOR. S. XXX.

ORIGIN OF THE URIM AND THUMMIM.—Wilkinson (Manners and Customs of the Egyptians, vol. ii. p. 27,) says:—"When a case was brought for trial, it was customary for the arch judge to put a golden chain round his neck, to which was suspended a small figure of truth, ornamented with precious stones. This was, in fact, a representation of the goddess who was worshipped under the double character of truth and justice, and whose name, Thmei, appears to have been the origin of the Hebrew Thummim: a word, according to the Septuagint translation, implying truth, and bearing a further analogy to its plural termination." Diodorus and others tell us the same thing. "The chief judge of Egypt," he says, "has Truth suspended from his neck." (Diod. l. i.; Ælian. Var. Hist. l. xiv. c. 34.) In like manner the archdruid of Britain was invested with a mysterious jewel, called the Breastplate of Judgment; and the people were impressed with an unshaken belief, that "if he gave a wrong judgment, it would close round his neck and strangle him; but if he gave a just judgment, it would expand itself, and hang loose upon his shoulders. It was applied for the same purpose to the necks of witnesses." (Gough's Camb. vol. ii. p. 230.) Lord Prudhoe has very ingeniously suggested that the Urim is derived from the two asps or basilisks, *Urei*, which were the emblems of royalty in Egypt. "The chief priest of the Jews," continues the above author, "who before the election of a king was also the judge of the nation, was alone entitled to wear this honorary badge, which, like the Egyptian breastplate of judgment, was studded with precious stones of various colors."

GOD'S DESCENTS ON EARTH.—The Jews believe that God has descended to the earth nine times, and that he shall descend on the tenth in the person of the Messiah:—1, in the garden of Eden; 2,

at the confusion of tongues; 3, at the destruction of Sodom; 4, to Moses at Mount Horeb; 5, at his appearance on Mount Sinai; 6 and 7, when he spake to Moses in the hollow of the rock; 8 and 9, in the tabernacle; 10, the times of the Messiah.

THE covetous person lives as if the earth were made altogether for him, and not he for the earth; to take in everything, and part with nothing.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S., ALA.—"I see you imply, in your review of Mitchell's History of Freemasonry, that the institution is not as old as even he says it is—indeed, that instead of thousands it can scarcely count hundreds of years. What reason have you for taking this ground?"

We "take this ground" for several, to us, satisfactory reasons. The first is, that notwithstanding the art of printing was discovered in the year 1420, there was no book printed giving any account of the institution of Freemasonry until the year 1723, and that was published but five years after the so-called "Revival of Freemasonry" in the December of the year 1717—nearly three hundred years after the discovery of the letter-press printing art. The second reason is, that even in his history, Anderson, in his compilation of 1723, does not speak of masonry as a speculative institution; and in the charges in that book, surnamed "Ancient," there is no evidence that they were written to apply to any but operative masons, whilst the Rules and Regulations, on the contrary, arranged at that time, recognize speculative masonry by the terms used in their compilation. Third, no history of masonry published in any other country of the world except England, favors the belief that it was known before the year 1725 out of Great Britain. In France, the first lodge was opened in that year under a warrant from the Grand Lodge, organized in 1717 in London; in Ireland in 1730; in Scotland the first Grand Lodge was organized in 1736; in Germany, as will be seen, by reference to the history of the order in that country, given at page 129 present volume, in 1737; the first lodge was constituted in North America in 1733; in the East Indian British possessions in 1729, and in Spain in 1728. Now, if masonry flourished for "not hundreds" but thousands of years anterior to 1717, is it reasonable to believe there would be no account of the order anywhere?

Why was there in 1717, and the ten to fifty years subsequent, so general a promulgation of its tenets and practices, and the establishment of lodges everywhere in the civilized portion of the world, friendly to, and in the possession of, Great Britain; whilst for the hundreds of years preceding, there is no history that a lodge of Freemasons was known or existed out of that kingdom? To us it is plain that speculative masonry, or the masonry we now have, was instituted by Dr. Anderson and his contemporaries; and we defy the production of conclusive or satisfactory proof to the contrary.

That stone-cutters' and builders' societies have existed from the earliest civilization is reasonable

to believe. That they had a language of their own exclusively is not true. They were but men, subject to the laws and speaking the language of the country as other men in their position of life. That they had social meetings at stated periods, when at work upon any building, at which certain signs were used to signify certain things, and certain implements of their craft represented certain ideas, and certain rules were observed in these assemblies such as regarding the master workman with proper respect, and obeying the orders of his foremen or assistants (wardens, if you like) as delivered by him through them, is all very easily to be understood and believed. But that degrees, or ceremonies of initiation into degrees, obtained as early as the time of the latest erection at which stone-cutters and stone-masons wrought, before the year 1700, we positively deny.

We know that of late years several clumsy attempts have been made, by the publication of what purports to be ancient documents, poems, &c., to show that Freemasonry existed in Great Britain as far back as the invasion of the Romans. Among the rest a Latin poem has figured extensively with translations and glossaries appended, and put forward as proof conclusive; but, to the impartial reader and critical examiner there is no more connection apparent between the narrative of that poem and the Freemasonry of the present day than there is between the latter and the mysteries of Eleusis or Bacchus. Latin was the learned language of Britain from the invasion of the Romans under Julius Cæsar to the time of Henry Eighth, and no one who had pretensions to learning wrote or spoke among the learned in any other language. But that a poem should be written in Latin, and that poem translated into the idiomatic English of the fifteenth century, and that translation plainly exhibit the fictitious acts of a Tyrian named Euclid in the portrayal of the rules he devised for the benefit of the children of "great lordes and ladyes"—the instruction of them in useful arts, &c.—all this, to the easily satisfied, from its analogy to the language of Anderson's "Ancient Charges," is considered by them proof conclusive that Freemasonry existed and Euclid was its expounder at the time, and this rambling gold Latin poem becomes the *Codex* of Freemasonry. Some have asserted that this poem is a forgery, but it is not necessary to prove this to lessen its value in establishing the antiquity of Freemasonry. A careful perusal of masonic history since 1717 will satisfy the impartial mind that the masonry of degrees, or moral and speculative masonry, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, was not in existence prior to that period; and all reference to it as being in active use before then, either in York or elsewhere, is merely paraded by the writers as a gratuitous "blind" to satisfy the demand of the multitude for age, as being necessary to command respect.

We published in the second volume of the pages of this magazine Preston's History of Freemasonry from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth. This we did, not to endorse that history, but to let all read and satisfy themselves how much speculative masonry there existed before the year 1717. In no other history first published as early as it was do we read of parties being initiated into Freemasonry prior to that year; but Preston has "initiated" and mixed up working men, and laborers, and Freemasons so

promiscuously that we defy any one to tell who are the Freemasons and who the stone-masons, laborers and working men.

The facility with which operative masonry in sound blends with speculative masonry in sense, and contrarywise, has been the means of misleading thousands, and many to hazard their reputation as writers and men of sound judgment upon the propagation of the belief of what we here controvert. Take up any work upon operative masonry to-day that is considered a manual or a guide to a master workman,—we cannot use words, nor find them, which have not been used in a speculative sense by some compiler of masonic manuals or hand-books,—and ninety-nine out of every hundred of the directions, rules and regulations given therein will apply as well to speculative as to operative masonry, and to the latter fully as properly as does Dr. Anderson's Ancient Charges, Rules and Regulations; and yet these last are the "landmarks" of speculative masonry. Thus it is, that although masonry proper, or the art of cutting stones into proper shape and cementing them into a building dates beyond the knowledge of man, its confusion with the organization of 1717 in England is constantly taking place, and giving countenance to the erroneous idea of the antiquity of that organization, or Freemasonry proper. Had the brethren who gave that organization the title of "revival" paid less tribute to their heads and more to their hearts, it would prove eminently more satisfactory to those who succeeded them; but in using this word for the correct one, and thereby implying they were but reviving a thing that had already existed, but which was then dormant or dying, they entailed upon their successors doubt and difficulty—difficulty in explaining at what time the institution, as it subsequently existed, did so formerly exist, and doubt as to whether it had ever so existed at all.

The only "initiation" into the society of Freemasons out of Preston's History we read of, prior to the organization in 1717, is that of Elias Ashmole, who says of himself that he was "initiated" about the middle of the seventeenth century. This has been used by the "Poem" men, and others of that ilk, to show that initiations did take place prior to 1717. But what was this "initiation" of Ashmole, and into what? Simply into the Freemason's Guild, or Society in London, one of the regular trades' guilds or societies of that city; and that an honorary degree conferred upon him as a celebrated antiquary, and, necessarily, a delver among stones and rubbish in search of the curious and the antique. This was the initiation of Ashmole. The man who next had the same honor conferred upon him had it tendered in a gold snuff-box, probably as that was the subsequent usage. We leave it for those who can make Freemasonry out of anything to point out the Freemasonry of this "initiation."

A CONSTANT READER.—Ottawa, LaSalle Co., Ills.—
"Dear Bro. Brennan: In looking over a copy of the *English Freemason's Magazine* for October last, I was surprised to find the following sentence at the head of the correspondence: 'The editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions entertained by correspondents.' I have for many years been a reader of the masonic periodicals of the United States, and I do not recollect having seen

such a notice in any of them. Why does the English editor deem it necessary? Are the restrictions with regard to publishing more coercive there than here?"—"If "A Constant Reader" have carefully read the "Correspondence" to which he refers, he will see the necessity of the notice which calls forth his question. So long as the editor of the English periodical, our esteemed Bro. Warren, publishes, without comment or correction, all kinds of correspondence from all kinds of correspondents—some of the letters and communications from this side of the Atlantic as well as his own side, so exaggerated and bordering upon the absurd as to tax to a very great degree the credulity of his readers—to save himself he must deny, *in limine*, any responsibility for them; and he merely publishes them for what they are worth. The part for October, from which our correspondent quotes, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence in support of the views we have just expressed as to the value of the communications. It is quite common in England to publish correspondence in that way. In this country, editors, of masonic periodicals especially, endeavor to remove the difficulties of their correspondents by answering their questions so far as they are able to do so. Many of the letters published in the English periodicals would, of right, be rejected here.

C. R. J., New Jersey, considers that the *Gavel* does not belong to a Mason's lodge. "It is an innovation," he says, "introduced from the Odd Fellows." He asks us, "as an exponent of *Ancient Craft Masonry*," to give him "a proper masonic explanation of it, if it has any." We would inform C. R. J. that the *Gavel* is not introduced from Odd Fellowship, but had its use as a symbol of Freemasonry, long, long before the first idea of Odd Fellowship held its conception in the brain of an expelled mason in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or before the first Odd Fellows' Convention in this country held its memorable session in Wilkey's oyster cellar in Baltimore. By referring to reports of masonic bodies in England in the middle of the last century, he will find that the *second* and *third Mallets* were held by Brothers so and so—the first, of course, being in the hands of the master. The word *Gavel* there appears to be a good deal of cavil about, some arguing that its present form is from *gable*, the end of a house. "Webster," says our correspondent, "is very unsatisfactory upon it." Webster does not give the masonic word at all. He is entirely silent on it; nevertheless it is a masonic word, the name of one of our masonic symbols, and probably the very oldest of them. One of the ancient names of Deity was אֱלֹהֵי הַגָּבִיט *algalat*, and *Urquhart*, in his *Pillars of Hercules*, vol. II., p. 67, translates it the *Master Builder*, just as we in alluding to Deity in masonic language, say the Great Architect of the Universe. אֱלֹהֵי הַגָּבִיט *al galat*, or *el gavel* would be used, not improperly, as the god of the Gavel—the Gavel a justifiable metonymy for the *creating* or *building*, of which it was a symbol. The Gavel is the symbol of the power of the master, just as the sceptre is the symbol of royal power. In the hands of the wardens it symbolises only that *secondary* power which they derive under the master, without which they have no inherent or vested powers in themselves. *Quod magister facit per alios, facit per se*. This rule of common law holds eminently good

in masonic law. The Gavel in the hands of the wardens, then it will be seen, is the symbol of the power of the master, of whose commands they are at best but the executive officers.

DROBOTS, N. Y.—This correspondent says: "I like the fearless, independent manner in which you grapple with error, whether in reviewing the proceedings of a Grand Lodge or a History of Freemasonry. Your review of Mitchell's History and Digest is an able paper; but can you sustain the position you take in it? You say, on page 74 of your present volume, 'As for the esoteric language and secret symbology of masonry, they are evidently derived, not from Solomon nor his times, nor cotemporaries, but are handed down to us by the guilds or companies of stone or operative masons of the fourteenth and subsequent centuries, as we shall, in the course of this year, if spared, abundantly prove, by translations of the laws, manners and customs of that period, which we have now on hand, and the rules and regulations of these societies.' Now that the 'esoteric language and secret symbology' of Masonry are not derived from Solomon, his times, or cotemporaries, I may admit; but how can you 'prove' that they are derived from the guilds? How can you publish translations that would prove it even if you could? I ask for light."

We can publish a translation of anything that is written in any language susceptible of being translated into the vernacular. Laws and manners described and customs explained, already published in one language, are certainly susceptible of publication and translation in another. It is not our intention to place the translations we refer to and the esoteric language of masonry side by side on our printed pages. It is for the "favored and enlightened few" to notice its evident origin, by comparison silent and thoughtful of that language with the translation. To all others the latter will be as devoid of interest as the reprint of such a matter can be.

J. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I see by the *Triangel* of the 1st January a little paper printed in the German language in this city, by a gentleman named Roehr, that in copying the concluding sentiment of your answer to correspondents in your December No., he ascribes that sentiment to Bro. Rob. Morris as being addressed by him, as editor, to you, as publisher. I supposed you edited the *AMERICAN FREEMASON* in its present form yourself."

The paragraph you allude to is, we presume, that headed "Der Nebel beginnt zu schwinden." To attribute the sentiment copied from this magazine therein to Bro. Robert Morris is quite an error on the part of the editor of the *Triangel*. The former, as is well known to the latter, goes in for the largest liberty in masonic degrees, and would be the last man to pen such a paragraph as gives point to the *Triangel* extract. If the editor of that sheet would notice more closely passing events, and mark the changes taking place in the management of masonic periodicals in America, he would have perceived, ere he caught up, with such avidity, the paragraph alluded to, that Bro. Morris dissolved his connection with the *AMERICAN FREEMASON* in July, 1857, and save as a contributor, invariably under his own name, has never had any connection with this magazine.

American Freemason

Vol. 3.

A. L. 5859.—APRIL—A. D. 1859.

No. 4.

Romance of Masonry.



THE UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

PART I.

"The meek in spirit are better than the froward in spirit."

IT was a pleasant summer evening, just as the silence of nature announced that the Grand Master of the universe was about to close his lodge for the day, and to give bird, beast, and man the refreshment of repose. Two ladies, both young and beautiful, walked hand in hand together, down the avenue lined by tall wood poplars (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), which marked the boundary between their

respective dwellings. Each was beautiful as we have said, but there was a marked difference in their style of beauty. One was of a modest, retiring order of loveliness, that manner of beauty which wears so well, and bears so sacred a place in all the relations of maiden, wife, and mother. Her plain neat dress left no place for gaudy ornament; her low winning tone of voice was musical as a lute; the beholder, while observing Martha Bone, could not but feel that a jewel lay within, richer than all the diamonds of Golconda. The other exhibited a superb, queenly air that at times, in the warmth of conversation, assumed a scornful aspect which augured ill for the happiness of him who should win Catharine Williams. Yet her

beauty was most lustrous and bewitching. None could see her black, sparkling eye, her magnificent tresses, or her commanding form, set off as it was with all the splendour of dress and the witchery of female ornament, without feeling impelled to take a second view and a third. Catharine had been known from infancy as the splendid heiress, and now that her father was dead and there was no restraint upon her disposal of his large possessions, she carried a high air among the more humble beauties of the village.

Walking thus together the two cousins, for such they were, conversed in earnest voice, and thus Martha spoke :

"And is that really your decision, Kate? can you slight so true a heart as Herman's on so frivolous a pretext as that? What! discard an engaged lover because he is a Mason? who ever heard of such a thing? now acknowledge that you are jesting with me all this time!"

"You may call it frivolous or not, just as you please, Martha," responded Kate, as she curled her pretty lip and elevated her brows, in a pet at the words of her cousin; "but frivolous or not it is my decision, and final one, and so Herman will find it. If he had been led thoughtlessly into the Masonic order I could have overlooked his heedlessness and forgot that he had ever joined them. But he must discard it now, at once and forever, or he shall never possess my hand."

"And you have really told him this?" inquired her cousin anxiously.

"And I have told him this, and told it to him pretty plainly too. I confess I felt that he had treated me badly. He must have known my sentiments on the subject of Masonry from the very commencement of our acquaintance. He must have known that dear papa was seriously opposed to it, and for many years took a decided stand against it. Could he expect my father's daughter to do less? Should I not be recreant to every principle of daughterly affection, if I failed to sustain my father in what was the ruling principle of his old age? Long before he died he declared to me that if a daughter of his should condescend to marry a Mason he would never open his doors to her again. Judge then of my astonishment when I saw Herman Croswell in the procession yesterday, not merely participating in their nonsensical ceremonies, but acting as their presiding officer, and wearing their childish aprons and scarfs with as much delight as though it were heaven on earth to be a Freemason!"

"And did you propose to him to renounce Masonry?"

"When he called on me last night I met him so coolly as to give him at once to understand how much I felt aggrieved by his conduct. As to our engagement; I

told him positively it must be dissolved, for my heart was steel to a Mason. He had shown such a want of confidence by concealing his Masonic attachments from me, that I could no longer feel any attachment for him. He then begged permission to call to-night and explain his conduct, and so we parted."

This unexpected communication quite took away the breath of the fair questioner. The facility with which the engagement had been broken up was so contrary to all her ideas of love and betrothal, that she walked by Catharine's side until they arrived at the very extremity of the avenue without another word. But then, as the coquettish girl turned towards her own dwelling, with a cheerful good-night, Martha laid a finger upon her arm and detained her :

"Will you tell me, Katy dear, what are your insuperable objections against Masonry? Perhaps I may have a Mason some day for a lover, who knows! and I should like of all things to be forwarned against committing this unpardonable sin of marrying one! Masonry must be something very horrible to break up your engagement with Herman, so suddenly. Come, dear cousin, enlighten me."

"It would be a sufficient argument," returned the heiress, "that dear papa was so much opposed to it. The bountiful fortune that he has left me, ought not to be shared with one whom he would not have suffered even to darken his doors. But I have examined this subject for myself. By papa's request, I read the various authors to whom our country is indebted for exposing the horrid evils of Masonry; and I am thoroughly convinced that there is no baseness but what Masons do commit, or at least are tempted to commit by the principles of their society. Now I will never marry a man whose secrets I cannot share. When God pronounced concerning man and wife, *these twain shall be one flesh*, he meant that their knowledge and aims, as well as their enjoyments and sorrows, should be mutual. So at least I construe it, and so I will act in regard to it. My head shall never be pillowed upon a casket that is sealed to me, for there can be no permanent affection where there is concealment."

"But do you expect," pursued Martha earnestly, "do you expect that your husband will share with you *all* his secrets? all that is connected with his business affairs, with his worldly plans, his combinations, his dealings with men, often running into altercations, harsh and perhaps unfeminine? How will you be able to comprehend these things, not having a man's

¹ Do we not love God? is not our heart tender towards Jesus Christ? do we not rest in faith on his gracious arm? and yet the secret things belong to God.

experience for them? how can you desire to know them, not having a man's taste for them? how——"

Here a sudden noise as of approaching feet, caused the warm-hearted speaker to stop, and before the two ladies could step out from under the shelter of a large grape vine under which they stood, they distinctly heard, in spite of an instinctive desire not to hear it, these words:

"Now, if my wife were to hear this it would render her very miserable; but we must carefully conceal the matter from her."

The remark came from Mr. Hogge, the venerable clergyman of the village, one of the oldest ministers in all the land, and one too who was known as an opponent, though a mild one, of the Masonic cause; it was addressed to one of his leading parishioners who was riding by his side.

Observing the young ladies, and knowing that they must have overheard him, the good parson stopped his horse, and after a friendly greeting, remarked to them in a serious tone:

"My dear Miss Catharine and Miss Martha, as the words which you so unintentionally overheard, may have sounded strangely to you I will ask permission to explain them.

"They relate to an affair that has lately occurred in which Mrs. Hogge's brother is deeply implicated. The difficulty at one time threatened to be serious, but we have contrived thus far to hush it up, and it is now in a very fair way to be compromised. In Mrs. Hogg's present state of health the knowledge of it might be highly dangerous to her; at all events it is not a matter for a woman to meddle with. I shall therefore hope, my dear young friends, that no indiscretion on your part will expose me to inquiries from Mrs. Hogg on this subject, and so, fair maidens, good night." And bowing gracefully to the cousins, the good old gentleman rode off with his friend, renewing the conversation at the point at which it had been interrupted.

Martha looked up triumphantly to Kate, while a merry twinkle danced in her eye, and remarked:

"Now, coz, could anything have been more opportune than that. How perfectly does it corroborate the declaration I was about to make, that husbands have things to do and to know in the affairs of life, of which their wives must and should remain ignorant."

"If you like to be thrust aside in that manner, Martha, you may submit to it," responded Kate with an air of annoyance; "and I hope to goodness gracious that you'll get a husband whose chest is locked with a triple key. For my part I shall be satisfied with less mystery and more candor. So once more, dear Mat, goodnight,

and here's a kiss to seal my love, and convince you that I bear you no malice on account of your opinions."

Each then took her way to her dwelling; the heiress to her splendid mansion adorned with luxury and grace, the other to her more humble but far happier home of her parents. Each meditated as she walked, the one reflecting on the manner in which she should meet Herman's request, and how she could most gracefully conclude the engagement that had long existed between them; the other wondering within herself if that could be *true love* which was about to be so readily cast off.

At the proper hour Herman made his promised call. This gentleman was known as a man of good means, a good profession, good morals and character, and one whose father before him had been a Mason, even Grand Master of Masons in his native State. This fact of course had its influence upon the son, and even before he was eighteen, he could have declared in all sincerity, that he had long entertained a favourable opinion of the order.

About that time he commenced the practice of employing a half hour each day in studying the manuals of Masonry and reading the elaborate works of Oliver, Preston, Hutchinson, and others who have devoted themselves to this holy cause. Here is a good proof that in Masonry as in religion, children should be trained up in the way they should go. As Herman had only recently moved to Fountain Green, although the engagement had existed for two years or more, Catharine had remained ignorant of the fatal fact of his Masonic love, until the very day before our history commences.

It is probable that Herman heard of her antipathies on this behalf, but if so we presume he depended upon time and the influence of love to wear it off.³ From this expectation he had been suddenly dashed down by the harsh and unmaidenly words which, as we have seen, Catharine addressed to him the night before.

All through the day his mind had been revolving on the means of escaping from his present dilemma. He had fallen deeply in love with Catharine, and built up a thousand hopes for the future, based upon their union. How could he bear to have them so rudely overthrown.

Besides that, he anticipated all the annoyance and mortification naturally connected with the idea of being thus summarily rejected. To renounce Masonry!—that he could never do; the very suggestion of the serpent-tempter on this head was hurled from his mind as a shot from

³ Many instances are in the writer's knowledge, where the prejudicial influences of an Antimasonic education upon the mind of the wife, have been entirely eradicated by the gentleness and forbearance of the husband.

the cannon's mouth, nor ever permitted to return.

To withdraw his membership from the Lodge, notifying his brethren of the cause, and to stand aloof from Masonry until the marriage bond should give him a claim, and marriage affection a power to overcome Catharine's opposition; this, at first view, seemed practicable, and he turned the thought frequently in his mind. But then how dishonorable such a course! His Masonic brethren at Fountain Green had just elected him to be their presiding officer for the ensuing twelvemonths; and he would feel disgraced in his own esteem were he to adopt the suggestion. Nevertheless his mind was vacillating on this topic, and it is hard to say what would have been his conclusion, when a letter was handed him in the handwriting of his old friend, Mr. Shoster, which contained these appropriate lines:

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light:
Not here, not here is bliss;
There's turmoil and there's gloom;
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, Brothers, say, is there room!
A place in the Lodge for me, &c.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears;
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But *there's one green spot below*,
There's a resting place, a home,
My heart it yearns to know,
Say, Brothers, say, is there room!
A place in the Lodge for me, &c.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home,—
My heart yearns to share,
Say, Brother's say, is there room!
A place in the Lodge for me, &c.

With God's own eye above,
With brother-hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go:
And when in death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
Oh, Brothers, oh give me room!
A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.

Mr. Shoster was known in that vicinity as a rhymster, and hearing of the dilemma into which his Brother Herman had been thrown the night before, he had smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco over the matter and penned the above lines. The result was more successful than tobacco poetry in general, for it determined Herman's mind to retain his membership in the order, to face the matter boldly, and trust in love to bear him out.

(Chapter II. next month.)

MRS. B.'S ALARMS.

Mrs. B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs. B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name, in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms:

"Henry, Henry, Henry."

How many times she has repeated this, I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe" of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I awake, to view, by the dim fire-light, this vision: Mrs. B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her night-cap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furled; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

"Henry, did you hear that?"

"What my love?"

"That noise. There it is again; there—there."

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

"No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that: it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry that it is a file."

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing gown. Mrs. B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

"Stop a bit, Henry," she exclaims, "until I have looked into cupboards and other places;" which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and Mrs. B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that al-

most catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs. B.'s repose, which I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own department, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs. B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipative burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless: a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about — Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No; the warning of the great clock—one, two, three. . . . What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a *reunion*? They are here even at this moment perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs. B. again, my great-grandfather "walks;" in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold—yes, the cold: it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was? There it comes again, and there is no doubt this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs. B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. "Henry,

Henry," she cries in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great grand-father. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

"Open, open!" shout I. "What on earth is the matter?"

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: "Who are you—what do you want?"

"You very silly woman," I answer: not from unpoliteness, but because I find that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—"why, it's I."

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs. B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring-chamber.

"There's sur—sur—somebody been snoring in your dressing-room," she sobs, "all the time you were away."

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs. B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs. B. is all the better for this explosion.

"Consider, my love," I reason—"consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a headstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snor?"—

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs. B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with boots in them, hanging over the bedside, something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at sixes and sevens as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when "Henry, Henry," again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

"Are you *certain*, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the strings."

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no supposition too incompatible with reason for Mrs. B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs. B., since I was suffering from a quinsy—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house o' nights in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

"Henry, Henry," she whispered upon this occasion, "there's a dreadful cat in the room."

"Pooh, pooh!" I gasped; "It's only in the street: I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles."

"No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's a—Ugh, what's that?"

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again, at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs. B. would have a fit, but she hadn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fire-place, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap, to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs. B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

"Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy."

"Miau, miau, miau," was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

"Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss. Henry the horrid beast is a going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat."

"P-e-s-s-s, p-e-s-s-s, miau; p-e-s-s-s-s-s," replied the other in a voice like fat in the fire.

"My dear love," cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy, "you have never opened the door: where is the poor thing to run to?"

Mrs. B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity of escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs. B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house dog, which, before that epoch, I understand was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select party morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A. M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs. B. had "staked her existence" that night that she had heard the area gate "go." When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorial night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The gray of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs. B. ejaculated with unusual vigour: "Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room;

and they've just knocked down the parrot-screen."

"My love," I was about to observe, "your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*," when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-irons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge to myself at least that there was something in Mrs. B.'s alarms at last. I trod down stairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs. B. had cried "Wolf!" so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of "*Henry, Henry*," from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the "*Henry, Henry!*" still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bed-chamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and plied the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs. B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

"Good heavens!" I cried, be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last."

"My dear Henry," she answered, laughing so that the tears stood in her eyes, "I am very sorry; I tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!"

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause

to which all Mrs. B.'s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs. B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the *Old Manor House* and *Mysteries of the Castle* school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith: that Mrs. Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr. Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—as they say at St. Stephen's—"in another place." So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other causes. Mrs. B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *doppelgänger*: that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time; and that some day—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, at last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was residing for a few days at Keswick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr. Southey's library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly felt ill, or thought she was falling, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs. B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but filial duty would have induced my *doppelgänger* to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs. B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side-pockets of the carriage before starting, to make sure that there was no other passenger: and yet there was a form sitting upon the opposite cushion—a female form, muffled up in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of haggard meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs. B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of the thing being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a dis-tempered brain, for she felt collected, and

even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half-shut eyes into her face with the same curious anxiety as before. Not even when they rambled over Keswick stones, nor until she felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did she trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. "There was something sitting there, man," said she solemnly, pointing to the vacant cushions. "Yes, Miss," replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them; "I promised to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were asleep when we stopped there, I made bold to put it upon the opposite seat. I hope it did not inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies don't object seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards you."

HOME SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

MRS. B. STOWE has published an excellent article on the treatment of young children, which ought to go to the hearts of parents throughout the land. In this money loving and money making age—in this day of female extravagance and display—the father is often disturbed in his calculation by the noisy play of his youngsters, and the mother often sends them out to find amusement while she goes in full dress to make calls. If got rid of a few hours in the day at school, they are more full of vitality and noise than ever when they come home; and "there is no end to telling stories" to keep them quiet. How to shirk the trouble of such little responsibilities is often the thought of the too orderly progenitor. Let him or her listen:

"Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace.

"For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

"But look ahead some years, when that voice shall ring in deep bass tone; when that small foot shall have a boy's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form.

Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you will lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it."

MY FRIEND.

My Friend has a cheerful smile of his own
And a musical tongue has he,
We sit and look in each other's face
And are very good company.
A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast,
And the wasawillers jest and roar,
My Friend and I, with a right good-will,
We bolt the chamber door:
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair,
And reddens my ashen cheeks;
He knows me better than you all know.
Though never a word he speaks;
Knows me as well as some had known,
Were things—not as they be:
But hey, what matters? My Friend and I
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair,
Faces that are—that used to be—
And faces that never were.
My wife sits sewing beside the hearth
My little ones frolic wild:
Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty years,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh
May weep to-morrow: and they
Who weep be as those that weep not—all
Their tears so long wiped away,
Let us burn out, like you, my Friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last, then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,
Or—in something quieter still, where we
Lie down, to arise all fair,
And young, and happy—why then, my Friend,
If other friends ask for me,
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died
In the best of all company!

LET fathers and mothers ponder over the following: "Indeed where the life of the home is neglected there is no true manliness. Fathers! whose sons are growing up miserable shoots of dissipation, what nourishment have their best faculties at home? Mothers! whose daughters are happy only in the whirl of vanity and extravagance, what has been their example? Members of fashionable society! there is not only excess, but inexpressible evil, in any method of amusement that breaks up domestic quietude, and leaves no time for domestic responsibility, and no delight in domestic pleasures."

Select English Story.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN MARY AND AMY.

CHAPTER XLII

THE HOPELESS.

The eyes whose rays beam through the night—
Whose glance 'twas paradise to see—
Still brightly flash in beauty's light—
Still beam with love—but not for thee.
—Robin Goodfellow.

THOSE only who have loved—who have seen the idol for whose worship they have made their hearts a shrine torn suddenly from them—can picture the despair of Henry Beacham. With the greatest difficulty his friend procured a carriage, and conveyed him back to their hotel. The only word he could draw from him was :

“Married! married!”

“Be a man, Henry!” said William, down whose honest, manly cheeks, the tears were streaming fast, “and bear it bravely. If Amy has sold herself for gold she is not worth regretting.”

“Married!” repeated Henry, with a vacant look.

Poor Bowles loved too sincerely himself not to know how vain, how useless is

consolation while the heart still suffers from the recent infliction of a blow like that which Henry had received; so he wisely forebore to offer it. He had, that very morning, written home to Burnley and to Mary Heartland—every line in his letters breathing happiness; and now what a change—how sad a disappointment.

The next morning saw his friend in a raging fever; the blood had rushed to his brain, and his life was despaired of. In his madness he called upon Amy by the most endearing names—entreating her not to abandon him; but never did one word of reproach escape his lips—his love was too deep for that.

“Oh, heaven!” thought William, as he sat watching by his side; “what a heart is broken!”

While the physicians were in consultation on the following day, Bowles was called from the sick room to receive General Playwell, whose card had twice been sent up to him. The old man had come with a fixed resolution of calling out the man who, as he thought, had lent

himself to a dastardly outrage upon the feelings of his wife.

"You are the friend, I presume, of Mr. Beacham?" he said, bowing stiffly, as the young man entered the apartment.

"I have that honor."

"You will not dispute on terms. I must see him."

"Impossible!"

"Why so?"

"Because he is, at this moment, laboring under a brain fever; he last night received a shock from which I fear it will be long—very long—before he recovers."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the General, impatiently, "this can be nothing more than an excuse to avoid meeting the husband of the woman he so cowardly insulted, so heartlessly abandoned; and now, forsooth, he makes a parade of sentimentality—of remorse—the last, no doubt, as sincere as his pretended passion!"

"My friend," exclaimed the indignant William, "does suffer, but not from remorse; he has not one action of his life with which to reproach himself—he is truth and honor's self!"

"Indeed!" said the General, with a sneer; "was he not once engaged to Miss Lawrence?"

"Yes."

"And did he not abandon her—marry another?"

"You are deceived, General, like the rest of the world!" said William, eagerly; "Mr. Beacham has never been married: it was a false report, circulated by his late uncle, who wished, if possible, to separate him for ever from the girl of his choice. For this purpose he sent him on a pretended mission to St. Petersburg, and gave orders to his unworthy agent there so to involve him in commercial transactions and pretended liabilities, that he should be unable to leave the country. The infamous project succeeded; and, but for the personal interference of the Emperor, my suffering friend would at this moment be in Russia instead of England. Would to heaven he had!" he added, bitterly; "since he has only returned to find misery here."

"Not married!" ejaculated the General, turning deadly pale; for he foresaw the effect the intelligence of her former lover's fidelity would produce upon a heart like Amy's.

"I presume you do not doubt my word, sir?" observed the young man, with an air of defiance, which at any other moment would have been met with one equally hostile from the old soldier; but his spirit was crushed. He loved his young wife with all an old man's fondness—confident in her virtue. Henry Beacham married would have been no very dangerous rival in her affections; but Henry Beacham single, faithful, suffering,

the victim of treachery endured for his fidelity to her, was a very different person; and, for the first time since his marriage, the demon jealousy took possession of his heart.

"No, no—I cannot doubt your word!" faltered the old man; "still the meeting was most unfortunate."

"For that, sir, you must thank Lady Playwell; she it was who invited us to meet Miss Lawrence, whom Henry, after so long an absence, was most anxious to see. She said nothing about her marriage; the intelligence came like a thunderbolt upon my friend—I fear it has crushed him."

"Devil!—artful devil!" muttered the General.

"Sir!"

"I mean the fiend who planned the meeting—a disappointed, manœuvring woman, who, foiled in her design upon my fortune, has taken this unworthy means of vengeance. I will confess to you, sir, that I came with very different feelings; the purport of my visit was to call your friend to an account for what I deemed an unmanly insult to the woman he had abandoned—*now my wife!*"

The peculiar emphasis which the speaker laid upon the words "my wife" annoyed William sadly. He felt at that moment that he should like very much to shoot the General, and so end Amy's and Henry's troubles at once. For the first time in his life he almost hated a human being. Bowing stiffly, he observed, "that if General Playwell felt, in the slightest degree, aggrieved at what had passed, he was perfectly ready to assume the responsibility of his friend's conduct in any way he pleased."

"No, no—it is unnecessary."

Poor William felt disappointed: he would much rather that the reply had been "Yes, yes."

"I naturally expect, under the circumstances," said the General, "that your friend will not attempt to see Mrs. Playwell again?"

"He alone can answer that, sir."

"Or write to her?"

"What!" exclaimed the indignant William; "not see her—nor explain to her the infamous treachery by which his heart has been blighted, his hopes of happiness destroyed—not prove to her that he has been betrayed—impossible!"

"Your friend, sir, may think better of it!" observed his visitor.

"Not if I know him rightly."

"But your influence with him—"

"Will never be used for such a purpose," interrupted William; "I cannot give to my friend the advice which my own heart and reason would reject. No, he must stand blameless, pure, and honorable in her eyes—his faith beyond suspi-

cion—his conduct beyond reproach; let the blame fall upon those whose treachery has occasioned all this misery.”

Finding that he was not likely to obtain an ally in the speaker, the General took his leave. Mentally he could not but acknowledge that the young man was right—that her former lover ought to clear himself from the doubts of his honor and good faith. What the effect of the intelligence would be upon Amy he feared to think.

“We must quit England,” he muttered, “before Beacham has sufficiently recovered to write, or seek an interview. In Italy or France it will be easy to prevent all correspondence; change of scene may efface from her memory the recollection of her early love.”

Full of this recollection he returned home, carefully concealing from his wife not only the visit he had made but the illness of poor Henry.

At the end of a fortnight Henry was sufficiently recovered to start with his friend for Manchester, where old Mr. Bowles and Mary Heartland were anxiously awaiting the arrival of William. They were exceedingly shocked to see the ravages which illness had made on the person of Henry. His features were so pale and woe-begone that the mother who bore him would scarcely have known him; and poor William was ill and care-worn with the anxiety he had endured.

Previous to quitting Manchester on his expedition to St. Petersburg, William Bowles had given authority to a Mr. Mortimer, a man who had hitherto borne an unimpeachable character, to settle the affairs of the firm. This was at the commencement of the railroad fever, when hundreds of thousands were daily lost and won. Although not wishing to act dishonorably, he could not resist the temptation of speculation. He thought it a pity that such large sums should lay idly in his hands, whilst fortunes were being daily made. He bought first into one line and lost; then doubled the venture, in the hope of retrieving himself; and so went on, step by step, till the property he had received in trust was fearfully diminished. Things were in this state when the return of the young man fell like a thunderbolt upon him. He felt that his character was blasted, for there existed not the remotest possibility of his replacing the funds he had so improperly employed. At first he thought of suicide; his next idea was flight. He was pacing his room in a most pitiable condition when the servant announced a visitor.

“Not at home. I can’t see any one!” he exclaimed impatiently.

“But the gentleman says he must see you, sir.”

“Must!” exclaimed the conscience-stricken man, trembling at the word. “Must—surely you mistake?”

“No, I don’t, sir.”

“Did he leave his name?”

“Mr. Small, sir.”

“What the deuce can he want?” thought Mr. Mortimer. “No matter. Show him up.”

Small was not one of those men who pass through the world with their eyes shut. He had watched the proceedings of the receiver with intense interest, made himself acquainted with his various speculations, calculated the rise and fall of the markets, and had a shrewd guess as to the results. Far from regretting, his hatred to Henry Beacham induced him to rejoice at this. He would willingly have seen him return to England beggared in fortune, as he felt he must be in happiness; for he had seen the announcement of Amy’s marriage with General Playwell in the papers.

“Good evening, my dear sir,” he exclaimed, as he entered the room, with a cat-like face. “Sad news—sad news!”

“What news?” demanded Mr. Mortimer, turning deadly pale.

“Have you not heard? Well that is extraordinary!”

“I have heard nothing. Pray do speak out. I am rather of a nervous temperament; and to me suspense is worse than actual misfortune. What has happened?”

“Only that Mr. Beacham has returned.”

“Is that a misfortune?” replied the gentleman, trying to smile.

“Perhaps not. But his health is so shaken, that it is ten to one if he ever recovers. Therefore I say it is a sad thing, with so fine a fortune, too.”

“Very.”

“So admirably secured. Why, you must already have in hand at least eight hundred thousand pounds?”

“Somewhere thereabouts,” replied the unhappy man, with a shudder, as he reflected how fearfully it had been diminished by his imprudent speculations.

Small eyed him for a few moments steadily. He wished to read him before he decided on his grand attack. The task was not a very difficult one. He saw, from his agitated look, quivering lip, and pale features, that he had to do with a man weak, irresolute, and nervous—one whom a strong mind would find little or no difficulty in binding to its purpose. Suddenly changing his polite, calm tone, he rudely asked him how he intended to make up his accounts.

“Sir!” exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, trying to look indignant. “I do not understand your meaning.”

“Humph! perhaps not; for the question should have been, How do you intend to

avoid making them up? That would have been more to the purpose, I believe, between ourselves."

"Do you mean to impugn——"

"Pooh! leave fine phrases for those who do not know their value. That I come with no hostile intent you will believe; for I hate deeply the man you have plundered, and would willingly that every shilling of my late partner's fortune were lost instead of the three or four hundred thousand pounds with which you have played Cucks and drakes."

Mortimer was overwhelmed at the knowledge of his delinquency which Small's speech betrayed; still, in the hate he expressed towards Henry Beacham, he saw a gleam of hope.

"I have, indeed, been most unfortunate."

"Say foolish—that's the better word," retorted Small. "But come—let's be candid with each other, for I see you will never get out of this mess without my assistance. What is the amount of your defalcations?"

"Three hundred thousand."

"It's a large sum. It's useless to suppose that you can replace it."

The unhappy man bowed his head in token of assent.

The next thing to be considered," continued the speaker, "is how to get over the affair. Breach of trust is an ugly business. You must quit England."

"But what am I to do? How live?"

"How live!" repeated Small, in a tone of contempt. "The man who can lay his hands on five hundred thousand pounds never need ask that question. Is this house your own?" he added, looking round the room.

"It is."

"It seems an old one?"

"One of the oldest in Manchester."

"Then it would burn easily. When do you give up your accounts to the young heir?"

"In three days."

Now, listen to me," said Small, drawing his chair closer to his intended dupe, and speaking in a low tone, "the evening before the settlement draw from the bank the large deposit standing in your name—the circumstance will not appear suspicious. Place the books and the vouchers in the safe, leave a little gold there—only for appearance sake. It will look well. I will provide you with a disguise in which you may defy detection. When the servants have retired to rest, fire the house. It will be supposed that you and the property perished equally in the flames!"

"But where am I to fly to?"

"To the land whose citizens ask no questions of those who come laden with wealth to its shores. Go into one of those back settlements, purchase land, and live

like one of the patriarchs of old, upon your own estate. You will not be the first trustee who has done so."

"But this is felony—base, ignoble theft!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer. "I can't do this. Is there no other way?"

"Yes," said Small, fixing his keen grey eyes upon him, as to read his very soul; "there is yet another means of escape."

"Show it me, and I will bless you?"

"Willingly."

His visitor advanced to the chimney-piece, over which a brace of loaded pistols were hanging, took one of them down, ascertained that it was charged and capped. Placing the weapon on full cock, he handed it Mr. Mortimer.

"There."

The wretched man grasped it desperately, and twice raised it to his temples, but the love of life prevailed—he feared to die. Throwing the pistol from him, he burst into tears, exclaiming:

"No, no—I fear to die!"

"I thought so," muttered Small to himself.

"I take your advice. Life in any land is better than the dark and loathsome grave."

"Of course it is."

"But tell me," continued Mr. Mortimer, who saw that Small's plan, to say the least of it, was feasible—"what is to be your interest in the affair? for, like you, I know the world too well to suppose that either pity or friendship have procured me your assistance at such a crisis."

"Half," replied Smith. "I am tired of England, and, although I have not the same motive as yourself for leaving it, intend to settle in America. It is a land for a man of energy to struggle in—there are no dreamers there."

Wine was ordered, and the two men—who till that scarcely had exchanged more than a few words—sat down and discussed in detail every point of their dishonest scheme. As fast as Mr. Mortimer raised an objection, Small was ready to answer it. It was evident that he had well considered his plan.

"I think it will do," he observed, with a self-satisfied smile, after having answered, one by one, every doubt, and stifled the remorse of his dupe either by working on his terrors or ridiculing them.

"I think so, too; but how about the servants?" whispered Mr. Mortimer. "Should a life be lost in the fire I should never know another happy hour."

"Oh! they will doubtless escape; at least they will have the chance. Of course we have no interest in preventing them. By-the-bye," added his visitor, "where is your bed-room?"

Mortimer pointed to a door opening into the drawing-room.

"That's fortunate; for as the ruins will

doubtless be sifted in hopes of recovering some portion of the lost property, we must place some human remains in the room. You stare—but I have foreseen even that. I lately bought at a sale several anatomical preparations, under the idea of presenting them to a museum of which I am treasurer and trustee; I'll send them in the morning. And now," he added, "I must leave you. Call boldly on the young fools, William Bowles and his love-sick friend; press them to fix the hour for the surrender of your trust—rely upon yourself—and leave the rest to my management."

"But when shall I see you again?"

"To-morrow, to make our final arrangements. Have you much brandy in your cellar? If not, order some; also spirits of wine, and oil for your lamps. Remember, there must be no lack of means to feed the flame."

"Fear not that," said Mortimer, with a shudder; the old house will burn like tinder."

With these words they parted. Small, in his way home, stepped into his chemist's, and bought a bottle of laudanum. He had a use for it.

The very next day after Small's interview with Mr. Mortimer, the Bowles's—father and son—were seated, after dinner, taking their wine with Henry Beacham, who had taken possession of his late uncle's house. The old gentleman appeared unusually gloomy. His son saw that there was something on his mind, but he knew his humor too well to question him—he knew that he should not have long to wait, for his father had asked for a pipe—a sure indication that he had arranged his ideas, and was about to bring them forth in words. Poor Henry tried to be cheerful, in honor of his guests; but the effort had been too much for him; still, whenever he replied to William, his countenance would brighten with a look of kindness. That heart must have been insensible, indeed, which could not feel affection for such a friend.

"Now for it!" whispered William to Henry, as his father slowly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and placed it on the table—a sure token that he did not intend to smoke again. "It must be something important; he has taken three pipes to reflect over it."

"William," said the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen or heard anything of Mr. Mortimer since your return?"

"Not much, for most of my time has been spent at Miss Heartland's. Small informed me that he had been very busy in settling the affairs of the firm, and that he had given up to him all vouchers for moneys due, bills and receipts, according to my instructions."

"Ah! you have not been on 'Change then?"

"No, sir."

"I have," continued the father, "and I heard rumors which, without altogether believing, have somewhat alarmed me. They say that Mortimer has been speculating fearfully in railway shares lately, and lost enormously."

"Mortimer speculate in railways!" replied William, with an incredulous smile; you do not know him, sir—he is one of the most cautious men living—bears, as you well know, an unimpeachable character; besides, you yourself recommended him."

Mr. Bowles took up his pipe and refilled it, a sure sign that, although relieved, he was far from being convinced. His son began to feel alarmed.

"I fear, sir, you are not of my opinion?"

"Unfortunately I know that Mortimer has speculated, but not to what extent. He has hitherto borne an honorable character; but alas! experience proves that the hour of temptation comes to all. Has he called on you?"

"No."

"Nor on Henry?"

"No," replied Beacham, starting from his reverie; "at least not that I know of."

The words were scarcely spoken before the servant threw open the drawing-room door, and announced Mr. Mortimer. All three exchanged glances as they rose to receive him.

"Welcome, sir—welcome back to England," exclaimed the gentleman, as he shook Henry Beacham warmly by the hand. "Happy to see you, my young friend!" (this was addressed to William). The speaker contented himself by a friendly bow to his father.

"I suppose," he said, with a smile, "you guess the purport of my errand here?"

"Not exactly."

"It is to get rid of the awful responsibility of eight hundred thousand pounds which I have already received under the power of attorney, which Mr. William Bowles left with me on his departure for St. Petersburg. Ah, Mr. Beacham," he added, "you are a happy man, with youth, fortune—all that can render life agreeable!"

Poor Henry replied only by a sigh.

"Eight hundred thousand pounds!" repeated Mr. Bowles, senior; "why, the sum is enormous! you must have been very expeditious!"

"The late Mr. Grindem's affairs were in excellent order, and to do his little partner justice he gave me every assistance in his power. But come, gentlemen, fix a day that I may surrender up my trust, for, to speak the truth, I am weary of the responsibility."

"To-morrow," said William Bowles, "since you desire it,"

"No, not to-morrow," interrupted his friend, "you forget," he added, in a whisper, "that you are engaged to spend the day with Mary; the dear girl has already sacrificed so much that it would be cruel to disappoint her. The day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow, be it, then," repeated Mr. Mortimer. "Perhaps you will honor me by dining with me? I will have all the vouchers and accounts arranged for your inspection; and if you, sir, he added, addressing Mr. Bowles, senior, will honor me with a visit, perhaps your experience may prove of service to your young friend?"

To his son's great surprise—for the old gentleman rarely visited—his father accepted the invitation, and their visitor took his leave.

"Well, father, what say you now?" exclaimed his son, as the old gentleman once more began filling his pipe; "are you satisfied?"

"I don't know."

"Can anything be more straightforward?"

"Perhaps not."

"But what do you think?"

"I'll tell you the day after to-morrow."

And the speaker once more commenced puffing the fragrant weed. He was evidently cogitating.

"Upon my soul," muttered the son to himself, "the governor is absolutely growing suspicious!"

The next morning, previous to his starting on his visit to Mary Heartland, William Bowles entered the room where his friend Henry was busily occupied in writing. He had a packet of papers in his hand.

"Not now," said Beacham, as he laid them on the table. "I am in no humor for business now; give me till to-morrow!"

"This is not exactly business," replied his friend, seriously.

"What do they relate to?"

"That is more than I can tell, for I have never read a single line of them; but I feel that the time has arrived when you ought to be made acquainted with their contents. They relate, I believe, to some transactions of your late uncle."

The young man's curiosity was excited; he was about to break the seal when William laid his hand upon his shoulder to restrain him.

"Listen to me first," he said, "and when you have heard how I became possessed of them, then use your own discretion whether you will read or destroy them."

"There is some mystery, then?" observed Henry.

"There is a mystery."

William related to his astonished friend

all the circumstances which preceded and followed old Gridley's death, and the various attempts made by Small and Grindem, through the agency of Marjoram, to obtain possession of the papers; also the power which the former personage had exercised over his uncle whilst he possessed them. When he had done his friend grasped his hand and thanked him.

"You are right," he said, "I ought to peruse these papers alone."

CHAPTER XLIII.

DEATH OF SMALL.

Wise men may take counsel from a knave
But fools alone would trust them in the work
Of it.

THE evening previous to the day fixed for the settlement of the affairs of the firm of Grindem and Small, Mr. Mortimer was seated in his drawing-room, waiting the arrival of his rascally confederate. That very day he had drawn from the banks the enormous sum of five hundred thousand pounds, and the amount in bills, gold, and notes was placed in his cash box on the table before him. Despite the resolution which he had displayed in his interview with the Bowles's and Henry, as the moment approached his courage began to fail him, and he half repented of the promise he had given; yet how to recede he knew not. Like the Thane of Cawdor he was so far advanced in crime that to recede was more difficult than to advance. Much to the astonishment of his domestics, he had ordered considerable quantities of spirits to be brought into the drawing-room, and made such dispositions to secure the burning of his house, that had they not supposed him mad, or felt every confidence in his character, his intentions must have been suspected—the veil which covered them was so transparent.

"What did I want with wealth?" he murmured; "I had not even the poor excuse of poverty, for my income more than satisfied my wishes; and yet, for an idol I once despised, I have sacrificed honor, name, reputation—everything; and to conceal one crime am about to commit another, banish myself to a distant land, and die dishonored and unknown. God help me!" he added, "how frail are our resolutions! A year since had any one predicted such an event, I should have laughed them to scorn."

There was a knock at the drawing-room door.

"Come in!"

A footman entered with a box—it was the one Small had promised to send.

"Place it down," said the master, "and give the porter half-a-crown."

"He is gone, sir," replied the man; "he said it was paid for, and required no answer; but am I to leave it here?"

"I told you so."

"I beg pardon, but I thought you expected company?"

"Leave it as I desire you," said his master, sternly, "and make no more remarks. I expect a gentleman. As soon as he arrives show him up stairs, and remember that I am at home to no one else."

The domestic left the room, but in a few minutes returned, ushering in Mr. Small.

To a physiognomist the countenance of Mr. Mortimer's visitor might have appeared a curious study. His features were set as with some firm resolution, and his little grey eyes occasionally flashed with a light like those of a rattlesnake before it makes its spring.

"You are punctual," observed his host.

"I always am to business; it has been my maxim through life. Have you followed my directions?"

"I have."

"And the money?"

Mortimer pointed to the cash-box in the centre of the table. A quiet smile of intense satisfaction broke on the countenance of his visitor. It was indeed a triumph to him to obtain even a portion of the wealth of his late partner, whom he had so hated; besides, it gratified his pride as well as his avarice, for he defeated the precautions which Grindem had taken to prevent a shilling of it from falling into his hands.

"What have you there?" demanded Mr. Mortimer, pointing to the trunk which Small had sent a short time previous to his arrival.

A smile of hate and triumph passed over the countenance of the malignant wretch at the question.

"Some disguise, I suppose?" added the quariet.

"Not a disguise alone," replied his confederate, sinking his voice to a whisper, as if he feared the walls should echo his villany; "but the ledgers of the firm, the account-books, and the vouchers for far the greater part of old Grindem's wealth."

"But they are the property of his heir?"

"True. And without them he will be a beggar."

"What do you intend to do with them?" inquired the terror-stricken Mortimer.

"Burn them!" replied Small, deliberately; "cripple him! My revenge would be but half gratified were I not assured of his utter ruin! Aye, you may stare! but dearly as I love gold, deeply as I prize my personal safety, I would sacrifice both to insure his destruction! He has scorned—insulted me—and I am not one of those who forget!"

"Or forgive?" added his partner in iniquity, with a sigh.

"Right. Fools only practice that—it is the idiot's virtue! Revenge for me! But come, man," he added, "we have little time to lose. Have you no wine? Considering that I come to serve you, you give me but a cold reception. Am I not your friend—your preserver—your guardian angel?"

The tone of bitter mockery in which the question was asked, grated on the ears of Mortimer, who was naturally more weak than criminal: cursed with one of those plastic minds which yield to every impression, and are easily moulded to good or evil by men of stronger purpose.

"Angel!" he faltered, with a look of ill-disguised terror and disgust.

"Aye, Satan was one! Am I worse than he? But come—wine, wine," he added; "let's have a night of it—carouse to the success of our project—to the ruin of Henry Beacham!"

With a deep-drawn sigh, his host proceeded to the sideboard, and placed several bottles, and two well-filled decanters upon the table. Filling a glass, Small raised it above his head, and, with eyes sparkling with hate, exclaimed:

"Success!"

"Success!" repeated Mortimer, much with the air of a man who found himself obliged to hob and nob with the arch enemy of mankind.

"Again," continued Small, filling the glasses, "Confusion to our enemies!"

"I have no enemies," replied his host, with a sigh of remorse.

"Fool!" exclaimed his guest, "at this moment all mankind are your enemies, or will be when your defalcations are discovered. Those who are already plotting the plunder of the wealthy heir will hate you because you have been beforehand with them—the minions of justice who will try in vain to trace your steps—the mob whom your escape will disappoint—the fool whom you have robbed! No enemies!" he added, with a sneer; "why, there is not a knave who prates of honesty, or a dupe who believes in it, but to-morrow, should your robbery be discovered, will join in the hue and cry against you. A man never yet practised a piece of successful villainy but he made a thousand enemies. The world is so envious!"

"God help me!" exclaimed the repentant man, "I have fallen, indeed, never to rise again."

"Then why regret it?" continued his tempter. "Regret is the most useless feeling of the human heart! With me it shall be the last! I, too, have played a bold game, and lost it. Had I sat down with cold regret to keep my company I might have been a beggar. No, I waited,

calculated, staked again," he added, pointing to the cash-box upon the table, "and won. So may you."

"Aye, at the loss of reputation."

A low chuckle from Small indicated how little he either understood or sympathized with the feelings of his victim. To him reputation had long been merely a marketable commodity, worth only what it would bring.

"Reputation!" he repeated; "pooh! did you ever know a man who was rich, no matter in what land, who was not respected, courted, feared? Men pay homage to gold—it is the god of the earth, and rules it: there is not a vice which it will not gild, or a pleasure which it will not purchase; but fill, man—fill—down these gloomy forebodings; wine will give you nerve—courage; and before the night is out you will require both!"

The little man who had been drinking before his arrival was quite poetical in his excitement. Although he had a dangerous game to play, and meditated an act of atrocious cruelty and treachery, he still continued to drink: he knew his strength—like the serpent, whose venom is most virulent under a burning sun. Small was always most dangerous when under the maddening influence of drink. And so they continued to drain glass after glass in silence till the time-piece on the chimney struck the hour of midnight.

Mortimer started; he had no idea it was so late.

"Now," said his guest, "to business; but let us do everything in order; first send the servants to their beds."

"The servants?" faltered his host.

Small only nodded.

"I—I thought," continued the wretched man, "you spoke of firing the house?"

"Of course I did."

"Then they—the servants I mean—will be burnt with it?"

The look of horror with which this was uttered convinced Small that he had gone too far; the conscience of his dupe was not sufficiently seared for his purpose, so he thought it best to conceal it.

"Ridiculous!" he said. "Who ever heard of servants being burnt to death? They always contrive to escape, let who will suffer. The alarm is sure to be given in time for them to escape. Do you suppose," he added, in a tone of pretended reproach, "that I would run the risk of murder?"

"I don't know," exclaimed Mortimer, passionately; "it seems as if for the last two hours I have been banqueting with the fiend!"

"How are we to leave the house unperceived," continued the tempter, "if they remain up?"

"True—true."

"Or fire the house? They would give

the alarm at the first blaze, and all would be discovered! Act like a man, and don't let any qualms of conscience spoil our enterprise! You seem more careful of their safety than your own!"

"As you say they will escape."

"Of course they will—or at least they may. We leave them the choice."

Confused by the wine he had already drunk—subdued, if not convinced, by the artful reasons of his confederate—Mortimer rang the bell, and directed the servants to retire to rest: adding that he had business to arrange with his visitor, and would let him out himself.

In less than an hour the two confederates were the only two persons awake within the house; and that hour was employed in dividing the contents of the cash-box—the ill-acquired wealth of Gilbert Grindem.

By the time the division was accomplished the clock struck one.

"When do we start?" demanded Mortimer.

"In about two hours."

"To London?"

"To London," replied Small. "My wife and family have already left—all but Matthew," he added, bitterly; "the fool whose unnatural conduct has caused my ruin! Him I have left behind to starve—rot!"

"Your own son!" observed his host. "Have you a heart?"

"I suppose so, seeing that I could not well live without one. But if you mean to ask whether it is weak and womanish like yours, I answer No. Why should I think of the tie of blood between us, since he has forgotten it? But come, to business."

Going to the trunk he unlocked it, and removed from it several anatomical preparations which he had purchased some time previously, under the idea of presenting them to the museum, of which he was trustee and treasurer.

"What am I to do with these?" demanded Mortimer, as Small placed them in his arms.

"Put them in your bed, that when the ruins are examined—as they are sure to be—the fools may be convinced you perished in the fire; unless," he added, with a grin, "you prefer making the farce a tragedy by taking the place there yourself: it will prevent suspicion, and consequently pursuit. Let us get but four and twenty hours start, and we may defy them; the vessel will have sailed."

Pale with terror and disgust, the wretched man took the remnants of mortality as he was directed, and staggered with them into his chamber, which opened from the drawing-room. No sooner was he gone than Small hastily drew a phial from his side pocket, and emptied its contents into

the decanter which contained the port. He had been drinking sherry all night.

The phial contained the laudanum which he had bought on his way home after his first visit to Mortimer.

"Why how pale you look!" he exclaimed, as his dupe returned; "one would imagine that you had either seen or committed a murder!"

"Your countenance is as ghastly!" replied his dupe with a sigh. "Heaven forgive us both!"

"Amen!" said Small. "But come, take another glass of wine—it will give you courage. Our task is not yet half over. We shall never accomplish it if you suffer such thoughts to prey upon you! They drink the life blood of man, and blanch his cheek! There," he added, pouring out a glass of port for Mortimer, and one of sherry for himself, "that will refresh you!"

Despite his reckless character, the lips of the speaker became pale, and his teeth chattered, as the wretch drained the fatal draught. To conceal his emotion, he hastily tossed off the contents of his own glass, and placed it on the table.

"It has a strange taste!" observed Mortimer, as he followed his example.

"Pooh! your palate is out of order. Try another."

He did so, but observed that the second tasted even more strangely than the first. Convinced that the potion in a few minutes would do its work, Small hastily piled the furniture of the room upon the table, adding to it the account books, bills and vouchers which he had stolen from the office; next he poured over the mass several bottles of brandy and oil, so as to render the mass as combustible as possible. When he had finished, he viewed the preparation with savage delight. It was the funeral pyre of Henry Beacham's fortune! If he felt a pang of regret, it was that he could not sacrifice the object of his hatred with it.

"It will do," he said, addressing his confederate, who sat in his easy chair watching with glassy eyes the proceedings.

"Ye—yes," faltered Mortimer, upon whom the drug had begun to take effect; "I feel sick at heart—ugh—ugh!"

"Another glass of wine will set all right."

Small filled it, and held it to the lips of the half-stupified man; but he, either disgusted with the smell or suspecting treachery, by a violent effort dashed it hastily from his hand, and sat glaring upon his destroyer!

"Hang the fellow!" muttered Small, "why does he not sleep?"

Seating himself opposite his victim, he coldly watched the effects of the draught. It was evident that Mortimer suspected something, for after one or two ineffectual

efforts to rise from his chair and speak, he uttered a deep groan, and his eyes, which followed every look and motion of his destroyer, were strained with mental agony! The assassin began to feel uneasy—not at the sufferings of the wretched man, but at the delay.

"I must end this!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, as the timepiece struck the hour of two. "If the fool won't sleep, it's not my fault!"

So saying he took up the decanter of port, and, advancing to the wretch who sat spell-bound beneath the influence of the drug, poured a great portion of its contents down his throat.

"I think that will do for him!" he added.

For about ten minutes longer Mortimer continued to sit with his eyes fixed upon Small, who quailed beneath the stony, death-like glance. At last, to his infinite relief, the mental power by which the unhappy man had resisted the influence of the drug gave way, and his head sank upon his breast.

To rifle his person of his share of the plunder of Henry Beacham's fortune was the work of an instant; that done, his murderer dragged him by the collar from the drawing-room into the bed-room, placed the still breathing body upon the bed, and returned for several bottles of spirits and oil, which he poured over the sheets and coverlid.

During the whole of these transactions, although deeply excited, Small's prudence never once deserted him; he carefully closed the shutters of both rooms, in order that the appearance of the flames might not cause an alarm to be given too soon.

His next step was to heap up every combustible matter he could lay his hands on under the staircase, before he returned to the drawing-room to disguise himself, which he did as coolly as if preparing for a masquerade.

And it was a masquerade between him and death, in which he was playing a terrible game with justice.

When all was arranged he took up one of the candles, and retired to the staircase, which he fired. The house being old the flame caught rapidly, and in a few minutes all possibility of escape for the servants was cut off. He next descended to the bedroom of the still-breathing Mortimer, and, applying the light to the curtains, the room in an instant was in a blaze. Repeating the treacherous act, the pile in the drawing-room was ignited, and Small saw, with the exultation of a fiend, the books, bills, and vouchers shrivelled up before his eyes.

Thus the house was fired in three places.

"'Tis done!" he exclaimed; "and the man I hate is a beggar! I am old Grind-

em's heir!" he added, with a diabolical laugh; "I alone inherit his ill-gotten wealth! It was for his drudge, his tool, his despised partner that he toiled, slaved and sinned. For all his crimes I wish him no other punishment than the knowledge of my triumph over him and his idol nephew. How the old serpent must writhe within his grave!"

Finding that the room was too hot to remain, the cold-blooded assassin, drawing his disguise closer round him, descended to the hall; the staircase, which was burning, was the one leading to the upper portion of the house. His heart, although he had consigned so many human beings to destruction, felt not the least reproach or pang of remorse: such feelings—even if he had ever possessed them—were drowned in the intoxication of his revenge.

"One minute more," he exclaimed, as he approached the door, "and I'm free! I shall be just in time for the early train! In a foreign land I shall have wealth enough to satisfy even my craving spirit! Grindem's wealth—there is the triumph! the old miser's hoard and Beaucham's fortune! I should be but half satisfied with my success did it not leave him a beggar!"

He carefully laid his hand on the lock—to his terror and disappointment the key was gone; it was one of those which fasten with a spring, and the footman, knowing that his master had a key, and could let his guest out when he pleased, as a matter of precaution had withdrawn his. Cold, heavy drops of perspiration broke over Small's countenance—his heart beat wildly. Here was a chance he had not foreseen! In the very moment of success the hand of justice had reached him—not human justice, but that Divine, unerring hand which forbears with patience; but when it strikes, strikes with certainty.

In an instant the horror of his fate rushed on him. His presence of mind deserted him. He who had been so cold and calculating whilst plotting and executing the destruction of others, became helpless as a child to save himself. In the agony of his terrors the impious wretch dared to call upon heaven for assistance—invoke the Being whose laws he had outraged, whose image he had defaced."

The lower part of Mr. Mortimer's residence, like many of the houses in Manchester, was let off for warehouses, and entirely separated from the upper stories. Only the entrance hall, which was built of stone, and terminated in an old-fashioned wooden staircase, was retained. There was no back-yard—no escape that way—no egress but by the door; and that was barred—sternly barred against him.

The wretched man in his despair dashed

himself against the walls, like some wild animal which suddenly finds itself caught in a trap. He tried to force the lock by thrusting in his fingers, till they bled, between the bolt and the catch—it was all in vain. Exhausted by his fruitless efforts, he sank despairingly upon the floor, alternately howling curses on his own folly, or calling upon heaven to assist him.

Not one pang of remorse—not one thought of his victims.

And there he crouched, like a lonely, sullen thing, caught in his own toils.

He was roused from the stupor into which he at last had fallen, by the crackling of the flames above. With desperate force he threw himself against the door, and began screaming and shouting for assistance—but there was none at hand.

"What am I to do?" he exclaimed. "I shall be burnt—scorched like a wolf in my den! Is there no hope? God have mercy on me! No help—no assistance!"

The very precaution the wretch had taken in closing the shutters of the rooms above, prevented the flames from being visible: so that while the house was a glowing furnace within, all was dark without.

As a last chance, he resolved to pass the burning staircase, and, if possible, reach the roof; from thence it was possible, he thought, to pass to one of the neighboring houses, and so escape—it was his last hope; for even if he could endure the heat below until an alarm was given, his being found in the house would lead to suspicion, inquiry, and detection.

"Better die in the fire," he thought, "than swing as a murderer!"

With this resolution he mounted the staircase, and once more endeavored to enter the drawing-room. On opening the door the current of air caused the flames to rush out. They blackened his face, scorched his brows and eyelids. In vain he attempted to close it—the pain was too much to be braved a second time. The staircase leading to the servants' room was one blaze of fire; the flames leaped and curled round the balustrade like things instinct with life. In several places the charred boards had fallen through, and nothing remained but the red, angry, glowing beams which had supported them; and even these were so far eaten through that he was afraid to trust them, lest his weight should cause them to break, and precipitate him into the fearful furnace beneath.

Howling with agony he placed his hand on the fiery balustrade, and began his ascent. By the time he had reached the top his feet and hands were burnt to the bone, and his body scorched by the circling flames which, with retributive justice, leaped and played around his person.

In the midst of his agony he perceived the notes and bills for which he had risked so much curl and crisp in his bosom, where he had concealed them. His clothes being woollen, did not blaze, but he felt that he was incased in them as in a cylinder. Great as was his bodily pain, his mental anguish exceeded it. Like all ferocious animals, Small possessed a dogged resolution where life was at a stake. Half dead as he was, and suffocated, he resolved to struggle to the last. Perhaps the feverish state of his blood gave him an unnatural courage, for no sooner did he reach the top of the stairs than he looked wildly round for the means of egress.

Despite his own position and the visible justice which had reached him, no sentiment of pity for the unfortunate wretches who were sleeping near him, unconscious of their danger, touched his heart. With a groan of satisfaction he perceived a ladder upon the landing place, which led to a trap-door opening on the roof. With a desperate effort he mounted the ladder, grinding his teeth at every step, pushed aside the door, and stood upon the leads. He little thought how soon they would melt beneath his feet?

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "I am saved!"

His next thought was to draw the ladder up after him, thereby rendering the escape of the servants hopeless! And yet an instant before he had dared to offer thanks to heaven!

The shutters of the drawing-room and Mr. Mortimer's bedroom, which faced the street, soon became charred by the flames within. The heat caused the glass to crack, and the current of air which the opening of the door admitted, gave fresh strength to the raging fire. Just as Small reached the roof, the flames broke from the windows in all directions. At first there was a single cry of "Fire!"

"Discovered!" groaned the guilty wretch. "The fire is discovered, and I still here!"

In an inconceivably short space of time the one which had given the alarm was swelled to hundreds. Then rose the hum of voices, the rattling of wheels as the engines drove furiously up, and the shouts of the police and firemen.

Small cast his eyes despairingly round—it was almost daylight—and he saw no means of passing to the roof of the next, for the roofs of the houses on either side were considerably higher; and turn which way he would, nothing but a steep party-wall presented itself—nothing by which even a cat could climb; and the leads began to burn beneath his feet, the soles of his boots ceased to be pliable, but felt stiff and hard like clogs.

In his terror his presence of mind, on

which he had so much prided himself, entirely deserted him, and thinking only of his present safety, he contrived to perch himself upon the summit of a tall stack of chimneys which rose in the centre of the roof; as they were continued through each story of the house, his position was comparatively a safe one.

In this situation, where he was hidden by the projecting wall of the neighboring houses from observation, we must leave him, whilst we beg our readers to follow us to the street below.

Foremost amongst the firemen, who were vainly endeavoring to master the raging element, was our old friend Tim's Dick. The little weaver had a mania for being present at every fire in Manchester, and could date certain events from the time Mr. So-and-So's house had been burned, or such a factory destroyed.

Small's precautions had been too well taken, and the fire had raged too long, to give the faintest hope of subduing it. The chief of the fire brigade saw, with a practised eye, that the flames broke out in three places. Shaking his head, with a knowing look at Marjoram, who, with the police, were actively engaged on the spot, he observed:

"That's not a natural fire!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the man, "that when the flames break out in several places at once, some one must have prepared the work!"

"You think, then," said the officer, "that it is a planned affair?"

"No doubt of it."

At this moment a loud shriek from the mob announced that something fearful had occurred. Looking up towards the upper window, they saw the three domestics of Mr. Mortimer, who at last had been awakened by the noise and approach of the fire, wringing their hands at the case-ments, with all the signs of despair.

There was a general cry for the fire-escape. Some of the neighbors brought beds and mattresses, and made signs for them to cast themselves down; but the height was too fearful.

"They will be burned to death!" observed Tim's Dick, with a groan; "why don't they leap—it's their only chance!"

Those who were near regarded the speaker as an oracle in all matters concerning fires, and there was a general cry for them to leap; still the wretched creatures hesitated.

Just as the fire-escape was seen at the end of the street, the entire front and floors of the buildings fell in with a loud crash. Nothing was to be seen but a mass of burning rafters, a cloud of smoke and sparks, which rose from the ruins like those of a smothered rocket.

"Lord have mercy on them!" exclaimed the weaver, with a groan; "their troubles are over!"

And so they were; their last groan was drowned in the crash of the burning materials—their last sigh smothered in the fiery embers.

In the midst of the ruins, when the clouds of smoke cleared away, the tall stack of chimneys was discovered, like some tottering tower which time had spared, whilst the surrounding building fell in decay. To their astonishment and horror, the mob discovered a creature—whom at first they scarcely considered human—clinging to the summit of the shaking mass, which threatened every instant to fall.

There was no cry of terror this time—the danger of the position held every one mute—men scarcely drew their breath: it was like the sullen silence in the crowd which precedes the sweep of the sword of the executioner. Marjoram was the first to speak.

"Advance the escape!" he cried.

"It will be useless," replied the chief fireman; "the mass would not bear the least weight. See how it reels already!"

And the speaker was right—its vibrations were plainly perceptible. Some thought that the miserable wretch was already dead, and clung to his hold merely with the death-clutch.

"He is dead!" they cried.

"No, no—it moves!"

Small, although half stifled with the smoke, was not insensible: his agonies were too intense for that. The flesh had cracked upon his bones with the heat and flames, and the sinews of his arms and legs were so contracted, that even if he had had the strength, it would have been impossible to have stretched them. If suffering could atone for crime, even on earth he had paid a fearful penalty. Whilst the crowd were silently regarding him, Henry Beacham, accompanied by William Bowles, arrived upon the spot.

"By heavens, 'tis Mortimer!" he exclaimed. "A hundred guineas to the man who rescues him!"

The offer was made in vain—not a being stirred.

Small heard and recognized the voice; even in that moment his ferocious hatred did not abandon him. Conscious that the fortune for which he had envied him was lost, he uttered a yell of triumph, so loud and unearthly, that all who heard it trembled. The next moment the tottering mass fell, with a loud crash, and the murderer was buried in the pile which his own desperate hands had lighted.

William and Henry, after the death of Small, continued to regard each other in silence—they were too much overcome with horror to speak. No sooner had the

tottering mass fallen, than the firemen, with their long rakes, endeavored to draw the remains from the still burning ashes; after several ineffectual attempts, they at last succeeded. Foremost amongst the crowd who pressed forward to recognize them was Tim's Dick.

Although the body was partially consumed, and the flesh, in parts, falling in fragments, the little weaver recognized the distorted, blackened features of Small. He was perfectly aware that Mr. Mortimer had been intrusted to wind up the affairs of the firm of Grinden and Company, and, with his natural shrewdness, he instantly suspected that something was wrong. Like the senior fireman, he, too, had felt convinced that the fire was not accidental.

"So," he thought, "there is an end to the richest firm in Manchester. First, the old man, whose heart was hard as granite, was suddenly called to his account—now his partner. In truth the murderers of poor Gridley have not prospered!"

As he made his way through the mob, he saw the two friends still silently gazing on the scene.

"A sad thing, Mr. Bowles!" he said, touching his hat respectfully.

"Fearful! shocking!"

"I suppose you know who it was that was perched like a fiend on the top of the chimneys, and who fell with them?"

"Not Mortimer, poor fellow! I trust it was not Mortimer!" replied the kind-hearted youth.

"Mortimer!" said the weaver; "no, no; sad as his fate has been, he was spared, I hope, a death like that!"

"Who was it?" demanded Henry.

"Your uncle's old partner, Mr. Small."

"Small!" repeated both the young men in astonishment. "What should he do there?"

"That, gentlemen, is a question between him and his Judge; but if we may guess from his past life, no good. If you doubt my word, approach, and convince yourselves. His features, although blackened by the fire and the smoke, and twisted and distorted by agony, are still recognizable."

Tempted by restless curiosity, the young men advanced to the spot where the disfigured corpse had been laid, and then they distinctly recognized the mangled, half-burnt body as that of Small. Even Henry, whom he had so cruelly injured, felt a touch of pity. It was impossible for any being with a heart not to feel regret at such a fate.

"God forgive him," he sighed, "as freely as I do!"

"Amen!" repeated William Bowles.

And the two friends, sick at heart at the scene they had witnessed, made the best of their way through the crowd, and retired from the spot.

The confusion occasioned by the destruction of the books and papers rendered the winding up of the affairs of the firm a difficult, if not hopeless task. Many of the principal debtors, when they found that all the accounts and vouchers were destroyed, advanced counter-claims which it was useless to dispute; so that at the end of a month, after the affairs had been fully investigated, Henry Beacham found that of the splendid inheritance left by his uncle, not more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds had been realized. This, however, was the least of the young man's sorrow—he had never cared for money; there was a hidden sorrow in his heart which was slowly consuming him.

"It is enough, Henry," observed his faithful friend, as they were talking over matters after the final settlement of the accounts; "enough for contentment, though not for splendor. Why, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds you are placed far beyond the cares of the world."

"But I do not possess that sum," replied Henry, with a bitter smile.

"Not possess it? Why I placed it in the bank myself. There is a mystery about poor Mortimer's death, and that rascal Small's—heaven forgive me for speaking ill of the dead!—that I cannot understand. I cannot bring myself to be, lieve that eight hundred thousand pounds perished in the fire."

"Nor I?"

"Yet that Mortimer and Small met their fate there we have ample proof; whether by accident or design, time, the great unraveller of all mysteries, perhaps will one day inform us. But come," he added, "how do you intend to invest the remainder of your fortune. Purchase an estate, and turn country gentleman?"

"No."

"Or enter into the mercantile world? with your talents and character, the path of success lies open. Besides, it would amuse you."

"Amuse me!" repeated Henry, bitterly. "My dear fellow, as yet you do not know half my misfortune. You think me still comparatively rich, when in honesty and truth twenty thousand pounds is all I can call my own, and even that, when I recollect the nature of my late uncle's transactions, I fear will bring a curse with it!"

"Only twenty thousand!" deliberately answered William, at the same time mentally asking himself if his friend's wits were in their right place. "I do not understand you!"

"It is time, then, that I should explain myself. You remember the papers," he added, and a blush of shame suffused his pale cheek, "which you recovered at the expense of a thousand pounds, from Marjoram?"

"Perfectly."

"They informed me of a fearful secret; that the foundation of my uncle's wealth was laid in fraud; that he had dishonestly withheld from the orphan and the widow a sum which, with the interest due, amounts to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds."

"And Gridley knew this?" exclaimed William; "that explains everything—even his——"

He paused, fearful of saying too much.

"His death you would have added!" observed Henry, calmly; "I fear even that. Poor old man! he had a kind heart, although a weak one."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Return the money to the rightful owner," replied Henry, proudly; "it is painful enough to feel that one whom, with all his faults—crimes," he added, with a shudder, "I must still regard—for he loved me—committed an unworthy act. I can neither participate in it, nor descend to profit by it."

"And the heir to this large sum—is he poor?"

"No; but her youth was passed in poverty and privation, when wealth should have encircled her with every comfort. She is wealthy now, for she has made a brilliant marriage—sold herself for gold, William—gold—and broken my heart."

"Is it possible," said William, "the heiress is——"

"Amy Lawrence."

And the speaker buried his face in his hands, to hide the tears which, despite his resolution, the name of her he still so fondly loved called forth.

"What will she think of me," he added, bitterly, "when the felon's heir shall restore to her her plundered wealth? Will not the image of her brother, who died worn out with toil and disappointments, from which a tenth part of this sum would have saved him, rise to her view, and teach her heart to spurn me? But even that bitter humiliation I must endure, rather than despise myself. Little did I think that my uncle's fortune was founded on the plunder of his ill-used clerk."

"Humiliation?" repeated William, wiping away a tear; "no, Henry—there will be honor, not shame in the act; and if I read Amy's heart aright, your noble conduct will but render you more dear to her. She loves you still."

"Pshaw!" replied his friend, with an air of incredulity.

"Her fainting at the ball to which that treacherous Lady Playwell invited us proves it. Let us be just," continued William; "she deemed you false—married to another. Friendless and unprotected, alone in the world, can you blame her that she accepted a shelter from its storms?"

"Had she loved truly, William, she would have refused it. Poverty would have been light—till a pleasure—death a relief. Such was my love for Amy."

"And such," replied his friend, "would have been hers for you had she not deemed you false to her. Come, be just: let the sin rest with those whose heartless falsehood separated you; not with the poor, broken-hearted girl who has been its victim. Had you seen her when she read the account of your marriage in the paper, as she lay half dead upon my shoulder, you would not doubt the sincerity of her passion. But this is idle now, and can only serve to awaken regrets as useless as they are vain; you require to mix in the world, and shake off this lethargy, which is destroying you."

"The world—what is it now to me? a blank—a desert!"

"But even in the desert flowers may still be found. There is an oasis everywhere, if we but search for it. In three days, you know, I am to be married."

"Happy fellow!"

"We intend to take a trip to Paris; perhaps in a week or a fortnight you will join us? Mary loves you already like a brother. Will you come?"

"What, to mar your happiness by the sight of my misery! cast a gloom over the joys of your bride! Do not ask it. I trust I am not envious, William; but I could not bear the contrast. No," he added, "I will, despite the anger or prohibition of the general, see his wife once more—restore to her her fortune—and then it little matters what follows."

Despite the entreaties of Bowles, Henry remained firm in his resolution not to visit Paris—the thought of gaiety was hateful to him. Like the wounded stag he preferred solitude, where he could mourn or die in silence.

Firm as his refusal was, it was destined to be broken—the friends met in Paris.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MEETING OF MARY AND AMY.

"They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms which others see;
But were I in a foreign land
They'd find no change in me —Ballard.

As soon as Amy was sufficiently recovered from the shock she had received at Lady Playwell's ball, her husband, anxious to prevent the explanation which he felt assured would destroy her peace of mind for ever, urged her departure for Paris. To Amy it was indifferent where she hid her sorrows; she was alarmed at her own weakness, and readily gave consent.

"I can die," she thought, "in Paris as easily as in London! A grave is to be found everywhere!"

Weeks rolled on, and Amy, who was sustained in the struggle by a sense of duty and gratitude to her husband for his untiring kindness, had, if not recovered her health, at least regained her fortitude. In this she was assisted by the idea that Henry had heartlessly abandoned her; and she felt that it was due no less to the name she bore than her own self-respect to forget him.

How strange is human love! uncertain, wild:
Reason its slave—philosophy a child,
Which fleeteth from us on the rainbow wings
Of the weak heart's vain, fond imaginings.

With all her resolution and high principle, there were moments when the young wife found her fortitude sadly tried. A word, a flower, a snatch of music, unconsciously hummed, would recall the past: and tears would flow, and bitter regrets, and reflections of what her fate might have been, would follow.

Amy was seated one evening in her splendid apartment at the Meurice Hotel, alone—as the general had been obliged to dine at the embassy, much to his secret annoyance; for, like a miser, he was never happy when separated from his treasure. When her *femme de chambre* entered the room, she found her mistress weeping. Doubtless the girl, in her simplicity, wondered how so rich a lady, whose diamonds at the last court ball had been the admiration of half Paris, could find time to cry; but she was young, and had not yet found out that gems and gold can give little pleasure to an aching heart.

"A card, madame."

Amy mechanically took it from the salver, and read the name of Mrs. William Bowles, and underneath, written in pencil, "late Miss Hartland."

"At home!" she eagerly exclaimed.

The girl left the room delighted to find that anything could afford pleasure to her sorrowing mistress, whose gentleness had won her affectionate gratitude.

The two girls—for Amy and Mary were little more—met with all the signs of that affection which time cannot destroy, for it was founded upon a knowledge of each other's worth. The latter had a delicate task to perform; for, contrary to his first resolution, Henry Beacham, on hearing that Amy was in Paris, had arrived that very day, and declared that no consideration should prevent his seeing her, and vindicating his honor and faith.

"It will make her wretched," observed William.

"Not so," observed his wife, with true woman's instinct. "Better that she should find that she has been betrayed by the treachery of others than by her lover's un-

worthiness; better to mourn his loss than despise him."

William was silenced—his own heart convinced him that his wife was right.

"Dear, dear, unkind Amy!" sobbed Mary, as she held her in a fond embrace. "How cruel of you not to answer our letters!"

"What letters?" demanded her astonished friend.

"Mine and Mr. Bowles'; the old gentleman is quite broken-hearted on your account—says that his adopted daughter has forgotten him."

"Letter!" repeated Amy—"I received none. I wrote day after day—waited till I was heart-sick for a reply: for I was loth to think my last friends had forsaken me. A line—a word—would have saved me from much misery."

"There must have been treachery somewhere. Indeed, William's father always said so; and I believe, if his son had not been at St. Petersburg, he would have gone up to London himself to find out the truth. Can you explain it?"

"I think I can," replied her friend, after a pause. "In the house of Lady Playwell I was exposed to the solicitations of one of those heartless libertines who think every woman frail, and all mankind false—perhaps they judge them after their own vile natures. I remember now that on one occasion, when I had repelled him with scorn, he threatened to isolate me from my friends, menaced me with poverty. Heaven forgive him!" she added. "It was a cruel act towards one so helpless as myself."

"You left Lady Playwell, then?"

"I was driven from her house, Mary, by my self respect. I sought shelter with a dear, good girl, who, like myself, had known sorrow and disappointment. We tolled together at the needle—sat up night after night to earn a scanty pittance. At length poor Fanny fell ill—was dying. Our last shilling gone, the hospital seemed her only resource, the poor house mine. In this position a kind and generous man offered me his hand. I told him everything—told him how I had loved, and been deceived—that I had no heart to give. I may blush at the weakness of that heart, Mary—but not before my husband."

Mary was astonished. What a scene of treachery and misery did the few words of Amy unravel! In her heart she had judged that the poor girl, finding herself alone in the world, had wisely given her hand to a man whose wealth and rank secured her against the cares of the future: little had she imagined that want, in its most appalling form, had driven her to it. The excited manner of the speaker informed her that she would have a more painful task than she anticipated in undeceiving her—she knew not how to begin,

and therefore remained silent. The words "St. Petersburg" had caught the attention of Amy—her heart beat violently at the name—but she feared to question her visitor.

"And so," she observed at last, "you are married?"

"Yes," replied Mary, with a modest blush.

"And happy?"

"Most happy," continued the bride. "William is all kindness and affection. Often do I ask myself how I have deserved so true a heart: for you know I was once weak enough to doubt it. But have you no friend to inquire after?" she added, with a faint smile; "none in whose welfare you take an interest?"

"None."

"Not Henry?"

"Forbear!" exclaimed Amy, starting from the couch; "pray forbear, dear girl! there are chords in the human heart which, when touched, respond in agony. Why name him? why remind me of one who has forgotten me?"

"Not forgotten you, Amy," interrupted her friend. "You must know the truth at least, and it will be better to hear it from the lips of one who can sympathise with you—share your sorrows—than from a stranger. Summon up all your fortitude, for you will require it."

"What mean you? Is—is he dead?" gasped Mrs. Playwell.

"No."

"Speak—speak freely—I am firm now! my heart is so schooled in suffering it can bear anything—but suspense; though what have I to fear, to whom hope and happiness alike are strangers?"

"I trust not; you have much within your reach—you are rich now?"

"Aye, rich—rich! the world thinks one happy, Mary, but it cannot read my heart. True, I might walk on gold, and deck my brow with the spoils of India's mines; but did you ever hear," she added, "that the victim offered as a sacrifice felt proud of the gilded trappings? Do not keep me in suspense, I entreat you! Henry is—"

"Still true to you—still unmarried."

Amy stood for an instant like one who had received a violent blow upon the brain. Stunned and overwhelmed by the intelligence, she could not speak—her heart was to full—words were denied her. Her friend, who suffered little less than herself at the sight of her agony, caught her with one hand in hers, and throwing the other around her, endeavoured, by a thousand tender words, to recall her to herself. At first she feared that reason had fled forever, so mute and motionless she stood—a statue of despair.

"Amy—dear Amy," she exclaimed, "one word—but one! God, this is dreadful!"

Still no reply.

"Forgive me for thus distressing you! I thought it for the best, judging your heart by my own. I yielded to the entreaties of poor Henry, and——"

At the name the spell was broken, the consciousness of the extent of her misery returned, and the unhappy Amy sank upon the floor with a deep-drawn sigh.

With the assistance of her waiting woman, Mary conveyed her to her chamber, but more than an hour elapsed ere she could draw from her more than inarticulate words of self-reproach. Tears came at last to her relief, and she sobbed like a child upon the bosom of its mother.

"Thank heaven!" said her agitated friend, "you are better now! Tears relieve the heart. I little thought that it would give me pleasure to see you weep, dear girl!"

"Unmarried!" repeated Amy.

Mary replied not.

"What must he think of me, that, like a heartless thing, I sold myself for wealth—bartered my hand! It wanted but this—but this?"

"Not so!" eagerly interrupted her friend; "he judges you better. Deeply as he is wounded—much as he suffered, he fully exonerates you. But I am a bearer from him of a last request."

"A last request! Let me hear it?"

"He entreats to see you, to prove to you the cruel means by which your mutual happiness has been destroyed by his unworthy uncle."

"No, no—I cannot, dare not see him! My heart would break beneath his eye! I can bear misery alone, but not the pang of seeing him! Tell him that I request—entreat that he will not see me; that I implore him to forget me, and in the arms of another——"

She could not conclude her wish—the struggle was too great for her.

"Another!" repeated Mary, reproachfully. "Ah, Amy, I did not expect that from you! Henry is not the man to love a second time! Reflect! it is but one effort! In justice to yourself as well as him, you ought to see him."

"You are right," exclaimed her friend, with sudden resolution. "It is but the last pang—why should I shrink from it?" Better to die beneath the effort than to live beneath the weight of his contempt. Let him come."

"In a few days—as soon as you have strength."

The sufferer turned her eyes with a touching expression upon the speaker. There was in the glance the despair of a breaking heart.

"Strength!" she repeated; "you do not know how strong I am to suffer! If the last blow failed, nothing can kill me: death shuns a wretch to whom his doom were mercy!"

"But your husband, Amy?"

"True, true—I have a husband; I had forgotten him: a kind old man, who gave an honored name to a poor friendless girl, in the hope to win her love. Pity," she added, with a sigh, "she had no heart to give."

It was late before Mary tore herself away, but not till she had arranged to see her friend on the following morning.

"God bless you, Amy," she said, as she bent over her, and kissed her burning brow; "and may He strengthen you, for you are sorely tried!"

A large round tear which fell upon the sufferer's cheek, proved how deep was the sympathy of the kind speaker.

When General Playwell returned to the hotel after leaving the ambassador, he was met by Lisette, his wife's waiting-woman, upon the stairs; he saw, by her red eyes, that she had been weeping. Knowing how sincerely she was attached to her mistress, he became alarmed.

"Your lady?" he exclaimed.

"Is ill, general—very ill."

This anxious old man was proceeding towards her chamber, when Lisette arrested his steps.

"My mistress sleeps now, general," she added; "pray do not disturb her!"

"I must see her."

"It was her request."

"Her request!" repeated the old man, in a tone of disappointment; "well, she shall not complain of my unkindness. Where is Rigid?"

"In the servants' room."

"Send him to me."

Lisette hastened to fulfill his order, leaving the general a prey to the most cruel anxiety. His jealousy was aroused; for he loved his young wife—fondly, passionately loved her.

When Rigid entered the general's dressing-room he found his master pacing up and down the apartment with all the signs of a violent agitation. The faithful old fellow's first thought was that the general was ill, and he exclaimed, in his usual manner:

"What is the matter now?"

"I am ill, Rigid," replied his master, striking his breast; "ill at ease."

"Gout or rheumatism?"

The old man darted a furious look at his follower. His first impression was that Rigid was sporting with his feelings; but the serious, calm face with which the speaker had put the question proved his perfect good faith in asking it.

"Neither," he groaned; "but ill at heart!"

"Humph!" said the old soldier, after a pause, "that's a complaint I can't prescribe for—I know nothing about hearts; you had better send for some one else."

He turned upon his heel, and was about

to quit the room, when the voice of the general, who pronounced the word "Halt!" in a tone of military command, restrained him. Rigid drew himself up to his full height, and saluted: he never trifled with or dreamt of disobeying any orders that were delivered in that manner.

"Rigid," said the old man, after a pause, "I am wretched—my wife does not love me!"

"Serve you right—what did you marry for? You could not expect, at your age, that a young creature of nineteen should love an old fellow who might be her grandfather—it is not in nature. Had you befriended her instead of marrying her, she would have loved you—loved you like a father—shed over your grave tears of the tenderest affection, visited it with grateful recollection—as it is——"

"She will rejoice when I am gone—rejoice to be disembarassed of the aged fool whose life is a bar to her happiness—whose wealth she anticipates as the means of enriching her early lover. But I'll disappoint her—disappoint them both—not a penny of my fortune shall she inherit! If she marries him, she shall go to him a beggar!"

Rigid regarded his master for a few moments with an air of painful surprise; he knew him to be, from long experience, of a jealous and suspicious nature; but he had never before thought him of a mean or revengeful one.

"Am I not right?" added the general.

"No," replied the old soldier firmly; "you are not right! and the very inquiry proves it; those who feel that they are right never ask that question. What! after having deluded the poor thing into a marriage, under the plea that you were too poor to offer her a shelter, or save her from the cares and perils of the world in any other way, you would punish her for your disappointment! She told you before she married you that she loved another."

"How know you that?" said his master, with a look of surprise: "did Amy tell you so?"

"I guessed it from her candour and love of truth," answered the old soldier; "she is too good to have deceived you; and you, instead of imitating her sincerity and candour, urged your selfish suit—won her! Were you so blind," he added, "as to suppose that a reluctant bride could make a happy wife?"

The general bowed his head at the reproach—he felt that he merited it; for there could be but little doubt but Amy's marriage with him was the only bar to her happiness.

"Rigid," he observed, after a pause, "your mistress had a visitor?"

"I know it."

"One of her earliest friends, from whom she has doubtless learnt that—the person?"

—he added, for he could not bring himself to pronounce the name of Henry Beacham—"to whom she was once attached is still unmarried."

"And did you know it, general?" demanded Rigid, in a tone of reproach.

"No, by heaven!" exclaimed his master; like the rest of the world, I deemed he had been faithless to her. Whatever my weakness may have descended to, it has never led me to dishonor."

The countenance of the old soldier cleared—nay, almost assumed a kindness of expression: he felt relieved that he could still respect his master.

"Do you know where her friend is staying?" continued the general.

"Hotel de Bristol: I heard her give directions to the coachman as she drove away. Poor thing—her eyes were red with weeping!"

"You must go there——"

"Must I!" growled the sergeant, with a dissatisfied air, for he had a soldier's contempt for a spy.

"And inquire," continued his master, "if a gentleman named Beacham is staying there. Do this quietly, and return to me."

"And what then?" demanded Rigid, with an enquiring glance.

"If I find that he is in Paris, I shall endeavor to persuade Amy to depart for Italy. Indeed, I have meditated such a step," added the general, "for some days—the aspect of Paris alarms me. His most Christian majesty is dreadfully unpopular—his ministers are hurrying on a crisis which the Orleans faction will not be slow to profit by. But enough of this—do as I have directed you."

Rigid walked towards the door, but suddenly turned back, as if struck by some idea.

"You have no intention of a duel, general?" he said.

"No."

"Honor?"

"At present, positively no," repeated his master.

Perfectly satisfied as to the speaker's intention upon this point, the old soldier left the hotel, and returned in about an hour with the intelligence that Henry Beacham was in Paris at the Hotel de Bristol, Place Vendome.

"I thought so!" muttered the general, with a groan of despair. "We must go to Italy—anywhere—to avoid him. Their meeting will be the signal for the ruin of my happiness."

It was late the following day before the general was admitted to his wife's dressing-room. Knowing the severe shock she must have received, he was astonished to find her dressed; but her countenance was pale as a marble statue sculptured on some tomb. There was an unnatural

calmness in her appearance and manner which alarmed her anxious husband more than passionate grief would have done, or violent bursts of emotion; for such sorrow, like the throes of the earthquake, however terrible, are not lasting. It is the silent grief which kills."

"Amy—dear Amy," said the old man, tenderly, "you have been ill, and I away!"

The lips of the sufferer quivered as she attempted to reply to him.

"Not now—not now," added the old man hastily. "We will speak of this some other time, when you are more composed. Paris does not agree with you, and the aspect of the people is any thing but assuring; in three days we will depart for Italy: there you will be better—happier. What say you?"

"In three days I shall be ready to accompany you."

"But why in three days?—why not start to-morrow?"

"Because," replied his wife, with desperate calmness, "I have a task to perform which will require all my fortitude. He"—she could not bring herself to pronounce the name of Henry—"whom I once loved, has arrived in Paris, unmarried, true—true as my heart once believed him; he has asked to see me."

"But you will not see him?" exclaimed the general passionately; "you will not indulge a request which is both ungenerous and unwise, and which will be torture to me—for what purpose?"

"To vindicate myself—to prove to him that I am not the mercenary thing I blush to name—that I did not knowingly barter my faith for wealth! I can endure anything but his contempt!"

"Contempt!" repeated her husband; "he cannot—dare not!"

"Believe me," she added, "I shall find no ungenerous judge. His heart is as generous as your own!"

"Amy, I entreat—I implore!"

"Do not ask it," said his wife hurriedly; "could I avoid the interview with honor, I would spare myself and him the pang; but I have no right to refuse it. What!" she continued, and her pale cheek flushed as she spoke; "would you have me pass in the eyes of the man to whom I once pledged—to whom my heart was once given—for a sordid thing who bartered her hand for wealth—made vilest merchandise of her affections? The thought—the thought would kill me!"

It was in vain that the general used the most passionate entreaties—Amy remained firm. There was a gentleness and kindness in her manner of refusing him which showed that even the misery of her own heart had not rendered her insensible to the agony of his. Not one word of reproach for the deceit he had practiced re-

specting his fortune—not one word of regret for the barrier which her ill-starred marriage had raised between her and the object of her dearest affections. Finding it impossible to shake her resolution, the general left the room in a state of mind little less agonised than his wife's. He was jealous—not of the virtue of Amy; as yet that suspicion had not gnawed his heart or stung his brain to madness—it was her love: he pined for that as the lost traveller in the desert pines for the oasis and gushing fountain.

That same day Amy dispatched a note to her friend Mary, simply saying that she would receive the visit of Henry Beacham the following morning.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN OLD MAN'S SORROW.

"Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe
Defend me from jealousy."—*Osello.*

Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause—a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and, feeding alike upon its heart and brain, it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment-seat, and gives the reins to passion; it is the punishment of Tantalus, without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill with which it adduces proof from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain; the proofs which should convince but tend to confirm its fatal error.

"Trifles light as air are to the jealous
Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ."

General Playwell left Amy in a state of mind which Henry Beacham might have pitied. It is a fearful thing for the body to grow too old and the heart to remain young—to sustain the susceptibilities and affection of youth, when youth can no longer respond to them—to feel that time has made a check upon its smiles, a damper on its mirth—to be treated with cold respect, instead of that warm and gushing love for which the soul is panting.

"She loves him still!" muttered the general, as he reached his room; "loves him with all the devotion of her young heart; and doubtless curses in her solitude the golden chain in which my love has bound her. They will meet, despite my wishes and entreaties; pledge vows, perhaps, for the future, or—"

He paused, and his countenance flushed, for a thought which he dared not breathe even to himself had flashed across his brain. During his long career in India he had moved in society with an observant eye, and the demoralised state of society in that land of gold and pleasure had given him but a poor opinion of the honor of man or the faith of woman, where the passions are concerned.

"Would I had never seen her," he added, "or else that I were dead! To know that she loves another and is coldly prudent, is worse than death! I shall become the scorn, the jest of all who know me!"

There was a tap at the door, but he paid no attention to it.

"I'll be a witness," he thought, "to their meeting—listen to every word. If she fall in her duty as a wife, God have mercy on her soul and mine!"

The knocking was repeated.

"Come in!" he impatiently replied.

It was Rigid, with the tray of tiffin.

"I do not require it," said his master; "wait till I ring."

"It's past the usual hour."

"No matter—I can't eat—food would choke me. Leave me, Rigid: I know," he added, "that you mean it kindly, but I am better alone now."

The faithful follower set down the tray, and, fixing his eyes upon his master—whom, despite his eccentricities, he really loved—answered, in a tone much more respectfully than he generally used:

"I can't leave you, sir. You know that I am no prying curious knave, to busy myself about my master's secrets. Suspicious as you are of all the world you must think me incapable of that. I have eaten your bread now for many a long year, fought on the same field with you, been wounded in the same battle—hang it, general, you know what I mean—speak out, it relieves the mind, and that's half the cure."

"I am wretched."

"I can see that plain enough; but why should you be wretched?"

The general was silent.

"I'll tell you, sir," continued the speaker; "because you are jealous of my lady—not of her virtue, for that the fiend himself could not suspect—but of her love; is this wise—is it just? You can't expect the sunshine of August in December, or the flowers of May in winter. I am sure that she respects you, honors you—be content with that."

"What!" replied the general, "and know that her heart is another's?"

"You knew that before you married her," observed Rigid.

"Aye, but I hoped to win it—win it by my unceasing kindness, by the idolatry of my affection, the holiness of my love! Is

there a pleasure the world can yield that I have not placed within her reach—a gem that I have not sought to deck her beauty? And yet, despite my entreaties—prayers—she resolved to see the man I most dread on earth—the man to whom her hand was once engaged, and who still retains her heart—again."

The old soldier became thoughtful: had the general explained her reasons, he would perfectly have understood the motive.

"Now," continued the speaker, "have I not cause of jealousy? the wife who courts danger is half prepared to meet it. But I will be a witness to their interview," he added, with increased excitement; "old as I am, I can defend my honor, if not my peace of mind!"

He walked with hurried steps to his dressing table, and, opening a case of dulling pistols, began to examine them. Having satisfied himself of their condition, he prepared to load them, Rigid all the time watching him in painful silence. He was surprised at Amy's resolution of granting an interview to Henry Beacham—it was not what he expected from her; still the old soldier's confidence in her virtue was as unshaken as ever.

"General," he said, "did I ever deceive you?"

"Never."

"And you don't suspect I ever will?"

"I would stake my life and honor—never."

Rigid rubbed something like tear from his eyelids with the cuff of his coat, at the tone of more than confidence—of friendship—with which his master replied to him; he felt gratified, where he was most susceptible—in his fidelity; although he knew in his heart it was no more than he deserved.

"Then trust me now," he said. "I have watched my lady as closely as you have done, and closer; for I have not been blinded by passion. I'll stake more than my own life—I'll stake your wife's—upon her honor."

"What mean you?"

"You shall witness the interview—I can arrange all that; but I exact two conditions."

"Name them?" eagerly exclaimed the general.

"That I am present with you, and that you give me those pistols. My head is cooler than yours, though perhaps it is almost as much concerned."

"I shall not part with my weapons," replied his master, drily.

"Then you shan't be present. I'll warn my lady of your intentions, and advise her to see Mr. Beacham at the house of her friend."

"Rigid!" exclaimed General Playwell, turning pale with passion, and grasping

one of the pistols convulsively in his hand; "do not trifle with me!"

"I never trifled with you in my life," replied the old soldier; "pooh! I don't mind your pistols—you can't frighten me! I never shrank from duty, and I am too old to begin now. I'll not see my old general, in a moment of passion and excitement, commit murder, dishonor his grey hairs, and—there it's out—break Jack Rigid's heart!"

"But should she dishonor them?" whispered his master.

His attached and humble friend gazed on him for an instant with an eye like that of a bloodhound gazing on its master.

"I'll place the pistols in your hand, general," he muttered, in a deep tone, "and be the last one to stay your arm. All I want is to guard you against yourself—the impulse of sudden passion. I didn't serve under you so many years without knowing what temper you are made of."

General Playwell reflected for a few minutes. He felt that there was not only wisdom, but much kindness in the proposal. He knew the stern fidelity of the speaker to his word, and that he could rely on him.

"I consent," he said. "Take the pistols. But how will you arrange?"

"Leave that to me."

"Should anything occur to prevent our presence?"

"Leave all to me," repeated the old soldier. "It's a desperate game, general, you have given me to play; but I'll not balk you—you shall be a witness of their interview, since you passionately desire it. Perhaps it may be final."

"Or fatal?" groaned his master.

Without a reply Rigid left the room, carrying the pistols with him. The old soldier wore an air more than usually serious: he felt that he had pledged himself to a serious undertaking; and he had yet to consider the means of accomplishing it.

"I can't doubt her," he thought. "I never saw a glance or a smile at the young puppies who press round her with their fulsome admiration; and I have heard her pray when she has been alone—women who act the wanton don't do that. I'll trust her," he added, with the air and tone of a man whose mind was thoroughly made up to the consequences. "There are, heaven knows, in the world, women enough who disgrace their rank and sex, and are still deemed virtuous; but not such women as the wife of General Playwell."

After placing the pistols carefully in his room, the old man donned his best uniform, and started forth for a tour on the boulevards. He felt that he could collect his ideas and arranged his plans better in uniform—long habit had made it a part

of himself; in fact, Rigid deemed himself but half a man without it. It was late when he returned to the hotel, accompanied by an English carpenter, whom he had picked up at Bradford's, the agent, in his way.

The apartments occupied by General Playwell were a magnificent suite of rooms running the whole length of the Hotel Meurice, and perfectly distinct from the rest of the establishment. It was easy, therefore, for Rigid, who had perfect authority over the household, to act as he pleased. Locking himself up with his companion in the morning-room, where visitors were always received, he pointed to a superb book-case, and bade him saw out the back.

"It will spoil the piece of furniture?" observed the carpenter.

"That's my affair," was the reply.

It was soon done. Their next task was to conceal the magnificently-bound volumes, which were thrust under the sofas and squabs: they then placed the empty case, which, when the books and shelves were removed, was quite capable of containing two persons, before a door which opened into a small ante-room, which again communicated with the general's study.

"Well," exclaimed the carpenter, when it was arranged, "that's very clever; but you have forgotten one thing."

"What's that?"

"That the door of the room is so much higher, that it will be impossible for any one to open it without its being perceived."

Rigid reflected for a moment, and then ordered the man to saw the door in two, so as to form a sort of hatch of the lower part of it. When all was done he rewarded the fellow liberally for his pains, and accompanied him about a hundred yards from the hotel, in order to prevent any one in the house from asking questions.

"Now, my friend," he said, "you have been well paid for your job, and yet only half paid, if you can make that out."

"How so?"

"If I find that for two days—mind, only two—you keep a still tongue, I shall double the sum I have just given you; if not, I shall stop it. Good day! You will find me a man of my word."

When Rigid entered the study of his master, he found the general relapsed into the gloomy humor which the old soldier's remonstrances had partially aroused him from. Solitude is a bad counsellor to a jealous man.

"So you are come!" he exclaimed.

"Where have you been?"

"Out!" bluntly replied Rigid, dissatisfied at the question, which he thought implied a degree of suspicion.

"I must know," continued his master, "how you are to perform your promise!"

I am in that state of mind in which suspense is worse than even the certainty of dishonor."

"You shall—follow me."

The speaker led the way from the study into the ante-chamber, showed him the hatch which had been cut in the door of communication, and the means of entering the book-case, through the thin silk-gauze curtains of which they could distinctly see all that passed in the reception room."

"Are you satisfied?" demanded the soldier.

His master grasped his hand.

"And do you doubt me now?"

"No, nor ever did."

"Humph!" doubtfully articulated Rigid.

"Would it were morning!" muttered the general, as he retired to his room; "would it were morning!"

(To be continued.)

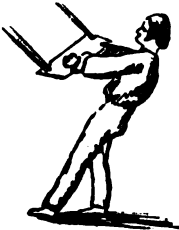
Youths' Department.

Gymnastics.¹

THE SWING.

Let no one despise this exercise. It is worth learning, if only as a preservation against sea-sickness. If any one can stand a twenty feet swing for half an hour, the sea may toss its worst, for he will come off unscathed. Now, I do not mean to say that merely sitting on a board and getting swung by some one else is any great object: far from it. But there are some very graceful exercises to be managed on the swing. Here are some:

1. The way to get into the swing is as follows: Take one rope in each hand, just above the seat; walk backwards until the ropes are freely stretched. Now run sharply forwards, letting the hands glide up the ropes as far as possible, and the instant that you feel a check, grasp the rope tightly, and



spring into the seat standing. When there, work easily up by alternately bending and straightening the knees.

2. When in good swing, slip the feet off the seat (which should not be more than four inches wide;) let the hands slide down the ropes, and come down sitting. To recover the standing position, reach upwards with the hands as high as possible, and draw yourself upwards as the swing is going forwards, when the seat will place itself exactly under your feet.

3. Now for some feats.

Let the swing go very gently. Place both hands at the level of the shoulders, and suddenly extend them, keeping the arms straight. Take care, as there will be a violent vibration, and you will be shot out of the swing before you know where you are. Practice it first while the swing is still, but do not be satisfied until



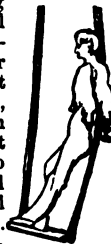
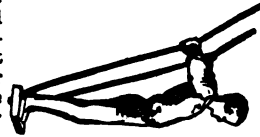
you can do it while in strong swing, and without closing the hands, merely letting the palms rest against the ropes.

Swing still. Stand up on the seat, and grasp the rope with the hands as low as possible, without bending the body or the

knees. Now lean forward, making your hands the pivot, and do not be astonished at finding your heels in the air, and your head downward. To recover yourself, the body must be bent a little.

Stand sideways on the seat, grasp one rope with both hands, leaning your back against the other, taking care to have the rope well between the shoulder-blades. Put the inner center of the left foot against the opposite rope, and fix the right foot in the same manner against the left heel. Now let go both hands, and lean well backwards, when you will be exactly balanced.

When you are secure with a quiet swing, practise it while the swing is moving, until you can lie securely against the rope while you are moving freely. The balance is entirely kept by the shoulder-blades against the rope, and the arms must be folded in order to throw the shoulder-blades well back. If the gymnast gets alarmed, and puts his hands out to save himself, the rope slips off his back, and out he goes,



¹ Continued from page 200.



While the swing is working, suddenly hang out at one side, supporting yourself by one hand on the rope, and one foot on the seat. Practise this on both sides.



Seize the left rope with both hands, press the feet firmly against the ropes where they join the seat, and fall out forwards. The ropes will now cross, and when the swing is in full operation, the curves described are most elegant. To recover the ordinary position, wait until the swing is going backwards,

and a powerful twist of the body will uncross the ropes, when the right hand should take hold of the right rope and steady the swing.

When the swing is in motion, grasp the ropes as tight as possible, and raise the feet until they are high in air between the ropes. Take care of the balance in the back swing, as, if the body is suffered to bend backwards, the hands will hardly bear the strain. Now slide slowly and carefully down the ropes until the head rests on the foot-board.

To make a telling exit from the swing, two ways may be adopted. First way: Get the swing into a firm, steady movement, sit down, and bring both hands inside the ropes;



and just as the swing has passed its centre, strike the seat away with the hands, and you will shoot forward several yards. Take care to come

down on the toes, and to lean well backwards as you leave the swing, as the impetus will bring you upright as you touch the ground.

The second method is, to seat yourself in the same manner, and as the swing crosses its centre backwards, lean well forwards and strike away the seat. You will then be hurled backwards, and if your balance is good, will come to the ground in a very elegant attitude. Be sure to lean



well forward, cross the feet, clasp the hands, and come down on the toes.

Great care must be taken to lean well backwards if you shoot out forwards, and well forwards as you shoot backwards, or in the one case you will come with your nose on the ground, and in the other you will find the back of your head rather damaged. So practice with gentle swings at first, and then increase. I have often done it with the swing at full speed, and in one instance in a public gymnasium, I shot so far forward that the spot was marked by a row of iron nails driven into the floor.

In a volume of this nature it is impossible to give more than a comparatively slight sketch of this subject. I am sure, however, that if the reader will master even these short instructions in gymnastic exercises, he will be able to realise that great blessing, the sound body, in which only a sound mind can reside. His trained eye will be accustomed to measure instinctively any object in his way, and the training of his body will enable him to put forth the full power of his muscles to overcome the obstacle. Danger will lose half its perils to him who thus knows how to meet it. A strong rope will be as safe as a staircase to him; it will be perfectly indifferent to him whether his head or his heels be uppermost, and he will be enabled by the presence of mind which such studies engender to think out calmly modes of escape from danger which would instantly overwhelm those whose bodies are uninstructed.

But even to pass by the question of utility, it is a duty of man to preserve his body in health, and to develop its powers. Every man would think himself wrong to neglect the mind; surely then, every man ought no less to think it wrong to neglect the body, which is made by the same mighty Hand that implanted the mind within it. Indeed, the neglected body is sure to injure the mind, and therefore those who improve their bodies are at the same time improving their minds.

I know one young man, who owes all his health, and probably his life, to gymnastic exercise. From his earliest childhood he was always ailing, and through the whole of his childhood was never suffered to sleep unwatched. When he entered upon manhood, the childish illness changed into annual fevers, which held their sway until he had been for some time at one of the Universities.

His medical attendant advised him to take regular exercise, and recommended the study of gymnastics. He rapidly improved in health and strength, his fever has not attacked him for eight or nine years, and he actually led the gymnasium for a whole year.

Were we to have the charge of a school,

we should consider the gymnasium as part of the regular school discipline, and take care that the boys were exercised as carefully in their bodily as their mental powers.

THROWING THE JAVELIN.

This play is very interesting, and gives strength to the arm, and exactness to the eye. In playing it, a square target must be procured, made of thick wood, about four feet in diameter, and on which should be marked concentric circles, the same as those of a target in archery. This should



be well supported behind by two stout back pieces, resting in the ground, so as to prevent the target from being easily overturned. The circles may be several in number; the centre should be black, and about six inches in diameter, and count ten; the second circle should be red, and should count five; and the third should be light blue, and count three. The other parts of the target to count as may be agreed. The javelins should consist of poles of ash or fir, about an inch and a half in diameter, and should be five feet six inches in length. They should have a spike in one end, which should be surrounded with a rim of iron; the spike should be about two inches long, thick, and strong, so as to enable it to become fixed in the target without splitting it. The game may be played by any number of boys, and is commenced as follows:

One player takes a javelin in his right hand, and walking to a distance from the target, previously agreed upon by the players, he poises his javelin, by holding it in the hollow of his hand, between the ball of the thumb and the fleshy part at the side, and his elbow is at the same time bent, and his arm elevated so that his hand is a little above his ear, the javelin being



at the same time nicely balanced with the smaller fingers, touching it so as to direct its course; it is then launched forward at the target, and, if properly poised, directed and thrown, will go to it in a direct line. The point at which it strikes the target is then marked, and then the other players follow in the same way for twelve times in succession: the person who scores the most marks being the victor.

The javelin will fly better and straighter if a rotatory movement is communicated to it by a slight pull of the little finger as it leaves the hand. When some skill has been obtained in darting, blunt javelins with padded ends should be procured, and the players should accustom themselves to avoid, parry, or catch a javelin thrown at them. When they can do so with certainty, they may storm a fort. The best fort is a hedge with gaps. The players divide into two parties, one defending and the other attacking. Each player should be furnished with three javelins at least, well padded and nicely balanced. The art of catching and returning a javelin is exceedingly useful in this game. We well remember an occasion when, on storming a fort, one of our opponents, whose frame was larger than his soul, had imprudently retired into the background until all our spears were exhausted, but, on seeing us weaponless, he with great courage ran up to the hedge and hurled his spear, as we were running forward to pick up a fallen lance. The moment he had thrown the javelin he ran away as fast as he could, but was overtaken by his own weapon, which took him in the rear, and toppled him over in beautiful style. We have only known one accident at this game, and that was caused by the impetuosity of one of the garrison, who, on seeing an enemy crawling up through the gap, and finding himself without a spear, snatched up a bow that was lying near, and made a thrust at him, which sent the sharp horn tip of the bow through his under lip.

TRICKS AND FEATS OF GYMNASTICS.

The Book.—Fix a book between the toes of the feet, and, by a jerk, throw it over the head.

The Chalk Line.—Draw a line with chalk on the floor; against this place the toes of both feet; then kneel down, and rise up again without leaving the line, or using the hands.

Stepping Through.—Take a small piece of cane about a foot long, and holding it between the hands, leap through it. Afterwards take a tobacco-pipe, and perform the same feat without breaking; after this, join the hands together, and leap through them, which is not very difficult of accomplishment.

Armless.—Lying upon the back with the arms across the chest, the attempt must be made to rise on the feet again.

Hop against the Wall.—Stand with one toe close against the wall, about two feet from the ground, and turn the other over it, without removing the toe from the wall.

Stoop, if you can.—One boy having placed his heels against the wall, another

must place near his toes a shilling, and tell him he may have it if he can pick it up. This he will find to be impossible for him to do while his heels touch the wall, as there is no room for his back to balance the other parts of his body.

The Spring from the Wall.—Placing yourself at a proper distance from the wall with your face opposite to it, throw yourself forward until you support yourself by one hand. Then spring back into your former position.

Begin this feat at a short distance from the wall, and increase the distance by degrees. The "athlete" will, in a short time, be able to stand at nearly the length of his body from the wall. This feat is sometimes called the palm spring, but the palm has really nothing to do with it. The thumb spring is similar, but dangerous, and many have sprained their thumbs in attempting it.



The Long Reach.—This is a somewhat difficult feat, and requires great caution in its performance. A line is chalked on the floor, at which the toes must be placed, and from which they are not to remove. The left hand is then to be thrown forward in a long reach until the body descends upon it, without any part touching the floor in its descent; the right hand is now to be stretched out as far forward as possible, and with a piece of chalk a mark is made on the floor at its fullest extent, the body being sustained by the left hand during the operation. The boy should now recover the upright position on his legs, by springing back from the left hand without touching the floor in any way. The length reached, and the perfection with which the body recovers itself, distinguishes the winner of the game.



The Sleeping Stretch.—In this feat a line is drawn on the floor, at which the outer edge of the left foot is placed, and behind this, at a short distance, the right heel.



Taking a piece of chalk in the left hand, the youngster passes it between the legs and under the bend of the left knee, chalk-

ing the floor with it as far forward as he can. He then recovers his position with-

out moving his feet from the line at which they had been fixed.

The Chair Feat.—Place three chairs in the situation indicated in the cut, and lay down upon them, the head resting on one, the heels upon another, and the lower part of the body on the third or middle chair, which should be much lighter than



the others. Then, by stiffening the body and limbs, and throwing up the chest into a state of rigidity, it will not be difficult for a boy to remove the middle chair, and to pass it quite over on the other side of him.

The Poker Feat.—Take a common poker and hold it, the lower end downwards, in the manner shown in the cut, i. e. by the fingers, thumb, and ball of the palm. Then by the mere motion of the fingers and thumb, and the fulcrum of the palm, work the poker upwards till you raise it through the whole length to that part of it which goes into the fire. The trick depends mainly upon the strength of the muscles of the hand and fingers, combined with a certain knack to be acquired by practice.



The Stick Feat, or from Hand to Mouth.—Take a piece of stick of the length of the fore arm, measuring from the elbow

to the end of the middle finger. Hold it in the hand horizontally before you, the knuckles being down and the nails upwards, and the elbow being on a line with the hand. Then raise the left end of the stick from the breast to the mouth, without any other movement of the



hand than the arm at the wrist. This is a difficult feat, but may be easily acquired by practice.

—♦♦♦—
MAN AND HIS MAKER.—They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility: for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.

Masonic Law, History, and Miscellany.

Masonic Law.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY:

Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Free masonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. R. S.

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PART III.—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONIC LAW.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORICAL LANDMARKS—MASONIC CONNECTIONS WITH THE SEVERAL DISPENSATIONS OF GRACE—THE TRUE RELIGION—HAND-MAID OF RELIGION—COMMEMORATIVE LANDMARKS PRESERVED IN MASONIC RITUALISM—THE COADJUTOR OF CHURCH AND STATE IN THE MORAL INSTRUCTION AND ULTIMATE REGENERATION OF THE WORLD.

FREEMASONRY, in its historical connections, must be regarded under the twofold aspect of a *speculative* and *operative* institution, because we find one or the other of these characteristics were prominently developed at different periods of its history.¹ And this history is also of a twofold nature, being composed of Ritualistic traditions and the Conventional compacts of the fraternity. The traditions we shall classify as the *subjective* history, and the compacts as the *objective* history, of Freemasonry. All that relates to the

¹ According to monitory writers the masonic fraternity is regarded as having been first operative and then speculative. Brother Mitchell has advanced the opinion in his recently published history, that the speculative characteristics of the order are coeval with its operative pursuits, and the origin of both of these traits, so far as it has been handed down to us, he places at the building of the Temple of Solomon. It will be seen that our studies have led us to a conclusion different from each of these opinions. We regard the order to have been purely speculative in its origin, being nothing less than the primitive worship of mankind. Then it became operative when temple worship sprang up in the Postdiluvian age; and, finally, it became purely speculative again at its re-organization last century.

institution prior to its present definite organization, as established by the Regulations of 1717, may be assigned to its subjective traditions; and the events subsequent to this date may receive their historical classification among the objective records of the order.²

2. Freemasonry, then, as a *speculative* institution, traces its *subjective* history back to the Antediluvian age, when light was called forth out of darkness, order evoked from chaos, and man breathed into existence by the inspiration of God. And as an *operative* institution, its historical connections reach back traditionally to the building of the Tower of Babel on the plains of Shinar, a period subsequent to the Deluge. These subjective traditions, pertaining to both the *operative* and *speculative* characteristics of the order, end at the year 1717, as we have already intimated; and from this period the *objective* history of the present organization of Free and Accepted Masons takes its rise. During this latter historical period, like that of the Antediluvian age, the speculative characteristic of the order entirely predominates over the operative.³

² If we would not have the history of our order appear as a fanciful tissue of fables, we must make a discreet distinction in respect to its organic existence in setting forth an account of the masonic fraternity. We may, indeed, trace the history of our order to the dawn of creation, because the subjective traditions which it embodies clearly point to that epoch as their beginning. But as these remained wrapped up in the womb of intervening ages, so far as their combination in our present masonic organization is concerned, until 1717, we have no right to trace its objective existence beyond this date; or, at farthest, we cannot ascend with any propriety beyond 1646, when Ashmole began to frame its esoteric ritual. The General Assemblies of Masons in England, reaching back to the sixteenth and even to the third centuries, so far as they may have contributed to give form and being to our present fraternity, must be classed as one among the many channels by which the stream of historical traditions have come down to us in order to receive their present form and embodiment.

³ If we have given a true philosophic rationale of masonic history, by assigning to it a subjective and objective character, a negative and positive existence—tracing one to the dawn of creation by our traditions, and the other to the seventeenth century, by means of the demonstrated and accepted facts of the order of actual existence—it is then clear that those who, like Dr. Oliver, assign the

3. These speculative and operative characteristics of the order, as developed in its subjective traditions, and commemorated in the ritualistic arrangement of the masonic fraternity, in their several chronological connections, constitute the historical landmarks of Freemasonry. And in treating of these historical events we shall divide them into four well-defined epochs as follows : 1st. The Antediluvian ; 2nd. The Postdiluvian ; 3d. The Judo-Christian ; and 4th. The Eclectic, or Philosophic, era. The Antediluvian epoch was a purely speculative era of the fraternity, and embraces the original traditions that pertain to the spirit-history of man ; the Postdiluvian epoch embraces the period when Masonry became the handmaid of false religions ; and the Judo-Christian epoch comprises the period when Masonry was rescued from its pagan servitude and transformed into the handmaid of true religion. During both of these latter epochs the fraternity was operative in its character ; and these two periods, together with the Antediluvian era that preceded them, cover the whole field of the subjective traditions of the fraternity. Finally, the Eclectic or Philosophic era, which began in 1717, is the second speculative epoch of Freemasonry, wherein the operative characteristic of the two preceding eras is abandoned, and the real objective existence of our present fraternity commenced.

4. The subjective traditions of Freemasonry, derived from the most ancient age of the Antediluvian epoch, were then identical with the true religion. In that golden age there was no divorce between faith and practice, between men's professions and their actions. Revelation and science were at agreement ; religion and

origin of Masonry to the time when the angels chanted a masonic song in the "Empyrean of space," go too far, because we have no subjective traditions reaching to that period. On the other hand, those who, like Dr. Mitchell, go no farther than the building of Solomon's Temple, stop thirty centuries short of the actual period to which these traditions point. These learned brethren we must regard as being in error even if they only intend to set forth what we term the subjective history of the order. But if they are to be understood as setting forth that which we have denominated its objective existence, then the one has overshot the mark by twenty-seven centuries, and the other by that whole period of a past eternity which belongs to the "empyrean of space, before this world was created."

philosophy were in firm concord ; morals and politics, church and state, were a unit under the benign sway of Patriarchal government. Mankind, possessing those illuminated intuitions of enlightened perception, which rendered that age the spiritual superior of every succeeding one, were enabled to perceive and know the truth in all of its fullness, in a manner not now vouchsafed to us. They could readily ascend from effects to causes, from means to ends, and from existences discern their uses. They constantly recognized the grandest harmony between God and nature ; everything within and without them perpetually suggested the unceasing worship of Deity. The Universe was one grand temple, the starry decked heavens its vaulted dome, and the everlasting hills its sacrificial altars, where the solemn rites of Jehovah might be celebrated by every Patriarchal king and priest.⁴

4 "Le Rit Maçonnique Primitif enseigne aux premiers hommes le culte de la Divinité et leur apporta à connaître les lois de la nature enveloppées d'emblèmes ingénieux. Ce rit est non-seulement un cours pratique et théorique de philosophie morale et religieuse, mais encore une institution destinée à perpétuer les premiers traditions du genre humain."—*M. De Negre, Le Temple Mystique*, p. 38, Paris, 1854.

We think that the masonic institution must be considered as a precious relic of the primitive religion perpetuated unto our day by the good Providence of God. As the Christian church is an organic exponent of the Gospel dispensation in our age, and as the scattered tribes of Israel, still preserved as a distinct people among all the nations of the earth, constitute an organic exponent of the Mosaic dispensation, so the primitive traditions of the Antediluvian age gathered together and combined in the masonic institution of our day, make it an organic exponent of the Patriarchal dispensation. Thus, neither dispensation of grace is without its objective and external evidence in our day, and there is no nation of the earth that has not received this threefold witness by the presence of the Christian missionary, the Wandering Jew, and the travelling Freemason. We think that this is the great truth, now set forth, of which the fraternity is yet to be made fully conscious, viz., that it is called to bear witness in this age to the first and oldest dispensation of Divine grace ; and as a sister coadjutor in the Divine purposes that God will bring about by the Jewish people and the Christian church in common with her in the world's great prophetic future. The quicker the order is brought to act upon this conscious mission the better. And as the family is the peculiarly sacred institution of the Patriarchal age, the masonic polity should be brought to revolve around the same as its great central pivot. The paternal element should be more distinctly recognised in its already fraternal government. As the father of the family was the divinely

This sublime worship was founded on the science of correspondence, or the analogy that exists between the natural and spiritual things of creation ; and this science Freemasonry grasps hold on to-day, and perpetuates in her traditional symbolism. So far, then, the Masonic fraternity is the true religion. It is identical with the pure and simple worship of the Patriarchal dispensation.

5. But although Freemasonry is the true religion so far as it is based upon the identical principles of this primitive dispensation of grace ; yet as the scheme of Divine revelation, in respect to the true religion,

commissioned king and priest of the Antediluvian age, so our order ought to require that the Master of a Lodge, who is a king and priest in the mysteries of Masonry, should be the *head of a family*. This might be *restored* (not added) to her ritualistic landmarks and dogmatical requirements, without being considered an innovation upon the ancient usages of the order. It is a suggestion well worthy of the earnest deliberation of the approaching session of the Universal Masonic Congress proposed in 1861 or '62. Such landmark simultaneously revived and acted upon throughout our world-wide fraternity would render it a permanent and colossal power in the bosom of human society. It would throw an impregnable rampart around the purity, dignity, and importance of our social and domestic relations. And certainly there has been no epoch of the world's history when such a protection to the family was more needed than this age which finds connubial separations upsetting the foundations of civil and religious society, and forcing even such a sturdy and consecutive commonwealth as Old England, to relax the religious dogmas of her church, and the legislative laws of her parliament, on the subject of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. The French philosophic socialist, Charles Fourier, seemed to hint at the importance and necessity of the masonic institution planting itself upon some such radical and incontestible basis as that of the domestic fireside, if it would really accomplish anything for the welfare of mankind ; except that, instead of desiring the upbuilding of the family, he wished *households of single persons* established for the purpose of destroying the permanent foundations of this sacred heritage of the Patriarchal age. (*Social Destiny of Man*, p. 208, N. Y., 1837.) And Swedenborg, the Swedish Spiritual philosopher, and the founder of a masonic rite, also seems to hint at the family as the most ancient basis of all moral government that has been lost to our age, according to the interpretation that Bro. Ragon gives to the declaration of Swedenborg, that the Ancient and Primitive Word of God is alone preserved on this earth among the Patriarchal people of Great Tartary. (*True Christian Religion*, Nos. 266 and 279 ; and *Orthodoxie Macconique*, p. 255.) We will add, in concluding our views on this subject, that no master Mason can doubt the fact that the purity of the family circle is of the greatest solicitude with the fraternity, as he must readily apprehend the same from the tenor of his O. B.

was not confined to this era alone, but has been subsequently developed by two succeeding dispensations, viz., the Jewish and the Christian ; and as neither of these latter revelations have been vouchsafed to the masonic institution, as the Divine depository of the same ; it is therefore evident that, in the full and complete sense of the term, Freemasonry cannot now claim to be the true religion.

6. Hence, when we leave the Antediluvian epoch and come down to the semi-Patriarchal period, extending from Noah to Abraham, which formed the connecting link between the Adamic and Mosaic dispensations, and which we have designated as the Postdiluvian era, we will find that Masonry, in consequence of the operative character that it now assumed, was no longer a religious worship, but the mere attendant on the same. And even this worship, which thus engaged its services, was not that of the true religion, but the corrupt ritualism that a wretched pagan theosophy had engendered. In this unhallowed service, Masonry began the construction of the stupendous Tower of Babel with the design of making it the great central seat of idolatrous worship, for all generations of men upon the earth, both present and to come. And, although God scattered these presumptuous builders in the proud imaginations of their wicked hearts, and thus frustrated their general design, yet, nevertheless, they still continued to pursue the same wicked purpose on a smaller scale, whithersoever they were driven by the mighty hand of God ; and national temples dedicated to pagan rites sprang up among such of the Gentile nations of antiquity as made any considerable civilized progress. The services that Masonry thus rendered to false religion consisted in reducing to a miniature representation, in a temple made with hands, the grand outlines of spiritual and natural correspondences spread abroad in God's boundless Universe, by his own creative power. They made a human microcosm from God's microcosm. Thus did operative masonry debase the pure principles which constituted the true religion of the Antediluvian age, to an apostate subserviency of false religion in the Postdiluvian era. In this apostacy temple architecture took its rise.⁵

⁵ It seems to be in accordance with Divine order that light shall come out of darkness, order out of

7. But after the Abrahamic covenant, the Mosaic dispensation that followed as its sequel broke the spell that bound the pure principles of architecture to such an unholy alliance. In the rise of the Jewish commonwealth, composed of the chosen people of God, Masonry was rescued from its vile pagan bondage and consecrated to the true service of the living God. Instead of being an attendant on the errors of theosophical speculations, it now became the handmaid of the truths of a positive faith; instead of being the auxiliary of unclean ceremonies, it became the assistant of a purer ritualism. Under the inspiration of this change in masonic relations, Solomon's Temple was built, and afterwards that of Zerubbabel. Nevertheless, there was a continuous stream of spurious Freemasonry that separated from the pure branch which passed into Judea; and this spurious stream coursed down among the Gentile nations through the four great universal empires, so called, until this, too, was caught up in the service of true religion, during the Christian dispensation, by the conversion of the Roman empire.⁶ Thus do we make three

chaos, and error precede the final revelation of truth. Hence Masonry was apprenticed out under a wretched pagan Theosophy to build its idolatrous temples as a preparation to being called to build the true temple of God on Mount Zion under the wise Solomon. So the people of Israel were apprenticed out under the Egyptians, that Moses might arise, skilled in all their wisdom, and found a nationality for the people of God. Even the construction of the second temple was preceded by the Babylonian captivity. And the Christian architecture of the middle ages grew out of a pagan college of architects, established centuries before our era. Finally, the advent of Christ, the only temple of the New Jerusalem in the coming age, is to be preceded by the revelation of Antichrist, who shall stand in the holy place and show himself as God. Thus, it is no disparagement to masonry to acknowledge that it has been connected with the works of darkness before it was connected with those of the light. This fact only evinces that the law of its development has been in harmony with the Divine method of God's procedure in the restoration of man to his primitive condition. Hence, Dr. Oliver was right in considering what he terms spurious Freemasonry in his history of the fraternity; and Dr. Mitchell has performed not only a gratuitous and thankless task in endeavoring to ignore the Postdiluvian history of Freemasonry as it existed among the pagan nations of antiquity, but one that is also wholly unphilosophical, because contrary to the laws of Divine order.

⁶ "The first societies of antiquity with which Freemasonry appears to stand in an historical connection are the Corporations of Architects, which,

distinct periods in the history or subjective traditions of operative Masonry, as follows: 1. Building of pagan temples, beginning at the Tower of Babel; 2. Building of Jewish temples, beginning at

with the Romans, existed under the name *Collegia*, and *Corpora*. It is related that Numa established the first corporations, if we may so term, of architects (*collegia fabrorum*), with many other societies of mechanics and artificers (*collegia artificum*), after the model of the Greek societies, or colleges of artificers and priests. He also instituted for them proper meetings and certain religious rites. . . . As the *collegia* were established in those early times, when States were formed after the model of a *family*, and the religious and political constitution confusedly mingled, they had, besides their character of a society of artificers, that of a civil and religious institution. This character was retained by the *collegia*, particularly the *collegium* of architects, to the end of the Roman empire, and transplanted into the corporations of architects of the Middle ages, already mentioned, because the constant mingling of religion in law, politics, and science, by no means ceased in the Middle ages; on the contrary, in some particulars, a still closer union was effected. . . . The corporations of artificers, whose occupations were connected with architecture, were called upon, by imperial orders, to come from all parts of the empire, to assist in the building of large cities, palaces, churches, &c. . . . It is true that these *collegia* vanished in Britain, with most of their works, when the Picts and Scots, and Saxons, devastated the country, but in France, Spain, Italy, and in the Greek empire, they continued to flourish, and from these countries the Christian Saxon rulers of Britain, particularly Alfred and Athelstan, induced a number of artificers and architects to come to England, in order to build their castles, churches, and convents. Although these foreign artists, and the few who had survived the ravages of the barbarous tribes, were Christians, and though most of their leaders were clergymen, yet the corporations which they formed had no other constitutions than those transmitted to them from the Roman colleges, which were spread over all Christian Europe, and the character of which is still to be learned from the *corpus juris Romani*. . . . To this we must add, that the corporations of architects, in the Middle ages, were descended from the times of antiquity, so that their societies had received, in the times when Rome adored all gods, and listened to all philosophical systems, impressions derived from the Greek philosophical schools, particularly the Stoic, united with some fragments of the Greek and Egyptian mysteries, and subsequently modified by notions acquired in the early times of Christianity, particularly from the Gnostics, which led to certain doctrines and sacred ceremonies, clothed, according to the spirit of the time, in symbols, and constituting their esoteric mysteries. . . . In 1717 we find four lodges existing, in which the old symbols and customs were still preserved; most of their members were, however, merely accepted Masons. So far extends the first period of Masonry." [i. e. its subjective traditions.] *Arnold's Philosophical History*, chap. xiii.

that of Solomon; and 3. Building Christian temples, or Catholic cathedrals, beginning at the conversion of the Roman empire.

8. Having now defined the historical position of the masonic institution in the Antediluvian, Postdiluvian, and Judo-Christian epochs, it yet remains for us to trace the same in the Eclectic, or Philosophic era. The periods already examined complete the *subjective* traditions of the order. The first of these epochs also embrace the era when Masonry may be regarded as identical with the true religion; and the latter two cover the whole period of time when the fraternity was operative in its character. Having thus, for the sake of clearness, restated the ground over which we have come, we are now ready to pass to a definition of the position Freemasonry has assumed in the fourth and last historical epoch that we have marked out for our consideration.

9. The history of the fraternity during this era of its objective existence is distinguished for its speculative eclecticism and philosophy. Its eclecticism is retrospective; and its philosophy, planting itself upon this eclecticism of the past, stretches forth into the prospective future. The eclectic spirit of Freemasonry calls whatsoever is good, beautiful, and true from the religious dispensations and national polities with which its subjective traditions are connected, and combines them into one universal system of ethics to be dispensed and propagated in all nations and among every people throughout the world. And its philosophic spirit, grasping in its hands the exigencies of the present, and planting its feet firmly upon the experience of the past, goes forth to meet the prospective demands of the coming future, in the true spirit of conservative progress. This masonic eclecticism is maintained by a commemorative ritualism, chronologically arranged and divided into degrees and orders, corresponding to the different historical epochs already enumerated. This ritualism has a two-fold characteristic, viz., one portion of it is definite, fixed, and positive in its esoteric regulations; and the other portion is indefinite, variable, and optional, according to the esoteric compacts of the pragmatic landmarks.⁷

⁷ See Part II, chap. iv, sec. 1.

10. The three symbolic degrees constitute the definite portion of masonic ritualism, and in their chronological and commemorative arrangement they cover the Antediluvian, Postdiluvian, and Judo-Christian epochs of the subjective traditions of Freemasonry down to the period of the construction of the temple of King Solomon. The first degree commemorates the creation of the world and the religious history of man in the Antediluvian age; the second commemorates the scientific progress of the Gentile nations in the Postdiluvian era; and the third degree perpetuates the events of the Jewish Theocracy as far down as the construction of the Solomonic temple. The appendant orders, or sublime degrees of Freemasonry constitute the indefinite portion of masonic ritualism; but in all regular masonic systems they are so arranged as to cover the chronological eras elapsing between the period of the erection of the first Jewish temple and the middle ages of the Christian dispensation.⁸ Hence the events

⁸ See Part II, chap iv, sec. 3, No. 18, paragraph xxiii, note 44.

Not only is the subsequent usage of the fraternity abundant evidence that a pragmatic compact must have existed in the intentions and designs of the masonic reformers of the present symbolic ritual, which contemplated its ultimate expansion so as to comprehend every historical epoch and dispensation; but from the strong and known predilections of Ashmole for the Stuarts of Scotland, we may certainly conclude that he was too deeply impregnated with the doctrines and ritualism of the Christian church, for which that party was so eminently distinguished, to leave out the Gospel dispensation in the ritualistic system which he projected. And we must regard the Chevalier Ramsay, who was one of the Stuart partisans also, as carrying out, in his masonic system of the eighteenth century, the fundamental esoteric ideas of his great ritualistic predecessor of the seventeenth. If the work of one is to be entirely rejected so should that of the other, for one is but the stream coursing through the other as its fountain head; and thus the masonic order, as at present organized, would be annihilated. But the truth is, neither need be entirely rejected. Both should be proud of their errors, and reduced to a universal, harmonious, philosophical, and chronological system. This is now fast being accomplished. The American, French, and Scotch rituals of Freemasonry are tolerably complete developments in this respect. From this view of the historical connections, which we can already trace in the fundamental laws, usages, and compacts of the fraternity, it must be evident that those brethren who, like Ragon, regret the Jewish traditions that Ashmole incorporated in the third degree, and desire to confine the explanations of Masonry to the Patriarchal age exclusively, take but a narrow and one-sided

connected with the second temple constructed at Jerusalem on the one side, and the times of the crusades to the holy land on the other, form the respective historical boundaries of these appendant orders or sublime degrees of Freemasonry. And this symbolic and sublime ritualism combined constitute the historical landmarks which the eclectic spirit of Freemasonry has based upon the experience of the past.

11. But the philosophic spirit of the fraternity, which we have represented as standing upon the past, holding on to the present, and going forth to meet the future, begins where ceremonial ritualism ends. It is the soul-inspiring teaching which informs, breathes into, and animates the dry bones of Ritualistic symbolism with an active life, a living power, and a vital force, suited to the highest exigencies of human progress. The masonic literature that has sprung into being from the judicious pens of learned, faithful, and zealous adepts; the exchange of intermasonic correspondence, and the assembling of a universal masonic congress, are the highest exponents that have yet been developed of this noblest and most sublime masonic characteristic. But it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when a more permanent embodiment of this

philosophic principle will manifest itself throughout the fraternity in the palpable and objective form of Universities of masonic science, leading and directing the van of human progress, and controlling the dogmatic teachings of Freemasonry with a masterly hand, put forth by the most exalted wisdom, and directed by the profoundest erudition. Then will the fraternity be fully equipped as the noble coadjutor of the church, the state, and the family, for the moral instruction of mankind, and the ultimate regeneration of the world.

Masonic History.

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE.*

BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

MATTERS went on in this state for some years, both parties increasing in numbers and respectability, until the ancients procured the high patronage of the Duke of Athol, the Grand Master elect of Scotland, who undertook the office of Grand Master in 1776; and the opposition, which was now carried on upon more equal terms, had the effect of stimulating the zeal of the fraternity on both sides; and the number of lodges was gradually augmented by the issue of new warrants from each of the rival Grand Lodges. In 1777, Lord Petre, the Grand Master of the modern section, again brought the subject before the Grand Lodge; and, on the 17th of April, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—"That no Lodge can assemble without a warrant from the Grand Master, and that the persons who have assembled, and still continue to assemble as Masons, by virtue of a power from a pretended Grand Lodge, established in London a few years since, and which is now said to exist under the patronage of the Duke of Athol, are not to be countenanced or acknowledged by any regular Mason under the constitution of England, on pain of forfeiting the privileges of the society; the said convention being a gross insult to the Grand Master, and to every lodge under his auspices; and, the more effectually to discourage these illegal conventions, that no regular Mason shall be present at them, or give any sanction to their proceedings, that it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge that the persons calling themselves ancient Masons, and now assembling in England

view of the universal polity of Freemasonry, in its chronological aspects. And those brethren who, like Bros. Hymenaid and Mitchell, would stop at the Royal Arch and its appendant degrees, simply because the Jewish historical connections cease there, are but one degree more liberal in their conceptions than the former. Only the zealous Mason, who will not stop short of the Christian dispensation in the historical connections brought out in the degrees of Christian knighthood, reaches to a clear view of the universality of Freemasonry. And even such a one is not fully enlightened, if he is content with no more than is given him in those degrees where Ritualism justly comes to an end. But it is by launching boldly forth beyond even these in the wide domain of science and philosophy, marching in search of future achievements and conquests in knowledge, that a Mason becomes fully conscious of the exalted genius of the fraternity. But here let be remarked, however, that a discreet distinction should be observed in the dogmatic teachings of the fraternity, so as not to confuse separate chronological periods and different dispensations of grace. Hence the Christian explanations which Dr. Oliver, of England, and Bro. Scott, of Mississippi, are so anxious to engraft on Ancient Craft Masonry, are somewhat injudiciously urged, because the three symbolic degrees, as we have already seen, do not extend to the Christian dispensation in their chronological connections.

* Continued from page 220.

or elsewhere, under the sanction of the Duke of Athol, are not to be considered as Masons, nor are their meetings to be countenanced or acknowledged by any Lodge or Mason acting under our authority. That this censure shall not extend to any Mason who shall produce a certificate, or give other satisfactory proof of his having been made a Mason in a regular Lodge under the constitution of Scotland, Ireland, or any foreign Grand Lodge, in alliance with the Grand Lodge of England."

These resolutions produced the famous letter of Laurence Dermott, the D. G. M. of the ancients, in which he propounds the following queries:—"Q. Whether Freemasonry, as practised in ancient Lodges, is universal? A. Yes. Q. Whether what is called modern Masonry is universal? A. No. Q. Whether there is any material difference between the ancient and modern? A. A great deal; because an ancient Mason cannot only make himself known to his Brother, but, in case of necessity, can discover his very thoughts to him in the presence of a modern, without his being able to distinguish that either of them is a Freemason."³⁵ Q. Whether a modern Mason may, with safety, communicate all his secrets to an ancient Mason, without farther ceremony? A. No; for, as a science comprehends an art, though an art cannot comprehend a science, even so ancient Masonry contains everything valuable amongst the moderns, as well as many other things that cannot be revealed without additional ceremonies (the Royal Arch, for instance). Q. Whether a person made in a modern manner, and not after the ancient custom of the craft, has a right to be called Free and Accepted, according to the intent and meaning of the words? A. His being unqualified to appear in a Master's Lodge, according to the universal system of Masonry, renders the appellation improper. Q. Whether it is possible to initiate or introduce a modern Mason into the Royal Arch Lodge (the very essence of Masonry), without making him go through the ancient ceremonies? A. No. Q. Whether the present members of modern Lodges are blameable for deviating so much from

the old Landmarks? A. No; because the innovation was made in the reign of George I., and the new form was delivered as orthodox to the present members? Q. Therefore, as it is natural for each party to maintain the orthodoxy of their masonic preceptors, how shall we distinguish the original and most useful system? A. *The number of ancient Masons abroad compared with the moderns* prove the universality of the old order, and the utility thereof appears, by the love and respect shown to the Brethren, in consequence of their superior abilities in conversing with, and distinguishing the Masons of all countries and denominations, a circumstance peculiar to ancient Masons."³⁶

It will be unnecessary to inquire whether all this is consistent with the requirements of masonic duty. It is clear that disobedience is a breach of masonic law. The very essence of the institution is founded on obedience to authority; and this once forfeited led to division, anarchy and dispute. But good frequently springs out of evil. The bee has a sting, but it produces honey. These movements excited the attention of the fraternity, and also of the public. Ancient feelings, which had long been dormant in some of the initiated began to revive, and they renewed their connection with the Lodges they had abandoned. Lukewarm Brethren became partizans on either side, and Freemasonry reaped the benefit of these misunderstandings by an increase both in numbers and influence. A more active study of its principles led to a greater perfection in the science, and many initiations took place amongst persons who had not previously given the institution a serious thought. Thus the ranks of both ancient and modern were increased, and the funds of benevolence for the widow and orphan augmented from new and unexpected sources; a result which cemented the popularity of the Order. Its beauties and excellences were placed in a clearer and more prominent point of view, and the public became convinced that, though the two hostile parties might differ on some unimportant points of discipline, both were pursuing the same laudable course—the investigation of science and the benefit of mankind.

About this time a treaty of alliance and confederation was effected by the ancients, with the Grand Lodges of Scotland and

³⁵ An annotator makes the following observation on the above:—"The author of Ahiman Rezon has stated, that he could convey his mind to an ancient Mason in the presence of a modern Mason, without the latter knowing whether either of them were Masons. He further asserted that he was able, with a few Masonic implements, i. e., two squares and a common gavel, or hammer, to convey any word or sentence of his own, or the immediate dictations of a stranger, to a skillful and intelligent Freemason of the ancient Order, without speaking, writing, or noise; and that to any distance when the parties can see each other, and at the same time be able to distinguish squares from circles." This masonic system of cypher writing is now well understood.

³⁶ Dermott's Ahiman Rezon, p. 18. The reference to the number of foreign Masons in the last answer contains an evident allusion to the several systems of Scotch Masonry, which were at that time prevalent in France and Germany; all of which were confidently proclaimed to be ancient, when, in fact, the inventors were still living. The number of Brethren who were contented to practise unalloyed symbolical Masonry, the only system which possessed any real claims to antiquity on the continent, were comparatively few.

Ireland, under an impression that the ancient rights of Masonry were exclusively practised by them, and that the English Grand Lodge had departed from the primitive Landmarks, and deteriorated the system by modern innovations.²⁷ In this treaty it was mutually agreed that each Grand Lodge should transmit to the others an account of their proceedings; and that all such information or correspondence should be conveyed in the most respectful terms, such as might suit the honor and dignity of the respective Grand Lodges.

The two societies continued to practise Masonry according to their respective views, until the year 1801, when it appears that several members of the modern Craft were in the habit of attending the meetings of the ancient Lodges, and rendering their assistance in the ceremonies of making, passing, and raising; by which conduct they became amenable to the laws of Masonry. Complaints to this effect were formally preferred, and the Grand Lodge found itself obliged to notice the proceedings, and after some deliberation the erring Brethren were attainted, and allowed three months to prepare their defence. It does not appear that the Grand Lodge had any intention of making an example of the offenders; on the contrary, in accordance with the amiable spirit of Masonry, it displayed an anxiety to heal the divisions by which the Order had been so long distracted, and used its utmost efforts to effect an union of the two bodies, thus closing forever the dissensions that proved a bar to the divine exercise of brotherly love. For this purpose a committee was appointed, with Lord Moira, the D. G. M., at its head, who declared, on accepting his appointment as a member of the committee, that "he should consider the day on which a coalition should be formed as one of the most fortunate in his life; and that he was empowered by the Prince of Wales to say that his Royal Highness's arms would ever be open to all the Masons in the kingdom indiscriminately." As a mutual concession, the D.

G. M. of the ancients publicly promised, on his own part, and in the names of his two friends, against whom charges had been exhibited, that if the Grand Lodge would extend their indulgence to them, they would use their utmost exertions to effect an union between the two societies; and he pledged himself to the Grand Lodge that it should be accomplished.

It does not appear, however, that he adopted any measures which might tend to heal the breach; for, on the 9th of February, 1803, it was represented to the Grand Lodge, that the irregular Masons still continued refractory; and that so far from soliciting readmission into the craft, they had not taken any steps to effect an union; their conduct was, therefore, deemed highly censurable, and the laws of the Grand Lodge were ordered to be enforced against them. It was unanimously resolved that the persons who were opposed to the union of the two Grand Lodges be expelled the society, and also for countenancing and supporting a set of persons calling themselves ancient Masons, and holding Lodges in this kingdom without the authority of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master, duly elected by this Grand Lodge. That whenever it shall appear that any Masons under the English constitution shall in future attend or countenance any Lodge or meeting of persons calling themselves ancient Masons, under the sanction of any person claiming the title of Grand Master of England, who shall not have been duly elected in this Grand Lodge, the laws of the society shall not only be strictly enforced against them, but their names shall be erased from the list, and transmitted to all the regular Lodges under the constitution of England.

These differences became at length so irksome that the most influential Brethren in both divisions of the craft were earnestly desirous of an union. The first actual step which was taken to produce that effect originated with the Earl of Moira, in the negotiation of a treaty of alliance between the English Grand Lodge, of which he was the D. G. M., and the Grand Lodge of Scotland, under the Grand Mastership of the Earls of Aboyne and Dalhousie. At the Grand Festival of St. Andrew, holden at Edinburgh, November 13, 1803, the Earl of Dalhousie on the throne, Lord Moira introduced the question of the English schism, and explained the conduct of the Grand Lodge of England towards the ancient Masons. He stated that "the hearts and arms of the Grand Lodge had ever been open for the reception of their seceding Brethren, who had obstinately refused to acknowledge their faults, and return to the bosom of their mother Lodge; and that, though the Grand Lodge of England differed in a few

²⁷ A correspondent to one of the London papers, in June, 1783, states, rather strongly, that the ancients "having prevailed on some of the Brethren from Scotland and Ireland to attend their meetings, and inducing them to believe that the ancient rites of Masonry were only practised by them, and that the regular Lodges had deviated from the ancient landmarks, they obtained, through this channel, a friendly intercourse with the Grand Lodges of both kingdoms, and a treaty of alliance was inadvertently formed between these Grand Lodges and this irregular society. Neither of these respectable bodies, had the real origin of these seceders from the regular fraternity been known, would have permitted their authority to sanction an infringement of the Constitution of Masonry, to which all Masons are bound, or an encroachment on the established legislature of the fraternity of this kingdom." As this assertion was not contradicted there appears to have been some truth in it.

trifling observances from that of Scotland, they had ever entertained for Scottish Masons that affection and regard which it is the object of Freemasonry to cherish, and the duty of Freemasons to feel." His Lordship's speech was received by the Brethren with loud and reiterated applause, a most unequivocal mark of their approbation of its sentiments.³⁸

An official despatch on the above subject, from the same nobleman, was read at the Quarterly Communication, in April, 1805; and it was resolved, "That as the Grand Lodge of Scotland has expressed, through the Earl of Moira, its earnest wish to be on terms of confidential communication with the Grand Lodge of England, under the authority of the Prince of Wales, this Grand Lodge, therefore, ever desirous to concur in a fraternal intercourse with regular Masons, doth meet that disposition with the utmost cordiality of sentiment, and requests the honor of the acting Grand Master to make such declarations in their name to the Grand Lodge of Scotland."

The circumstances which led to this good understanding were detailed by Lord Moira from his place on the throne of the Grand Lodge, at the Quarterly Communication, in February, 1806. His lordship stated, that during his residence in Edinburgh he had visited the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and taken an opportunity of explaining to it the extent and importance of this Grand Lodge, and also the origin and situation of those Masons in England who met under the authority of the Duke of Athol; that the Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Scotland he found to have been greatly misinformed upon the point, having always been led to think that this society was of recent date, and of no magnitude; but now, being thoroughly con-

vinced of their error, they were desirous that the strictest union and most intimate communication should subsist between this Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Scotland; and, as the first step towards so important an object, and in testimony of the wishes of the Scottish Masons, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been unanimously elected Grand Master of Scotland. That the said Grand Lodge had expressed its concern that any difference should subsist among the Masons of England, and that the Lodges meeting under the sanction of the Duke of Athol should have withdrawn themselves from protection of the ancient Grand Lodge of England; but hoped that measures might be adopted to produce a reconciliation, and that the Lodges now holding irregular meetings would return to their duty, and again be received into the bosom of the fraternity. That, in reply, his lordship had stated his firm belief, that this Grand Lodge would readily concur in any measures that might be proposed for establishing union and harmony among the general body of Masons; yet, that after the rejection of the propositions made by this Grand Lodge, three years ago, it could not now, consistent with its honor, or the dignity of its illustrious Grand Master, make any further advances; but that, as it still retained its disposition to promote the general interests of the craft, it would always be open to accept of the mediation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, if it should think proper to interfere.

On this representation it was resolved that a letter should be written to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, expressive of the desire of this Grand Lodge, that the strictest union may subsist between the Grand Lodge of England and the Grand Lodge of Scotland; and that the actual Masters and Wardens of the Lodges under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, who may be in London, on producing proper testimonials, shall have a seat in the Grand Lodge, and be permitted to vote on all occasions. A communication was subsequently received from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, desiring to co-operate with this Grand Lodge in every particular which might support the authority necessary to be maintained by the representative body of the whole craft over an individual Lodge; and pledging itself not to countenance, or receive as a Brother, any person standing under the interdict of the Grand Lodge of England for masonic transgression. It was therefore resolved, in Quarterly Communication, "That the acting Grand Master be requested to express to the Grand Lodge of Ireland the sense which this Grand Lodge entertains of so cordial a communication."

These public declarations of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland appear to

³⁸ Laurie thus expresses himself on the subject: "In the general history of Freemasonry we have already given an account of the schism which took place in the Grand Lodge of England, by the secession of a number of men, who, calling themselves ancient Masons, invidiously bestowed upon the Grand Lodge the appellation of moderns. These ancient Masons, who certainly merit blame as the active promoters of the schism, chose for their Grand Master, in the year 1772, his Grace the Duke of Athol, who was then Grand Master elect for Scotland. From this circumstance, more than from any particular predilection on the part of the Grand Lodge of Scotland for the ancient Masons, the most friendly intercourse has always subsisted between the two Grand Lodges; and the Scottish Masons, from their union with the ancients, imbibed the same prejudices against the Grand Lodge of England, arising merely from some trifling innovations in ceremonial observance, which had been inconsiderately authorised. From these causes the Grand Lodges of Scotland and England, though the Brethren of both were admitted into each other's Lodges, never cherished that mutual and friendly intercourse, which, by the principles of Freemasonry, they were bound to institute and preserve. Such was the relative condition of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and that of England, under the Prince of Wales, on the day of the present election."—*Hist. of Freemasonry*, p. 204.

have made a strong impression on the ancient Masons, who, entertaining an apprehension that their authority would be altogether superseded by such a coalition, now became anxious to complete the desired re-union of the two bodies; and their overtures were received in a masonic spirit by the authorities of the constitutional sections of the craft. In the year 1809, it was resolved, "That it is not necessary to continue in force any longer those measures which were resorted to in or about the year 1739 respecting irregular Masons; and we, therefore, enjoin the Lodges to revert to the ancient landmarks of the Society." An occasional Lodge was then appointed, called the Lodge of Promulgation, as a preparatory step to carrying out the union of ancient and modern Masons.

This concession was responded to on the part of the ancients, by the resignation of the Duke of Athol, as G. M., and the appointment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to that office, who publicly declared, at his installation in 1813, that he had consented to accept the office solely with a view of promoting and effecting an union between the ancient and modern sections of the craft. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex being, at that period, the G. M. of the Constitutional Masons, the two royal Brothers, with the advice and assistance of three learned Masons from amongst the members of each division, framed a series of articles for the future government of the United Grand Lodge. On the one side were Waller Rodwell Wright, Arthur Tegart, and James Deans, Esqrs.; and on the other, Thomas Harper, James Perry, and James Agar, Esqrs. The articles were signed, ratified, and confirmed, and the seal of the respective Grand Lodges affixed on the 1st of December, 1813. It was here agreed, "for the purpose of establishing and securing this perfect uniformity in all the warranted Lodges, and to place all the members of both fraternities on the level of equality on the day of re-union," that nine expert Master Masons from each of the fraternities should hold a Lodge of Reconciliation, for the purpose of settling the ceremonies, lectures, and discipline, on such a basis that "there shall be the most perfect unity of obligation, &c., so that but one pure, unsullied system, according to the genuine landmarks, laws, and conditions of the craft, shall be maintained, upheld, and practised throughout the masonic world."³⁹ When all these preliminaries were settled the event was commemorated by a general Grand Festival; and it is confidently hoped that "the removal of all these slight differences which have so long kept the Brotherhood asunder

will be the means of establishing in the metropolis of the British empire one splendid edifice of ancient Freemasonry, to which the whole masonic world may confidently look for the maintenance and preservation of the pure principles of the craft, as handed down to them from time immemorial, under the protection of the illustrious branches of the royal house of Brunswick; and that it may produce the extension and practice of the virtues of loyalty, morality, brotherly love, and benevolence, which it has ever been the great object of Freemasonry to inculcate, and of its laws to enforce."

I shall conclude my letter with a brief statement of the present condition of the Royal Arch Degree, as it is practised in different countries, which I consider a necessary proceeding, for reasons which I shall presently explain. At the union of the two Grand Chapters of Royal Arch Masons in England, in 1817, the title of "United Grand Chapter" was used until 1822, when the title of "Supreme Grand Chapter" was resumed. The English Royal Arch, at present, according to the Constitutions, appears to be practised as a fourth Degree; for the Past Master, though now elevated into a distinct grade, attended with certain exclusive privileges, is not essential for exaltation.⁴⁰ The articles of union, however, set out with a declaration that "ancient Masonry consists of three Degrees only, including the Royal Arch;" and the Supreme Grand Chapter still holds the doctrine that, in all things, wherein by analogy, the Constitutions of Craft Masonry can be followed, they shall determine the laws of the Royal Arch. Thus, the connection between Craft and Royal Arch Masonry is still maintained, although the degrees differ in design, in clothing, in constitutions, and in color, and the proceedings are regulated by different governing bodies. In 1813 the union of Royal Arch Masonry with the Craft Grand Lodge, being considered extremely desirable, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was invested with unlimited powers to effect the object. On this resolution the editor of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review* thus remarks:—"Well, had it been for English Freemasonry if this object had been carried out to its fullest extent; which, at some future time may even yet be effected." In another place the editor remarks:—"The Royal Arch in England is not essentially a degree, but the perfection of the third. The entire system requires careful re-examination."

(To be concluded in May No.)

³⁹ Articles of Union, iii, v. See Feby, 210 A. F., 1858, for these Articles.

⁴⁰ A Master Mason is now considered eligible for the honors of the Royal Arch in England. This is not the case, however, in America, nor is an English R. A. Mason unless he has the degrees from Master to R. A., as practised in America, allowed to visit a chapter.—Ed. A. F.

History of the Crusades.



THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

THE Moslem leaders knew the sad inroads that famine and disease had made upon the numbers of the foe; they knew that not above two hundred of the knights had horses to ride upon, and that the foot soldiers were sick and emaciated; but they did not know the almost incredible valor which superstition had infused into their hearts. The story of the lance they treated with the most supreme contempt, and, secure of an easy victory, they gave themselves no trouble in preparing for the onslaught. It is related that Kerbogha was playing a game at chess, when

the black flag on the citadel gave warning of the enemy's approach, and that, with true oriental coolness, he insisted upon finishing the game ere he bestowed any of his attention upon a foe so unworthy. The defeat of his advanced post of two thousand men aroused him from his apathy.

The Crusaders, after this first victory, advanced joyfully towards the mountains, hoping to draw the Turks to a place where their cavalry would be unable to manœuvre. Their spirits were light and their courage high, as, led on by the Duke

of Normandy, Count Robert of Flanders, and Hugh of Vermandois, they came within sight of the splendid camp of the enemy. Godfrey of Bouillon, and Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, followed immediately after these leaders, the latter clad in complete armor, and bearing the Holy Lance within sight of the whole army; Bohemund and Tancred brought up the rear.

Kerbogha, aware at last that his enemy was not so despicable, took vigorous measures to remedy his mistake, and, preparing himself to meet the Christians in front, he dispatched the Sultan Soliman of Roum to attack them in the rear. To conceal this movement, he set fire to the dried weeds and grass with which the ground was covered, and Soliman, taking a wide circuit with his cavalry, succeeded, under cover of the smoke, in making good his position in the rear. The battle raged furiously in front; the arrows of the Turks fell thick as hail, and their well-trained squadrons trod the Crusaders under their hoofs like stubble. Still the affray was doubtful; for the Christians had the advantage of the ground, and were rapidly gaining upon the enemy, when the overwhelming forces of Soliman arrived in the rear. Godfrey and Tancred flew to the rescue of Bohemund, spreading dismay in the Turkish ranks by their fierce impetuosity. The Bishop of Puy was left almost alone with the Provencals to oppose the legions commanded by Kerbogha in person; but the presence of the Holy Lance made a hero of the meanest soldier in his train. Still, however, the numbers of the enemy seemed interminable. The Christians, attacked on every side, began at last to give way, and the Turks made sure of victory.

At this moment a cry was raised in the Christian host, that the saints were fighting on their side. The battle-field was clear of the smoke from the burning weeds, which had curled away, and hung in white clouds of fantastic shape on the brow of the distant mountains. Some imaginative zealot, seeing this dimly through the dust of the battle, called out to his fellows to look at the army of saints, clothed in white, and riding upon white horses, that were pouring over the hills to the rescue. All eyes were immediately turned to the distant smoke; faith was in every heart; and the old battle-cry, *God wills it! God wills it!* resounded through the field, as every soldier, believing that God was visibly sending his armies to his aid, fought with an energy unfelt before. A panic seized the Persian and Turkish hosts, and they gave way in all directions. In vain Kerbogha tried to rally them. Fear is more contagious than enthusiasm, and they fled over the mountains like deer pursued by the hounds. The two leaders, seeing the uselessness of further ef-

forts, fled with the rest; and that immense army was scattered over Palestine, leaving nearly seventy thousand of its dead upon the field of battle.

Their magnificent camp fell into the hands of the enemy, with its rich stores of corn, and its droves of sheep and oxen. Jewels, gold, and rich velvets in abundance, were distributed among the army. Tancred followed the fugitives over the hills, and reaped as much plunder as those who had remained in the camp. The way, as they fled, was covered with valuables, and horses of the finest breed of Arabia became so plentiful that every knight of the Christians was provided with a steed. The Crusaders, in this battle, acknowledge to have lost nearly ten thousand men.

Their return to Antioch was one of joy indeed; the citadel was surrendered at once, and many of the Turkish garrison embraced the Christian faith, and the rest were suffered to depart. A solemn thanksgiving was offered up by the Bishop of Puy, in which the whole army joined, and the Holy Lance was visited by every soldier.

The enthusiasm lasted for some days, and the army loudly demanded to be led forward to Jerusalem, the grand goal of all their wishes; but none of their leaders were anxious to move—the more prudent among them, such as Godfrey and Tancred, for reasons of expediency; and the more ambitious, such as the Count of Toulouse and Bohemund, for reasons of self-interest. Violent dissensions sprang up again between all the chiefs. Raymond of Toulouse, who was left at Antioch to guard the town, had summoned the citadel to surrender, as soon as he saw that there was no fear of any attack upon the part of the Persians; and the other chiefs found, upon their return, his banner waving on its walls. This had given great offence to Bohemund, who had stipulated the principality of Antioch as his reward for winning the town in the first instance. Godfrey and Tancred supported his claim, and, after a great deal of bickering, the flag of Raymond was lowered from the tower, and that of Bohemund hoisted in its stead, who assumed from that time the title of Prince of Antioch. Raymond, however, persisted in retaining possession of one of the city gates and its adjacent towers, which he held for several months, to the great annoyance of Bohemund and the scandal of the army. The count became in consequence extremely unpopular, although his ambition was not a whit more unreasonable than that of Bohemund himself, nor of Baldwin, who had taken up his quarters at Edessa, where he exercised the functions of a petty sovereign.

The fate of Peter Barthelemy deserves to be recorded. Honors and considera-

tion had come thick upon him after the affair of the lance, and he consequently felt bound in conscience to continue the dreams which had made him a personage of so much importance. The mischief of it was, that, like many other liars, he had a very bad memory, and he contrived to make his dreams contradict each other in the most palpable manner. St. John one night appeared to him, and told one tale; while, a week after, St. Paul told a totally different story, and held out hopes quite incompatible with those of his apostolic brother. The credulity of that age had a wide maw, and Peter's visions must have been absurd and outrageous indeed, when the very men who had believed in the lance refused to swallow any more of his wonders. Bohemund at last, for the purpose of annoying the Count of Toulouse, challenged poor Peter to prove the truth of his story of the lance by the fiery ordeal. Peter could not refuse a trial so common in that age, and being besides encouraged by the count and his chaplain Raymond, an early day was appointed for the ceremony. The previous night was spent in prayer and fasting, according to custom, and Peter came forth in the morning bearing the lance in his hand, and walked boldly up to the fire. The whole army gathered round, impatient for the result, many thousands still believing that the lance was genuine, and Peter a holy man. Prayers having been said by Raymond d'Agilles, Peter walked into the flames, and had got nearly through, when pain caused him to lose his presence of mind; the heat, too, affected his eyes, and in his anguish he turned round unwittingly, and passed through the fire again, instead of stepping out of it, as he should have done. The result was, that he was burned so severely that he never recovered, and, after lingering for some days, he expired in great agony.

Most of the soldiers were suffering either from wounds, disease, or weariness; and it was resolved by Godfrey, the tacitly acknowledged chief of the enterprise, that the army should have time to refresh itself ere they advanced upon Jerusalem. It was now July, and he proposed that they should pass the hot months of August and September within the walls of Antioch, and march forward in October with renewed vigor, and numbers increased by fresh arrivals from Europe. This advice was finally adopted, although the enthusiasts of the army continued to murmur at the delay. In the meantime the Count of Vermandois was sent upon an embassy to the Emperor Alexius at Constantinople, to reproach him for his base desertion of the cause, and urge him to send the reinforcements he had promised. The count faithfully executed his mission (of which, by the way, Alexius

took no notice whatever,) and remained for some time at Constantinople, till his zeal, never very violent, totally evaporated. He then returned to France, sick of the Crusade, and determined to intermeddle with it no more.

The chiefs, though they had determined to stay at Antioch for two months, could not remain quiet for so long a time. They would, in all probability, have fallen upon each other, had there been no Turks in Palestine upon whom they might vent their impetuosity. Godfrey proceeded to Edessa, to aid his brother Baldwin in expelling the Saracens from his principality, and the other leaders carried on separate hostilities against them, as caprice or ambition dictated. At length the impatience of the army to be led against Jerusalem became so great that the chiefs could no longer delay, and Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy marched forward with their divisions, and laid siege to the small but strong town of Marah. With their usual improvidence, they had not food enough to last a beleaguering army for a week. They suffered great privations in consequence, till Bohemund came to their aid and took the town by storm. In connection with this siege, the chronicler, Raymond d'Agilles (the same Raymond the chaplain who figured in the affair of the holy lance,) relates a legend, in the truth of which he devoutly believed, and upon which Tasso has founded one of the most beautiful passages of his poem. It is worth preserving, as showing the spirit of the age and the source of the extraordinary courage manifested by the Crusaders on occasions of extreme difficulty. "One day," says Raymond, "Anselme de Ribeumont beheld young Engelram, the son of the Count de St. Paul, who had been killed at Marah, enter his tent. 'How is it,' said Anselme to him, 'that you, whom I saw lying dead on the field of battle, are full of life?'" "You must know," replied Engelram, "that those who fight for Jesus Christ never die." "But whence," resumed Anselme, "comes that strange brightness that surrounds you?" Upon this Engelram pointed to the sky, where Anselme saw a palace of diamond and crystal. "It is thence," said he, "that I derive the beauty which surprises you. My dwelling is there; a still finer one is prepared for you, and you shall soon come to inhabit it. Farewell! we shall meet again to-morrow." With these words Engelram returned to heaven. Anselme, struck by the vision, sent the next morning for the priests, received the sacrament, and although full of health, took a last farewell of all his friends, telling them that he was about to leave this world. A few hours afterwards, the enemy having made a sortie, Anselme went out against

them sword in hand, and was struck on the forehead by a stone from a Turkish sling, which sent him to heaven, to the beautiful palace that was prepared for him."

New disputes arose between the Prince of Antioch and the Count of Toulouse with regard to the capture of this town, which were with the utmost difficulty appeased by the other chiefs. Delays also took place in the progress of the army, especially before Archas, and the soldiery were so exasperated that they were on the point of choosing new leaders to conduct them to Jerusalem. Godfrey, upon this, set fire to his camp at Archas, and marched forward. He was immediately joined by hundreds of the Provençals of the Count of Toulouse. The latter, seeing the turn affairs were taking, hastened after them, and the whole host proceeded towards the holy city, so long desired amid sorrow, and suffering, and danger. At Emmaus they were met by a deputation from the Christians of Bethlehem, praying for immediate aid against the oppression of the infidels. The very name of Bethlehem, the birth-place of their Savior, was music to their ears, and many of them wept with joy to think they were approaching a spot so hallowed. Albert of Aix informs us that their hearts were so touched that sleep was banished from the camp, and that instead of waiting till the morning's dawn to recommence their march, they set out shortly after midnight, full of hope and enthusiasm. For upwards of four hours the mail-clad legions tramped steadfastly forward in the dark, and when the sun arose in unclouded splendor, the towers and pinnacles of Jerusalem gleamed upon their sight. All the tender feelings of their nature were touched; no longer brutal fanatics, but meek and humble pilgrims, they knelt down upon the sod, and with tears in their eyes, exclaimed to one another, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" Some of them kissed the holy ground, others stretched themselves at full length upon it, in order that their bodies might come in contact with the greatest possible extent of it, and others prayed aloud. The women and children who had followed the camp from Europe, and shared in all its dangers, fatigues, and privations, were more boisterous in their joy; the former from long-nourished enthusiasm, and the latter from mere imitation,¹ and prayed, and wept,

¹ Guibert de Nogent relates a curious instance of the imitiveness of these juvenile Crusaders. He says that, during the siege of Antioch, the Christian and Saracen boys used to issue forth every evening from the town and camp in great numbers, under the command of captains chosen from among themselves. Armed with sticks instead of swords, and stones instead of arrows, they ranged themselves in battle order, and, shouting each the war-

and laughed till they almost put the more sober to the blush.

The first ebullition of their gladness having subsided, the army marched forward and invested the city on all sides. The assault was almost immediately begun; but after the Christians had lost some of their bravest knights, that mode of attack was abandoned, and the army commenced its preparations for a regular siege. Mangonels, movable towers, and battering-rams, together with a machine called a sow, made of wood, and covered with raw hides, inside of which miners worked to undermine the walls, were forthwith constructed; and to restore the courage and discipline of the army, which had suffered from the unworthy dissensions of the chiefs, the latter held out the hand of friendship to each other, and Tancred and the Count of Toulouse embraced in sight of the whole camp. The clergy aided the cause with their powerful voice, and preached union and goodwill to the highest and the lowest. A solemn procession was also ordered round the city, in which the entire army joined, prayers being offered up at every spot which gospel records had taught them to consider as peculiarly sacred.

The Saracens upon the ramparts beheld all these manifestations without alarm. To incense the Christians, whom they despised, they constructed rude crosses, and fixed them upon the walls, and spat upon and pelted them with dirt and stones. This insult to the symbol of their faith raised the wrath of the Crusaders to that height that bravery became ferocity, and enthusiasm madness. When all the engines of war were completed, the attack was recommenced, and every soldier of the Christian army fought with a vigor which the sense of private wrong invariably inspires. The Saracen arrows and balls of fire fell thick and fast among them, but the tremendous rams still heaved against the walls, while the best marksmen of the host were busily employed in the several floors of the movable towers in dealing death among the Turks upon the battlements. Godfrey, Raymond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, each upon his tower, fought for hours with unwearied energy, often repulsed, but ever ready to renew the struggle. The Turks, no longer despising the enemy, defended themselves with the utmost skill and bravery till darkness brought a cessation of hostilities. Short was the sleep that night in the Christian camp. The priests offered up solemn prayers in the midst of the attentive soldiery for the triumph of

cry of their country, fought with the utmost desperation. Some of them lost their eyes, and many became cripples for life from the injuries they received on these occasions.

the cross in this last great struggle ; and as soon as morning dawned, every one was in readiness for the affray. The women and children lent their aid, the latter running unconcerned to and fro while the arrows fell fast around them, bearing water to the thirsty combatants. The saints were believed to be aiding their efforts, and the army, impressed with this idea, surmounted difficulties under which a force thrice as numerous, but without their faith, would have quailed and been defeated. Raymond of Toulouse at last forced his way into the city by escalade, while at the very same moment Tancred and Robert of Normandy succeeded in bursting open one of the gates. The Turks flew to repair the mischief, and Godfrey of Bouillon, seeing the battlements comparatively deserted, let down the drawbridge of his movable tower, and sprang forward, followed by all the knights of his train. In an instant after the banner of the cross floated upon the walls of Jerusalem. The Crusaders, raising once more their redoubtable war-cry, rushed on from every side, and the city was taken. The battle raged in the streets for several hours, and the Christians, remembering their insulted faith, gave no quarter to young or old, male or female, sick or strong. Not one of the leaders thought himself at liberty to issue orders for staying the carnage, and if he had, he would not have been obeyed. The Saracens fled in great numbers to the mosque of Solomon, but they had not time to fortify themselves within it ere the Christians were upon them. Ten thousand persons are said to have perished in that building alone.

Peter the Hermit, who had remained so long under the veil of neglect, was repaid that day for all his zeal and all his sufferings. As soon as the battle was over, the Christians of Jerusalem issued forth from their hiding places to welcome their deliverers. They instantly recognized the Hermit as the pilgrim who, years before, had spoken to them so eloquently of the wrongs and insults they had endured, and promised to stir up the princes and people of Europe in their behalf. They clung to the skirts of his garments in the fervor of their gratitude, and vowed to remember him for ever in their prayers. Many of them shed tears about his neck, and attributed the deliverance of Jerusalem solely to his courage and perseverance. Peter afterwards held some ecclesiastical office in the holy city, but what it was, or what was his ultimate fate, history has forgotten to inform us. Some say that he returned to France and founded a monastery, but the story does not rest upon sufficient authority.

The grand object for which the popular swarms of Europe had forsaken their

homes was now accomplished. The Moslem mosques of Jerusalem were converted into churches for a purer faith, and the Mount of Calvary and the sepulchre of Christ were profaned no longer by the presence or the power of the infidel. Popular frenzy had fulfilled its mission, and, as a natural consequence, it began to subside from that time forth. The news of the capture of Jerusalem brought numbers of pilgrims from Europe, and, among others, Stephen, Count of Chartres, and Hugh of Vermandois, to atone for their desertion ; but nothing like the former enthusiasm existed among the nations.

Thus, then, ends the history of the first Crusade. For the better understanding of the second, it will be necessary to describe the interval between them, and to enter into a slight sketch of the history of Jerusalem under its Latin kings, the long and fruitless wars they continued to wage with the unvanquished Saracens, and the poor and miserable results which sprang from so vast an expenditure of zeal, and so deplorable a waste of human life.

The necessity of having some recognised chief was soon felt by the Crusaders, and Godfrey de Bouillon, less ambitious than Bohemund or Raymond of Toulouse, gave his cold consent to wield a sceptre which the latter chiefs would have clutched with eagerness. He was hardly invested with the royal mantle before the Saracens menaced his capital. With much vigor and judgment he exerted himself to follow up the advantages he had gained, and marching out to meet the enemy before they had time to besiege him in Jerusalem, he gave them battle at Ascalon, and defeated them with great loss. He did not, however, live long to enjoy his new dignity, being seized with a fatal illness when he had only reigned nine months. To him succeeded his brother, Baldwin of Edessa. The latter monarch did much to improve the condition of Jerusalem and to extend its territory, but was not able to make a firm footing for his successors. For fifty years, in which the history of Jerusalem is full of interest to the historical student, the Crusaders were exposed to fierce and constant hostilities, often gaining battles and territory, and as often losing them, but becoming every day weaker and more divided, while the Saracens became stronger and more united to harass and root them out. The battles of this period were of the most chivalrous character, and deeds of heroism were done by the handful of brave knights that remained in Syria which have hardly their parallel in the annals of war. In the course of time, however, the Christians could not avoid feeling some respect for the courage, and admiration, for the polished manners and advanced civilization of the Saracens, so

much superior to the rudeness and semi-barbarism of Europe at that day. Difference of faith did not prevent them from forming alliances with the dark-eyed maidens of the East. One of the first to set the example of taking a Paynim spouse was King Baldwin himself, and these connections in time became not only frequent, but almost universal, among such of the knights as had resolved to spend their lives in Palestine. These Eastern ladies were obliged, however, to submit to the ceremony of baptism before they could be received to the arms of a Christian lord. These, and their offspring, naturally looked upon the Saracens with less hatred than did the zealots who conquered Jerusalem, and who thought it a sin deserving the wrath of God to spare an unbeliever. We find, in consequence, that the most obstinate battles waged during the reigns of the later kings of Jerusalem were fought by the new and raw levies who from time to time arrived from Europe, lured by the hope of glory or spurred by fanaticism. The latter broke without scruple the truces established between the original settlers and the Saracens, and drew down severe retaliation upon many thousands of their brethren in the faith, whose prudence was stronger than their zeal, and whose chief desire was to live in peace.

AN INCIDENT OF THE EPIDEMIC IN NEW ORLEANS.—A boy was discovered in the morning, lying in the grass of Claiborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever.

"God sent for mother, and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you."

No one except God cares for more than a small particle of the universe,

LOOKING EAST.¹

"Lover and friend hast thou put far from me,
and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight."

LITTLE white clouds, where are you flying
Over the sky so blue and cold?
Fair faint hopes, why are you lying
Over my heart like a white cloud's fold?

Little green leaves, why are you peeping
Out of the mould where the snow yet lies?
Toying west wind, why are you creeping
Like a child's breath across my eyes?

Hope and terror by turns consuming,
Lover and friend put far from me—
What should I do with the bright spring's coming
Like an angel over the sea?

Over the cruel sea that parted
Me from mine—is't for evermore?
Out of the woful East, whence darted
Heaven's full quiver of vengeance sore.

Day teaches day—night whispers morning
"Hundreds are weeping their dead, and thou
Weepst thy living! Rise, be adorning
Thy brows, unwidowed, with smiles." But how?

O had he married me—unto anguish,
Hardship, sickness, peril, and pain,
If on my breast his head might languish,
In lonely jungle or burning plain:

O had we stood on the rampart gory,
Till he—ere Horror behind us trod—
Kissed me, and killed me, and with his glory
My soul went happy and pure to God!

Nay, nay—God pardon me, broken-hearted,
Living this dreary life in death;
Many there are far wider parted
Who under one roof-tree breathe one breath.

But we that loved—whom one word half broken
Had drawn together close soul to soul,
As lip to lip—and it was not spoken,
Nor may be, while the world's ages roll.

I sit me down with the tears all frozen:
I drink my cup, be it gall or wine:
I know, if he lives, I am his chosen;
I know, if he dies, that he is mine.

If love in its silence be greater, stronger
Than hundred vows, or sighs or tears,
Soul, wait thou on Him a little longer
Who holdeth the balance of thy years.

Little white clouds, like angels flying,
Bring the young spring from over the sea:
Loving or losing, living or dying,
Heaven, remember—remember me!

BEAUTIFUL things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as the spendthrift covets money—to circulate it.

THE sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainest when all around is dark.

¹ The beauty of these lines will be better appreciated when it is understood that the writer was a sufferer by the rebellion in India in 1857-58.

Architecture Illustrated.

LONDON, February 11, 1859.

IN my last communication I glanced, as briefly as the character of the subject admitted, at the most important ruins of Egyptian architecture of which we have any authentic account; and the particulars noted cannot fail, I think, to be satisfactory to all those who take pleasure in the study of that noble and interesting art, which is so closely allied to the science of Freemasonry. There are yet other ruins in that cradle of the sciences which deserve more than a mere passing notice.

Some of the most elegant specimens of Egyptian architecture will be found among the ruins of Tentyra, which occupy an area of 2400 feet by 2300, and contain four temples—the Typhonium, the northern temple, the large temple, and the southern temple.

The Typhonium, or temple dedicated to Typhon, the evil principle, is peripteral, 110 feet long by 55 wide; and resembles, somewhat closely, the temple of Horus at Edfou, described in my last letter. Leaves of the lotus and other sacred plants of the Egyptians ornament the capitals, on each side of which is an image of Typhon enveloped in lotus leaves.

The large temple, dedicated to Isis, was 256 feet long by 128 feet wide, and 55 feet high. The entrance door was 15 feet 6 inches wide, and the ceiling of the portico rested upon 24 columns, ranged in four rows, the capitals of which were composed of four heads of Isis, which supported a cube, on the faces of which temples were represented. The colossal head was partly hidden by a drapery, painted with longitudinal stripes, exhibiting lotus leaves and pearls. The sculptures upon the cube represent offerings to Isis, who is nursing her son Horus. The columns are all covered with hieroglyphics of a similar character to those on the columns at Carnak. The door jambs, like the building itself, of sandstone, are framed in by the centre columns: the headpiece over the door is of granite. The walls of the portico are inclined on each side to the extent of 10 feet 6 inches. The rear portion of the main temple is about 10 feet lower than the portico. It contains a ceiling, painted sky-blue, and bespangled with

golden stars. In the centre was the famous zodiac,¹ which has been removed to France. On the ceiling of the portico are similar decorations, executed in painting. The two corner pillars on the front are ornamented with four rows of bas-reliefs, representing the offerings of gifts to Osiris and Isis; the former of whom is represented, sometimes with the head of a boar, sometimes with that of a sparrow-hawk, and sometimes with that of a falcon. On the inside of these pillars are figures 15 feet high; and from each sidewall of the temple project the heads and half the length of the bodies of three lions. The wall between the front columns is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing offerings to Isis. In one of the rooms are sculptures relating to the death and resurrection of Isis, considered by some as a

¹ A description of this zodiac cannot fail to interest the student of masonic antiquities. It is composed of a great number of figures and hieroglyphics, arranged in a certain order. We notice first the outer circle, inscribed with a number of hieroglyphics, which follow one another in regular succession. The circle is divided into eight equal parts, by four erect female figures, and four pairs of kneeling female twins, with sparrow-hawks' heads. These figures appear also to support the weight of the inner circle. The picture within the latter contains quite a number of hieroglyphics of all kinds. The first figure, in astronomical order, is a lion with a serpent under his feet and a woman behind him. This was the true zodiacal representation of the sign LEO. Next to this group, turning to the right, we find a woman with an ear of wheat in her hand, representing VIRGO. Further on, LIBRA with the scales, SCORPIO, SAGITTARIUS in the shape of a winged Centaur, CAPRICORNUS, half goat half fish; then comes a male figure, pouring water out of two vessels, which represents AQUARIUS, followed by PISCES, two fishes united by a triangle and the hieroglyphic for water; next to these we see ARIES, TAURUS, and GEMINI; and, finally, the last sign in the ring, which is CANCER, represented, however, by a *scarabæus* instead of a crab. A great number of other figures appear both within the spiral lines of the zodiacal signs, and outside them. These represent the important constellations next to the zodiac. An erect, clumsy-looking animal, occupying nearly the whole centre of the disc, is an ancient representation of Ursa MAJOR, hence the north pole is pretty nearly in front of it. The position and order of the 36 figures that are seen on the very edge of the inner circle are interesting. They were intended to represent 36 *decades*, or good spirits, to whom the care and protection of the human race were intrusted; to each was assigned a particular limb or part of the body as the object of his peculiar care, and which he had to guard against the power and influence of the evil spirits.

symbolical allegory of the decay of vegetation in the dry season, and its renewal after the inundation of the Nile. This explanation may do well enough for your exoteric readers, but others will read in it the allegorical symbol of a doctrine not merely inculcated by all the ancient mysteries, but which was the very origin and object of their institution—the mortality of the human body, and the immortality or indestructibility of the soul!

Upon the terrace of the main temple stands another smaller temple: a circumstance unique in Egypt; its columns are copies, on a smaller scale, of those of the main temple.

The southern temple of Tentyra presents nothing of interest to the student of architecture that I have not already given in the descriptions of other temples. The proportions of the different parts, and the ornamental sculptures, and so forth, are exactly similar.

Only two colonnades, now scarcely accessible, mark the site of the ruins of Abydos, where Memnon, at one time, had a palace and Osiris a temple. These colonnades are ornamented with hieroglyphics and sculptures, and the ceilings are painted with yellow stars on an azure ground, representing that "clouded canopy or starry-decked heaven, where all good Masons hope, at length, to arrive," by the aid of that theological ladder which represents the truly masonic and divine virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity!

The emperor Trajan erected a city on the ruins of the ancient Besa. He called this city Antinopolis, or Antinoe, in honor of his friend Antinous; and this being comparatively of a recent date, its ruins exhibit some of the characteristics of Grecian and Roman architecture. In the remains of the theatre we find pure Corinthian columns.

In the rock-cut tombs of Beni Hassan were found *fluted* columns 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, and seven diameters in height, with 15 flutings. These columns are, undoubtedly, of Egyptian origin.

Another point to which I would direct the attention of the student of masonic architecture is the fact that the centre room in the catacombs of Alexandria, to which the four mausolea are attached, is regularly *arched* over; the arches resting upon eight columns resembling the Doric of a later period.

Having thus briefly glanced at the architectural monuments of Egypt, pointed out their unsurpassed symmetry and beauty, and established, I think, satisfactorily from their sculptures and sacred carvings, that they were great schools where the abstruse philosophy of the ancients was taught and their great theological doctrines were inculcated, it only remains for me now to direct the attention of the investigating Freemason to the similarity of the temples and the mode of teaching adopted by the ancient Egyptians, to the lodges and teachings of the Freemasonic institution. The temples in their form, a regular oblong square; in their covering; in their situation, due east and west—were undoubtedly like what we describe a Freemason's lodge to be; and it is evident also that the important truths taught in them formed, like Freemasonry, "a system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols."

THE PYRAMIDS.

The largest pyramid in Egypt, near Memphis, the present Gizeh was built by Cheops, about 1,000 years before the birth of Christ. His brother Chephrenes, built the next largest; the third was built by Mycerinus, son of Cheops, and his successor, Asychis, erected the fourth. These four, together with three others smaller, dedicated to the queens of these kings and the daughter of Cheops, are known as the group of Gizeh.

The pyramids at Sakkarah and in other places, were built about the same time. The majority of them were constructed of limestone found in their vicinity, or of Trojan or Ethiopian granite: some of them exhibit pieces of yellow and red marble. The four corners of the pyramids (with scarcely an exception) point to the four cardinal points of the heavens. The proportion between the extension of the base and the height seems to have been strictly regulated: the line from the base to the tops is not always straight, being in some instances curved, in others broken by terraces of different heights; the one at Sakkarah having six terraces of equal height. Some of them run to a point at the apex; while the tops of others are formed by platforms of different sizes. They also vary in dimensions. The pyramid of Cheops was 699 feet 9 inches long at the

base, and 425 feet 9 inches high : that of Chephrenes, 655 feet base by 398 high : those at Sakkarah being a little smaller.

Herodotus informs us that it required the labour of 100,000 men during ten years to construct the embankment for the transportation of the stone blocks to the pyramid of Cheops, and afterwards, the same number during twenty years to erect the pyramid itself. The building was constructed by first erecting one terrace, and then raising all the materials for the next one, up to this ; the angles between the terraces were afterwards filled up and smoothed off.

The construction of the large pyramid at Memphis is as follows : The first course of stones rests upon the main rock, into which it was imbedded to the depth of eight inches. The rock was then cut so as to form a plinth five feet high, which is 100 feet above high water of the Nile. Above the first course of stones are twenty others cut into steps nine and a half inches wide to one foot rise. The two uppermost courses have been destroyed, and the whole height, plinth and top included, is nearly 450 feet. Each block is fitted into the adjoining one without the least irregularity, the lower stone receiving in a groove two inches deep, a projection of the upper one of the same size : and so on successively.

The entrance to this pyramid is on the northeast side, about 45 feet above the base. A gallery sloping downwards, leads to a passage three feet five inches in width and height, and 102 feet long, the entrance to which was blocked by a large piece of granite which could not be removed, but a passage has been made around it. At the extreme end of this gallery is a platform, and on the right hand side, a well cut in the rock, about 200 feet deep ; but without water, even as low as 50 feet below the level of the Nile. Its extreme depth, however, has not been reached. At this floor a level passage branches off, about 118 feet in length, which leads first to a room, called "The queen's apartment," which is 17 feet 10 inches in length, by 16 feet 1 inch wide, and empty : second to another gallery, 125 feet long, 25 feet high, and six and a half feet wide. On each side of this are benches 21 inches high by 19 inches wide : and at the end is another platform, communicating with another opening, three feet

three inches wide, four feet five inches high, and seven feet ten inches long, forming the entrance room of the king which is 32 feet long, 16 feet wide and 18 feet high, and covered with polished granite. Its length is east and west, the southern side being the longest. At the western end is the granite sarcophagus, seven feet one inch long, three feet one inch wide, and three feet six inches high : the lid is wanting.

Near this pyramid is situated a figure of the sphinx. It is a large monolith, cut from the rock on which it stands, and is still connected with it. Its height to the back, is about 40 feet, and it was necessary to remove masses of rock to lower the surrounding ground, in order to exhibit its full dimensions. The figure is 117 feet long ; the circumference of the head is 91 feet, the height from the belly to the top of the head, 51 feet. There is an opening in the head, in which the head-dress was fastened. The French, during the expedition to Egypt, after removing the surrounding sands, by which it was covered up to the neck, discovered an opening between the legs of the figure, which soon proved to be a regular entrance, communicating, by subterraneous passages cut through the rocks, with the large pyramid. This accounts for their being no entrance to the pyramid, and for the different branches of the afore-mentioned galleries being secured by blocks of stone from the opposite side. At the same time also, it proves that the ancient Arabian authors were not mistaken in asserting that the different galleries and wells in the pyramid, communicated with an entrance through an opening in the figure of the sphinx.

From this brief account of the remains of ancient Egyptian architecture, an idea may be derived of the state of civilization of the nation which created it. Our highest admiration is due to the noble monuments of the talent, industry and perseverance of those ancient craftsmen, who maintained for thousands of years an imposing style of architecture, uncorrupted and unchanged, and to those people to whom the other nations of the earth are indebted for the transmission of the written alphabet, and for many valuable principles and ascertained facts in Geometry and Astronomy. It cannot be a matter of wonder that such a people should have spread their dominion over a vast territory and

have important colonies on the Euphrates, in Greece, and in other countries, and that their genius should have influenced the most talented and eminent men of ancient Greece. But those mighty awe-inspiring monuments, those stupendous edifices of our ancient operative brethren, are passing away and returning to their kindred dust; while the speculative branch of our institution, which teaches man to subdue his passions, to act upon the square, to keep a tongue of good report, to maintain secrecy, to practise charity, and obliges him to obey the moral law, still survives and flourishes—its principles being of a divine origin it may be said to be eternal, Truly hath the Psalmist sung “*Nisi Jehova ædificet domum, frustra laborent, ædificatores*”—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. G.

Miscellany.

NON-AFFILIATING MASONS—THEIR RIGHTS, &c.

BY GEO. H. GRAY, SR.

In the early ages of the Order, wherever a sufficient number of Masons were to be found, it was their custom to assemble together on a high hill or in a low vale for the purpose of admitting members into the fraternity, at which meeting some expert brother conducted the ceremonies. In after times they met together and held lodges at particular places designated within the division or circuit in which they resided or were sojourning, and there made Masons in the same manner, without any lodge organization or regular Master or Wardens. In time it was discovered that a too free use was made of that privilege, and it was found necessary to place a check or restraint on their actions. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of England, on Dec. 27, 1663, a regulation was made as follows, viz: “That no person of what degree soever be made or accepted a Freemason unless in a regular lodge, whereof one to be a Master or a Warden in the circuit or division where such lodge is kept, and another to be a Craftsman in the trade of Masonry.” Here at this General Assembly, where all Masons, even the youngest E. A. P., met in communication, they agreed to relinquish and give up the custom of meeting promiscuously and admitting members, and that henceforth no one could be admitted unless the Master or a Warden of a circuit or division of workmen, or, in other

words, a superintendent of workmen (not M. or W. of a lodge) and an operative Mason, that is, a Craftsman in the trade of Masonry, be present. Here is the initiatory step towards subordinate lodge organization—there was at that time no such thing as lodge membership. Preston asserts that up to the beginning of the eighteenth century Masons by the Ancient Charges had the right to assemble a sufficient number of Masons at any place they chose, call a brother to the chair, open a lodge, receive and act upon applications for the mysteries; and, furthermore, to make Masons. A record of such proceedings was made, and he who acted as Master of the lodge for the time being was not necessarily Master at any other meeting. Indeed, there was no such thing as a lodge of regular or permanent members, but all members of the fraternity were alike at liberty to form a lodge, to make Masons; and the officers were only such for the time being.

The present system of a Grand Lodge, or a Grand Master constituting lodges by appointment of regular Masters and Wardens, was not known. The Ancient Charges were the only authority appealed to, nor were there any laws or regulations made or attempted to be made in addition to the Charges. All Masons were truly upon one common level, and amenable only to each other under the authority of the Charges when assembled at York. When a lodge was formed by the assemblage of a sufficient number of brethren, the attestation of these brethren was the highest authority of its legality and the only written testimony offered in proof of the making a Mason. By this Ancient Regulation, Bro. Preston says “the Lodge of Antiquity was always governed.” I desire you to bear this in mind, as I design to use this Lodge of Antiquity as evidence in support of my position.

When the present system of subordinate lodges was adopted, each particular organization was of a local character. It was a voluntary association of Masons for special purposes, and the laws and regulations enacted for their government were only binding on the individuals entering into the compact so long as they remained members thereof, and did not, nor could they, in any manner, affect or interfere with the rights and privileges of a general character which each Mason enjoyed before he united in such voluntary association to form a particular lodge. These were not surrendered to the lodge, nor circumscribed to the term of membership or lodge jurisdiction—they were inherent and remained unimpaired. While by entering into this compact their duties and responsibilities were increased, they at the same time acquired additional rights peculiar to their organisation.

It will not be denied that up to *this time* all who had been initiated into the solemn mysteries of Freemasonry were entitled, as Masons (and not by virtue of lodge membership) to certain inalienable rights and privileges—nor will it be contended that because it was forbidden to make Masons except in a regular lodge; that one so made in accordance with the regulation did not require the same inalienable rights and privileges as those made before subordinate lodges were established, with the same right to exercise them wherever destiny might chance to place them. Could I suppose that any would assume that position, I could point them to a time or times when lodges ceased to assemble, and were forced to suspend operations and dissolve their organizations, and ask them if Masonry ceased to exist because their lodges were dormant? It wouldn't occupy more space than I might be allowed, to specify times and circumstances under which Masons generally were non-affiliated, and yet were in full possession of their general masonic privileges. A lodge may be either general or particular, say the Ancient Constitutions. It is general, when acting as the agent of the fraternity and in the discharge of the general duties prescribed by their charters. In introducing an individual into Masonry, it acts by the authority of the Grand Lodge to which it is subordinate and for the fraternity at large. The regulations which govern its proceedings in this respect are the general regulations of the Craft, usually denominated the "Ancient Constitutions." They are the original and fundamental laws of the fraternity, and may not properly be changed by either Grand or subordinate lodges. "A Mason by his initiation acquires certain general privileges, subject to the conditions of the established regulations and constitutions of the Craft. Of these he cannot be divested except for immoral conduct or violation of his general obligations and duties as a member of the fraternity. He is under no constraint to connect himself with any particular lodge. The constitutions do not make it obligatory on him. He enjoys all the general benefits of Masonry without. But if he choose to affiliate himself, he becomes entitled to certain special privileges, and subjects himself to certain special regulations. These are the conditions of his *membership*, not the terms on which he holds his connection with the fraternity." The act of affiliation is a voluntary contract, to which the individual and the lodge are the parties. If he fail to discharge the duties required of him by the contract, the lodge may dissolve the connection between them by discharging or excluding him, or declaring his membership forfeited. Or if the member desires

to dissolve the connection by withdrawing his membership, he has a right to do so, and there is *nothing in the Ancient Charges and Constitutions to prevent him*. When his connection is dissolved, he stands as he did before, as a *Mason* on the broad platform of Masonry, and not as a member of a particular lodge. We read in the old records that it was the manner in former times concerning dimitting and withdrawing from membership, that a member in order to have his name erased from the list of members had to give regular notice of his desire to the Secretary in open lodge, and pay up his arrears. To show that this right was recognized and sanctioned, let us refer to the old constitutions and to some of the articles quoted and relied on by those holding contrary opinions.

The Old Charges say that "every brother *ought* to belong to some lodge." Here the right and privilege of every Mason, even E. A. Ps. and F. Cs., to be a member of a lodge and assist in the work, is fully guaranteed and expressed—yet it is not imperative on any to become so against his will; it is not a *sine qua non* of Masonry. The word *ought* does not express or convey that meaning or intention. Your readers may place their own interpretation on the sentence. Now, of dimitting, &c., see Old Regulations—"On November 25, 1723, it was agreed that if a master of a particular lodge is deposed or *dimits*, the Senior Warden shall forthwith fill the Master's chair," &c. Here the right and privilege of dimitting at will is clearly conceded, as this regulation was intended to provide for such occurrence—yet it is said by some that dimitting is unconstitutional and even unmasonic.

In order to cover all the ground, permit me to make a few other extracts not altogether relevant, in my opinion, but quoted and relied on by some. "On November 27, 1725, that no brother be recommended by any lodge as an object of charity, but who was a member of some regular lodge which shall contribute to the same charity on or before the 21st of Nov. 1824," &c. Here is nothing requiring all Masons to be members of lodges. It is only a restriction, extending even to members of lodges provided their lodge had not contributed to the fund a year before that time. "At a Committee of Charity on July 5, 1732, it was agreed that no brother shall be relieved unless his petition be attested by *three* brothers of the lodge to which he does, or *did once* belong." Is not this admitting the state of non-affiliation? If he was then a member, would he not apply to the members of his lodge for a recommendation? "On March 3d, 1735, that every petition received shall be signed or certified by the *majority* of the lodge to which the petitioner does, or *did*

belong." Did belong again. December 3, 1741, "that for the future no petition shall be received unless every brother at the time of his signing the same be a member of some regular lodge, and the name of such (his lodge) be specified." Here "every brother," according to my understanding, means each one who certifies or signs the petition as a recommendation, as required by regulation of 1735. These are merely intended as guards to protect the charity fund, strengthened by each additional regulation. The first requiring the petitioner to be a member of a lodge; then his petition to be signed by *three* brothers of the lodge to which he does, or *did once* belong; then by a majority of the members of the lodge to which he does, or *did* belong; and the last, that each one signing the same, to be a member of a lodge, and the lodge specified. Nothing in them requiring all Masons to be members of lodges, but the state of non-affiliation admitted.

The only other evidence produced, and which I believe is mainly relied on, is the following: "No set or number of brethren shall withdraw or separate themselves from the lodge in which they were made or were afterwards admitted members, unless the lodge become too numerous—nor even then without a dispensation from the Grand Master or Deputy; and when thus separated, they must either immediately join themselves to such other lodge that they shall like best, or else obtain the Grand Master's warrant to join in forming a new lodge, to be regularly constituted in good time."

You say, "There is the law. Now, where is the loop-hole for escape? By what door of egress, unknown to the royal founder of Masonry, have the fifty thousand non-affiliated Masons in the United States withdrawn." Now, it is but reasonable to suppose that a writer would select such words as were best adapted to convey his meaning most intelligibly; therefore, if that regulation was intended to prevent an individual member from withdrawing, would not the words, "No member or brother shall withdraw," &c., have been more appropriate and better adapted to convey the meaning? That would have covered the whole ground, individually and collectively, and every member would then have been restricted from withdrawing except in the manner and for the purpose specified. But what is the language used? "*No set or number of brethren*," &c., which to my mind is clear was intended to be a guard to protect a lodge from dissolution by the withdrawal of a set or number of brethren from pique or disaffection. If the lodge become too numerous, and could spare a set or number of brethren, and they obtain a dispensation to withdraw, they

were to join themselves to such other lodge that they may like best, or else obtain the Grand Master's warrant to form a new lodge, &c. Here is proof that the set or number of brethren meant by this regulation must be sufficiently numerous to form a lodge and not an individual member. A brother or one member could not obtain a warrant &c. But suppose, after withdrawing they, in exercising the option specified in the regulation, do not wish to form a new lodge, and do not like the lodge near them, or apply and are rejected, what is the consequence, but non-affiliation? What is the penalty? Where is it to be found? There is none, although that practice was common before, and at that time, as I will proceed to show by unquestionable evidence.

Extracts from "The By-Laws of the Lodge of Antiquity of Free and Accepted Masons, acting by Immemorial Constitution, now held at Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Field, London," &c.:

"ART. x.—Every member of the Lodge shall be deemed as such, whether he attend or not, until he shall fall under the penalty of some of the By-Laws, or till he shall order his name to be erased out of the book of the Lodge; but any member who shall be excluded on account of being in arrears for fines or subscriptions, shall not be admitted into the Lodge again until arrears are paid and proper acknowledgment made."

Here are two ways recognized for becoming unaffiliated. One by voluntary withdrawal, and the other by exclusion from the Lodge membership for arrears.

"ART. xii.—Any member who voluntarily, in open Lodge, erases his name, or desires his name to be erased out of the books of the Lodge as a member, on account of any proposal or motion being rejected, shall never again be admitted a member; and when he visits the Lodge he shall pay a sum not exceeding six shillings for each visit."

Here is evidence that a non-affiliated Brother is not deprived of his good standing as a Mason, or how could visit the Lodge.

"ART. xv.—Each member (except the Deputy Master and Secretary, who, on account of the trouble of their respective offices, shall be exempt from subscription) shall pay an equal subscription of one guinea and a half on the first meeting in January; and should he neglect or refuse to pay the same after such meeting, (regular notice being given him by the Secretary for that purpose,) his name shall be erased from the list of members, and he not even permitted to visit the Lodge again, unless good cause be shown to the Master and Brethren to induce them to forbearance; but this penalty shall not

extend to any member desiring to be discontinued or giving regular notice thereof to the Secretary in open Lodge, and paying up his arrears." In this Article is set forth the manner of treating members for non-payment of Lodge dues. Their names were erased from the list of members, and they cut off from all Lodge privileges; also the right manner of demitting or discontinuing membership, by giving regular notice thereof to the Secretary in open Lodge and paying up arrearages.

Now, this Lodge of Antiquity was one of the four old Lodges which were in existence in London at the revival of the Annual Festivals, which resulted in the establishment of the Grand Lodge in 1717, and had been working under "Immemorial Constitution," and at that time exempted from subordination to the Grand Lodge, and left in the full enjoyment and exercise of their former privileges, and it must be admitted that they knew what rights and privileges were vested in Masons; and the fact of their permitting and sanctioning the practice of dimitting at will, then and down to the present time, is the best evidence that it was considered to be one of the inherent rights vested in all members of the fraternity. As there were no subordinate Lodges and no such thing as Lodge members in ancient times as now understood, and none such anticipated, perhaps the particular rights here alluded to was the privilege of being always hailed as a Mason in good standing, independent of any benefit arising from voluntary local associations, amenable to the craft at all times for unmasonic conduct.

There does seem to be here "a loophole for escape," "a door of egress," although "unknown perhaps to the royal founder of Masonry," sufficiently large for "a Master of a particular Lodge" to creep through, and if for him, for "the fifty thousand unaffiliated Masons in the United States," also, provided they attempt to pass out one at a time, but perhaps not quite large enough to admit of the egress of a set or number of Brethren sufficient to form a new Lodge all in a body. Fortunately reference is at hand to show what the custom has been in our own country from the establishment of the first Lodge down to the present time. The address of Grand Master Bierce, of Ohio, has furnished me with ample testimony to sustain my views, although alluded to by him to justify the act of suspending non-affiliated Brethren for failing to join a Lodge, or pay a contribution. Here is the article:

"As early as 24th October, 1733, the Lodge in Boston, the oldest Lodge in America, adopted a resolution that 'no Brother that lives within or about this town, that is not a member of this Lodge, shall be admitted as a visitor before he

has signified his desire of being a member and paid his quarterages, or else make it appear that he is actually a member of a regular Lodge.'" Such, says the Grand Master, was the construction put upon this masonic law by the oldest Lodge in America over a century ago, and adds, an unaffiliated Mason was cut off from all the rights and privileges of the Order. This is a *non sequitur*. The construction placed on the old law was, in my opinion, the only proper one that could be determined on at that or at this time. Non-affiliated Masons were denied the use of privileges to which they were not entitled, but the refusal to allow to sit in the Lodge did not cut them off from all the rights and privileges of the Order. If that were the case it would justify an inference that Masonry was only to be found within the walls of a subordinate Lodge. But while they were refused admittance as visitors they were not suspended or expelled, and it is by those sentences alone that a Mason can be cut off from all the rights and benefits of the Order. They were left in the full enjoyment of those general rights and privileges which are inherent in every Mason, and which are independent of subordinate Lodges except in cases of unmasonic conduct. Should it be asked what they are, I will answer now by asking in what manner was Masonry disseminated? how was it carried into foreign countries? how has it spread over the whole face of the globe? It was not carried by Lodges. How then, if not by virtue of rights and privileges vested in Masons, each one individually, and equal, and independent of local associations or organizations? They are few but ample, and will be specified in a proper place. It is seen that the right of withdrawing or demitting has always been conceded, and is now practised in England; and by reference to the custom handed down by the oldest Lodge in America, and now practised in Massachusetts, it will be found that members have the right to demit at pleasure, and remain unaffiliated, and that even, when they are disfranchised or excluded from the Lodge for delinquency, their general privileges as Masons remain unimpaired.

I am not advocating, nor do I approve, the practice of remaining unaffiliated. I believe, with the Old Charges, that every Brother *ought* to belong to a Lodge. My practice bears me out in this assertion. I was made in Benevolent Lodge, No. 34, at Jerusalem, Va., in 1824, in which I held membership until I left the State; and in 1832 joined the lodge in this place; and my membership has not ceased a day, and I expect to remain a working member as long as I may be able to attend. But there has been so much written and said on the subject of non-affiliated Masons and their rights—that the practice was

unconstitutional and unmasonic, and they unworthy, &c.—that I could not resist the inclination which seized me to point to the hole in the wall through which so many have escaped and passed out, that it may be inspected, examined, to see whether it is an unlawful breach, or if it is not, in fact, a door left open for egress.

Bear with me awhile, I beg you—this subject cannot be disposed of in a word. I will be as brief as the subject will admit.

The opinion prevails generally, especially among that class of Masons, that the general privileges of the Order which they possess, independent of local or Lodge benefits, extend far beyond the real legitimate limits—consequently many are content to remain unaffiliated, especially as the Lodges generally grant them all the benefits they desire to enjoy, and, as that is the case, their condition is infinitely better than that of Lodge members. Now, where is the fault? Not so much with them as with the Lodges and Grand Lodges. We are all prone to accept and enjoy all the benefits bestowed on us. But this is a matter for the Grand Lodges to settle within their respective jurisdictions. Let them take the matter in hand, investigate their claims, and specify the particular rights and privileges to which they are entitled in their general relation to the fraternity, independent of Lodge membership, and draw the line distinctly between the general rights and privileges of the Order and the special benefits accruing from the local compact of Lodge membership, and require their Subordinates to enforce compliance—that is, to refuse them any participation in any benefits to which they are not entitled. The Grand Lodges possesses the right to exclude them from the benefits arising from a special compact under their jurisdiction, but may not restrict or interfere with those of a general character. The difference between the rights and claims of non-affiliated Masons and members is very great, and it requires only that it should be properly and distinctly defined, and made known by the proper authority, to drive that class of drones from the nest in which they now so quietly and contentedly repose, and cause them to ask for a participation in those benefits which they prize most highly, to see for affiliation and knock again at the door of the Lodge for admission.

If you will pardon the presumption, I will specify what I consider to be the relative position of the two classes. On admission into the fraternity, secrets are entrusted to the Brother which are safely locked up in the breast of every good Mason. Their appropriate use is to distinguish our Brethren, of every nation, and kindred, and tongue. By these Masons of every nation are recognized as Brethren,

and thereby entitled to privileges which the world can never enjoy in common. In the language of a distinguished Brother—"Here is a privilege no where else to be found. Are you a Free and Accepted Mason, you have a home, and a friend, and a benefactor, in every worthy Brother throughout the whole fraternity. Are you driven to a returnless distance, or cast on the shore of a foreign land, the hand of a Brother is there extended to alleviate your wants, to animate your sinking spirits or console your agonized mind. Do you fall into the merciless hands of the unrelenting Turks, even there the shackles of slavery are broken from your hands through the interposition of a Brother. Do you meet an enemy in battle array, the token of a Brother Mason instantly converts him into a guardian angel. Even the bloody flag of the pirate is changed to the olive branch of peace by the mysterious token of a Mason. The language of a Mason is universally understood by all the Brotherhood wheresoever found. It speaks to the heart, is answered from the heart, and excite such feelings as mingle in kindred souls. Wherever a Mason may sojourn, wherever he may be found, whether in prosperity or adversity, on a throne or in a dungeon, the same interchange of feeling, and brotherly affection, and union of hearts exists in every country and in every nation—the door of every Lodge opens to welcome his admission, and every hand presents a pledge of brotherly affection."

The above are the benefits arising from a knowledge of the secrets of the Order, and the right to use them. The right to make himself known as a Mason wherever he may chance to be placed, and of receiving and enjoying any and all benefits which might in consequence be bestowed on him, was vested in him on his admission into the fraternity. That of speaking to his Brethren "by that hieroglyphic sign which none but Craftsmen ever knew," and knowing that besides the common ties of humanity he has still stronger claims on his affections and kind offices, is a privilege of which he cannot be divested except for gross unmasonic conduct, and in the manner peculiar to the Order.

Now, while a member of a Lodge enjoys all the benefits, and rights, and claims above specified, he by the association with his Brethren in their special compact of Lodge membership becomes entitled to additional rights and claims which are most dear to every good Mason, viz.: That of associating at stated and other meetings in social and masonic intercourse with the "favoured few"—of visiting any Lodge as often as inclination may prompt—of associating in forming and supporting the By-Laws by which they are governed—of proposing candidates for Masonry and vot-

ing on the petitions—of knowing that no man can there be made a Mason without his consent—of being eligible to any office in the Lodge, and, in some cases, Grand Lodge—of joining in all processions of the Lodge or Grand Lodge—of claiming the charity of the Lodge for himself or family in distress—and when his labours here are over and he goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets, his remains will be attended by his Brethren in solemn procession to their final resting place, and the sympathetic tear of affection will be dropped in his grave. All the above being specified privileges, none but members of Lodges can enjoy them except by special permission. Non-affiliated Masons profess no claim to them. Now, let this be so decided by the Grand Lodges, let their position be distinctly defined, and Subordinate Lodges required to make it known to all unaffiliated Masons within their respective jurisdictions, and but few would be content to remain in that condition. But if on a full knowledge of their relations they choose to do so, then let them rest in peace—it is their privilege. Let us not abuse, excite, or wrong them by epithets of condemnation. "*Fiat Justitia.*"

NO-CHILDED AND MANY-CHILDED.

ONE cannot well step over a threshold without being able to distinguish whether it belong to a house of no children or of many children. There is a primness and neatness about the childless mansion which is entirely wanting in the many-childed. From the steps outside the door, to the innermost penetralia, all is chill and cleanly decorum. The severest duties of the lady consists in repairs of slight derangements of the domestic economy—the re-adjustment of ruffled crumb-cloths after morning calls, the replacing of table-covers after meals, or the removal, from half-worshipped chimney ornaments, of single particles of dust "which have no business there." If the house were something kept under a glass-case, it could hardly preserve a more toy-like precision of outline, or a more perfect exemption from all disturbing causes. Everlasting silence reigns, or is broken only by sounds which otherwise would not be heard, such as the footfall of the solitary maid in a distant kitchen, or the flutter of the left wing of a favourite canary dipped into his water-glass. Everything which tends to derangement or to noise is banished. Coal merchants are given up if their wares have the least propensity to either dust or cracking. The cat's infant family are regularly dismissed as soon as they can properly leave the maternal bosom. The visit of a friend's children is dreaded as a descent of caterans upon the peaceful Len-

nox was dreaded of old; and the damage which a few minutes of them will occasion, although imperceptible to ordinary eyes, is not repaired in less than half a day. In entering such a house, the mind is oppressed with a sense of awful propriety. The tyranny of unimpeachable cleanliness comes upon the heart like the breath of hyperborean gales. One feels like the dove of Noah, as if there were no place whereon to set one's foot. You pass awestruck among the reflections of glittering furniture, and fear to give mortal offence to chairs and sofas by sitting down upon them. The very coal-scuttle has a kind of touch-me-not air about it, while the neatly gilded brush beside the bell-pull seems to plume itself much more upon its service towards the ornamental than the useful. Twenty years may have elapsed since the setting up of the house, but every article still seems fresh from the shop of the upholsterer. The fine edge, the primeval shine, the Eden innocence of everything, is still there.

In a domain thus sacred from disturbance, and almost from use, the worthy couple are stuck up like statues in shrines. The lady sits in a perpetual accuracy of attire by window or by fireside—sewing at one endless seam, or engaged upon some volume from a circulating library which is on the point of declaring itself exhausted. Her husband occupies an opposite chair, like a companion-picture, with perhaps the next ensuing volume of the novel. His feet are raised upon the fender; the light is properly arranged at his back; he is endued with slippers and gown, and knows no annoyance but that he has no annoyances. Their meals consists of little dishes not often changed—roasts so small as to have lost all sap, nut-ton-chops, cutlets, and other fiddle-faddles. If they venture upon any ordinary dish, they have to sit down with cold monotony for a week, which is not half elapsed till they wish that they could be conscientiously relieved from it, either by plunder or putrescence. The lady makes it her chief business to coddle the gentleman, and the gentleman makes it his chief business to take care of the lady. There is always one pair of his spare shoes perfectly dried by the side of the fire. In their hearts they pine beyond all that could be confessed for children, but invariably profess to themselves and to each other, that they infinitely prefer the serene comfort which they at present enjoy, and dread the trouble of rearing an infant. They are nevertheless great theoretical educators. They perceive and discuss every fault in the upbringing of every child of their acquaintance, describe one set of parents as too severe, another as too gentle, a third as having no system at all, and think how beautifully they could correct all the said

errors, if they had anything to say in the matter. In the meantime, while railing at their friend Mrs. Easy for spoiling Tom and Fanny, they assiduously pamper their own lapdog Pinch, till the little creature arrives at an aggravation of fat and mischief intolerable to all but themselves. When Mrs. Greenfield loses a child, and is absorbed in grief for the event, our worthy pair severely reprehend conduct so irrational, and are clear that no mother is justifiable in neglecting the comfort of the living out of grief for the dead. Next week Pinch dies, and so great are the distress and derangement which follow, that for three days the gentleman has to wear unaired slippers, and the lady thinks of a jaunt to Paris as the only means of recovering her spirits.

Very different is the abode of the many-childed. If the tale is not told by a group of merry little faces in the doorway, it is pretty broadly hinted when you fall over a tiny wheelbarrow which has been left in the lobby. Should no such danger lurk in your path, you are sure, before advancing many steps, to see some trait of the presence of childhood—a parallelogram of corks designed to represent a house, with a doll seated in it, a thrown-away crust, or possibly a single marble—a small object no doubt, but one quite sufficient to establish the distinction; for long would it be ere such a thing could be seen in the house of the no-childed. There are, of course; mansions in which the younger members of the family are kept too much apart to allow of such palpable symptoms of their existence in their very entrance—though even in these, a shoe will sometimes be dropped through the staircase to lie upon the wax-cloth below, a sufficiently conspicuous betrayal of the state of matters in the upper floor; or an occasional burst of wild joy or equally wild grief will tell through the whole house, and perhaps to a certain extent beyond it, that young human beings are there. There are differences, also, in the degrees of freedom permitted to those families which are allowed to escape from nursery domination. A little fellow one day said complainingly to his mamma, "This is not a nice house: in Sam's we can cut the sofas and pull out the hair; but here we can't get any fun at all." Mamma, in this case, had been something strict in her discipline; the state of matters in Sam's may be imagined. But in general there is something in children which defies the best regulations. They cannot move, breathe, or look, without doing mischief. Order flies before their faces; ruin follows their steps. In the average of houses, symptoms of their existence may be seen upon the walls, the floor, every article of furniture—the whole, after a few years, acquire a kind of dimness, as if of over-hauling. All is rough

and round. Instead of the everlasting neatness and unimpeachable cleanliness of the no-childed mansion, the utmost that can be expected is a temporary and partial good order—confined perhaps to a single room, and for an hour at a time—a gallant but unavailing rally against the prevailing influences. It is usually at an early period of the forenoon that the domestic powers thus make head against the enemy. At any later period all is in vain. The fair provinces of the empire are overrun by the Vandalian invasion, and before evening there is a detritus of ruin in every corner, composed of broken toys, sofa-pillows, footstools, and all other things capable of being moved or destroyed. Every house is of course no-childed before it is many-childed. Every lady has to look back upon a period when she delighted in having things neat about her. She had then sentinelled her vestibule with handsome statues, had vases placed upon the ground, and bijouterie strewn upon the tables. But in time all this was seen to be mere vanity and vexation. She became aware that there was a kind of browsing-line, beneath which no small article was safe. She came to wish that even the chairs could be hung high along the walls, as in an upholsterer's wareroom, in order that they might be out of harm's way. Like a belle walking home from a gay party in a midnight storm she has now reefed in every prominent finery, and is content to scud along through existence the best way she can. Little more than the wreck of the former self of the house remains; and her only hope is, that when this pitiless pelting of childhood is over, she may prevail upon Mr. Balderstone to furnish anew, so that they may spend their latter days in the same agreeable circumstances which they knew at the outset.

Yet even now, it is with no shade of discontent that either of the worthy pair regard the wreck and ruin produced by their children. While full of affected querulousness respecting the noise, the confusion, and the mischief, they secretly sympathise in that very excess of youthful vitality which leads to all that they complain of. To be besieged, climbed, kissed, and torn to pieces by the wildest and most riotous of young rogues—to be sprawled over by unreflecting little misses—to see the whole parlour put into disorder by blind-man's buff—are miseries which Mr. and Mrs. Balderstone endure with the greatest possible satisfaction. In early morn the chatter of little voices is heard breaking the silence of night, and the primeval parents of the human race could not have more enjoyed the first burst of the feathered orchestre of Paradise, than do our pair enjoy those sounds which tell them that God has vouchsafed to their darlings a new day of health. From that

time there is not a minute throughout the whole day that can properly be called quiet; but what although it be so? The voices of children, in general, speak either of happiness which it is delightful to contemplate, or of woes which it is delightful to soothe. Little reason is there to pity the mother who spends her day chiefly in the midst of her blooming and playful progeny. At length comes shut of eve, which, in sweeping all away to their dreamless pillows, and reducing the house once more to silence, leaves room for a doubt whether, by its peace, it has brought a relief or taken away a pleasure.

As the youngsters advance in age, the house assumes characteristics somewhat different. You may no longer, in opening a sideboard drawer in the dark for a knife or a spoon, find your fingers entangled in the mane of a wooden horse minus the trunk and legs; but you will perhaps find your most valued books scribbled with drawings and scraps of school knowledge, and be obliged to give up a dressing-room that it may serve for a study to the boys. Then is the time for back-greens being stocked with rabbits, and pianofortes spoiled by drumming misses. If, when the eldest begins to verge upon maturity, there should be others at all the inferior stages of existence, how vast a system does the household become! The young men bring their friends, as they call them, and the young ladies bring their boarding-school companions. Boys of ten bring boys of ten, and even misses of four and five have similar misses introduced from next door to play with them. It is a great era when Master Thomas or Miss Eliza can venture to descend with these acquaintances from frowsy back rooms, where hitherto they have observed a modest obscurity, to the full blaze of the dining-room, where father and mother sit in state. Happy in this respect are the eldest of the family. There is a kind of eagerness on the part the parents to receive their first-born into the pale of manhood and womanhood. It awakens a new feeling in the parental bosom. Accordingly, the intrusion of a few dashing young beaus and smart school misses is rather liked than otherwise. But when the younger branches grow up, they not only want the advantage of this novel feeling on the part of their parents, but have a fight with their elder brothers and sisters to establish their claim to adolescence. When far past the age at which the eldest were treated as men and women, they are still considered as mere boys and girls. Their pretensions to long-skirted coats and proper young-lady-like dresses are scouted, and the friends brought by them to the house are condemned to the upper bedrooms, although in reality better people than those

who some time ago were admitted to the honours of the parlour. The struggle which second and third children have to go through before they are accepted as men and women by the first, is worse than a family dispute for the throne of Turkey. I have known such persons fully three-and-twenty ere they managed the point, by which time they had for several years been invested with the toga by all the rest of the world. Till that time the eldest son monopolises the attention of father mother, and domestics, while the juniors are left to content themselves with little more than a negative permission to exist. The eldest daughter is equally sure to have a better shawl than any of her sisters, who, if they can obtain a reversion of hers before it is much worn, usually think themselves extremely well off. The drama of Cinderella is one which is enacted in a more or less complete form in every large family.

To rear a numerous progeny through all the various stages, and finally set them forward in life, is unquestionably a task of considerable difficulty, and attended with no small degree of anxiety. Yet if circumstances be not singularly unfavorable, so as to produce real trouble and sorrow, there can be no doubt that the effect of such a duty upon the mind is highly beneficial. The domestic relations are of immense importance in developing and keeping awake the affections. We can scarcely be afflicted with hardness of heart towards any benign sentiment, if we have known what it was to be brother, husband, and father. Women are peculiarly liable to be improved in general humanity by having children. When a mother of young infants passes a little child who has been left neglected upon the street, she cannot rest till she has seen it attended to; the no-childed would have never remarked the circumstance. When the mother of a set of roistering boys passes a merry group of the same order, she is almost sorry that decorum will not allow her to linger beside them, to survey their sports, and bless them with a mother's blessings. If, advanced in life, she has seen some of her sons leave her for distant climes, should her path be crossed by the homeless vagrant, who looks, but does not speak a petition, she thinks that there may have been, or still may be, some one to whom he is as interesting as her own child may one day appear to some other mother as this wretch now appears to her—and she extends to him the hand of melting charity. Thus does nature, by an abundant flow of her finest sensations, remunerate those whom she has called upon to perform what many calculating people would consider a disproportionate share of her duties.

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

"For in six days God created Heaven and Earth, &c."—F. C.'s Lecture.

Lord of the Sabbath hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifices,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love,
But there's a nobler rest above—
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress—
Nor sin nor death shall reach that place ;
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break a long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

No long-expected day begin ;
Dawn on the realms of woe and sin ;
Fair world we leave this weary road
And sleep in death to rest with God.

THE MASONIC BALLOT BOX.

THE ballot is the true Tyler of the masonic Lodge. By its potency the doors of our mystic temple are securely guarded, and the unworthy applicant for our mysteries learns that the requirements of Masonry are strict and unyielding.

The strictly masonic ballot is never used except on application for masonic *initiation, advancement, or affiliation*. Unanimity is here required. Each ballot represents a Mason's scrutinizing eye, watchful that no material with inherent defects be used in the construction of our temple. Some latent defect may have escaped many eyes, but once detected by a single eye, it is consequently rejected.

The stone may be rude and unsightly in the quarry, but if its measure be full, and its qualities perfect, the tools of the workmen will reduce it to both form and beauty. But if it lacks in measure, it will form neither an oblong nor a square, and the craftsmen has no place for it. But though its measure be full, if it is not sound throughout all its parts, no labour can render it perfect.

The building which we are labouring to construct, is not like the productions of some modern workmen, polished ashler without, but unsightly rubble within, beautiful to the outside beholder, but frightfully imperfect beyond the view, displaying in its outer joints fine lines of rich cement, but within, a wall of rubbish daubed with untempered mortar. Such Masonry will not bear the scrutiny of an eye which we emblemize in our Lodge. No hidden defects will escape the notice of that eye, and no excuse will palliate a defect.

Brethren, be true to yourselves, be true to our Order, and above all, be true to our common Master. For this purpose guard

well the doors of our Lodge ; watch strictly the ballot boxes, and through them see that none enter unworthily. Through them you signify your assent or dissent to every stone in our temple. Do it in *your own prudent way*, and do it intelligently, honestly, and fearlessly.

The ballot is of high antiquity. That it has been used in Masonry from the time of the completion of Solomon's temple, no intelligent Mason doubts ; and we have the testimony of profane history that it was used in admitting members to the Spartan tables in the time of Lycurgus, little more than a century after the building of the temple.

The method of using it there was for each member to take a small *ball* of soft bread in his hand, and drop it *without saying a word* in a vessel which a waiter carried upon his head. If he approved the candidate, he did it without altering the figure of the ball ; but if he disapproved him, he pressed it flat, for a flattened ball was a negative vote, and the candidate was by it rejected. (See Plutarch's Lives—Lycurgus.)

The Lacedemonians, two centuries before the Christian era, caused their judges, in criminal cases, to ballot upon the *Altar* with a *white* and *black* bean. But the ballot is lost on the historic page during the ages of tyranny. Tyrants could not endure its dazzling light. But it is a gem in the sceptre of liberty of the first water, a pearl of the casket of truth of unsullied purity.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

This book we well may call our greatest light,
For as the glorious luminary of day,
Drives the dark shadows of the night away,
So in our midst this forms a halo bright,
Reflecting the wisdom of our sacred art
And lighting the dark recesses of the heart.
It warms the soul to noble deeds of love,
And gives a foretaste of that Lodge above.
To God this book, this holy light divine,
This precious gift of value infinite,
Which e'er lies open on our hallowed shrine,
Is dedicated by our mystic rite ;
Because by Him to man on earth 'twas given
To teach his soul while here the way to heaven.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Psalms were translated by Adhelm, the first Bishop of sherborne. A. D. 706 ; the Four Gospels by Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfera, about A. D. 720. The Venerable Bede translated the whole or nearly the whole Scriptures, King Alfred the Psalms, and Elfric, Bishop of Canterbury, parts of the old Testament, about A. D. 995. All the above used the Saxon language.

Anglo-Saxon or English translations were first made in manuscript in the 13th

and 14th centuries. Wickliff's Bible was about A. D. 1380, a copy of which sold for \$150 of our present money; Tindal's New Testament was A. D. 1526, the first printed edition in English; Miles Coverdale's Bible was A. D. 1535; Matthew's Bible, 1537; Taverner's Bible, 1539; The Great Bible, so called, or Cranmer's Bible was the same year. The Geneva Bible was 1560, published by John Knox and other exiles of religion's sake in Geneva. The Bishop's Bible was 1568. The Rhemish New Testament was 1582; the Douay old Testament 1609—the only two English versions of the Scriptures allowed to be used by the Papists and the only ones rendered so difficult by the many Eastern, Greek, and Latin words and the hard expressions that “the common people cannot understand them.” King James' Bible, the book in general use wherever the English tongue is used, was issued in 1611.

AN INCIDENT.

BRO. R. was a member of a Baptist Church, and in the reign of Antimasonry he was dealt with in the Church, who tried to have him renounce Masonry. He told them he could not renounce Masonry, but would abstain from the Lodge meetings to quiet their feelings, and he did not attend. Upon doing this, the Church ceased their persecution for a season, but were not silent. They then not only demanded of him to renounce, but that he should also *denounce* it. This he told them he could not and would not do, for he would still be a Mason and he could not help it. The labour was still pursued, and his wife came forward to try to relieve him and told her story something in this way:

“When I was married to Mr. R. we were neither of us professors of religion. We were both unbelievers, but in the process of time it pleased God to awaken my attention to the care of my soul. I sought and think I found salvation and peace to my soul. I named this to my husband and asked the privilege of uniting with the Church. This he refused me, although kind and good in other respects, by which I was kept back two or three years. At length there was a Masonic Lodge established in our vicinity, and my husband came to me with a request and wanted to join the Masons. This I refused him. In a few weeks he told me if I would let him join the Masons he would do all in his power to help me to meeting and I might join the Church, and to this he added, ‘I will occasionally go to meeting with you.’ Thus we both agreed, I to join the church and be the Masons; and now have to tell you that from that time he has kept his word, and for these eight years I have had his company not only as a husband but a Brother in the church, and now I do not

wish him either to renounce or denounce Masonry. But I do say and wish, that if his head must be brought the block, mine may be put with it; for we are one and cannot be divided.”

They were both executed.

INITIATION.

Let us remember in our youth,
Before the evil days draw nigh,
Our great creator and his truth,
Ere memory fail and pleasure fly,
Or sun or moon or planets' light
Grow dark or clouds return in gloom;
Ere vital spark no more incite;
When strength shall bow and years consume.

Let us in youth remember him
Who formed our frame and spirit gave;
Ere windows of the mind grow dim,
Or door of speech obstructed wave;
When voice of bird fresh terrors wake,
And Music's daughters charm no more,
Or fear to rise with trembling shake,
Along the path we travel o'er.

In youth to God let memory cling,
Before desire shall fail or wane,
Or e'er be loosed life's silver string,
Or bowl at fountain rent in twain—
For man to his long home doth go,
And mourners group around his urn.
Our dust to dust again must flow,
And spirits unto God return.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WE dedicate our lodges to the two Saints John—are we not, therefore, imperatively bound to listen and heed their instructions to us? Hear, then, what John the Evangelist says: “Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness.” So much is said on brotherly love, because it acts in direct opposition to self-love, which occasions almost all the sin and wickedness of human life. It is from love of ourselves in preference to others that we defraud, steal, lie, and deceive; nor can there be a vice named which may not be attributed to this selfish principle; whereas, the love of others puts an end to all immorality which respects mankind—for “love worketh no ill to his neighbor.” For if we loved our neighbor as ourselves, we should no more injure his property than our own. We should take example from the nature of the love of God, which was excessive and disinterested; “for we did not first love him, but he loved us, even when we were aliens from and enemies to him.” Thus ought we to love even our enemies. St. John's Masonry, therefore, teaches us universal benevolence, and that mankind in general are our brethren and neighbors in the sight of God. What a glorious in-

centive to use our utmost endeavors to subdue and conquer the failings of humanity! To partake of the divine nature must surely animate every man capable of reason and reflection. The same divine authority which commands one moral duty, extends to the whole law; and therefore no man is at liberty to make his own terms with heaven by choosing what duties he will or will not practice, but is bound by God's authority to observe every commandment with the same punctuality. "His commandments are not grievous." The moral law of God is surely as simple, plain, and easy as the heart of man can desire. To love and worship God, and be kind to each other, is all that Masonry or Christianity requires.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

HE was the forerunner of Jesus—son of the Jewish priest Zacharias and of Elizabeth—who, as a zealous judge of morality and an undaunted preacher of repentance, obtained great celebrity, first in his native country, then in the mountains of Judea, and afterwards among the whole nation. His simple and abstemious manner of living contributed much to his fame, and especially the peculiar purification or consecration by baptism in a river bath, which he so zealously inculcated. Jesus allowed himself to be baptized by him, and from that time forward John said unto his disciples that he was certainly the Messiah. The frank earnestness and the great fame with which he preached, even in Gallilee, soon brought upon him the suspicion and hatred of the court of Tetrarch Antipas, or King Herod, who imprisoned him, and on the 29th of August, in the thirty-second or thirty-third year of his life, caused him to be beheaded. The 24th of June, his birthday, is dedicated to his memory through all Christendom. The patron saint of the Freemasons' brotherhood was formerly not St. John the Baptist, but St. John the Evangelist, whose festival they celebrated the 27th of December, upon which day they hold their general assembly, probably induced thereto because at this season of the year the members could be better spared from their business or profession. For this reason also they chose for their quarterly festivals the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, Michaelmas, and the festival of St. John the Baptist, which last festival, on account of the better weather and other circumstances having been found to be more convenient for the yearly assembly, was often appointed for the time on which it should be held, so that it has now become nearly general. Many lodges still celebrate the 27th of December, and call it the minor St. John's day.

THE POOR WAYFARING MAN.

A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay.
I had not power to ask his name;
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst [gone,
Clear from the rock; his strength was
The heedless waters mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup;
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest;
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But, from that hour, forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet the traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried "I will!"

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My Savior stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

ST. JOHN the Evangelist and Apostle of Jesus, whose gospel is so important to all Freemasons, was born in Bethsaida, in Gallilee, a son of Zebedee, and a disciple of Jesus, who loved him because he distinguished himself by his gentleness and humility. After the ascension of Jesus he preached the gospel principally in Asia Minor and at Ephesus, where it is probable that he died at a good old age. He was a man of great energy and poetic fire and life; in his early years somewhat haughty and intolerant, but afterwards an example of love. We have a gospel or

biography of Jesus by him—a gospel that discloses more of the inward life of the Savior while on earth than either of the others, and one which is eminently important to the Freemason, as it contains all the fundamental doctrines of Freemasonry. He was also the writer of the three epistles bearing his name. As a Freemason ought never to forget that he has laid his hand upon the gospel of St. John, so should he never cease to love his brethren, according to the doctrine of love contained in that sacred book. Many lodges celebrate his anniversary on the 27th of December.

APPLY THE TOOLS TO HIM.

THE Masonic society has received more injury by the introduction of strangers to its principles, than from all the derision the world can throw upon it; from suffering men to enter its sacred walls who were not fit materials for the edifice, and who could not have the working tools of the craft adjusted to them. Weigh them in the balance, they are found wanting. *Tekel* must be written upon them. Do we put upon them the twenty-four inch gauge, there is no division to be found—no part for God. Bring the plumb-line to such an one, he neither stands upright before God or man. Lay upon him the square of virtue; put the mallet and engraver's chisel into the hands of the most skillful workman; there can be no appearance of the diamond found. Lay upon him the level, and who will be willing to be placed on an equality with one who, in his ordinary transactions, is a disgrace to himself. Bring him upon the circle of universal benevolence, present him with some of our precious jewels—he has no eyes for them; he will cautiously avoid them. Point him to the rounds of Jacob's ladder; he cannot climb there; heaven-born charity is a stranger to his bosom. Attempt to make use of the trowel; there is no cement of brotherly love and affection in him.

Such materials are totally unfit for the masonic edifice, and ought to be thrown over among the rubbish. And now, brethren, by reason of the introduction of such strangers among the workmen, our ancient and honorable institution is brought into disrepute. Let our actions and morality, therefore, be such as to silence the tongue of slander and blunt the dart of envy.

How to Live.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom; and the best philosophy, to do our duty, take the world as it comes, submit to one's lot, bless the God that has given us so much happiness with it, and to despise hypocrisy and affectation.

MYSTERIES.

THE world is full of mysteries. The chamber in which the infant opens its eyes is a universe of mysteries. The father's voice, the mother's smile, reveal to it slowly the mysterious world of the affections. The child solves many of these mysteries; but as the circle of knowledge is enlarged, its vision is always bound by a veil of mystery. The sun that wakens it at morning, and again at night looks in at its window to bid it farewell; the tree that shades its home, and in whose branches the birds sing before the dews are dry; the clouds with shining edges that move across the sky, calm and stately, like the chariot of an angel—all are mysteries. Nay, to the grown-up man there is not a thing which the hand touches, or on which the eye rests, which is not enveloped in mystery. The flower that springs at your feet—who has revealed the wonderful secret of its organization? Its roots shoot down, and leaf and flower rise up and expand into the infinite abyss of mystery. We are like emigrants travelling through an unknown wilderness; they stop at night by a flowing stream, they feed their horses, set up their tent, and build a fire, and as the flames rise up, all within the circle of a few rods around is distinct and clear in its light. But beyond and bounding this are rocks dimly seen, and trees with vague outline stoop forward to the blaze; and beyond the branches creak, and the waters murmur over their beds, and wild, unknown animals howl in the dark realms of night and silence. Such is the light of man's knowledge, and so it is bounded by the infinite realms of mystery.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

REMEMBERING the wonders in the beginning, we, claiming the auspicious countenance of heaven on our virtuous deeds, assume the figures of the sun and moon as emblematical of the great light of truth discovered to the first men, and thereby implying that as true Masons we stand redeemed from darkness, and are become the sons of light, acknowledging in our profession our adoration of Him who gave light unto his works. Let us then by our practice and conduct in life show that we carry our emblems worthily; and as the children of light, that we have turned our backs on works of darkness, obscurity and drunkenness, hatred and malice, Satan and his dominions: preferring charity, benevolence, justice, purity, truth, temperance, chastity, and brotherly love, as the acceptable service on which the Grand Master of all, from his beatitude, looks down with approbation and benignity.

ELECTING OFFICERS.

IN most lodges the election of officers takes place upon, or near to, St. John's Day, when either new officers are chosen, or the old ones re-elected. He who aspires to fill any of the chief offices of the lodge must not only possess the necessary masonic knowledge to enable him to assist in carrying on the lodge work with order and harmony, but he must be a man whose general knowledge, skill and experience has gained him the esteem and confidence of his brethren; rank, titles, or riches should never be taken into account, unless the possessor is also endowed with the former qualifications; nor, on the other hand, should any brother be elected whose situation in life would not allow him to devote the necessary time to the duties of the lodge without injury to himself, his family, or connections. Should the election have fallen upon any brother who feels himself unable to perform the important duties which would devolve upon him, it is his duty immediately to decline the proffered honor. The welfare of the lodge should be his sole object, and if he feels that he is not able to promote that object so well as he ought to do as an officer, it is much more creditable to him to continue to do his utmost as a private member.

MASONRY.

IT is useless to profess a knowledge of Freemasonry, if we do not frame our lives according to it. It is not enough to be acquainted with its doctrines and precepts, if we fail to reduce them to practice. In such a case, our knowledge will rather tend to our dishonor in this world, and will certainly be an additional article of accusation against us in the next. It would be very unreasonable to doubt the beneficial effects of our masonic precepts; but to admit them to be true, and yet act as if they were false, would be unwise in the highest degree. I will not, however, do my brethren the injustice to believe that many of them are capable of such a perversion of reason. And it is my firm persuasion, that they who practice the duties which Freemasonry teaches, in conjunction with the faith propounded in their religion, will inherit that eternal city of God, where they will be associated with a holy and happy fraternity of saints and angels, and enjoy the sweet communings of brotherly love for ever and ever.

THE ANCIENT PRAYER.

THE Massachusetts Brethren in the days of our fathers' fathers, were accustomed to employ this eloquent form of prayer at the admission of a Brother:

"O most gracious and eternal God, chief Architect of the created Universe! grant unto us, thy servants, who have already entered themselves into this most noble, ancient, and honorable Fraternity, that we may be solemn and thoughtful, and always have a remembrance of those holy things which we have taken upon us, and endeavor to instruct and inform each other in secrecy, that nothing may be unlawfully obtained, and that the person who is now to be made a Mason may be a worthy member. And may he and all of us live as men who consider the great end for which thy goodness has created us. And do thou, O God, give us wisdom to contrive in all our doings, *strength* to support us in all our difficulties, and *beauty* to adorn those heavenly mansions where thy honor dwells. And grant that we may agree together in brotherly-love and charity towards one another, and in all our dealings with the world do justice to all men, love mercy and walk humbly with thee our God! and at last may an abundant entrance be administered unto us into thy kingdom. Amen."

LECTURE.

IN the symbolical Lodges of the Continent and elsewhere, a lecturer is annually appointed; and after the W. M., and P. M., the lecturer has the most important office in the Lodge. He, as well as the two first officers, must be perfectly acquainted with Freemasonry, and not only a man who has received a liberal education, but must also possess the true spirit of oratory. His orations or lectures must produce an impression on the minds of his hearers. At the election of a lecturer the electors should bear in mind, and reflect that he has something more to do than merely read the ritual. If the lecturer has sufficient knowledge to be enabled to teach the brethren Freemasonry, or the bearing of moral truths upon the science in an agreeable and instructive manner, and not in mere mystical forms, he will be willingly listened to by the brethren. Some discourses are appropriate to certain seasons, but even these the lecturer must be able to make interesting, in order that they may not appear as mere repetitions. He who confines himself to these discourses, and the mere reading of the ritual, does not fulfill the duties of his office as he ought.

HANNAH MORE said to Horace Walpole—"If I wanted to punish an enemy it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

NOTHING ever touched the heart of a reader that did not come from the heart of a writer,

Monthly Review and Record.

THE GRAND LODGE OF ALABAMA.

The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Alabama held its thirty-eighth annual communication at the Masonic Hall, in the city of Montgomery, on Monday the 6th of December last, and continuing until Friday the 10th; M. W. J. McCaleb Wiley, Grand Master, and R. W. Daniel Sayre, Grand Secretary. There were present at the session three Past Grand Masters, four Past Grand Wardens, five Foreign Representatives—New York, Arkansas, Louisiana, Florida, and New Jersey; and a full representation of the subordinate lodges of the State.

The annual address of the Grand Master is a well-written document, covering six pages and a half of the proceedings, and reviewing the history of Freemasonry during the past year: not merely such portions of it as affect the fraternity in his own jurisdiction, but taking an extended view of the whole doings of the Craft, and presenting his views upon almost every subject of general interest to the Order.

THE STATE OF THE CRAFT IN ALABAMA.

The report of the Grand Master on the condition of Masonry in Alabama is cheering and satisfactory. He says:

“From every direction of our State comes up the gratifying intelligence of the onward course of our Order; and though the accessions may not have been as large as in some former years, I by no means consider that as an evidence of a want of confidence in its value by the community, but rather of the greater vigilance of the brethren in guarding well our portals, and a more thorough training given to our initiates, before they are permitted to advance—the brethren well understanding that it is not by its numerical strength that Masonry is assigned its proper position by a discriminating public, but rather by the ‘walk and conversation’ of the individual members. My correspondence has not been so heavy during this and the past year, in responding to inquiries on mooted points of masonic law and usage, which is also high evidence that able and skillful pilots are at the helm of affairs in the sub-

ordinate lodges, and that the brethren have read and are able to ‘expound the law.’ I am informed that, with very few exceptions, our rules have been scrupulously observed, the gavel obeyed, and that harmony prevails; and I am happy to state that the rage heretofore existing for the annual change of officers has, in a great measure, subsided, and that when the brethren find a competent officer, he is retained in his position from year to year.”

THE LADIES’ MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

The Grand Master having acknowledged the receipt of a communication from R. W. Bro. Dove, of Virginia, calling on the masonic fraternity to aid the “Ladies’ Mount Vernon Association” in their praiseworthy and patriotic efforts to raise a fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, submits it to the Grand Lodge, “with an earnest hope that the Masons of Alabama may not be behind those of any other jurisdiction in evincing their high appreciation of the person and character of so great and so good a man as WASHINGTON.”

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ALABAMA.

We are happy to see that the subject of the history of Freemasonry in their respective jurisdictions is now occupying a prominent place in the doings of the several Grand Lodges. Grand Master Wiley, calling the attention of his Grand Lodge to the consideration of the subject, says:

“I again call your attention to the great importance of writing, at an early day, the history of Freemasonry in Alabama. It is due to the living and to the dead, and to those that will come after us, that it should be done quickly; for but few of the ‘fathers’ now remain with us to furnish facts and data of its early trials and struggles. In some cases the records have been lost, others mutilated, and others are going to destruction; and surely a Grand Lodge of the age of ours, with the men and means that we can command, should no longer play the laggard in a matter of so much importance to the Craft. Many other Grand Lodges have entered upon the work, whilst others have already completed it, and why should we longer delay the satisfaction of this debt

of gratitude to the dead and of love to the living."

DISPENSATIONS FOR NEW LODGES.

On the subject of new lodges, he says :

"During the year nine Dispensations to form new lodges have been issued, and no doubt they will send up their by-laws and proceedings for the examination and action of the Grand Lodge, and I recommend great circumspection in their examination before a warrant is recommended to be issued."

We presume that *by-laws* here is a typographical error ; for no one knows better than M. W. Bro. Wiley that a lodge under dispensation has no right whatever to draft a code of by-laws. The powers of a lodge under dispensation are very limited. The lodge itself is merely a temporary body, originated for a special purpose ; the Dispensation expressly specifying what that purpose is, viz., "to admit, enter, pass, and raise Freemasons." No other powers are given it by words or implication. "A lodge under Dispensation," says Dr. Mackey, in his excellent *Principles of Masonic Law*, "can make no by-laws. It is governed during its temporary existence by the general constitutions of the Order, and the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge in whose jurisdiction it is situated. In fact, as the by-laws of no lodge are operative until they are confirmed by the Grand Lodge, and as a lodge working under Dispensation ceases to exist as such as soon as the Grand Lodge meets, it would be absurd to frame a code of laws which would have no efficacy for want of proper confirmation, and which, when the time and opportunity for confirmation had arrived, would be needless, as the society for which they were framed would then have no legal existence, the new body (the warranted lodge) having taken its place."

UNAFFILIATED MASONS.

The crusade against unaffiliated Masons has reached Alabama also ; and Grand Master Wiley is strong against them ; though not so strong as some of his most worshipful brethren farther north. We deem this subject worthy of the fullest discussion and investigation, and therefore copy our most worshipful brother's remarks upon it in full. He says :

"It is with some reluctance that I approach the subject of non-affiliated Masons, but my convictions of duty and of the great wrong these *brethren* are reflecting upon the character, usefulness, and funds of the Order, impel me to it ; and I earnestly recommend that such legislation may be had as will place them in their proper position before the fraternity and the world. The idea of dimission is a modern one, and an anomaly in Masonry. You might as well say that a dimitted church member was still a member of the church, or that a stockholder in a bank or insurance company, who had sold out his stock, was entitled to dividends, as to say that a dimitted Mason is still a Mason, and entitled to masonic benefits and privileges ; for I hold that "if he will not work neither should he eat." But, say some, Masonry is a voluntary association, and a Mason has a perfect right to withdraw whenever he sees fit. For the sake of the argument I will admit the truth of this position, and in reply ask if it is only *voluntary* so far as the dimitting member is concerned ? And are the contributing members and lodges bound to recognize him and his ? to contribute to his support and give him funeral honors ? or can they not *voluntarily withdraw* from him also ? The idea that he can sever his connection with the lodge, and the lodge not be able to sever its connection with or obligation to him, is, to my mind, most unnatural and unjust. But I deny that Masonry is a voluntary association to the extent claimed for it by these over lenient brethren ; for, chapter 6, section 8, of the "General Regulations of Ancient York Masons," says, "no set or number of Masons shall withdraw or separate themselves from the lodge in which they were made, or afterwards admitted members, unless the lodge become too numerous ; nor even then, without a dispensation from the Grand Master or his deputy ; and when thus separated, they must immediately join themselves to such other lodges as they shall like best, who are willing to receive them ; or else procure the Grand Master's warrant to join in forming a new lodge." And in the charges approved in 1722, chap. 9, article 3, it is said that, "A lodge is a place where Masons meet ; hence that assembly, or duly organized society of Masons, is called a lodge, and every brother ought to belong to one, and to be subject to its by-laws and the general regulations." Brother Bierce, Past Grand Master of Ohio, says "Once a member of a lodge, he must continue to be so until he connects himself with some other lodge." Again, "if a dimit is to exonerate a brother from the duties of a Mason, it should exonerate the lodge from all liability to him ; in other words, if it suspends all allegiance and duty on his part to the lodge,

it should also suspend his claims for all corresponding benefits from the institution." And Bro. Rob. Morris, Grand Master of Kentucky, in a work of great merit now being published, says, "The severance of the connection between the Master Mason and his lodge, (a connection which is vitally important to his masonic character and usefulness, and which is urgently required in the ancient charges,) is denominated non-affiliation. It is a great evil, and has done more, in modern times, to dishonor the masonic institution, and weaken the bonds of the masonic covenant, than any other innovation. In many places the numbers of non-affiliating Masons equal those of the affiliated, thus crushing them under such dead weight as to render it morally impossible for them to carry on the masonic building. Non-affiliation should be discouraged by every means at the command of the Order. Grand Lodges should fulminate decrees against it, forbidding any masonic benefit, or attentions being bestowed on non-affiliating Masons living, and any masonic honors when dead. The by-laws and usages of subordinate lodges should pointedly discountenance them while in that condition; at the same time present every allurements to them to affiliate. They should be forbidden to visit the lodge more than once or twice, nor admitted to the public demonstrations of the Order, its festivals, funerals, &c., under any circumstances, nor aided from the lodge funds, nor introduced to Masons as brethren. They are, masonically, outlaws while in their condition of voluntary estrangement, and should be treated as such. There is no lawful reason for a brother dimitting from a lodge except to unite himself immediately with another." Cast your eyes around in your respective neighborhoods, and see how many of these non-workers there are, and then ask yourselves how much good their contributions might do in the cause of charity, and how much benefit their example would afford were they active, working members of the lodges, and then apply the remedy; for we should be no longer misled by the delusive argument that Masonry is a voluntary association, and that this exists alone in favor of those who choose to live as drones in the great hive, where all should be workers."

Now, we candidly confess that WE CANNOT SEE "the great wrong these brethren are reflecting upon the character and usefulness and funds of the Order," by the mere fact of their being dimitted Masons. Is this "wrong" "reflected" by their immoral character? If so, let the lodge in whose jurisdiction they reside bring them to trial, convict them, and expel them

from the institution, as men whose vice and immorality unfit them to bear the name of Masons, which none but the good and true—those who "*obey the moral law*"—have a *right* to bear. But we hold that, if the only charge against them be that they are dimitted Masons, that they neglect, or even refuse, to connect themselves with the lodge organization of Masonry, it is not in the power of any Grand Lodge or Grand Master, by any act of legislation, edict, or decree, to affect their standing with the great brotherhood of the Order. By the very act of dimission the unaffiliated brother voluntarily severs the link which bound him to the lodge organization of the institution; he, of his own free will and accord, divests himself of all the privileges and rights which belonged to him as a member of that organization. He relinquishes the right to pecuniary aid from the funds of the lodge, to visitation, and to masonic burial. All this it is competent for a Grand Lodge, or for a subordinate lodge, to declare and to enforce; but to inflict the extreme penalty of masonic law—expulsion from the rights and privileges of Masonry—merely for unaffiliation, is so grossly unjust, and so destructive of the individual rights of the brother, that we can never chime in with it, however high the source whence it emanates, and how distinguished soever the brother who advocates it.

Bro. Wiley goes on to say: "The idea of dimission is a modern one, and an anomaly in Masonry. You might as well say a dimitted church member is still a member of the church," &c. Now, with all due respect for Bro. Wiley, we must say that his logic here is not quite as sound as Whateley's. If it were claimed for the dimitted Freemason that he is still a member of the lodge, there would be some relevance in the comparison; but no such claim is made; he is *not* a member of the lodge any more than the dimitted church member is a member of his church; but he is still a Freemason, as much as a religious, God-fearing man, who has dimitted from his church is still a Christian. "You might as well say," adds Bro. Wiley, "that a stockholder in a bank or insurance company, who had sold out his stock, was entitled to dividends, as to say that a dimitted Mason is still a Mason, and entitled to masonic benefits and privileges." The irrelevancy of the comparison

here is as marked as the former. A stockholder in a bank or insurance company can, by selling out and transferring his stock, as completely sever his connection with that bank or insurance company as if he had never been a member of it—but not so with the Freemason. He has purchased stock, the scrip of which he never can surrender! And whenever he exhibits that scrip, when in peril or in danger, Bro. Wiley or Bro. Morris, Bro. Hartsock or Bro. Bierce, must fly to him to honor it, without questioning for a moment its genuineness. Bro. Wiley's "argument" about the right of the members of the lodge to "withdraw from him also," is conclusive of one thing—that is, that he has not fully studied his subject, or he would not attempt to prove by argument what every one at all acquainted with the matter admits, viz., the right of the lodge to withhold from every dimitted Mason all the benefits, privileges, and emoluments that arise from membership in that lodge. The quotation from the eighth General Regulation refers to a "set" or "number of brethren," and cannot be admitted as relevant in a fair discussion of this question. The object of this regulation was to prevent a set or number of brethren, incited, perhaps, by some pique into a conspiracy, from withdrawing from the lodge, and perhaps by such withdrawal seriously embarrassing it, if not breaking it up altogether. But will Bro. Wiley point to any of the Ancient Charges or General Regulations that forbids the withdrawal of an individual brother from membership in his lodge? The third article of the Ancient Charges describes what a lodge is, and says that "every brother *ought* to belong to one;" but that language is merely recommendatory, and not obligatory. If not, *where* is the penalty inflicted for a violation of that obligation to be found?

Bro. Bierce's rule, "Once a member of a lodge, he must continue to be so until he connects himself with some other lodge," is far from being a settler on this question. Let us try it by the square. We believe it is the almost universal rule of the Grand Lodges of the United States, that a Mason cannot be a member of two lodges at the same time—if it be not a rule, it is the general usage. Now, if "a member of a lodge must continue to be

"so" until he connects himself with some other lodge," does it not follow that he is actually a member of two lodges at the same time?—the one he is about to withdraw from—but of which, according to Bro. Bierce's rule, he is still a member—and the one he has just "connected himself" with?—and yet there is hardly a Grand Lodge constitution in the country but requires that "every brother applying for application must bring to the lodge to which he applies a certificate of his regular dismission from the lodge of which he was last a member." Again, "If a dimit is to exonerate a brother from *the duties of a Mason*, it should exonerate the lodge from all liability to him." Surely Bro. Bierce does not mean to tell us that a dimit *does* "exonerate a brother from *'the duties of a Mason.'*" It does no such thing. It exonerates him from those duties, only, which *his lodge membership* imposed upon him; and it *does* completely "exonerate the lodge from all liability to him," which grew out of, or was consequent upon that membership.

The long quotation from Bro. Morris's "work of great merit," is wanting in *truthfulness*—the foundation of justice, and the great corner-stone of Masonic law. Bro. Morris says: "The severance of the connection between the Master Mason and his Lodge (a connection which is vitally important to his masonic character and usefulness, and which is *urgently required in the ancient charges*) is denominated non-affiliation." Where? we will ask Bro. Morris, is this "connection between the Master Mason and his Lodge" "*urgently required in the ancient charges?*" Bro. Morris cannot point to any such urgent requisition in the Ancient Charges, because they contain none; and he never should have written a paragraph like the one we quote—so calculated to mislead—without first having ascertained that what he states as facts *are facts* and not assertions merely. "It is a great evil," continues Bro. Morris, "and has done more in modern times to dishonor the masonic institution, and weaken the bonds of the masonic covenant, than any other innovation." Without endorsing the extravagance of this quotation, we will admit that the evil of unaffiliation is a very great one; and we seriously believe that it is an evil that is *increased and*

¹ We accept this "so" as intended for such here.

strengthened, instead of removed, by the manner in which such champions of affiliation as Bro. Morris direct the crusade against it. We will ask any brother with a grain of common sense in his head, if the very next sentence, of the quotation from Bro. Morris, is not calculated to injure rather than serve the cause of affiliation? He says: "In many places the numbers of non-affiliating Masons, equal those of the affiliated, thus crushing them under such dead weight as to render it morally impossible for them to carry on the Masonic building." Now, Bro. Morris speaks from his book. He has "visited 2,000 Lodges," and he is continually "jotting down" and "noting facts" for his "Index Rerum." The statements, then, of such a laborious collector of "facts"—a veritable Gradgrind—based as we suppose them to be, upon his observations, should be entitled to great weight—and would have great weight, did not their extravagance put our credulity to the severest test, and border sometimes upon the impossible, the absurd, and ridiculous, to such a degree as to cause us to question and investigate them. We should really like to know where are the "many places" where Bro. Morris has found within the jurisdiction of a subordinate lodge "the number of unaffiliated Masons equal to those of the affiliated." In Kansas, during the reign of terror there, at Pike's Peak, at the Frazer River diggings, or such new places, where some unusual excitement has temporarily drawn together, a mass of men and Masons from all parts of the Union, Bro. Morris's statement may apply, until lodges be established there; but we believe there is not a settled town, city, or village in the Union, where there is a masonic lodge situated, where the number of unaffiliated Masons equals that of the affiliated. Surely the statement we have quoted must be received *cum grano salis*—and a pretty large *granum* too. But suppose Bro. Morris's statement to be literally correct—suppose the number of unaffiliated Masons is equal to that of the affiliated—how can that fact "crush" the affiliated Masons "under such a dead weight as to render it morally impossible for them to carry on the Masonic building?" What is the "dead weight" to which Bro. Morris refers? "Give us facts sir, FACTS," says Mr. Gradgrind—and we confess we should like to have facts here:

and not rambling, unsupported assertions. There are two reasons why a good brother Mason may be unaffiliated: first, his inability to pay his lodge dues on account of his poverty, and second a disinclination to remain a member of a lodge, although he may be perfectly able to pay all the dues, charges, and contributions which the lodge organization of Masonry imposes on him. Let us glance for a moment at each of those causes. The first refers to one who is pecuniarily unable to meet his just and lawful debts first, and contribute also to the support of a Masonic Lodge. We hold it to be Masonic truth, self-evident to all intelligent Masons, that a Mason is morally bound to pay his just debts, before he contributes a dollar towards the funds of the lodge—for charity should begin at home, and *honesty* is the first moral point in all Masonic obligation. Now, to coerce a man in the pecuniary difficulty to which we have referred, to pay the purchase money for his Masonic membership—whether he be able to pay his lawful contract debts or not, we hold to be unmasonic because *it is dishonest*—and we envy not the lodge or Grand Lodge of the membership of the "Mason" who will promptly pay his lodge dues and thus secure his "membership" in order to obtain the "benefits bestowed upon affiliating Masons"—while he neglects the payment of just and honest debts contracted by him and owing from him not only to merchants in the ordinary run of business, but perhaps debts of honor to his brother Masons in many parts of the country. It is from this first class—those brethren too poor to pay their debts and contribute to the lodge funds, also, that this "crushing" "dead weight," which "renders it morally impossible to carry on the Masonic building," is experienced; IN THEIR APPLICATION FOR MASONIC RELIEF: and as self-preservation is the first law of nature—we say to the lodges and affiliated brethren thus "crushed"—"THROW OFF YOUR 'WEIGHT' BRETHREN, THROW OFF THIS INCUBUS THAT 'CRUSHES' YOU, AND CONTRIBUTE NOT A MILL TOWARDS THE RELIEF OF AN UNAFFILIATED BROTHER BECAUSE HE IS TOO POOR TO CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR FUNDS—AND according to modern Masonry, as he has NO BANK ACCOUNT WITH YOU, YOU ARE NOT CALLED UPON TO HONOR HIS CHECKS. You have a right thus to refuse him if you see fit; but you have no right to abuse him besides. The second

class we have referred to cannot contribute to the "crushing" or "dead weight" mentioned, as they ask no "benefits" from the affiliated. But we may sum up briefly and say that the position of Bro. Morris, in the quotation we have given, *not* being founded upon fact, but upon the broadest and wildest kind of unsustained assertions, it is not likely to mislead any brother possessed of the lowest degree of intelligence that Masons get credit for. If three-fourths of the residents of every State in the Union were unaffiliated Masons, how could that fact "crush" the other fourth who are affiliated, and render it "impossible for them to carry on the Masonic building" that belongs *exclusively to themselves*, any more than if the three-fourths just spoken of, were Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, or Cowans? They are beyond the pale of the Masonic Lodge organization—they have a perfect right to be there if they prefer it—and let the lodges permit them to remain there in peace and quiet; and not expose themselves to the ridicule and censure, if not the contempt, of every intelligent member of the Order, for their unwarranted invasion of the private rights of an individual brother. Bro. Morris was so completely defeated on this question by Bro. Geo. H. Gray in 1855, that we thought he had enough of the subject. It killed our excellent Bro. Bierce in Ohio, and will never add a laurel to the chaplet of any of its advocates—because it is unmasonic and unjust. We publish at page — in the present number, Bro. Gray's excellent article on the subject.

THE M. W. GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

The Grand Master pays a merited compliment to the zeal, ability, and intelligence of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Canada. The Grand Lodge adopted the following resolution recognizing and tendering them the right hand of Brotherhood:

"Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Alabama recognizes, as an equal and independent Grand Lodge, the Grand Lodge of Canada, and hereby tenders to her, all the Masonic courtesies due from one Grand Lodge to another."

The Grand Master closed his able address by giving an eloquent epitome of the history and condition of Masonry in Ala-

bama. We have marked it for future insertion.

The Reports of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer are full of interesting statistics, and show a healthy condition of the Grand Lodge finances.

Most Worshipful Bro. Sterling A. M. Wood, P. G. M., was appointed to prepare and write the History of Masonry in Alabama. A better appointment could not, certainly, have been made.

The Grand Lodge voted a Past Grand Master's Jewel to M. W. William Leigh, the oldest living P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Alabama; and another to our excellent Bro. J. McCaleb Wiley, who has discharged the high duties of Grand Master of Masons in Alabama for the past two years, with singular ability.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Committee of Foreign Correspondence, through Bro. S. A. M. Wood its intelligent Chairman, presented a lengthy report, covering 98 pages of small type, and reviewing, with that marked ability that distinguishes all the writings of Bro. Wood, the proceedings of *all* the Grand Lodges with which the Grand Lodge of Alabama is in communication.

The sum of one hundred dollars, about half the cost of *copying* it, was voted to Bro. Wood as a slight, certainly *too slight* remuneration for the immense labor of preparing the report.

THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE BRO. PFISTER.

The Committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, at its last session, to procure a monument for the late lamented Amand P. Pfister, for many years the intelligent Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, reported that they had discharged the duty assigned to them, and procured in New York a suitable monument with an iron inclosure, at a cost of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. The monument is erected over the grave of our deceased brother in the old burial ground, in the city of Mobile. The following is the inscription on it:

"The Masonic Fraternity of Alabama, to the memory of AMAND P. PFISTER, Grand Secretary of the various Masonic bodies, during a long and faithful service. The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Alabama, in grateful acknowl-

edgment of his meritorious labors, and his unyielding devotion to the best interests of the Fraternity, ordered this Monument by unanimous resolution, adopted December 10th, 1857, as a slight testimonial of their bereaved affliction. He was born at Nassau, New Providence, October, 1802, and died at Montgomery, Alabama, January 28th, 1857. 'By this evergreen, we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us that will survive the grave, and never, never, never die.'

The Grand Orator, R. W. Bro. E. W. Abrahams, delivered an eloquent oration on the history, antiquity, perpetuity, principles, objects, and tendency of Freemasonry.

The Constitution of the Grand Lodge was amended so as to allow of an increase of the salary of Grand Secretary; and a motion was adopted that the sum of fifteen hundred dollars be set apart in his hands as a contingent fund for the ensuing year.

The election of Grand Lodge Officers resulted in placing Most Worshipful Bro. R. H. Ervin of Camden, at the head of the Fraternity in Alabama, as Grand Master; R. W. Bro. S. F. Hale of Eutaw, D. G. Master, and R. W. Daniel Sayre of Montgomery, Grand Secretary.

We cannot close this brief review of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge without complimenting Bro. Sayre upon the perfect order in which the Proceedings are arranged, the tables and statistics added, and the elaborate index which greatly facilitates reference. And Messrs. Barret and Wimblish have turned them out as a specimen of printing worthy of the matter they contain.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Montgomery on Monday, the 5th of December next.

THE MASONIC LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

IN our last issue we stated as the general opinion of all intelligent Masons, that our Masonic Lodges are *not what they ought to be*; that no instruction in the mysteries, the ritual, and symbolism of the institution is imparted in them; that no mystic lessons of brotherly love, morality, forbearance and charity are taught there; and that a majority of them present no attraction whatever to an intelligent, studious, and investigating brother to retain

his membership in them; and hence the cause of the wholesale dimission now so loudly complained of. As a remedy against this withdrawal, we recommended a *reformation in the working of lodges*. That there is the most ample room for improvement in this particular, no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case can deny. But how is this reformation to be effected? That is a question of the most vital importance—one which should engage the attention of our Grand Lodges at the earliest possible moment.

Too little attention, it appears to us, is paid to the study of the Lectures of Freemasonry in the United States. In England (although we must not be understood to refer to the generality of English Masons, who are much less acquainted with the science of Freemasonry than our American brethren) the most intellectual men of the order have, from the time of Anderson to the present day, studiously devoted themselves to the explanation of the Masonic Lectures. The arrangement of Desaguliers and Anderson, in the beginning of the last century, was successively and successively improved by Martin Clare, by Dunckerley, by Hutchinson, by Preston, and by Heming. The lectures of the latter never obtained to any degree of popularity in this country—those of Preston, arranged and adapted by Thomas Smith Webb, have been generally adopted by the Grand Lodges of the United States, and properly so, for they are certainly the purest as well as the most ancient now in existence—the Lectures of Dr. Heming, now in use in England, being a compilation from those of Preston and Dermot, cannot be said to be the Preston Lectures. The lectures of Freemasonry, under the veil of allegory, embody all the philosophy and abstruse teachings of the order. Like the rough ashlar, in whose unwrought dimensions is contained the perfect stone, and the block of marble which hides the life-like statue to be developed by the chisel of the skilful artist, the lectures of Freemasonry, when properly explained by an intelligent, scientific lecturer, show forth the teachings of the institution in all their simplicity, in all their beauty, and in all their truth.

And here we come to the important point to be considered. How is that degree of intelligence to be obtained by the master or the lecturer that will insure the

proper explanation of the lectures? We answer, that it can be acquired only by the closest and most careful study of the First Great Light, of the legends and traditions of the order, and of the many scientific publications of learned masonic writers of the past century and the present. The light shines clearly enough, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. The works of Hutchinson, of Preston, of that Goliath of masonic scientific writings, Dr. Oliver, and of Dr. Mackey, contain, under a veil, the whole philosophy of Freemasonry; and these writings, thanks to the Masonic Press, are now within the reach of all our brethren.

But it is not every brother who is possessed of that education, natural talents and tastes, which will enable him thoroughly to succeed in his investigation and study of the science of Freemasonry. Like the teachers and professors of other sciences, the masonic lecturer should be *trained* for his profession, and its practice should insure him a respectable and permanent income, so that his whole time and his whole attention might be devoted to the discharge of his masonic duties. He should be a man of the most liberal education, gentlemanly deportment, kindness and affability of manners, and unsullied moral character; in short, a model man and mason.

There is not a Grand Lodge in the Union under whose jurisdiction such a brother, with the proper training and facilities, may not be found; and it is, in our opinion, the duty of every Grand Lodge to seek out and find him and give him the facilities to become thoroughly master of his profession, and let his election be for life, or until superannuated by age, or incapacitated by infirmity. Suppose every Grand Lodge in the United States to have such a lecturer, and him to have under him and trained by him the requisite number of district lecturers, to bring under their teaching all the Lodges in their respective jurisdictions, what a happy result might not be reasonably anticipated in five years! Masonic intelligence would then take the place of the ignorance and blindness which now obscure the masonic vision, and that "giant evil"—*dimission*—which is now represented as "a clog to the machinery" of Freemasonry, would give place to a healthy, a happy, a united and intelligent membership.

EDICTS.

THE decisions of a Grand Lodge are commonly called "Edicts;" and Freemasons in America obligate themselves to abide by such, and obey them. But it has up to within a few months ago remained for a Grand Master in this country to issue his "Edict," unsupported by the power that could compel obedience to it.

Brother J. R. Hartssock, present Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, has concluded to write his name as that Grand Master high upon the roll of absurdity and egotistic sophism. In his little publication called the *Western Freemason*, of February last, we find the following bombastical effusion:

OFFICIAL.—ON JURISPRUDENCE.

In order that officers of lodges may better understand what is required of non-affiliated Masons by the law in this jurisdiction, we give the following directions, to wit: That they be required to pay one full year's dues to the lodge under whose jurisdiction they are, and also fifty cents to the Grand Lodge.

EDICT.

(OFFICE OF GRAND MASTER,
IOWA CITY, IOWA, Jan. 11, 1859.)

To Masters of Lodges in Iowa:

The following *Edict* is directed:—

WHEREAS, The LI. section of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of Iowa requires "Masters of Lodges under this jurisdiction—provided that when two lodges exist in the same place, this rule shall be enforced by the oldest lodge—are positively enjoined to require non-affiliated Master Masons under this jurisdiction to pay lodge and Grand Lodge dues."

And, whereas, by personal observation on visiting the various lodges, we find that Masters have neglected to comply with this regulation, and notwithstanding all that we have said on this subject, still continue to neglect this duty,

And, whereas, We are cognizant of the fact that there are hundreds of non-contributing Masons within this jurisdiction who pay nothing towards the support of Masonry, and who, at the same time, are receiving all the benefits of the institution,

And, whereas, Our solemn obligation binds us to strictly enforce the By-Laws, Constitution and regulations of the Grand Lodge, of which we are the Executive Officer,

We, therefore, do hereby order every Master of a subordinate lodge under this jurisdiction to summon every non-affiliated Mason under the jurisdiction of his lodge, to meet the lodge at the stated meeting in March next, and then and there comply with the LI. section of the Grand Lodge By-Laws; and in the event of their failing to comply with this edict, to be promptly dealt with. All such non-conforming brothers shall be promptly declared by said lodge to have forfeited all the rights and privileges of Masons under this jurisdiction.

Having gone thus far, the G. M. of Iowa began to consider how he was going to "promptly deal" with such Lodge Mas-

ters as did not comply with the fifty-first section of the by-laws and this edict. The question presents itself. Suppose they do not obey this edict, what is my recourse? But, pahaw! Am I not supreme Grand Master and head of Masonry in Iowa. Yet perhaps it would be better—look better, anyhow—to give them “the law;” and forthwith he delivers himself of the following:

Any Master or lodge failing to comply with this edict within the specified time, may expect to be promptly dealt with. Hear the law:

“Masters of lodges who shall neglect to enforce this edict shall be promptly dealt with.”

How dealt with, and by whom? The Master of a lodge is amenable to the Grand Lodge only, and can be tried by it *alone* for dereliction of duty. What do the words “promptly dealt with” mean? We understand them to mean that when a Master neglects or refuses to comply with the law, it shall be the Grand Master’s duty to depose him from office, arrest his jewel, and order him to appear before the Grand Lodge and answer to the charge.

We further order Masters of Lodges to return to this office immediately on the receipt of this edict, a list of all non-affiliated Masons within the jurisdiction of their lodges.

It is further ordered that Masters of Lodges shall not permit any non-affiliated Masons to visit their lodges *more than twice*, or to join in a Masonic procession, be buried with Masonic honors, or be furnished with pecuniary aid without applying first for membership.

J. R. HARTSOCK,
Grand Master of Masons in Iowa.

He understands the words “promptly dealt with” to mean the deposition of the recusant Master and the arrest of his jewel. Absolutely! The Grand Lodge, at the instigation of a man—who had he been “elected to stay at home,” would have served Masonry far better than sending him to that Grand Lodge—passes a law ridiculous and absurd, inasmuch as it commands men to force others either to associate with them—a thing repugnant to every sense of free or social intercourse, or to pay tithes for refusing to do so—and then the Grand Master explains for that Grand Lodge what the words “promptly dealt with” mean. The By-Law itself has no penalty attached. It remained for the Grand Master of Masons in Iowa to append a penalty as a sequitur to the law itself, after he had noticed that it was, in the extreme, silly for any man to issue an edict without the power to enforce it. Verily, the words of Shakspeare—“Man dressed in a little brief authority plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the

angels weep”—are just as fresh to-day as they were when he wrote them.

Another instance of the pompous edict style has lately exhibited itself in the “decrees” of the Grand Orient of France. It seems that, as in former times, sundry Masonic pamphlets, periodical and occasional, found printers and readers in France, to the great distaste of the Prince Lucien Murat; inasmuch as they exhibited a state of things not very flattering to that gentleman’s judgment or knowledge of Masonry, and, consequently, calculated to bring the same into disrepute. Following the lead of his Emperor, therefore, but, unhappily for him, without the power to enforce his decrees, which Prince Louis Napoleon possesses, Prince Lucien Murat fulminates the following:

• DECREES OF THE GRAND MASTER.

ART. 1.—Our T. T. I. F. Lebon, who for a long time has been entrusted with the printing of the Grand Orient, is hereby appointed printer to the Grand Orient of France.

ART. 2.—The printer of the Grand Orient of France must obtain our permission before printing any Masonic production whatever.

For some time the number of Masonic publications, periodical and otherwise, has been constantly increasing.

Seeing that it often happens that these publications are principally preoccupied with but one interest, or with but one special and personal end, and have in view the general interests of the order in a very minor degree, and that they might be led to express doctrines, more or less at variance with those which are the glory and power of the order.

Seeing that the Masonic Institution, which has numerous enemies interested in misleading public opinion in regard to it, must often be judged by the isolated productions of some of its members, and that they may see or pretend to see in these productions, the expression of the doctrines of the order, whereas they are nothing but the emanation of individual opinions.

Wishing to end a state of things so compromising to the moral power of the order, and which might become more prejudicial to its security, therefore

We have decreed and do decree,

ART. 1.—From the first day of March, 1859, no Masonic publication, periodical or otherwise, can be printed except by the printer of the Grand Orient of France, without a special authorization on our part.

ART. 2.—All Masonic publications, periodical or otherwise, which shall proceed from any other press than that of the printer of the Grand Orient of France, shall by this act alone be considered not orthodox.

The different lodges must neither subscribe to, nor in any manner acquire them; and it is the bounden duty of all Masons, whatever merit they may ascribe to these productions, to discourage their diffusion, and to refuse their patronage.

ART. 3.—Our Grand Officer of honor, entrusted

with the correspondence, etc., is charged with the execution of this decree.

Given at our Chateau of Berzenval this 30th day of November, 1858.

L. MURAT,

Grand Master of the Masonic Order of France.

Now, there is something to help the Grand Master of Masons in Iowa to keep his pace and countenance. Certainly, if the Grand Master of France can crush the freedom of the press, the Grand Master of Iowa can crush the unaffiliated into membership, whether they affect or dislike the connection. We shall mark well the result of these "Edicts."

But a few words for the Masters of Lodges in Iowa, in extenuation of the extreme penalty about to be inflicted by their Grand Master. Suppose with all the desire to obey this "Edict," that a simple and good-natured man and Lodge Master can possibly entertain, how, we ask, is he to go about ascertaining who are and who are not Masons in the jurisdiction of his Lodge? Is he to ask every man: Are you a Mason? and in the event of not receiving the proper reply, pass on? Or is he, following the lead of his illustrious head, to issue his edict to all the adult males within his Lodge jurisdiction, commanding them to come up to the County Court House on a given day, and then and there poll themselves as to whether or not they are Freemasons? We think it would have exhibited less dictation and more common sense on the part of the "Grand Master of Masons in Iowa" had he pointed out some plan by which his Masters of Lodges would be governed in their efforts to obey this blind Edict.

It will be useless for a Master to suspect that his neighbor, John Smith, is a Freemason. He must *know* it. The veritable John in question has never in any way made it known, save in his assistance to the family of his neighbor, the Master, when the latter fell from the top of his barn and broke three of his ribs, at a time when his corn-field ought to be attended to; and were it not for the said John, that corn-field would not have had its last plowing, and the wheat crop, which that plowing covered, would the next spring have never come up. It is useless, we say, for the Master to repeat this to the Grand Master of Iowa. Such kindness is not money. The Big Bull Bottom Lodge, No. 62, wants MONEY. It "cannot carry on the Masonic building without it." It is

"morally impossible" for it to do so, unless John Smith—who since he left his home in New England, with his Dimit sewed up in his pocket-book, never told any one he was a Mason—pays it five dollars a year and fifty cents for the Grand Lodge of Iowa. And much as the befriended Master aforesaid may desire to waive John Smith's case, he is by "law" compelled to adopt every means to find out if said John is a "sure enough" Mason, and if so, get his money as above, or suffer the penalty of being "promptly dealt with."

May the Almighty protect us from such Masons, and Masonry like this!

In Hour with a New Book.

THE freshness and vivacity displayed in the following are charming. The author will be at once recognized by those who have read his soul pictures, during the past year:

"It is here, Sir! right here!—said the little deformed gentleman—in this old new city of Boston,—this remote provincial corner of a provincial nation, that the Battle of the Standard is fighting, and was fighting before we were born, and will be fighting when we are dead and gone,—please God! The battle goes on everywhere throughout civilization; but here, here, here! is the broad white flag flying which proclaims, first of all, peace and good-will to men, and, next to that, the absolute, unconditional spiritual liberty of each individual immortal soul! The three-hilled city against the seven-hilled city! That is it, Sir,—nothing less than that; and if you know what that means, I don't think you'll ask for anything more. I swear to you, Sir, I believe that these two centres of civilization are just exactly the two points that close the circuit in the battery of our planetary intelligence! And I believe there are spiritual eyes looking out from Uranus and unseen Neptune,—ay, Sir, from the systems of Sirius and Arcturus and Aldebaran, and as far as that faint stain of sprinkled worlds confluent in the distance that we call the nebula of Orion,—looking on, Sir, with what organs I know not, to see which are going to melt in that fiery fusion, the accidents and hindrances of humanity or man himself, Sir, the stupendous abortion, the illustrious failure that he is, if the three-hilled city does not ride down and trample out the seven-hilled city!"

"Steam's up!" said the young man John, so called, in a low tone. "Three hundred and sixty-five tons to the square inch. Let him blow her off, or he'll bu'st his boiler."

The divinity student took it calmly, only whispering that he thought there was a little confusion of images between a galvanic battery and a charge of cavalry.

But the Koh-i-noor—the gentleman, you remember, with a very large diamond in his shirt-front—laughed his scornful laugh, and made as if to speak.

"Sell in, Metropolis!"—said that same young man John, by name. And then in a lower tone, not meaning to be heard,—"*Ma'am Allen!*"

But he was heard, and the Koh-i-noor's face turned so white with rage, that his blue-black moustache and beard looked fearful, seen against it. He grinned with wrath, and caught at a tumbler, as if he would have thrown it and its contents at the

speaker. The young Marylander fixed his clear, steady eye upon him, and laid his hand on his arm, carelessly almost, but the Jewel found it was held so that he could not move it. It was of no use. The youth was his master in muscle, and in that deadly Indian hug in which men wrestle with their eyes; over in five seconds, but breaks one of their two backs, and is good for threescore year and ten; one trial enough, settles the whole matter, just as when two feathered songsters of the barnyard, game and dunghill, come together, after a jump or two at each other, and a few sharp kicks, there is the end of it; and it is, *Après vous, Monsieur*, in all the social relations with the beaten party for all the rest of his days.

I cannot philosophically account for the Koh-i-noor's wrath. For though a cosmetic is sold, bearing the name of the lady to whom reference was made by the young person John, yet, as it is publicly asserted in respectable prints that this cosmetic is *not a dye*, I see no reason why he should have felt offended by any suggestion that he was indebted to it or its authoress. I have no doubt that there are certain exceptional complexions to which the purple tinge, above alluded to, is natural. Nature is fertile in variety. I saw an albinism in London once, for sixpence, (including the inspection of a stuffed box-constrictor,) who looked as if she had been boiled in milk. A young Hottentot of my acquaintance had his hair all in little pellets of the size of marrowfat peas. One of my own classmates has undergone a singular change of late years, his hair losing its original tint, and getting a remarkable discolored look; and another has ceased to cultivate any hair at all over the vortex or crown of the head. So I am perfectly willing to believe that the purple-black of the Koh-i-noor's moustache and whiskers is constitutional and pigmentary. But I can't think why he got so angry.

The intelligent reader will understand that all this pantomime of the threatened onslaught and its suppression passed so quickly that it was all over by the time the other end of the table found out there was a disturbance; just as a man chopping wood half a mile off may be seen resting on his axe at the instant you hear the last blow he struck. So you will please to observe that the little gentleman was not interrupted during the time implied by these *ex-post-facto* remarks of mine, but for some ten or fifteen seconds only.

He did not seem to mind the interruption at all, for he started again. The "Sir" of his harangue was no doubt addressed to myself more than anybody else, but he often uses it in discourse as if he were talking with some imaginary opponent.

"America, Sir," he exclaimed, "is the only place where man is full-grown!"

He straightened himself up, as he spoke, standing on the top round of his high chair, I suppose, and so presented the larger part of his little figure to the view of the boarders.

It was next to impossible to keep from laughing. The commentary was so strange an illustration of the text!

I thought it was time to put in a word; for I have lived in foreign parts, and am more or less cosmopolitan.

"I doubt if we have more practical freedom in America than they have in England," I said. "An Englishman thinks as he likes in religion and politics. Mr. Martineau speculates as freely as ever Dr. Channing did, and Mr. Bright is as independent as Mr. Seward."

"Sir," said he, "it isn't what a man thinks or says, but when and where and to whom he thinks and says it. A man with a flint and steel striking sparks over a wet blanket is one thing, and striking them over a tinder-box is another. The free Englishman is born under protest; he lives and dies under protest—a tolerated, but not a welcome fact. Is not *free-thinker* a term of reproach in England! The same idea in the soul of an Englishman who struggled up to it and still holds it *antagonistically*, and in the soul of an American to whom it is congenital and spontaneous, and often unrecognized, except as an element blended with *all his thoughts*, a natural

movement, like the drawing of his breath or the beating of his heart, is a very different thing. You may teach a quadruped to walk on his hind legs, but he is always wanting to be on all-fours. Nothing that can be taught a growing youth is like the atmospheric knowledge he breathes from his infancy upwards. The American baby sucks in freedom with the milk of the breast at which he hangs.

"That's a good joke," said the young fellow John, "considerin' it commonly belongs to a female Faddy."

I thought—I will not certain—that Little Boston winked, as if he had been hit somewhere, as I have no doubt Dr. Darwin did when the *wooden-spoon* suggestion upset his theory about why, etc. If he winked, however, he did not dodge.

"A lively comment!" he said. "But Rome in her great founder, sucked the blood of empire out of the dugs of a brute, Sir! The Milesian wet-nurse is only a convenient vessel through which the American infant gets the life-blood of this virgin soil, Sir, that is making man over again, on the sunset pattern! You don't think what we are doing and going to do here. Why, Sir, while commentators are bothering themselves with interpretation of prophecies, *we have got* the new heavens and the new earth over us and under us! Was there ever anything in Italy, I should like to know, like a Boston sunset?"

This time there was a laugh, and the little man himself almost smiled.

"Yes, Boston sunsets; perhaps they're as good in some other places, but I know 'em best here. Anyhow, the American skies are different from anything they see in the Old World. Yes, and the rocks are different, and everything that comes out of the soil, from grass up to Indians, is different. And now that the provisional races are dying out——"

"What do you mean by the *provisional* races, Sir?" said the divinity-student, interrupting him.

"Why, the aboriginal bipeds, to be sure," he answered, "the red-crayon sketch of humanity laid on the canvass before the colors for the real manhood were ready."

"I hope they will come to something yet," said the divinity-student.

"Irreclaimable, Sir, irreclaimable!" said the little gentleman. "Cheaper to breed white men than domesticate a nation of red ones. When you can get the bitter out of the patridge's thigh, you can make an enlightened commonwealth of Indians. A provisional race, Sir, nothing more. Exhaled carbonic acid for the use of vegetation, kept down the bears and catamounts, enjoyed themselves in scalping and being scalped, and then passed away or are passing away, according to the programme."

"Well, Sir, these races dying out, the white man has to acclimate himself. It takes him a good while; but he will come all right by-and-by, Sir, as sound as a woodchuck, as sound as a musquash!"

"A new nursery, Sir, with Lake Superior and Huron and all the rest of 'em for wash-basins! A new race, and a whole new world for the new-born human soul to work in! And Boston is the brain of it, and has been any time these hundred years! That's all I claim for Boston, that is the thinking centre of the continent, and therefore of the planet."

"And the grand emporium of modesty," said the divinity-student, a little mischievously.

"Oh, don't talk to me of modesty!" answered Little Boston, "I'm past that! There isn't a thing that was said or done in Boston, from pitching the tea overboard to the last ecclesiastical lie it tore into tatters and flung into the dock, that wasn't thought very indelicate by some fool or tyrant or bigot, and all the entrails of commercial and spiritual conservatism are twisted into colics as often as this revolutionary brain of ours has a fit of thinking come over it. No, Sir, show me any other place that is, or was since the megalosaurus has died out, where wealth and social influence are so fairly divided between the stationary and progressive classes! Show me any other place where every other drawing-room is not a chamber of the Inqui-

sition, with papas and mammas for inquisitors, and the cold shoulder, instead of the 'dry pan and the gradual fire,' the punishment of 'heresy!'"

"We think *Baltimore* is a pretty civilized kind of a village," said the young Marylander, good-naturedly. "But I suppose you can't forgive it for always keeping a little ahead of Boston in point of number—tell the truth now. Are we not the centre of something?"

"Ah, indeed, to be sure you are. You are the gastronomic metropolis of the Union. Why don't you put a canvas-back duck on the top of the Washington column? Why don't you get that lady off from Battle Monument and plant a terrapin in her place? Why will you ask for other glories when you have soft crabs? No, Sir, you live too well to think as hard as we do in Boston. Logic comes to us with the salt-fish of Cape Ann; rhetoric is born of the beans of Beverly; but you, if you open your mouths to speak, Nature stops them with a fat oyster, or offers a slice of the breast of your divine bird, and silences all your aspiration."

"And what of Philadelphia?" said the Marylander.

"Oh, Philadelphia? Waterworks, killed by the Croton and Cochituate; Ben Franklin, borrowed from Boston; David Rittenhouse, made an orrery; Benjamin Rush, made a medical system; both interesting to antiquarians; great Red-river raft of medical students, spontaneous generation of professors to match; more widely known through Moymensing hose-company, and the Wistar parties; for geological section of social strata, go to *The Club*. Good place to live in, first-rate market, tip-top peaches. What do we know about Philadelphia, except that the engine-companies are always shooting each other?"

"And what do you say to New York?" asked the Koh-i-noor?

"A great city, Sir," replied Little Boston, "a very opulent, splendid city. A point of transit of much that is remarkable, and of permanence for much that is respectable. A great money-centre. San Francisco with the mines above ground, and some of 'em under the side-walks. I have seen next to nothing *grandiose*, out of New York, in all our cities. It makes 'em all look paltry and petty. Has many elements of civilization. May stop where Venice did, though, for ought we know. The order of its development is just this:—Wealth; architecture; upholstery; painting; sculpture. Printing, as a mechanical art, just as Nicholas Jensen and the Aldi, who were scholars too, made Venice renowned for it. Journalism, which is the accident of business and crowded populations, in great perfection. Venice got as far as Titan and Paul Veronese and Tintoretto, great colorists, mark you, magnificent on the flesh-and-blood side of Art, but look over to Florence and see who lie in Santa Croce, and ask out of whose loins Dante sprang!"

"Oh, yes, to be sure, Venice built her Ducal Palace, and her Church of St. Mark, and her Casa d'Oro, and the rest of her golden houses; and Venice had great pictures and good music; and Venice had a Golden Book, in which all the large tax-payers had their names written; but all that did not make Venice the brain of Italy."

"I tell you what, Sir, with all these magnificent appliances of civilization, it is time we began to hear something from the *jeunesse doree* whose names are on the Golden Book of our sumptuous, splendid, marble-palace Venice, something in the higher walks of literature, something in the councils of the nation. Plenty of Art, I grant you, Sir; now, then, for vast libraries, and for mighty scholars and thinkers and statesmen, five for every Boston one, as the population is to ours, ten to one more properly, in virtue of centralizing attraction as the alleged metropolis, and not call our people provincials, and have to come begging to us to write the lives of Hendrick Hudson and Gouverneur Morris!"

The little gentleman was on his hobby, exalting his own city at the expense of every other place. I don't suppose he had been in either of the cities he had been talking about. I was just going to say

something to sober him down, if I could, when the young Marylander spoke up.

"Come, now," he said, "what's the use of these comparisons? Didn't I hear this gentleman saying, the other day, that every American owns all America? If you have really got more brains in Boston than other folks, as you seem to think, who hates you for it, except a pack of scribbling fools? If I like Broadway better than Washington Street, what then? I own them both, as much as anybody owns either. I am an American, and wherever I look up and see the stars and stripes overhead, that is home to me!"

He spoke, and looked up as if he heard the emblazoned folds crackling over him in the breeze. We all looked up involuntarily, as if we should see the national flag by so doing. The sight of the dingy ceiling and the gas-fixtures depending therefrom dispelled the illusion.

"Bravo! bravo!" said the venerable gentleman on the other side of the table. "Those are the sentiments of Washington's Farewell Address. Nothing better than that since the last chapter in Revelations. Five-and-forty years ago there used to be Washington societies, and little boys used to walk in processions, each little boy having a copy of the Address, bound in red, hung around his neck by a ribbon. Why don't they now? Why don't they now? I saw enough of hating each other in the old Federal times; now let's love each other, I say, let's love each other, and not try to make it out that there isn't any place fit to live in except the one we happen to be born in."

"It dwarfs the mind, I think," said I, "to feed it on any localism. The full stature of manhood is shrivelled—"

The color burst up into my cheeks. What was I saying; I, who would not for the world have pained our unfortunate little boarder by an allusion?

"I will go," he said, and made a movement with his left arm to let himself down from his high chair.

"No, no, he doesn't mean it, you must not go," said a kind voice next him; and a soft, white hand was laid upon his arm.

"Iris, my dear!" exclaimed another voice, as of a female, in accents that might be considered a strong atmospheric solution of duty with a very little flavor of grace.

She did not move for this address, and there was a *tableau* that lasted some seconds. For the young girl, in the glory of half-blown womanhood, and the dwarf, the cripple, the misshapen little creature covered with Nature's insults, looked straight into each other's eyes.

Perhaps no handsome young woman had ever looked at him so in his life. Certainly the young girl never had looked into the eyes that reached into her soul as these did. It was not that they were in themselves supernaturally bright, but there was the sad fire in them that flames up from the soul of one who looks on the beauty of woman without hope, but alas! not without emotion. To him it seemed as if those amber gates had been translucent as the brown water of a mountain-brook, and through them he had seen dimly into a virgin wilderness, only waiting for the sunrise of a great passion for all its buds to blow and all its bowers to ring with melody.

That is my image, of course, not his. It was not a smile that was in his mind, or is in anybody's at such a moment; it was a pang of worldless passion, and then a silent, inward moan.

"A lady's wish," he said, with a certain gallantry of manner, "makes slaves of us all." And Nature, who is kind to all her children, and never leaves the smallest of all her human failures without one little comfit of self-love at the bottom of his poor ragged pocket, Nature suggested to him that he had turned his sentence well; and he fell into a reverie, in which the old thoughts that were always hovering just outside the doors guarded by Common Sense, and watching for a chance to squeeze in, knowing perfectly well they would be ignominiously kicked out again as soon as Common Sense saw

them, flocked in pellmell—misty, fragmentary, vague, half-ashamed of themselves, but still shouldering up against his inner consciousness till it warmed with their contact: John Wilkes's—the ugliest man's in England—saying, that with half-an-hour's start he would cut out the handsomest man in all the land in any woman's good graces; Cadenus—old and savage—leading captive Stella and Vanessa; and then the stray line of a ballad, "And a winning tongue had he," as much as to say, it isn't looks, after all, but cunning words, that win our Eves over, just as of old, when it was the worst-looking brute of the lot that got our grandmother to listen to his stuff, and so did the mischief.

Ah, dear me! We rehearse the part of Hercules with the club, subjugating man and woman in our fancy, the first by the weight of it, and the second by our handling it; we rehearse it, I say, by our own hearth-stones, with the *cold* poker as our club, and the exercise is easy. But when we come to real life, the poker is *in the fire*, and, ten to one, if we would grasp it, we find it too hot to hold; lucky for us, if it is not white-hot, and we do not have to leave the skin of our hands sticking to it when we fling it down or drop it with a loud or silent cry!

I am frightened when I find into what a labyrinth of human character and feeling I am winding. I meant to tell my thoughts, and to throw in a few studies of manner and costume as they pictured themselves for me from day to day. Chance has thrown together at the table with me a number of persons who are worth studying, and I mean not only to look on them, but, if I can, through them. You can get any man's or woman's secret whose sphere is circumscribed by your own, if you will only look patiently on them long enough. Nature is always applying her reagents to character, if you will take the pains to watch her. Our studies of character, to change the image, are very much like the surveyor's triangulation of a geographical province. We get a base-line in organization, always; then we get an angle by sighting some distant object to which the passions or aspirations of the subject of our observation are tending; then another; and so we construct our first triangle. Once fix a man's ideals, and for the most part the rest is easy. A wants to die worth half a million. Good. B (female) wants to catch him, and outlive him. All right. Minor details at our leisure.

What is it, of all your experiences, of all your thoughts, of all your misdoings, that lies at the very bottom of the great heap of acts of consciousness which make up your past life? What should you most dislike to tell your nearest friend? Be so good as to pause for a brief space, and shut the pamphlet you hold with your finger between the pages. Oh, that is it!

What a confessional I have been sitting at, with the inward ear of my soul open, as the multitudinous whisper of my involuntary confidants came back to me like the reduplicated echo of a cry among the craggy hills!

At the house of a friend where I once passed the night was one of those stately upright cabinet-desks and cases of drawers which were not rare in prosperous families during the last century. It had held the clothes and the books and the papers of generation after generation. The hands that opened its drawers had grown withered, shrivelled, and at last been folded in death. The children that played with the lower handles had got tall enough to open the desk, to reach the upper shelves behind the folding-door, grown bent after a while, and then followed those who had gone before, and left the old cabinet to be ransacked by a new generation.

A boy of ten or twelve was looking at it a few years ago, and, being a quick-witted fellow, saw that all the space was not accounted for by the smaller drawers in the part beneath the lid of the desk. Prying about with busy eyes and fingers, he at length came upon a spring, on pressing which, a hidden drawer flew from its hiding-place. It had never been opened but by the maker. The mahogany shavings and dust were lying in it as when the

artisan closed it, and when I saw it, it was as fresh as if that day finished.

Is there not one little drawer in your soul, my sweet reader, which no hand but yours has ever opened, and which none that have known you seem to have suspected? What does it hold? A sin? I hope not.

What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is! Must it some time or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again and begins to stir in our consciousness, as the dry wheel-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive, if it is wet with a drop of water?

Or is it a passion? There are plenty of withered men and women walking about the streets who have the secret drawer in their hearts, which, if it were opened, would show as fresh as it was when they were in the flush of youth and its first trembling emotions. What it held will, perhaps, never be known, until they are dead and gone, and some curious eye lights on an old yellow letter with the fossil footprints of the extinct passion trodden thick all over it.

There is not a boarder at our table, I firmly believe, excepting the young girl, who has not a story of the heart to tell, if one could only get the secret drawer open. Even this arid female, whose armor of black bombazine looks stronger against the shafts of love than any cuirass of triple brass, has had her sentimental history, if I am not mistaken. I will tell you my reason for suspecting it.

Like many other old women, she shows a great nervousness and restlessness whenever I venture to express any opinion upon a class of subjects which can hardly be said to belong to any man or set of men as their strictly private property—not even to the clergy, or the newspapers commonly called "religious." Now, although it would be a great luxury to me to obtain my opinions by contract, ready-made, from a professional man, and although I have a constitutional kindly feeling to all sorts of good people which would make me happy to agree with all their beliefs, if that were possible, still I must have an idea, now and then, as to the meaning of life; and though the only condition of peace in this world is to have no ideas, or, at least, not to express them, with reference to such subjects, I can't afford to pay quite so much as that even for peace.

I find that there is a very prevalent opinion among the dwellers on the shores of Sir Isaac Newton's Ocean of Truth, that *salt fish*, which have been taken from it a good while ago, split open, cured, and dried, are the only proper and allowable food for reasonable people. I maintain, on the other hand, that there are a number of live fish still swimming in it, and that every one of us has a right to see if he cannot catch some of them. Sometimes I please myself with the idea that I have landed an actual living fish, small, perhaps, but with rosy gills and silvery scales. Then I find the consumers of nothing but the salted and dried article insist that it is poisonous, simply because it is alive, and cry out to people not to touch it. I have not found, however, that people mind them much.

The poor boarder in bombazine is my dynamometer. I try every questionable proposition on her. If she winces, I must be prepared for an outcry from the other old women. I frightened her, the other day, by saying that *faith*, as an *intellectual state*, was *self-reliance*, which, if you have a metaphysical turn, you will find is not so much of a paradox as it sounds at first. So she sent me a book to read which was to cure me of that error. It was an old book, and looked as if it had not been opened for a long time. What should drop out of it, one day, but a small heart-shaped paper, containing a lock of that straight, coarse, brown hair which sets off the sharp faces of so many thin-flanked, large-handed bumpkins? I read upon the paper the name "Hiram." Love! love! love! everywhere! everywhere! under diamonds and Attleboro' "jewelry"—lifting the marrowy camel's hair, and rustling even the black bombazine! No, no—I think she never was pretty, but she was

young once, and wore bright gingham, and, perhaps, gay merinos. We shall find that the poor little crooked man has been in love, or is in love, or will be in love before we have done with him, for aught that I know!

Romance! Was there ever a boarding-house in the world where the seemingly prosaic table had not a living fresco for its background, where you could see, if you had eyes, the smoke and fire of some upheaving sentiment, or the dreary craters of smouldering or burnt-out passions? You look on the black bombazine and high-necked decorum of your neighbor, and no more think of the real life that underlies this despoiled and dismantled womanhood than you think of a stone trilobite as having once been full of the juices and the nervous thrills of throbbing and self-conscious being. There is a wild creature under that long yellow pin which serves as brooch for the bombazine cuirass—a wild creature, which I venture to say would leap his cage, if I should stir him, quiet as you think him. A heart which has been domesticated by matrimony and maternity is as tranquil as a tame bulfinch; but a wild heart, which has never been fairly broken in, flutters fiercely long after you think time has tamed it down—like that purple finch I had the other day, which could not be approached without such palpitations and frantic flings against the bars of his cage, that I had to send him back and get a little orthodox canary which had learned to be quiet and never mind the wires or his keeper's handling. I will tell you, my wicked, but involuntary experiment on the wild heart under the faded bombazine.

Was there ever a person in the room with you, marked by any special weakness or peculiarity, with whom you could be two hours and not touch the infirm spot? I confess the most frightful tendency to do just this thing. If a man has a brogue, I am sure to catch myself imitating it. If another is lame, I follow him, or, worse than that, go before him, limping. I could never meet an Irish gentleman—if it had been the Duke of Wellington himself—without stumbling upon the word "Paddy"—which I use rarely in my common talk.

I have been worried to know whether this was owing to some innate depravity of disposition on my part, some malignant torturing instinct, which, under different circumstances, might have made a Fijian anthropophagus of me, or to some law of thought for which I was not answerable. It is, I am convinced, a kind of physical fact like *endosmosis*, with which some of you are acquainted. A thin film of politeness separates the unspoken and unspeakable current of thought from the stream of conversation. After a time one begins to soak through and mingle with the other.

We were talking about names one day. "Was there ever anything," I said, "like the Yankee for inventing the most uncouth, pretentious, detestable appellations—inventing or finding them—since the time of Praise-God Barebones? I heard a country boy once talking of another whom he called *Elpid*, as I understood him. *Elbridge* is common enough, but this sounded oddly. It seems the boy was christened *Lord Pitt*, and called, for convenience, as above. I have heard a charming little girl, belonging to an intelligent family in the country, called *Agnes* invariably, doubtless intended for Agnes. Names are cheap. How can a man name an innocent new-born child, that never did him any harm, *Hiram*?" The poor relation, or whatever she is, in bombazine, turned toward me, but I was stupid, and went on. "To think of a man going through life saddled with such an abominable name as that!" The poor relation grew very uneasy. I continued; for I never thought of all this till afterwards; "I knew one young fellow, a good many years ago, by the name of Hiram—"

"What's got into you, cousin, said our landlady, to look so? There! you've upset your teacup!"

It suddenly occurred to me what I had been doing, and I saw the poor woman had her hand at her throat; she was half-choking with the "hysterical ball"—a very odd symptom, as you know, which nervous women often complain of. What business

had I to be trying experiments on this forlorn old soul? I had a great deal better be watching that young girl.

Ah, the young girl! I am sure that she can hide nothing from me. Her skin is so transparent that one can almost count her heart-beats by the flushes they send into her cheeks. She does not seem to be shy, either. I think she does not know enough of danger to be timid. She seems to me like one of those birds that travellers tell of, found in remote, uninhabited islands, who, having never received any wrong at the hand of man, show no alarm at and hardly any particular consciousness of his presence.

The first thing will be to see how she and our little deformed gentleman get along together; for, as I have told you, they sit side by side. The next thing will be to keep an eye on the duenna—the "Model," and so forth, as the White Neckcloth called her. The intention of that estimable lady is, I understand, to launch her and leave her. I suppose there is no help for it, and I don't doubt this young lady knows how to take care of herself, but I do not like to see young girls turned loose in boarding-houses. Look here now. There is that jewel of his race, whom I have called for convenience the Koh-i-noor, (you understand it is quite out of the question for me to use the family names of our boarders, unless I want to get into trouble)—I say, the gentleman with the *diamond* is looking very often and very intently, it seems to me, down toward the farther corner of the table, where sits our amber-eyed blonde. The landlady's daughter does not look pleased, it seems to me, at this, nor at those other attentions which the gentleman referred to has, as I have learned, pressed upon the newly-arrived young person. The landlady made a communication to me, within a few days after the arrival of Miss Iris, which I will repeat to the best of my remembrance.

"He," (the person I have been speaking of,) she said, "seemed to be kinder hankerin' round after that young woman. It had hurt her daughter's feelin's a good deal, that the gentleman she was a keepin' company with should be offerin' tickets and tryin' to send presents to them that he'd never know'd 'till just a little spell ago, and he as good as married, so far as solemn promises went, to as respectable a young lady, if she did say so, as any there was round, whosoever they might be."

"Tickets! presents!" said I. "What tickets, what presents has he had the impertinence to be offering to that young lady?"

"Tickets to the Museum," said the landlady. "There is them that's glad enough to go to the Museum when tickets is given 'em; but some of 'em ha'n't had a ticket since Cendrillon was played—and now he must be offerin' 'em to this ridiculous young paintress, or whatever she is, that's come to make more mischief than her board's worth. But it a'n't her fault," said the landlady, relenting; "and that aunt of hers, or whatever she is, served him right enough."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Do? Why, she took it up in the tongs and dropped it out o' window."

"Dropped? dropped what?" I said.

"Why, the soap," said the landlady.

It appeared that the Koh-i-noor, to ingratiate himself, had sent an elegant package of perfumed soap, directed to Miss Iris, as a delicate expression of a lively sentiment of admiration, and that, after having met with the unfortunate treatment referred to, it was picked up by Master Benjamin Franklin, who appropriated it, rejoicing, and indulged in most unheard-of and inordinate ablutions in consequence, so that his hands were a frequent subject of maternal congratulation, and he smelt like a civet-cat for weeks after his great acquisition.

After watching daily for a time, I think I can see clearly into the relation which is growing up between the little gentleman and the young lady. She shows a tenderness to him that I can't help being interested in. If he was her crippled child, instead of being more than old enough to be her father, she could not treat him more kindly. The

landlady's daughter said, the other day, she believed that girl was settin' her cap for Little Boston.

"Some of them young folks is very artful," said her mother; "and there is them that would marry Lazarus, if he'd only picked up crumbs enough. I don't think, though, this is one of that sort; she's kinder childlike," said the landlady, "and maybe never had any dolls to play with; for they say her folks was poor before Ma'am undertook to see to her teachin' and board her and clothe her."

I could not help overhearing this conversation. "Board her and clothe her!" speaking of such a young creature! Oh, dear! Yes, she must be fed, just like Bridget, maid-of-all-work at this establishment. Somebody must pay for it. Somebody has a right to watch her and see how much it takes to "keep" her, and growl at her if she has too good an appetite. Somebody has a right to keep an eye on her and take care that she does not dress too prettily. No mother to see her own youth over again in those fresh features and rising reliefs of half-sculptured womanhood, and, seeing its loveliness, forget her lessons of neutral-tinted propriety, and open the cases that hold her own ornaments to find her a necklace or a bracelet or a pair of ear-rings—those golden lamps that light up the deep, shadowy dimples on the cheeks of young beauties—swinging in a semi-barbaric splendor that carries the wild fancy to Abyssinian queens and musky Odalises! I don't believe any woman has utterly given up the great firm of Mundus & Co. so long as she wears ear-rings.

I think Iris loves to hear the little gentleman talk. She smiles sometimes at his vehement statements, but never laughs at him. When he speaks to her, she keeps her eye always steadily upon him. This may be only natural good-breeding, so to speak, but it is worth noticing. I have often observed that vulgar persons, and public audiences of inferior collective intelligence, have this in common; the least thing draws off their minds, when you are speaking to them. I love this young creature's rapt attention to her diminutive neighbor while he is speaking.

He is evidently pleased with it. For a day or two after she came, he was silent, and seemed nervous and excited. Now he is fond of getting the talk into his own hands, and is obviously conscious that he has at least one interested listener. Once or twice I have seen marks of special attention to personal adornment—a ruffled shirt-bosom one day, and a diamond pin in it, not so very large as the Koh-i-noor's, but more lustrous. I mentioned the death's-head ring he wears on his right hand. I was attracted by a very handsome red stone, a ruby or carbuncle, or something of the sort, to notice his left hand the other day. It is a handsome hand, and, after all, this is just what I should expect. It is not very uncommon to see the upper limbs, or one of them, running away with the whole strength, and, therefore, with the whole beauty, which we should never have noticed, if it had been divided equally between all four extremities. If it is so, of course he is proud of his one strong and beautiful arm: that is human nature. But he does not make himself ridiculous, at any rate, as people who have any one showy point are apt to do, especially dentists with handsome teeth, who always smile back to their last molars.

Sitting, as he does, next to the young girl, and next but one to the calm lady who has her in charge, he cannot help seeing their relations to each other.

"That is an admirable woman, Sir," he said to me one day, as we sat alone at the table after breakfast, "an admirable woman, Sir—and I hate her."

Of course I begged an explanation.

"An admirable woman, Sir, because she does good things, and even kind things—takes care of this—this—young lady—we have here, talks like a sensible person, and always looks as if she was doing her duty with all her might. I hate her because her voice sounds as if it never trembled, and her eyes look as if she never knew what it was to

cry. Besides, she looks at me, sir, stares at me, as if she wanted to get an image of me for some gallery in her brain—and we don't love to be looked at in this way, we that have—I hate her, I hate her. Her eyes kill me. It is like being stabbed with icicles to be looked at so. The sooner she goes home, the better. I don't want a woman to weigh me in a balance; there are men enough for that sort of work. The judicial character isn't captivating in females, Sir. A woman fascinates a man quite as often by what she overlooks as by what she sees. Love prefers twilight to daylight; and a man doesn't think much of, nor care much for, a woman outside of his household, unless he can couple the idea of love, past, present, or future, with her. I don't believe the devil cares half so much for the services of a sinner as he does for those of one of these folks that are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them unpleasant. That young girl wants a tender nature to cherish her and give her a chance to put out her leaves—sunshine, and not east winds."

He was silent, and sat looking at his handsome left hand with the red stone ring upon it. Is he going to fall in love with Iris?

Here are some lines I read to the boarders the other day:

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,—
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the road in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken millstone at the sill—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still—
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door!

THE BURNS PRIZE POEM.

TO the author of the following was awarded the prize of One Hundred Guineas for the best poem, portraying the life and character of Bro. Robert Burns, the poet of Scotland. It was recited at the public celebration of the late Centenary Anniversary of that poet's birth, which

took place in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, London. Although not considered by many the best that competed for the prize, the poem possesses much merit. We insert it in our pages as a memento of that fame which, although unacknowledged while he lived, fifty-five years after his death posterity has not failed to award to a gifted man, and a never to be forgotten brother of our fraternity :

A POET peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her Kings !

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,—
And to the gaze brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout,—
Dwindle in distance and die out,—
While no star waneth yet ;
So through the past's far-reaching night.
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toll he shares ;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to ampathize :
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field ;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain and harvest heat,
He plods all day ; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield ;
To what else was he born ?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all :)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand !—
Knew it and sought his hand ;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could ahe his heart have read,
Whichfain all feeble things had blessed andunaltered.

To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chamber of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-soul'd ;
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him ; wrapp'd him in her purple state ;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-press'd and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field ;
His regal vestments soil'd ;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd ;
He is a King for aill.

Had he but stood aloof ;
Had he array'd himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts !
So years the good ; so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-Woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests ;
Tears have not ceased to flow ;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd—
Thus, thus he had been saved !

It might not be !
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent ;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tun'd,
Save by the maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift with-drew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By faithful honors lavish'd on his grave :
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage :
Where dearer are the daises of the sod
That could his song engage ;
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breath'd ;
The streams he wander'd near ;
The maidens whom he lov'd ; the songs he sung ;
All, all are dear !

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain ;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the plowshares through earth's virgin
soils,
Lighten with their toils
And sister lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song,
To the whole world belong !
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all ?

A GENERAL FACT.

A GRAND Master makes the very striking remark : "I find the Brethren more deficient in *Masonic law and usage* than in the work."

This is a general and lamentable truth. But fortunately it is one that is beginning to find its way into the brains of many who have all their lives lived upon the Masonic idea that "uniformity of work" was the Alpha and the Omega, the length, breadth, depth, and height of Masonic necessities. Comparing G. L. Proceedings of ten or even five years back with those of the present day, it is a pleasing discovery that one makes upon this question. May it continue to grow upon the minds of the Craft, and may enlightened Masons announce it boldly, that "uniformity of work" might exist until Masons should even all eat on the same side of their mouths, and if they were ignorant in *Masonic law and usage* there would be no real Masonry.

American Freemason

Vol. 3.

A. L. 5859.—MAY—A. D. 1859.

No. 5.

Romance of Masonry.



MASONIC FAITH AND FORTITUDE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY ROB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

PART II.

HERMAN walked up the marble steps and knocked at the mahogany door. He was received by the obsequious servant, and ushered promptly into the sitting-room. Catharine was not there, but she sent him a message by her waiting maid that she would presently be down.

To while away the minutes, and by occupying his mind to banish painful thoughts, Herman approached the centre-table and began to turn over the books.

To his surprise they consisted entirely of works professedly written against Freemasonry. His artful mistress had purposely arrayed them in their present position, and Herman well understood now that her delay in receiving him was to allow him time to inspect them.

This omen was significant of evil. Here was "J. Q. Adams' Letters to Stone," the writer expatiating upon topics he had not the light to understand, while Stone, the seceding Mason, must have laughed over the whole affair in his retirement as supremely ridiculous.

Here was a Bernard, minister of the gospel of truth, hanging upon the horn of

his own dilemma, and placing himself in an attitude before the world that must necessarily have led to the destruction of his usefulness as a preacher and his happiness as a man.¹ Here was Morgan with his speculation in morals, equaled only in respectability by the peddling of a pirate's last confession.

Here was Allyn, wondrous divulger! self-sacrificing denouncer!

And here, to rise far higher in the scale of falsehood, here, filled with splendid engravings and costly fancies, were such works as Robinson, Pritchard, Carlisle, Finch, Lambert, &c.; together with bound volumes of the various Antimasonic journals filled with all the carrion and garbage of a reckless political party, now, thanks to the God of truth, defunct.

From the abundance of marginal notes, and the well-thumbed appearance of the books, they had been carefully read and compared with one another, having doubtless served as texts for many a denunciatory tirade against Masonry.

Herman turned away from this valley of Jehoshaphat with a sigh, and as he heard the step of his mistress in the hall, he prepared himself for the worst.

His reception was barely civil. The proud girl only curtsied to him at entering, declined his offered hand, and seated herself on the end of the sofa, nor would she permit him to approach her side.

So they sat face to face. A momentary silence followed, during which Catharine, with an air of offended dignity, looked towards the ceiling as if waiting that explanation which was the object of their present meeting. Herman began by inquiring: "Catharine, your reception is so chilling that it seems almost unnecessary to ask you, is your determination of last night sustained? is our engagement, from which I had anticipated so much happiness, is it to be dissolved, and that only on account of Freemasonry? had the affection you have heretofore acknowledged, no better foundation than to be overthrown so easily? Come, dear Kate, consider,—what can there be in Masonry that should prevent a man from making a fond lover or a devoted husband? I declare to you upon my honor, more sacred to me than life itself, that every benefit connected with this institution will accrue to you, as my wife, which I as a Mason can enjoy. It is in this, as in all the other burdensome affairs of life, that while men

perform the toils and bear the burdens their families share with them to the last penny in the advantages. Then if there be no weightier cause for your cruel determination, consider. By all the memories of our past happiness, by your plighted faith, by the pure kiss that sealed our engagement, by——"

"Hold, hold Herman Crosswell," hastily interrupted Catharine, as with flushed cheeks and a tone of exquisite pathos her lover was awakening the buried hours into life; "let there be no more such words as these. You have said more than enough. It is not well that these things should be mentioned in our present relation to each other. I consented that you should call on me to-night at your own urgent request, although I declared to you that my mind was irrevocably fixed against you the moment I saw you in a Masonic procession. You have deceived me, sir, and there is but one thing that can justify you in using such language to me, again, that is to renounce *Masonry at once and forever*. I have confidence yet in your honor, that if you bind yourself to this thing you will perform it. Will you then here, upon this Bible, solemnly repudiate all Masonic obligations, and at an early opportunity, make a public declaration to the same effect; and will you pledge the faith of a gentleman never again to renew your engagements at a Masonic altar? furthermore—for this is not all—nor can I consent to a reconciliation unless you give me evidences of perfect confidence in my discretion—will you forget the foolish vows which have enchained you to the absurd secrets of Masonry, and answer me honestly whatever questions I may ask you concerning it?"

"My dear Kate," commenced Herman in reply, but he was haughtily interrupted by the maiden, who with flashing eyes forbade him addressing her in that strain, and demanded a precise answer to her conditions. "Then madam," slowly replied the justly offended gentleman, "since there is no other alternative but one, and that one such as no honorable man could accept, you may truly say, here ends the matter.

"All my Masonic engagements of whatever nature, are founded upon that *honor* of which you profess to entertain so high an opinion. How you can reconcile a pledge of honor with the demands you have just made, surpasses my understanding to conceive, though you were aided with all the false logic of these detestable books. When I go back to that Holy Word to renounce my vows, may my right hand forget her cunning! Could the heart that beats within my breast, could it even conceive such a thought I should feel unworthy of your hand. But it does not. And since it has come to this, that I must

¹ Bernard, in the preface to his book styled *Light on Masonry*, (never was there a greater misnomer) says: "If the institution is corrupt, I am under a moral obligation to break my oaths and reveal its secrets to the world." The unhappy man was really placed on the horns of this dilemma; either he must perjure himself or lose his congregation. He unfortunately preferred the good things of this life, and chose the former alternative.—*Note to Oliver's Landmarks*, Vol. 1.

choose between honor and Catharine, I select the former. Here, Miss Williams, are the evidences of our betrothal, the tokens of an attachment that I once thought stronger than the pillars of heaven, but have found to be so frail."

He drew from his pocket a package of letters, and a miniature, and laid them upon the table with strong emotion.

"There is nothing left, Miss Williams, but to say farewell. In the unknown future, should a regretful thought occur to you concerning this night's work, I would have you to know, Catharine, that the reflex of our Masonic teachings is *forgiveness*, and that I do sincerely bestow mine upon you for the wrong you have done me, however mistakenly, to-night!"

He was gone. The sound of his retiring feet was heard as they crushed the gravelled walks down the avenue. The heiress leaned back in her seat, and for many hours remained in silent thought. The tenderness of a woman was taking the place of that scornful indifference. The fire burned low in the grate; the candle flickered dimly in the socket; the waiting maid put her head again and again within the door, and endeavored to attract her mistress's attention. He was gone. The breach was now irreparable. There upon the table were love's pledges, vain mockeries of a frozen faith. He was gone. His parting words rang prophetically in her ears. Forgiveness! what had he to forgive! did Masonry teach him this? Such was not the morality of Masonry as she had learned it from Bernard! Thus she meditated, and long years afterwards, when the crushed hopes of her youth were brought up on the wings of memory, the recollection of that night added poignancy to her solitary lot.

Great was the astonishment, active the scandal, loud the street talk, when the citizens of Fountain Green learned that Catharine Williams had discarded Herman Crosswell. A hundred conjectures were formed, all of them about as near the mark as such things usually are, by those who, having no business of their own to do, disinterestedly adopt that of others, and then nurse the bantling to death. Catharine vouchsafed no replies to the numerous questions propounded her, for save her cousin Martha, she had no confidant. Herman gave no hints as to the cause of his rejection. But this gave more room for the imagination. The invention of Miss Hannah rice, a spinster of forty-five, hopeless and hateful, is a fair specimen of the blunders made on this head, and deserves preservation if only for its ingenuity. It was oracularly delivered at a tea-table party of the Fountain-Green-Female-Benevolent-and-Social-Club at one of its semi-monthly convocations, and came forth in this wise:

"You see I larnt it of Kersiah, Miss Kate's waiting maid. Kersiah was dusting the cheers in the next room and heern every word Mr. Crosswell said. Kersiah declares that Mr. Crosswell, *he* cried like a whipped puppy, and *he* begged Kate *not* to gin him the mitten. But Kate, *she* declared that *she* could never marry a man who was caught in such a snap, and *her* money shouldn't never support *such* a monster. And then Mr. Crosswell *he* tuck his hat and left, and that's all about it."

While public opinion was thus agitated with all the violence of a tempest in a teapot, Herman, to dissipate the unpleasant recollections connected with the affair, made a journey across the Atlantic, which occupied his attention for nearly three years. The members of the Lodge who were in the secret, kept the matter close, for there was not a leaky barrel amongst them, and in a few months some other wonderful event took its place.

The news of Herman's departure fell with heavy weight upon Catharine's mind. Martha, with a gentle fervor, had adopted the cause of the rejected lover, and earnestly endeavored to make peace between the alienated pair. But her advice was so haughtily received, and such an insulting answer given from Catharine, as to produce a coolness between the cousins, and their long and confidential walks beneath the poplar grove were forever ended.

Deprived of her old friend and confidant, the heiress desponded. Her proud spirit fell back upon itself, and in the secret recesses of her splendid mansion there were gloom and sadness that poorly corresponded with the magnificence of the interior.

The determination to which she had arrived by means of an unfortunate prejudice, the result of education, was not calculated to compensate by any thing within itself for the loss of a devoted lover; nor could the perusal of Antimasonic books or the consideration of arguments against Masonry, however incontrovertible, drown the recollection of a heart blighted and manly virtues slighted through her decision. She became morose, and neglected herself. Deserted by all whom she loved, she cared not that her parlors were thronged at evening with the gay hangers-on of fortune.

In their smiles she found no light. In their words there was no cheer. Her costly piano, struck by her own skillful fingers, gave back no answer to alleviate her regrets. She listened when any allusion was made to Herman, for her heart was with him in his lonely pilgrimage, and there were times in the hours of retirement, when reflection had so subdued pride, that her tongue would gladly have spoken his recall. But the roar of the Atlantic was between them, and it was too

late. Labor became a drudgery, books a burden. She ceased after a few months to entertain company at all, and then the gossips of Fountain Green had another morceau of scandal in the fact that Catharine was about to shut up her splendid house and spend the summer, in company with a distant relative, at Saratoga Springs.

The last Sabbath at Fountain Green before her departure, Rev. Mr. Hogg preached an elaborate discourse upon the subject of Church relations. The reverend gentleman took the scriptural positions and sustained them well, that a difficulty between brethren should, if possible, be reconciled by the parties themselves *in secret*; that in case of failure, two or more church members, mutual friends, should be called in to adjudicate the matter and bring them together *in secret*; that in case of a second failure, the church session should try the cause of difficulty *in secret*; and that if all these efforts failed to compromise the matter, then the church in its congregational capacity may be called in to give their private action interlocutory meeting, that is, *in secret*. Now, as this good man was noted for his opposition to all secret societies, there seemed to be a slight discrepancy between the two positions, and so Catharine told him the next day. But the subtle ecclesiastic was not to be overthrown by a straw lance from a lady's hand, for at once with great spirit he drew the sword polemic and showed Catharine how that Christ went aside *in private*, prayed *in private*, commissioned his disciples *in private*, instructed them *in private*, lived thirty years *in private*, rebuked Peter *in private*, appeared to his disciples after his resurrection, *in private*, led them out to Bethany *in private*; in short, the Rev. Mr. Hogg so effectually demolished the lady, that if not convinced by the weight of the arguments, she was altogether annihilated by the ponderousness of the words.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FIRST AND THIRD MARRIAGE.

"THUS, you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me, I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."

The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard that, so soon after her marriage, when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted at the thought of leaving her. His heart had been bound

up in his beautiful Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood, the bright dream of his existence; and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal, he married her, and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortunes came on swift wings to the happy pair. One by one his possessions left him, and worse than that, others were involved in his affairs who were less able to lose than himself. He could not look upon the ruin of those around him; for he had a kind heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill fortune admitted that M. Valentin was a strictly honest man; and that is great praise from those who are injured by a man's ill luck. People are but too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up warm and golden, and with a desperation born of love to his wife and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the land of promise. There was a nine days' wonder as to where he was gone, and to what purpose; and then he died out of the thoughts of the community, as thoroughly as if he had been dead and buried.

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant, never paused to ask after his wife; and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense drooped and pined, until the beauty which her husband so praised was changed into dimness. She never heard from M. Valentin. No single word had ever cheered her solitude since he left her. As month after month dragged its slow weight along, and no tidings reached her, her heart utterly sank within her, and she believed him dead. What indeed could she think? It was better to think so than to believe him unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his memory with tears of genuine sorrow, as one sorrows for the beloved dead.

She put on the deepest mourning, kept her room for months, and when she finally went out again, and that only to church, her sorrow was written plainly in the face, which, if it had lost some of its beauty, was yet most deeply interesting. So at least thought the young Eugene Stanbury, an Englishman of unblemished character and prosperous business. He saw her at church, devised some ingenious expedient to be introduced, and begged the privilege of waiting upon her. The lady pleaded her inability to entertain company, the impropriety of her receiving gentlemen, and a thousand reasons why he should not visit her.

He overruled them all, besought her to waive all ceremony with him, to consider

him as a deeply attached friend, a brother, anything in short, if he might be permitted to see her sometimes; and Hortense, weary of her monotonous and dreary life, at last consented.

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give it up for the mere punctilious fear of what the world would say of her. Indeed she had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted from it. She owed it no favor. It had no right to criticise her conduct. Thus she reasoned while listening to Eugene's impassioned entreaties that she should lay aside her sorrow for the dead and become his wife.

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death; for would he not have written had he been living? Of the many letters she had written him, the many inquiries she had instituted, no answer could be obtained. No one knew anything of M. Valentin.

In an hour of more than usual loneliness and trouble, she whispered to herself that should Eugene press his suit anew, she would consent to marry him. She liked him. She was weary of her own life, caged and cribbed as she was; she longed for freedom from the restraint that poverty and widowhood were constantly imposing upon her; and all these combined operated wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The marriage was strictly private; and half Mr. Stanbury's friends had no suspicion that she had ever married at all until she became his wife.

He took her to a pleasant home, as comfortable if not quite as luxurious as the one she had shared with M. Valentin; and all that she asked for was showered upon her with generous profusion. Their dwelling, two or three miles from the heart of Montreal, was surrounded with trees and flowering shrubs of every description. Inside there was every comfort that a living heart could suggest. The heart of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to happiness; and to see her thus, rejoiced that of her husband.

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by; but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Eugene. Twice had Hortense seen him draw a handkerchief from his lips, which was steeped in blood; and often his nights were passed in coughing, until nature was exhausted, and the morning sleep found him drenched in the terrible sweats which so surely portend consumption. Hortense struggled against this new and terrible sorrow. It was the first time that she had watched over one dear to her. It was the first time that she had seen the effects of this insidious disease; and hope and fear alternated in her breast, until at length she hoped against all hope, and the blow

came down upon her all the harder that she had not schooled herself to feel its approach.

It was hard to see him parting with the mute evidences of his brief happiness. Every window where he had sat with her, every arbor where they had rested, every tree under whose shades they had walked, or whose trunk he had carved with her name, all received a farewell look.

"How can I part with you, dearest?" he asked, after his painful journey round the rooms and the garden.

"Eugene! do not name it," she said; "you will break my heart."

"But you must hear it, Hortense. I cannot stay with you long. Thank Heaven that I leave you above want. Promise me, dear, that you will never leave this home. Trust me, I will be with you in spirit, when the form is laid in the earth; watching, guarding, if possible, speaking to you."

It was his last night on earth. When the morn broke, his eyes were closed in the slumber of death.

Hortense wandered for months about her beautiful home like a perturbed spirit. There was nothing that had been touched by Eugene that had not a solemn and a sacred value in her eyes. The trees he had planted, the bowers he had formed, all had a meaning to her that no one else could understand; and yet upon each one of these and upon her whole heart and life seemed written, "the glory has departed!"

It is time to go back to the days of M. Valentin, and see what became of the fond husband, the courageous adventurer. At first he was almost distracted at the thought of parting with Hortense; but once the Rubicon passed, he became more calm. A few years he thought would find them together, never to part; and perhaps they would be all the happier for the separation.

Full of hope he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought there, enduring hardships unheard of before, but beating them with the courage and fortitude of a hero. Ever before him was the word Hortense. It nerved his arm in the rough mines, when he struck his iron into the gold-giving soil; it soothed him when he lay burning with fever, in a rude shanty in the mountains; his thought by day and his dream by night was still his own Hortense. Not a word, however, reached him from her; and often he shuddered at the fearful probabilities that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering; might deem him dead or unfaithful; no, that could never be—she would have faith in him as in the sun. Come what would, she would not be shaken in her trust. But as he lay in the miserable shed which held his sick bed, he would have given worlds

for one glance from her eye, one pressure of her hand, to show that he was not forgotten, and as he watched the stars overhead, shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought that if Hortense were dead, she would appear to him then in his need.

The rude miners were too intent on gain to watch beside his bed, and many were the long nights and days in which he lay unattended. Aid came at last in the shape of a child—a young boy whose father was at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hours did little Ben Cole sit beside him, watching every movement, and trying to give him ease; or bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with his little hands. A tender nurse indeed was little Ben, and on his recovery, M. Valentin made the laundress happy by providing for the boy.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. Gold had showered in upon him in almost fabulous profusion; and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated, and to find that his disorder was the dreaded small pox. That he lived through this, was only because his constitution was so excellent that even this enemy could not vanquish it. He did live, but his own mother could not have known him, so deeply scarred and disfigured had he become. With his first returning strength he set out for home. Hortense! Montreal! were now the beginning and end of his aspirations. One only thing marred his joy on the homeward route. Would Hortense love the scarred and disfigured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabin? Would she endure the long shaggy beard by which he was enabled to cover a part of the deep scars?

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He bent his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No one knew her. He himself was not recognised, even when he haunted the old places of business. Another name, of course, was upon the familiar door; and hither he turned his steps, to see if haply some old friend of former days might not have heard of her. Even the name was unremembered, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his dinner parties.

"They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by-street, and saw a

beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.

As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said carelessly, "Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?"

"I used to know her when she lived in Queen Street. Was that the one?"

It was the street where M. Valentin's grand house stood.

"She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given me since. Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."

"Married!" exclaimed M. Valentin.

"Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr. Stanbury; but, poor man, he died a year ago."

"Do you know where she lives now?"

"Somewhere out of town. I don't go so far now I am so old. I think it is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace."

To paint M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still free! A painful revulsion took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighbourhood of Hortense, read "Stanbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having its garden adjoining hers. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Ritchie he settled down to watch at his leisure the movements of his neighbour. He chose all his private rooms on that side of the house that overlooked hers.

The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss or her late husband's! He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company and kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the greenhouse, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Ritchie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gifts, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was charmed with her new neighbour whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to them a request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the

room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indelible emotion, because it resembled that of her first husband; but she persuaded herself that it must be fancy. She found her neighbour agreeable and attentive. He did not neglect any opportunity of being with her. They rode together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far-off land.

Insensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and openly mourned some being whom he said was lost to him—he did not say by death—but Hortense saw it in that light. More and more tender grew their intercourse, for the lady seemed utterly to disregard his scars, until she was scarcely surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer for his hand.

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult, no one who had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him; frankly telling him how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising that she would try to love him as well.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and he checked himself in time. The wedding day was appointed and everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her. It was the very ring which M. Valentin had given her at their first wedding! She fainted on the spot, and he began to think that he had carried matters too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she died now by his own folly, what would become of him? He execrated his scheme, and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness of the past, and inspire new hope for the future. There had been an inexplicable attraction towards him on her part, from their first interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which he fancied she had paid to his memory.

As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remembered him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an honest man, he has liquidated his debt to the last farthing; and now, with his still beautiful wife, he is travelling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND!

I AM not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerably; I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consist my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes—Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little, fairy-like figure, with long, brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large, dark, blue eyes full of saucy light, yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look. This I found out later.

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes, that ever teased the heart of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod, and indifferent glance, threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add, "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him like—like a house on fire. Though," she would say, carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth settling my thoughts upon."

I tried in a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down; it took all the breath out of me.

One evening while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with—

"The best thing you can do is to get a

wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it—if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly, "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped——" Oh! that dreadfully attentive face of hers. "That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh! my head, my head!" and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" she asked, tenderly, and she put her cool, little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to the toes of my boots.

My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but all the way home the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a partnership in the office of a lawyer friend of mine made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land lay."

One thing was certain, I could not leave home for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlour at the piano alone. She nodded gaily as I came in, but continued her song. It was, "I've something sweet to tell you!"

At the words, "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself; but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep! May I think so?"

"Oh! yes, if you choose; for Rory O'Moore says that dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her.

"Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began—

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—I——"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me. I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to London to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to

see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her if she fainted, or comfort her if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gaily—

"Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing!" Just stop at Levy's as you go home and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued; "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you? And if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

"Going away for ever?" she said, with a sad tone, that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—thought——"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse-hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and, toying with the fingers, said—

"May I?"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one," and I raised her disengaged hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

Select English Story.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.



THE INTERVIEW WITH THE RAG GATHERER.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE EXPLANATION.

O wake from thy slumber, the gray dawn is breaking—

Hast thou forgot 'tis the day we must part?

It may be for years, and it may be forever—

O why art thou silent, thou joy of my heart?

—*Irish Ballad.*

ON the morning appointed for his interview with Amy, Henry Beacham, who had passed the night in pacing his lonely chamber, left the Hotel de Bristol for the Meurice Hotel, in the Rue St. Honore. In his way a thousand tender recollections crowded on his mind—a thousand crushed hopes of a life of happiness and love pressed on his bruised heart. He had loved her with that deep and fervent passion which knows no second object; and he longed and trembled at the idea of once more beholding her.

"I shall see her again," he thought; listen to the music of her voice! Perhaps it will tremble; unless her heart has changed, she cannot be insensible to the misery she

has caused me. But in what light shall I appear? not as the outraged lover, who has been abandoned and betrayed, but as the nephew of that bold, bad man, who consigned her youth to poverty, her brother to the grave. Perhaps she will scorn and spurn me. No, no," he added, "wealth must indeed have changed her nature, for Amy to act unkindly, or to believe that I was, even for an instant, a partner in my uncle's villainy. She will not do me that injustice—I wronged her!"

As he approached the hotel, which *parenthese* that worthy creature Meurice still keeps in Rue de Rivoli—his emotion increased.

"Shame on my manhood!" he muttered. I thought I had more firmness. "Courage, Henry—courage! I go to vindicate my faith and honor. I must be firm: the interview once past I shall have time enough for weakness and regret."

Rigid, who was on the watch, saw him approach the house, and hastened to apprise the general. Beacham the poor fellow found firmness sufficient to send up

locket, which had long since been redeemed from the pawn-broker's, and placed it on the table.

Beacham was thunderstruck.

"Want and poverty!" he repeated.

"Aye, that bitter want which finds no sympathy with the unfeeling world. I had left Lady Playwell's house, where I was exposed to insult and offers my cheeks would burn to repeat, and found shelter with a kind, dear girl, who, like myself, had lost all earthly hope. For weeks and months we toiled at our needles for a scanty meal—toiled contentedly till she fell ill—was dying—dying for want. I could not see her perish—I parted with it, Henry. I could have starved myself, but could not see poor Fanny die."

"I see—see it all!" exclaimed Henry; "General Playwell took advantage of your poverty; with his wealth stepped in and robbed me of a heart I would not have bartered for the wealth of worlds."

"I knew not," replied Amy, "that the general was rich—like the rest of the world I deemed him poor. He spoke of a home—a shelter from the storms of life—a retreat where I could die in peace. Had I known that he was rich I should have refused him."

Her husband and Rigid exchanged glances: that of the latter was reproachful, his master's confused—he felt that he had acted unworthily.

"You love him, Amy?" said Henry, with a sigh.

"You have no right to ask that question," replied Amy; "but I will answer it truthfully. No; I respect and honor him like a father. He has been kind and generous to me, but I do not love him as you understand the word, with the devotion of my heart. Henry, I shall never love again—such feelings are dead within me. And now," she added, "that I have told you of my sufferings, proved to you that no mercenary feelings actuated me—for even when I believed you false, I was faithful to the memory of the past—but one sad word remains—farewell for ever!"

"Not for ever!" exclaimed her lover, casting himself passionately at her feet.

"Amy, you have a strength of mind beyond your years—you despise the conventionalities of a hollow, prejudiced world. Your hand may be the general's but your heart is mine—mine by the love of youth—mine by the sufferings which have tried it. Doom me not to hopeless misery—to despair and death! What are the opinions of mankind to us? Fly with me—by heaven I will love you—respect you like a sister—till death shall remove the barrier to our happiness! I can be content to linger by your side—to breathe the air you breathe—bask in the light of your dear eyes—nor frame a wish beyond."

The general extended his hand convulsively towards his companion, and whispered:

"The pistols—the pistols!"

"Wait!" was the cool reply.

So unexpected had the mad proposal been to Amy, that for a few moments she was incapable of either withdrawing her hand—which, in his agony, Henry had grasped—or replying to him. Tears fell upon his cheek, but her woman's heart was firm.

"Release my hand, Henry," she said, struggling for calmness; "release it—you have no right to detain it!"

"True," said the young man, throwing himself into a chair; "it is another's now."

"Henry," she continued, "madness has destroyed your reason. You would not, I am sure, degrade the girl you once so truly loved. You would despise me were I capable of entertaining, even for an instant, the proposal uttered in passion. What! quit the man who has honored me with his name, snatched me from misery—bring his white hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave, and brand myself a thing which even you would soon loathe to look upon. You could not, I am sure, mean this seriously, to the sister of your dead friend, the playmate of your boyhood!"

Henry was silent.

"And if you did," she added firmly, "though my heart broke with the effort, I would tear your image from it. I may not, do not love General Playwell with the affection his kindness deserves, and which a wife should bear her husband; but he shall never blush for the choice he has made."

"Do you want the pistols now?" whispered Rigid to his master, who, pale as death from agitation was obliged to lean against the side of the book-case for support.

"Spare me—spare me!" faintly groaned the old man.

Rigid pitied his emotion, and was silent.

"You can reason coldly, Amy," groaned the wretched Henry: "for you have not loved as I do."

"Not loved!" repeated Amy, bursting into tears. "Henry I love you still. Approach me not!" she hastily exclaimed, as the young man, in a transport of delight, started from the seat into which he had thrown himself. "I can still respect myself. Yes, Henry, I love you with all my childhood's love. But not my girlhood's hope. You have wrung the confession from me, be satisfied; and never attempt to see me more."

"You love me, Amy!"

"Yes; and by that love respect me. By the memory of the dead, by your own honor, and true, generous heart, never

his card, the old soldier and his master were safely ensconced in their hiding-place.

"You have the pistols?" demanded the general, in a stern voice.

Rigid glanced at his breast, in which they were both concealed.

"Enough!" added his master, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Be firm, general," whispered the attached domestic. "Remember that something must be allowed for human regret—human weakness. Promise me not to start at a word, or unnecessarily betray yourself. It is a fearful experiment that we are trying, but my confidence in my lady's honor is as unshaken as ever."

"Heaven grant it," was the hoarse reply of the jealous husband, who trembled from the excess of his emotion. "This day makes me a wretch, or a happy man for life?"

"It will do neither," thought Rigid; but he wisely kept his opinion to himself.

A hand was laid upon the door of the reception room; and Henry Beacham was ushered into the apartment by one of the domestics, who informed him that his mistress would see him in a few moments. Both the concealed spectators of the coming interview were struck by the elegance of his appearance, and the manly grace of his person. Although fearfully pale, his countenance bore that intellectual expression which is more admired than beauty. The general observed it with a pang—Rigid with a doubt. For the first time he regretted the ordeal to which he felt both Amy and her husband were about to be subjected.

A table, covered with books, papers, and visiting cards was in the centre of the room. Henry seated himself at the side nearest the window, so that the watchers had a perfect view of him; for the book-case stood between him and the door, upon which his eyes were fixed so hopelessly and wretchedly, that any one, save the jealous husband might have pitied him.

To the general it seemed an age until his wife made her appearance. At last she did so. Like Henry's her countenance was extremely pale; and the circle round her eyes showed that she had been weeping.

"Henry!"

"Amy!"

No other words passed between them. The poor girl, with a faint gesture, pointed to her visitor to resume his seat, and sank herself into a chair near the door, leaving the table between them.

"Come," thought Rigid, "it commences better than I expected. Poor girl! poor girl!"

It is impossible to describe the feelings which agitated the breast of General Playwell. There they were together, the only

beings in the world whom he either loved or hated. A thousand jealous pangs shot through his heart, and he bit his lips till they absolutely bled, to repress his emotion.

"You wished to see me, Henry," Amy at last began, with an attempt at firmness, which her voice betrayed to be but an attempt: "and I felt that you had a right to ask the meeting, painful as it will prove to both of us, I too," she added, after a pause, "desired it; for I could not bear the thought that you should deem me the mercenary wretch who had bartered faith for wealth. Did you but know——"

"I know it all!" exclaimed her lover; "know how cruelly we have both been deceived. By my bad uncle's treachery at St. Petersburg—where I was in all but name a prisoner—my letters were intercepted—a false marriage was announced, which you credulously believed; as if the man who had heard your lips once pronounce that he was the chosen of your heart, could ever love another; Amy," he added, with a passionate burst of grief, "the hope of calling you mine, even in poverty, sustained me against the machinations of my enemies; not to have won a crown—the wealth of the world—would I have bartered that hope; for I truly loved you!"

The implied reproach was not lost upon her to whom it was addressed; she raised her eyes to him with an expression which seemed to say, "And have I not too suffered?" The generous heart of the young man understood the mute appeal—it was more eloquent than a hundred protestations could have been.

"Forgive me!" he added; "angel—martyr! ungenerous, selfish as my words appear, my heart, Amy, was not in them—that acquits you. Why should you have kept a faith which you believed I had broken! Why refuse the hand and fortune of an honorable though aged man, who, from all I hear, has acted most nobly by you? There are few who remain constant to a memory merely."

"Henry," replied the suffering girl, "I am sure you did mean to utter words, which, when I am dead, will return to you as reproaches. Think you unless I could have met your gaze without a blush, I should have consented to this interview, which wrings my heart with a pang no words can paint? Those who have felt as I do alone can judge me. It was that you might acquit me even of the suspicion of having acted unworthily, I yielded to it. Had you seen me, when driven by want and hunger, I parted with this locket—your gift—and which I now restore—had you witnessed the anguish, the struggles it cost me, you would not accuse me of light-heartedness!"

She drew from her bosom the chain and

again insult my ears by a proposal which would shock me more from your lips than from those of any earthly being!"

Rising from her chair, she tottered towards the door, and, fixing a look of anguish upon him, added:

"Farewell for ever."

"Stay one instant! Fear not that I shall again abuse your patience—it was the madness of despair—of a broken heart, Amy. My task is not yet ended. I have discovered, since my uncle's death, that a large sum of money had for years been wrongfully withheld by him from you and your poor brother: I came to restore it to you."

"To me? Impossible!"

"Have you not heard your mother and poor Richard speak of a relative who died in India, from whom your father expected to inherit a large fortune?"

"Yes; something of the kind I do remember?"

"It fell into my bad uncle's hands. You know his heartless nature, Amy; and, perhaps, for my sake, will not expose his memory to reproach. This was the secret of poor old Gridley's influence over him; it was the knowledge of this fraud which he relied upon to wring from him a consent to —"

"I understand," hastily interrupted the wife of General Playwell, with a sigh. "Had this discovery been sooner made, it might have saved much misery."

The speaker was alluding to her brother, but the jealous listener felt assured she referred to her unhappy marriage.

"This," said Henry, "placing the packet on the table, 'makes you independent of your —' he could not bring himself to utter the word husband, so added, General Playwell. 'Old men are sometimes capricious in their loves. Perhaps it will be well to confide it to the care of William or his father.'"

Amy shook her head with a mournful smile, as much as to indicate that she had no secrets from her husband.

"And now, Amy, farewell! Forgive me the mad proposal—I was wretched when I made it! It was wrong from despair, not the presumptuous whisperings of hope!"

"Freely, freely, Henry!" sobbed the unhappy girl.

"And by the memory of the past, of our mutual suffering and affection, a kiss—one kiss upon that hand which once I fondly hoped would have been mine?"

Amy regarded him for an instant as if irresolute how to answer; but there was something so mournful in the tone in which he craved the boon, so despairing in his look, that she yielded to the impulse of her heart.

"Not on my hand, Henry," she exclaimed, "but on my cheek—a brother's

kiss—such as a sister might receive—the seal of our misery and separation!"

"Bless you, Amy! God bless you for that one act of kindness! May He strengthen your heart, though mine may never know peace! May the sunshine of happiness revisit your path, though mine is forever clouded! God bless you, and farewell!"

Pressing her for an instant—and an instant only—to his manly breast, he imprinted a passionate kiss upon her cheek, and rushed like a madman from the room. Poor Amy sank back fainting in her chair.

All this passed so rapidly that General Playwell, who labored under a species of fascination like that which the rattlesnake is said to exercise over its victim, had scarcely time to extend his hand to clutch one of the pistols which Rigid held, when Henry was gone, and his wife insensible.

"Are you mad?" whispered the old soldier, half dragging him from their place of concealment into the ante-room, and thence into his study, the door of which he carefully locked. "What would you do?"

"I know not!" groaned his master, writhing with his feelings. "I am mad—wretched—wretched! She is virtuous—coldly virtuous! but she loves another!"

"Well, she told you so before she married you."

"Aye!" said the general, bitterly; "and when I am dead will wed him! If she does," he added, bitterly, "she shall go to him a beggar! Not a shilling of my fortune shall she inherit! They shall not laugh over my grave, and rejoice that the old dotard can no longer mar their happiness!"

"You forget that she is rich—the fortune which Mr. Beacham so honorably restored—"

"Is mine, Rigid—mine! Every penny of it mine!"

The old soldier eyed the speaker for an instant, and struck by the sudden determination in his eye and manner, turned sadly away, as if grieved at the want of generosity in the master he had so faithfully served and truly loved.

"You will think better of it!" he at last observed.

"Never, by heavens!" exclaimed General Playwell, impatiently pacing the room. "She has no marriage settlement, and this unlooked-for wealth is legally mine. If I cannot win my wife's affections, I can at least secure her fortune!"

He was proceeding towards the door when an observation from the old soldier stopped him.

"Would you have her despise you?" he asked.

The general paused.

"If you demand it she will know that you have descended to act the spy upon

her conduct, and witnessed her interview with that young man."

"No matter—I am determined to possess it."

Just as he opened the door of his study Lisette presented herself, holding in her hand the packet. Both Rigid and his master recognized it in an instant.

"My lady, sir," said the waiting-woman, "is exceedingly ill; but she sent you this, and says she will explain how it came into her possession when she sees you to-morrow."

The intimation that till to-morrow Amy wished to be alone, which the message thus evidently conveyed, did not tend to soothe the feelings of the general, who, however, took the packet, without a word of reply, and closed the door.

Rigid eyed him curiously as he broke the envelope, and hastily examined its contents.

"One hundred and fifty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, as he finished counting the notes.

"And what can you want with it?" demanded the old soldier. "You are rich enough already, heaven knows. If wealth could afford happiness you need not complain. Your wife, in the singleness of her heart, despite the warning of that young man—who after all is not such a fool as at one time I was inclined to take him for—has sent it to you, unopened, untouched!"

"She loves another!"

"And what then, so she is faithful to you? Think you that persecution is likely to wean her from him? Were I in your place I would so act that if she did not behave like a wife while living, she should revere my memory like a child when dead."

General Playwell seemed struck by the observation, although at the moment he did not reply to it. Hastily rolling up the notes, which were spread out on the table, he handed them to the speaker.

"And what am I to do with these?" said Rigid.

"Keep them safely until I demand them."

"I won't," was the reply.

"You won't?"

"No, if I do — There, it's as good as said. I'll lend no hand to your heartless project! If you place the notes in my care I shall return them to my mistress, with a caution to follow the young fellow's advice, and not trust to one who can carry his resentments and evil passions with him to the grave!"

Without waiting for a reply, the honest, blunt-hearted fellow walked out of the room, leaving the general still under the influence of feelings of jealousy and anger. Had he asked himself how far the fault had been his own in marrying a girl

whose affections he knew were another's, and whom the disparity of age rendered it impossible to love him, the result might have been different; but, like most selfish men, he never once suspected that the fault could by any possibility be that of his own.

Before he left the study he carefully sealed up the notes, and placed them in his desk, intending to send them to his banker's on the following morning.

At an early hour the next day—which was the one after the fatal ordinances which hurled the elder Bourbons from the throne of France—Rigid entered his master's room. The old soldier was in full uniform, his sword by his side, and an air of calm resolution on his countenance.

"Eh! Rigid, what has happened?" demanded the general, starting from his uneasy slumber, and surprised at the unusual appearance.

"That's what I have been asking for the last hour. The people are assembling in all directions, and the military galloping like wildfire along the streets. The English are all quitting Paris. Lady Derry's maid says there is a revolution, and that all strangers are to be massacred!"

The roll of the distant musketry confirmed, in one part at least, the speaker's statement.

"By heavens," exclaimed the general, "it is true! The fools have driven the people into rebellion!"

Springing from the bed, the speaker hastily dressed himself, determined to ascertain, by calling at the embassy, the actual position of affairs.

"Will you not wear your uniform?" demanded Rigid.

"No," replied his master, drily; "and you would do well to change yours. This is an affair in which we have nothing to do."

"What, quit the British uniform before the French!" exclaimed the veteran, who had a true John Bull dislike to his Gallic neighbors. "If I do may I never live to wear it again!"

"I request—if necessary, I command!" said his master. "Were you to appear in the streets thus attired, it would excite the fury of the populace, perhaps the most ferocious in Europe. They have not forgotten the color of the uniform, or forgiven its appearance in Paris, during its occupation by the allied armies."

"I should think not!" growled Rigid, with an air of discontent. "But I little thought my old general could order me to strike my colors!"

"But England is at peace with France."

"More shame for her!"

"Besides, it would attract attention to your mistress and myself; perhaps compromise our safety."

The last observation was sufficient; the idea of endangering the safety of Amy, whom the old soldier loved with the same fidelity he bore to his master, decided him. With a reluctant step he left the room, and returned in about half an hour in his usual attire.

"Right, Rigid," observed his master with a smile.

During his absence the firing in the streets had increased, and the general began to be seriously alarmed. When he descended from his apartments he found the courtyard of the hotel in the greatest confusion. Carriages were being packed, and horses put to; the English were flying in all directions. Poor Menrice was in despair at the departure of so many guests.

"It is noting," he kept exclaiming; "milords, it is noting. Only an *emeute* with de *gamins* of Paris! Carse dem all over, very much!"

"Amen!" exclaimed Rigid, heartily.

As the hotel of the ambassador was in the same street, the general set out on foot; but nothing could prevent the old soldier from accompanying him.

"It's no use," he doggedly answered; "if you go into the fire I go. You never had a skirmish for the last twenty years without me; so recal your orders, general, or hang me if I don't declare a mutiny."

His master yielded, and they set forth together.

General Playwell, on his arrival at the hotel of the ambassador, found the rooms crowded with his countrymen, who, on the first outbreak of the revolution, had hastened to their minister to ask his advice. Some pretended to treat the affair as a mere effervescence of the people, and laughed at the fears of their compatriots; others, more far-seeing, judged that the hour when the elder branch of the Bourbons was to quit the throne, alternately adorned by so many virtues or sullied by such detestable crimes, had arrived; but all agreed that, considering how unpopular the English were in Paris, despite the enormous sums they annually spent there, that it would be advisable to quit the metropolis of France till the storm had blown over.

"Be tranquil, gentlemen," said the Count de Fleurie, a French nobleman who was attached to the ministry. "His majesty knows very well what he is about; the turbulent citizens of Paris have long required a lesson, and the government are determined to give them one; the ministers are united and resolute."

"So seem the people," drily observed the general; "they fire as steadily as disciplined troops. Listen," he added, as the distant sound of musketry rolled

heavily on the air; "this is no child's play."

"Yes," said the Frenchman, gratified, despite his political bias, at the praise of countrymen; "the *gamins* of Paris fight well; so do our troops," he added.

"But they will not, perhaps, long in arms against their brothers? Trust me, the experiment is a dangerous one."

At this moment the ambassador made his appearance. He was one of those clear-headed statesmen whom long experience made prudent, and who could judge of the political atmosphere from the least breath of wind.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" he said, with a grave smile, as he entered the *salon*. "I fear the street music has disturbed you?"

In an instant he was surrounded by questioners, all eager to ask his opinion and advice as to the propriety of quitting the capital. Of course he was too cautious to commit himself by directly giving either in a sense unfavorable to the stability of the present government; although in his own mind he saw that it was foredoomed.

"Judge for yourselves, gentlemen," he said; "I have received assurance from the minister of foreign affairs that the government is sufficiently strong to make head against all attempts to overthrow it; of course I am satisfied."

At this moment the Earl of Blantyre, who was afterwards accidentally shot in an outbreak at Brussels, made his appearance. All eagerly demanded the news.

"All Paris is in arms," he said. "I myself saw many in the ranks of the insurgents in the uniform of the national guards, opposed to the troops; several of the guard-houses are in possession of the people; barricades are raising in all directions. Your excellency," he added, addressing the ambassador, "will oblige me with your *visé* for Brussels!"

The secretary, who was present, signed the passport, and afterwards affixed the seal of the embassy.

"Where is the king?" asked Lord Henry Seymour.

"At St. Cloud," replied De Fleurie.

"And the Duke of Orleans?"

The count seemed slightly embarrassed; he knew where the danger really existed.

"Doubtless with his majesty—as a prince of the blood at such a moment should be," he replied. "But gentlemen! I repeat, give yourselves no unnecessary alarm—every precaution has been taken; Lafayette by this time is arrested."

"And Lafayette?"

"The government have an eye on him."

General Playwell was anything but satisfied with the position of affairs; he began to feel seriously alarmed—not on his own account, but on Amy's. Drawing his

excellency aside, he took the liberty of an old friend, and asked him his candid opinion on the propriety of remaining.

"Quit Paris directly," replied the peer, in a low voice; "my wife and daughters start for England in three hours; I, of course, remain, it is my duty. With you the case is different—you have no public duty to detain you. The fools deceive themselves; it is not an *emeute*, but a revolution; the government have provoked it."

"In that case I shall start to-day for Italy," observed the general.

"What?" said the ambassador, hastily; "traverse the south of France! the most desperate and excitable population in Europe! you would be mad to attempt it! Have you forgotten the massacres of Avignon and Marseilles? No, my dear Playwell—England—return to England! Remember," he added, with a smile, "you have now another's safety to care for, as well as your own. You have asked my advice frankly—as frankly have I given it."

At this moment their conversation was broken off by the arrival of a messenger from St. Cloud: the *corps diplomatique* were invited to attend Charles X. there. The poor fellow, in crossing the Pont de Royale, had been wounded. He was eagerly questioned.

"The insurgents are masters of the Quai d'Orsay," replied the man; "the troops seem to fight with only half a heart."

Again the roar of the cannon was heard. Many, and amongst them General Playwell, hastily left the hotel of the minister.

On reaching the Hotel Meurice, he found the place in even greater confusion than he had left it. The courtyard was filled with baggage: servants were packing carriages, and the cry for post-horses was every instant repeated. The elder Meurice was in despair.

"I trust, general," he said, with an imploring air, "you do not intend to leave?"

"As soon as my horses can be put to," was the reply. "Were I alone, I should wait and see the end of it. But you shall not be a loser, that is, provided everything is ready for my departure in an hour. I shall pay for my apartments for six months: perhaps, when all is tranquil, I shall return."

"It will be over in a few hours."

"Will it?"

"The troops fight bravely."

"And the people desperately," answered the general. "This is no child's play," he added; "the citizens are joined by the disbanded national guards. The gold of Lafitte has already gained over one regiment; others will not be long to follow."

"The fools—the idiots!" muttered the distracted landlord, as he walked away to

give the necessary orders for the departure of the general. "Had it but lasted three years longer, I should not have cared: I should have been a rich man."

The excitement which the outbreak of the revolution produced on the mind of Amy had, for the moment, a beneficial effect. Ill as she was, it nerved her with strength. Perhaps the latent hope that a random shot might end her sorrows was not a stranger to the cause. She wished to die. For her the dream of life seemed over—her heart was breaking.

Her husband was not less delighted than surprised at the self-possession she displayed, and Rigid swore that she was worthy to be a soldier's wife. They little thought that the courage they so much admired was the offspring of despair.

Urged by the general's promise, Monsieur Meurice was not long in procuring post-horses. Within an hour the carriage was packed; and, with Amy and Rigid, whom his master bound by a solemn promise, whatever might occur, not to quit his wife, he started from the hotel.

They made their way along the Place of the Madeleine and along the Boulevards, without any great interruption. The numerous patrols of cavalry, which kept dashing along in all directions, rendered their progress comparatively easy; but no sooner had they passed the Arch of St. Denis, and entered the long, narrow street, than a very different scene presented itself.

The people—we are not one of those who term them the mob, although many ruffians were mingled with them and polluted their cause by their excesses—were in the progress of erecting several barricades, for which purpose all was considered lawful spoil that came within their reach. Diligences were stopped, the passengers compelled to dismount, even the horses were killed, and added to the pile which was to form a rampart against the soldiery. It is astonishing with what equanimity the inhabitants either saw their furniture taken, or gave it, to form a barrier against the troops. Chairs, tables, pianofortes were hurled from the windows upon the heads of the crest-fallen soldiery, who, in return, fired at the windows. The bodies of the fallen were even added to the heap, and, with a shout of "Vive la Charte!" the father mounted over the body of his son. Nor were the women less active than their husbands and brothers: many, armed with pistols and sabres, fought valiantly in the ranks of the people.

"You had better not attempt to pass," said an officer who commanded a body of troops at the commencement of the street; "several carriages have already been overturned or forced to turn back. The people are desperate."

The general hesitated,

"Let us proceed," said Amy, coolly. "This scene is dreadful. We are strangers—they will not injure us!"

"Forward!" exclaimed her husband to the postillions, and at a slow pace they advanced up the Rue St. Denis. A simple *chaise de poste* preceded them.

In the centre of the street the insurgents were busily occupied in erecting a barrier, for which purpose carts had been overturned, and furniture from the neighboring houses either taken by force or voluntarily supplied. Women and boys were tearing up the pavement, and placing the stones in piles to be used as missiles against the troops. As the chaise, which was about fifty paces ahead of the general's carriage, approached, the men welcomed it with a loud shout. One—the leader of the party—a stout, bull-necked fellow, whose shirt-sleeves were rolled over his elbows, seized the horses by the reins, and commanded the driver to stop. There was a faint scream from the inside. It proceeded from Amy's friend Mary, who, with her husband and Henry Beacham, were hastening from Paris. The poor girl clung to William. The appearance of the man terrified her.

"Give them money!" she exclaimed; "for Heaven's sake, do not provoke them."

William was about to spring from the vehicle to expostulate or insist on being permitted to proceed, when his friend anticipated him.

"Let me deal with them," he said, with a melancholy smile: "I have no one to regret me."

This was uttered with the tone of a man to whom death would have been a relief.

"What would you, my friends?" he demanded in French.

"The chaise—the people require it."

"And so do we. Come," he added, "you are brave fellows, and would not, I am sure, wish a lady and a stranger, who has trusted herself to the hospitality of France, to be either insulted or detained; as Frenchmen, you are too gallant for that!"

"Let them pass," said a young man in a blouse and cap, who seemed struck by the manner in which the speaker addressed them. "These are not aristocrats, but honest citizens."

"Traders, like yourselves," added Henry.

"Let them cry 'Vive la Nation!' then," shouted the crowd.

"Not only 'Vive la Nation,' but 'Vive la France!'" shouted our hero.

William, who had been listening with breathless anxiety to the conference, repeated the cry; and the people, delighted with the readiness with which their demand had been complied with, made way for them. The pavement, however, was so disturbed that the horses could only

proceed at a very low rate; and Henry, to prevent further interruption, led them by the reins; for the affrighted postilion had lost all presence of mind.—"Here comes something more in our way!" exclaimed the leader of the insurgents, not altogether satisfied at the escape of the first party. "There is no mistaking these. Look at the liveries and arms! Aristocrats, flying from the country when they should defend it!"

"Drive on!" exclaimed the general to the postillions, when he saw the attempt to bar their passage; "ten louis a man if you reach the gate!"

Stimulated by the proffered recompense, the drivers whipped and spurred their terrified steeds; and most probably would have succeeded in breaking through the crowd, had not a *gamin* about fourteen years of age coolly shot the foremost. His companion, terrified at his comrade's fate, immediately drew rein. In an instant the carriage was seized, and the doors forced open.

Fortunately the general had compelled Rigid to lay aside his arms.

"What seek you?" he demanded.

"Descend!"

"I am an English gentleman," replied the general, "on my way to Calais. If you want to see my passport, I have no objection to produce it; but I shall not quit my carriage."

"You must—the people demand it!"

Despite his resistance, the general was dragged from the vehicle; but no sooner did Rigid see his master in danger, than he sprang from his seat on the box, regardless of his promise not to interfere, and, snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, fired at the man who had laid his hands first upon the collar of the general, and slightly wounded him in the arm.

There was a general cry of "Down with them! down with the proud aristocrats, who shed the blood of the people!"

Bludgeons and pikes were raised, when Amy sprang from the carriage with a loud scream, and cast herself between her husband and the infuriated people.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "Spare him! Spare him!"

There was one not far distant upon whom that cry fell like a thunderbolt, Henry heard it, and recognised the voice. Leaving the horses of the chaise, he made his way with desperate struggle to the spot, and just as a blow which laid the general senseless fell upon his head, caught the fainting Amy in his arms.

"Villains," said Rigid, with fury, "you have murdered him!"

"His skull must have been thinner than yours, then," observed a fellow in the crowd; "the blow would scarcely have cracked an egg-shell."

"Are you an Englishman?" demanded Henry.

"Faith an' I am an Irishman; and that's first cousin to it."

"Assist me, then, for the honor of your country!"

"That will I, were you the blackest Cromwellian that ever plundered it," replied the man, who was perfectly well known to the crowd: "so back, my masters," he added, speaking in French; "these good people are my friends—Irish to the back bone! Let them pass!"

"But not the carriage," replied the leader.

Hastily catching Amy in his arms, Henry, preceded by his new ally, and closely followed by Rigid, made the best of his way through the speakers, entreating some, striking desperately at others, and warding off from his senseless burden the shower of blows directed at him. Struck by his gallantry, the young friend in the blouse who at first had befriended his party, began to expostulate, and finally to use more effectual means with his countrymen, by driving them back with the butt end of his gun.

The contest could not have endured much longer; for Henry's left arm was broken. They reached the chaise at last, and Amy was placed by the side of her terrified friend.

"Where is the general?" demanded William.

"I go to seek him," said his friend, mournfully; "honor compels me, whoever else may fail. Henry Beacham must not be the man to desert General Playwell at an hour like this!"

Rigid was about to follow him as he rushed into the crowd again, when the recollection of the solemn promise he had made his master, not to desert Amy, restrained him. With a deep sigh the old soldier took the vacant seat on the box; and the postillions, despite the menaces and entreaties of William—who, between the tears and prayers of his wife, and anxiety for his friend, was half distracted—moved on.

When Henry reached the barrier, he found the carriage overturned, and the people dragging it, with the still palpitating horses, to fill up the gap. General Playwell, still in a state of insensibility, was supported on the arms of two ruffianly looking fellows, one of whom held his watch, and the other his purse. They had rifled him.

"What!" he exclaimed, pointing them out to the people, as they stood under the doorway of a shop, the shutters of which were carefully closed; "do those who fight for liberty plunder the victim?"

A shout of execration from the insurgents, who had been too much occupied with the barrier to attend to the fallen

man, announced their detestation of a crime which sullied their cause. To seize them and convey the still insensible husband of Amy into an adjoining wine-shop, was the work of an instant.

The justice of the people was as prompt as it was terrible. The two unhappy wretches were placed against the wall, a volley was fired, and all was over.

The measured tramp of the approaching cavalry was now distinctly heard: one of the insurgents thrust a pike into the hands of Henry, and before he had time to reflect he was engaged in the thickest of the contest, defending the barricade, which, after the first discharge, became a contest hand to hand.

There is something awful and sublime in the spectacle of a people rising in their strength and combatting for their liberties—for the rights of their unborn children. To the chant of the "Marseillaise" the citizens and workmen of Paris rushed to death; boys engaged eagerly in the contest; nor were the wives and mothers tranquil; from the windows and house-tops they hurled furniture and every species of missile upon the soldiers, and encouraged the defenders of the barricade by their cries and gestures.

Warmed by the excitement of the scene, Henry soon found himself as fiercely engaged as the rest. A young fellow in a blouse, who fought near him, frequently encouraged him by a smile and approving words.

Three times the charge of the cavalry had been repelled; several of the officers had dismounted, to set their men an example. At the fourth charge, a powerful fellow had levelled his musket at the young Frenchman: Henry saw it, and, dropping his pike, drew his pistol and shot him dead. It was his last effort; for a ball from one of the fellow's comrades struck him in the side, and he fell at the feet of the man whose life he had preserved.

Much admiration of his courage—for it was known that his left arm was previously broken—had been excited, and several rushed forward to extricate him from the mass of the dead and dying. They succeeded at last in drawing him from the barricade, and were bearing him to the same wine-shop to which General Playwell had been conveyed, when the young Frenchman interfered.

"Not there, my friends," he said; "living or dead, the gallant fellow who preserved my life shall rest under my father's roof!"

Forcing his way through the crowd, the speaker, assisted by those who had felt interested in our hero, conveyed his still breathing body to a respectable looking house near, mounted the narrow staircase, and placed him upon a bed in a neat

chamber, of which Albert Onfrey had the key. It was his own.

Hastily speaking to the wife of the porter, as he descended to give directions to send for a surgeon, the grateful fellow rushed once more into the thickest of the fight.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FLIGHT AND RESCUE.

The heart of woman is as true to its early love
As the mother to her child—the needle
To the pole.—*Cæron.*

It was past midnight when William Bowles and his companions arrived at the little town of Beauvais, which was in a state of great excitement. Rumors of what was passing in Paris had reached the citizens, who, to do them justice, were well-disposed enough. Each fresh post brought fresh intelligence, and the streets were filled with groups of workmen and masters discussing the events of the day. The hotels were crowded; rooms were scarcely to be procured at any price; and post-horses were at fabulous premium. It was not till after having tried at least half a dozen places that the party succeeded in obtaining apartments at the Lion d'Or, a comfortable house near the Abbeville Gate. Both Amy and Mary were in the deepest despair; to the latter the danger of her husband and the absence of Henry Beacham were sources of the deepest grief; while her friend's heart was torn by feelings which it would have been difficult to analyze. In justice to her, we must add, that *hope* was not the foremost—it was too grateful, too kind for that. Poor old Rigid was like a tiger which had been deprived of its young. He cursed the French by turns in Hindostanee and English, and bitterly lamented the fate of his old master.

The night, indeed, was a wretched one.

The next day William, whose anxiety for his friend equalled that of the ladies, proposed to return to Paris, if possible to learn his fate; but at the first hint of such a project his wife threw her arms round his neck, and declared that if he went she would accompany him—that death was a hundred times less terrible than the thought of such a separation. The warm-hearted fellow felt that it would be unmanly to urge it; so he resigned himself with a sigh, determining, however, to send Rigid; an arrangement which pacified Mary—anything rather than part with her husband.

He found the old soldier smoking his pipe at the door of the hotel, listening to the account which the servants of an English family who had just arrived were giving of the progress of the revolution.

"They fight like devils," observed the valet of the party.

"Aye," said a fat coachman, "and they do say that the *guillotine* is to be erected in the cathedral—that all the nobles are to be beheaded, the priests massacred, and Paris given up to pillage. Thank heaven, I and my horses are safe out of it!"

He patted the worn-out animals with a look of affection, as they stood panting in the yard, waiting till the ostlers could find room for them in the over-crowded stables.

"Rigid," said William, "have you any objection to return to Paris?"

"Every objection," was the reply.

"What! not to seek out your master?"

"Can't."

"Why?"

"On duty here. My old commander made me promise that I would not leave my lady. I never disobeyed orders, though I occasionally grumbled at them. He trusted me—and I loved him with all his faults;—faults!" he repeated reproachfully, "he had none—his heart was pure gold! How should I look when I meet him in heaven?"—and here the poor fellow raised his hat with an air of devotion which was too sincere to be ridiculous—"if my old general was to say: 'Sergeant Rigid, you have broken the consign, and, like a raw recruit, disobeyed orders!' No, no, I should expect to be reduced to the ranks, at the very least."

It was as useless to reason with him as unnecessary to urge the danger of his master, to which the attached fellow was painfully alive. William gave up the attempt. In endeavoring to send him back to Paris to search after the general, his real motive was, if possible, to discover what had become of Henry. He feared lest, in his despair, he had sought death in the ranks of the insurgents. His heart was heavy, for he was a true friend.

"I cannot go myself," he exclaimed; "I cannot leave my wife unprotected in the midst of danger and confusion; it would be unkind—unmanly."

"Of course it would," added Rigid, with a groan.

"And your mistress, she must not be left without a protector."

"She never will be whilst I live," exclaimed the old soldier. "She is an angel; God help her! both she and my master deserve a better fate."

The news which each fresh arrival brought of the massacre in Paris increased the excitement of the fugitives to the highest pitch. Amy could endure it no longer: her heart was scared, and she declared her determination of returning the following morning, unless some intelligence reached her of the general.

It would be too curious, perhaps, to inquire how far the fate of Henry Beacham was a party to her resolution; she would have trembled to ask herself the question.

Deeply as she was attached to him, that attachment was pure; it was love without its passion—the flame upon the altar, without the ashes which sully it.

"You go, dear Amy!" exclaimed the terrified Mary; "impossible!"

"Think of the danger," added William.

"My sorrows," replied Amy, "will protect me; there is a majesty in grief which even the wicked must respect. Besides," she added, with a melancholy smile, "what have I on earth to fear?"

Remonstrance was useless; she declared her resolution to be unalterable. She in her woman's heart had comprehended the devotion of her love in returning to the rescue of General Playwell: it was the sacrifice of a generous mind—an effort to atone for the wrong which, in a moment of passion, he had contemplated in asking Amy to abandon him. Imagination pictured him to her wounded—dying—trampled upon by the infuriated soldiery: no voice he loved to whisper consolation—no dear hand to close his eyes; perhaps, too, she secretly entertained the hope of breathing her last sigh by his side, and resting in the same grave with him.

At Mary's and William's earnest entreaty she retired at an early hour. They deemed her resolution the excitement of the moment, and trusted that with rest she would judge more calmly. They knew not the devotion of which her heart was capable.

It was past midnight, when a chaise drove up to the *auberge*, and General Playwell, pale from excitement and suffering, stepped from it. His blood was on fire—the fever of jealousy was in his heart. He had not seen the return of his rival in the affections of his wife: all that he knew was that Amy had been rescued and borne away by him. His diseased imagination painted them rejoicing in his supposed death, indulging in pleasant anticipations of a future, the thought of which was torture to him. It is a sad thing for the heart to be young when the hair is grey and the eye lacks lustre—to be made to feel that youth has no longer sympathy with us—that our presence is a check to happiness. Such a feeling is difficult to bear, even from a grateful and affectionate disposition like Amy's; but with a cold, heartless, selfish, mercenary one, which endures affection for the gifts it lavishes, it is misery indeed.

General Playwell, at least, was spared the latter pang. With all his mad jealousy, he could neither suspect the virtue nor disinterestedness of his wife. It was her heart he was jealous of.

Whilst the general was making inquiries of the landlord, Lisette, his wife's waiting woman, who had more than even her sex's share of curiosity, and had been questioning each fresh arrival, descended. She

had heard the rattle of the wheels of the chaise as it drove into the inn-yard, and was eager to learn the latest intelligence from her dear Paris. On beholding her master, whom she had firmly believed to have fallen, she gave a shriek, exclaiming:

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"

"Lisette!"

"*Mais*—it is the general. *Vous êtes bien heureux*, miladi and monsieur! Rigid was to went to-morrow to find for you in Paris."

"Your lady, then, is here?"

"*Oui*—yes, certainly—with Monsieur Henry: a charming gentleman—so kind, so brave!"

The chambermaid had but a bad memory for names. She had heard those of William and Henry several times during the day, and very naturally confounded one with the other. The general almost staggered at the intelligence—his worst fears were confirmed.

"Show me to your mistress," he faltered.

"Miladi is in sleep."

"Show me to her," repeated the general, in a tone which admitted of no second reply.

"Certainly; it will be as you please."

It seemed an age to the general till he reached the corridor. His heart was gnawing itself with jealous surmises and doubts. By the taper which Lisette carried he saw a mattress spread out before the door of one of the chambers, and a figure apparently sleeping on it.

"Who goes there?" demanded the man, in a military tone, starting from his recumbent position.

His master breathed more freely, for he recognized the voice of Rigid; but even the fidelity of the old soldier, on second thoughts, gave him a pang; he must have seen something, the demon which possessed him whispered, to have taken such a precaution.

"Leave us," he said to the waiting woman.

"Thank you—thank you, Rigid!" exclaimed the general, grasping the hand of the veteran convulsively; "you are a true friend to watch over your master's honor in his absence! Alas! that it should require guarding."

"And who says it does require it?" gruffly answered Rigid, his delight at finding his master safe, suddenly checked by the ungenerous impression which his words implied.

"If not, why do I find you here?"

"Because I am a fool, more faithful than wise—because I would have guarded the safety of your wife, not her honor—the fiend only could suspect that. She is too good for you."

"But he—he is here."

"And who the deuce is he?"

"The man I most hate and fear in the world—he to whom her heart is given."

"You knew that when you married her," said Rigid, calmly; "but the *he* you allude to is not here."

"But Lisette told me."

"Do you doubt me?" interrupted the old soldier, drawing himself up proudly. "You might as well suspect the angel who is sleeping or praying in that chamber. No; the gallant fellow, after placing my lady under the care of his friends, returned to the skirmish to look for you—you, who suspect him—God forgive you. That ever I should live to reprove my old general for injustice and suspicion! But I am glad you are returned to raise the consign."

"What mean you?"

"That I require a furlough for a week—may be more. In the morning I am off to Paris."

"To Paris!" repeated the general, with a look of surprise.

"Aye, to Paris. Do you think I'd suffer the noble fellow who volunteered and did Jack Rigid's duty for him, in looking after your safety, to die like a dog in a ditch, without 'I thank you,' or a shake of the hand? Why, I would not do it to a comrade who had given me a draught of water from his canteen—my heart would not let me."

"Your heart, Rigid?"

"Aye, I have such a thing. It often beats warmer under the worsted lace than the gold epaulette. I must go, so give me my furlough, or my discharge."

"Has your mistress—" faltered his master, struck by a painful suspicion.

"Doubting again," interrupted the old soldier. "No. And if she had, what then? It would be nothing very strange, I think, that she should feel some interest in the man who risked his life to preserve yours."

The sound of voices had disturbed the broken slumber of Amy. She listened, and recognized that of her husband. One weight, at least, was removed from her heart; for, despite the misery her marriage had entailed upon her, she valued him for his good qualities, and if she could not love, at least she respected him. Hence his safety inspired her with the hope of Henry's. Perhaps they had escaped together. Poor Amy was doomed to disappointment: the general had not even seen the man who had generously risked his life in his cause.

The general ordered a carriage at an early hour the following morning, in order to proceed to England; and after coolly thanking William and his wife for their protection of Amy, and expressing a polite regret at the uncertainty of their friend's fate, he descended to the court-yard of

the *auberge* to see that all was in readiness.

Very different was the parting between Amy and her friends. On leaving William she felt as if quitting a beloved brother, and wept upon his shoulder. This time Mary was not jealous.

"Dear Amy," she said, "Henry will escape; I am sure he will. We shall hear of his safety in a few days."

"No, no; he is wounded—dying; and I—I am chained here by the world's opinion. I may not seek him as a sister would seek a dying brother—hear his last words—soothe his sad pillow!"

"True, Amy," replied William, kindly; "You have another duty to perform not less sacred. General Playwell, I am sure, is ill: once or twice, during our short interview this morning, I observed him turn deadly pale, and with an involuntary movement, place his hand upon his heart. He is no longer young, and his excitement and anxiety have been fearful."

"I know my duty, William," said the poor girl—for in years she was so—"and am prepared to fulfil it. Neither you nor Mary, when you strew flowers upon my grave, will ever have cause to blush that you have loved me."

There was a gentle tap at the room door, and Rigid, attired for travelling, made his appearance. His mistress thought that the general had sent him to announce that all was in readiness for their departure, and once more made her adieu to her friends.

"You need not be in a hurry, my lady, the carriage won't be ready this hour. Like everything French," he added, with a grimace, "it is only half fit for use: one of the wheels is broken, and the back spring half gone—the smith is repairing it."

"Why did you seek me, then?" demanded Amy, mildly.

"Because I am a fool, answered the old soldier, bluntly. "Because, if I should not see you again, I should feel a pleasure in the recollection of a kind word from you."

"Not see me again? Do you not accompany us to England?"

"No."

"Have you left the general's service?" demanded William, who had taken a liking to the blunt manner of Rigid, his independent spirit, and thorough English notions.

"Only on furlough; but it almost comes to a discharge. But the general and I know each other; and fit we did, after thirty year's service together. When Jack Rigid says his mind is made up, 'tis no use to argue the topic—and mine is made up to return to Paris."

"To Paris," replied Amy, with a ray of hope.

"To Paris!" repeated William. "Why, I thought you hated it?"

"And so I do, as every thorough-bred Englishman ought to do—with its nasty soups, corn beef, and sour wine. It is for no love of the place that I return to it, sir, but from duty."

"Duty!"

"Aye, to seek that fine fellow who saved my lady, and risked his life again to preserve the general. If dead, he shall have a soldier's grave; if living, I'll ferret him out, watch him, nurse him, and bring him back to old England, or never return myself."

Amy seized the speaker's hand, and would have pressed it to her lips, if the old man would have permitted it: his generous resolution removed a portion of the weight which was pressing at her heart.

"Does the general send you?" she demanded; for the cool indifference he had shown to the fate of her preserver had deeply wounded her grateful nature.

"Of course I could not go without permission," was the equivocal reply; for Rigid, who had felt ashamed of his master's heartlessness, was willing to give him some portion of the credit, which was all his own. "And now, lady," he added, "good bye—God bless you! When you see me again I shall have good news for you, or my name is not Jack Rigid. I never felt more confident of success in my life; it's not a forlorn hope I am venturing on, but a certain victory."

"Heaven grant it!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the old soldier, and quitted the apartment.

"There goes a true heart," said William.

"Aye, and a kind one," added his wife, whose woman's tact had penetrated Rigid's real motive, which was nothing less than bringing peace of mind, if possible, to his mistress. "Oh, William, I feel assured that he will succeed, and that we shall be happy yet! the general cannot—"

"Live long," she would have added, but the blush upon Amy's cheek, who guessed her meaning, restrained her, and she substituted for her first thought—"be so ungrateful as we imagined."

William ordered his chaise at the same time, and the two parties left the *auberge* together, and went towards Abbeville: from whence they proceeded to Calais, and, finding a packet ready, sailed an hour after reaching that quaint old, dirty town—which Sterne has so graphically described—for England. By the time they reached the general's splendid mansion in St. James's Square, he was in a high fever, accompanied by symptoms of the gout. Amy was his constant attendant.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RECOVERY OF AMY'S FORTUNE.

"Life is but a change from storm and sunshine—Tears and smiles—hopes and fears.—*Crow.*"

THE third day of the insurrection in Paris had drawn to a close, and the people were everywhere victorious, Charles X. was a fugitive on his way to exile, and the provisional government installed at the Hotel de Ville. The citizens and workmen, whose determined courage had overturned the monarchy, were transported at their success; men gave the hand to one another in the streets with pride, for they fancied that they were free. Little did they imagine that the astute master-spirit of the revolution—the princely plotter who alone profitted by their blood and courage—would bind them to a yoke yet more degrading than the one they had so heroically cast off. The policy of the elder Bourbons was, "Divide and reign;" that of the younger branch, "Corrupt and govern."

Everywhere traces of the barricades remained, although the people had labored to efface them. A city which has been given up to cruel warfare for three days does not easily recover its ordinary aspect. Traces of the cannon balls were to be seen on the facades of the houses; carts were passing removing the wounded and the dead; the former to the hospitals, the latter to the deep trenches dug to receive them. It matters very little where those who fall in the struggle for liberty are buried—the martyr's blood ennobles the sepulchre.

Most people who have been in Paris know Bradford, an Englishman who keeps a coffee-house a few doors from the embassy; one who, in his humble position, has done more, perhaps, to assist his distressed countrymen than those who have given hundreds for the purpose. He gave his time, his advice, his energies. He was a man whose heart flowed with the milk of human kindness. All who knew him respected him.

His little shop was crowded with his countrymen, most of whom were discussing the events of the last three days. Many were boasting of their exploits—to these Bradford listened with a quiet smile; others were making anxious inquiries after their missing relatives. Rigid had frequently left the Hotel Meurice to smoke a quiet pipe in the little back parlor, and talk over his campaigns with the worthy landlord. A sort of friendship had sprung up between them; it was not, therefore, without pleasure that the honest fellow saw his old acquaintance make his appearance once more.

"What, sergeant!" he exclaimed, shak-

ing him warmly by the hand; "still in France?"

"As you see."

"Why, I thought the general had left?"

"And so he has."

"And you?"

"Have returned," said the soldier; "never flinch from service at the call of duty; but come," he added, "give me a pipe, and sit down; you can speak the cursed gibberish of the Mounseers, and I require your assistance."

As soon as they were comfortably seated, Rigid related as much of what had passed as he deemed necessary, and proposed to the worthy landlord to accompany him in his search after Henry Beacham.

"I suppose the best thing," he added, "will be to apply to the police?"

Bradford shook his head—it was disorganised.

"Or the hospitals?"

"That's more likely; but where did this take place?"

"In the Rue St. Denis."

"Come with me, then—I will take you to a man who is more likely to give us the information we seek, than either the police or the surgeon—to Cabert, the rag-gatherer: he was always applied to by the former in cases of difficulty. His calling is but a blind—he is the most expert spy in France."

"A spy!" repeated Rigid, with a grimace, for he had a soldier's contempt for the name; "faugh!"

"Every one to his trade."

"Aye, but his is a dirty one."

"It is not deemed so here. Would you believe it, just before the outbreak, he was consulted by a person who possessed the confidence of the ministry? Had his advice been taken, Charles X. would now be king of France. He knew what was in preparation."

"A rag-gatherer?"

"Aye," replied Bradford; "who heeds the rag-gatherer, or interrupts his conversation at his approach? Cabert is the head of them. There are eight thousand of the trade in Paris, and they all make their reports to him. Now can you understand it, Master Rigid?"

The two friends set forward on foot, for the boulevards were still too much incumbered by the fallen trees and the half-cleared barricades, to permit vehicles to circulate. A hundred times as they passed they were stopped by the victorious people, and compelled to shout "Vive la République!" "Vive Lafayette!" to Rigid's no small annoyance, for, Englishman like, he did not approve of being compelled to cry anything.

On reaching the Rue St. Denis, they dived down a narrow, dirty passage, and found the domicile of the rag-gatherer at

the end. It was as closely beset by applicants as the hotel of a new minister on his first levee days. Most of the persons were in blouses, which had become suddenly the most fashionable costume—perhaps because it was the safest. Rigid observed with surprise that beneath the coarse frock many of the wearers wore well-fitting trowsers and varnished boots, and their delicate hands, as they gave them to the crowd, denoted that they had never earned a living by labor.

They were compelled to wait their turn, and nearly an hour passed before they were admitted to the presence of Monsieur Cabert, a little grey-haired old man, whose wrinkled face and quick, grey eye were bent over various hieroglyphics, perfectly intelligible to him, although he could neither read nor write.

"Your pleasure, gentlemen?" he said; "and be brief, for my time is very much occupied just now."

"Only one question," observed Bradford.

"Ten francs first."

The sum was paid, and quietly pocketed by the old man.

"A young Englishman," continued the landlord, "who fought at the barricades in the Rue St. Denis—is he living?"

"The same who carried a lady from a carriage, which was overturned by the people to form the barricade?"

"The same."

"He lives."

"Thank God?" exclaimed Rigid, to whom his companion translated the reply.

"And where?" said Bradford.

"At the lodgings of a young carpenter, 19 Rue St. Denis. You will find him there badly wounded, I fear! Who is this man?" he added, fixing an inquiring glance on the old soldier.

"The confidential servant of the gentleman whose carriage was overturned."

"And who was knocked down and taken to Fainet's wine shop?"

"The same."

Monsieur Cabert paused for a moment, as if weighing something in his mind. At last he seemed decided.

"Return with him," he whispered, "at midnight, when the crowd is gone, and the old rag-gatherer is left alone. I have something to communicate."

"Can't it be done now?" demanded Bradford.

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's my affair; it is something which regards his master. Had it not been that he came with you, whom I know to be a safe person, I should not have spoken. Go now, and return at the hour I name; it will be worth your while as well as mine."

The visitors took their leave.

"What the deuce can the old rascal have to communicate?" said Rigid, when Bradford had informed him of the extraordinary proposal of the rag-gatherer.

"Will you go?"

"Certainly, Jack Rigid never yet feared to meet any one. I'll be with him."

"And I," said the landlord, whose curiosity was equally excited. "Cabert would not have proposed such a meeting without a purpose, though what it is we have to learn; for I am quite as much in the dark as yourself."

On their arrival at the lodging of Albert Onfroy, the door was opened by the young carpenter himself. At first he was extremely cautious in his replies: the youth felt interested in the fate of his preserver, whose rank in life was evidently so much above his own; nor was it till he felt perfectly assured that they were the friends of the sufferer, that he consented to admit them to the chamber of his guest.

They found Henry badly wounded, and in a state of burning fever, which the close air of the place tended not a little to increase. In his delirium he frequently called upon Amy, imploring her forgiveness for the rash proposal he had made to her to abandon her husband.

"I shall die soon," he added—"very soon; so pray forgive! that we may meet again in heaven: it's gates will not be barred against me, with the seal of Amy's pardon on my brow."

"What does he say?" whispered Bradford.

"Raves," replied the old soldier.

"Do you comprehend his meaning?"

"Perfectly."

"What is it?"

"A secret."

The landlord asked no more questions: he saw that his curiosity was not likely to be gratified. Rigid was not the man from whom confidence could be extorted or caajoled; and, to do him justice, Bradford was not the man to try either.

Like most soldiers who have seen much active service, Rigid was something of a surgeon, and prided himself upon his treatment of gunshot wounds. Despite the remonstrance of Albert, he persisted in removing the dressings which the apothecary who had been called in had applied, and examining the state of the patient himself.

Henry uttered a sigh of relief as Rigid drew from the orifice the plug of linen which the man had thrust into his wound.

"Monsieur Narille says he will be well in a week if left to himself and kept warm," observed the young carpenter.

Bradford translated the observation of their host.

"Tell him Monsieur Narry, or Narvil, is a fool," was the reply. "In less than a week, if we had not arrived, he would

have been dead. The ball is still to be extracted."

"How do you know?"

"By the time, friend Bradford," said Rigid, "that your carcass has been riddled as frequently as mine, you will be able to judge too. He is in a violent fever. The first thing to do is to open all the windows."

To the great regret of the carpenter—who, like most Frenchmen, had a religious belief that warmth was necessary for all diseases—it was done.

"What next?" said Bradford.

"Send for a surgeon."

In half an hour the worthy landlord returned with a medical student, whom he had brought from a neighboring hospital—one of those noble youths who, during the fiercest of the contest, had braved death from either party in order to fulfil his mission of humanity. Rigid eyed him doubtfully at first, nor was it till he witnessed the tenderness and skill with which he sounded the wound that he felt justified in trusting the life of the patient in the hands of a mere boy.

"What does he say?" he demanded of his companion.

"That the ball is still in the wound."

"I told you so."

"And that it must be extracted, as the only chance of saving his life."

Rigid nodded—as much as to say "Quite right."

"He wishes to know if you will have him removed to the hospital."

"No; I am here to watch him. The man who risked his life to save my old general shall never die in an hospital. Tell the recruit to do his duty."

The recruit, as Rigid patronisingly termed him, extracted the bullet with considerable skill,—and even the old soldier acknowledged that it was not so badly done, considering that the operator was a Frenchman. The extraction of the ball and the setting of the broken arm—which had been too long neglected—gave the patient considerable relief, and towards midnight Henry fell into a refreshing sleep. Rigid and his friend Bradford left him to the care of the young carpenter, and set out to pay their promised visit to the rag-gatherer.

They found Monsieur Cabert alone in his den,—a quiet air of satisfaction on his countenance—for the day had been a profitable one, and he was pleased with the punctuality of his visitors, who were both not a little anxious to learn what business he could possibly have with them, and which required so much secrecy and caution. He was a man of business—as chary of his words as a prime minister, whose every syllable is weighed.

"Good evening, gentlemen; you are punctual."

"As a fugleman on drill," said Rigid.
 "I believe," continued Cabert, "you are the confidential domestic of General Playwell?"

The term domestic was grating to the ears of the old soldier, who made a slight grimace at the word.

"Tell the baboon," he said to Bradford, who interpreted between them, "that I never served any one but the king—that I am the general's orderly, not his servant?"

"It is much the same thing," quietly observed the rag-gatherer, with a scarcely perceptible smile at the old man's distinction. "Ask him what was in the general's carriage when the people seized it to form the barricade?"

"In it? why the general and his lady," replied Rigid.

"Any jewels?"

"No; they were deposited at the embassy."

"Any cash?"

"Not much."

"Was there a desk?"

Rigid remembered the fortune of Amy, so honorably restored by Henry Beacham, and which the general, in his jealous fury, had declared should never serve to enrich her with another when he was gone. A sudden light broke upon him, and explained the cause of Monsieur Cabert's desire to see him. Still he suffered no sign of satisfaction to appear: he was too old a soldier for that.

"A desk?" he replied; yes, certainly there was a desk—cedar wood bound with silver—patent lock, plate on the lid—crest, a dragon—motto, 'forwards!'"

"And what did it contain?"

"Papers."

"Any money?"

"Not absolutely money," said Rigid, who had a game of his own to play; "since the bills and securities in the packet sealed with black are entirely useless—without the signature of the general, they are little better than waste paper."

The perfect air of sincerity with which this was uttered, deceived both his companion and Monsieur Cabert: the latter saw with a sigh the hopes of wealth vanish. He had recognized the meagre words "Bank of England" upon several of the notes, and imagined, by the assistance of the old soldier, that he should be able to get them cashed, on the commonest principle—division of the proceeds.

"Could they be converted into money?" he demanded.

Rigid shook his head and smiled.

"Not without the general's signature," he said: "they are mere waste paper; even then they would be only payable in England. I wish they could: it would have made us rich for life."

The Frenchman, who was a keen judge

of humanity—humanity in its worst phase—could not comprehend the fidelity which was proof against the temptation of wealth: like Sir Robert Walpole, he believed that every man had his price. Rigid's manner completely deceived him; the old soldier was as good an actor as himself.

"If any of them are signed," he added, "we might do something, perhaps; but the risk would be great."

Cabert, completely thrown off his guard, produced from a pile of rags the desk, and opening the packet, spread out before the astonished Bradford and his friend the notes and bills to the enormous amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. His keen grey eyes watched the countenance of the old soldier with intense anxiety as he looked over them.

"Silence!" said Rigid to Bradford: "not a word!"

Carefully examining them one by one, the speaker passed them back to the rag-gatherer with a sigh of disappointment.

"Not worth a guinea, the lot," he said; "they are not endorsed."

"What does he say!" demanded Cabert.

Bradford explained to him.

"Could you do nothing with them?" he demanded.

Nothing—the general, perhaps, might give twenty pounds to recover his letters; for the rest, not twenty pence."

"Will you speculate?"

"I?" replied Rigid, with a well affected laugh: "not a straw: had they been convertible, the case would have been different. So, if this is all you have to communicate, Master Cabert, good night. Tell him," he said, "that it was hardly worth while to keep us from our beds at midnight for such a mare's nest."

Had the speaker betrayed the least anxiety to possess himself of them—had his hand trembled, or his eye brightened, the clever Frenchman's suspicions would have been excited; but the perfect air of indifference, and even disappointment, with which Rigid threw back the bills and securities, completely lulled his suspicions.

"What would you advise me to do with them?" he demanded.

"Take them to the ambassador, who is a friend of the general's," said Bradford; "he is very generous, and may reward your honesty."

"No," said the old man—"no; it would draw attention to me, Perhaps," he added, "I had better burn them."

"Perhaps," said Rigid, "it would be the best way."

He saw that there was a lingering doubt on the mind of the speaker. Coolly drawing his pipe from his pocket, he took up a note for a hundred pounds, twisted it, held it to the candle, and lit his pipe with it. Bradford thought him mad, but Rigid perfectly well knew what he was about. The

rag-gather was convinced—it was worth the sacrifice.

"Tell him," he said, "that if he will give me ten louis, they are his."

The soldier laughed, and shook his head at the proposal.

"His master would reward him?"

"Perhaps."

"Five louis, then?"

After a great deal of haggling, Rigid suffered himself to be persuaded, and with great apparent reluctance, counted out the sum, at the same time declaring that in all probability the general would never give him the money back. In this, at least, the speaker spoke truly, for it was not the old man's intention that General Playwell should ever know that the fortune of Amy had ever fallen into his hands.

Rigid had a morality of his own.

The treaty being concluded, they left the house, carrying the desk with them.

"Well," exclaimed Bradford, as they got into the street, "it's the first time in my life I ever saw a man light his pipe with a hundred-pound note."

"Better that than pay yon rascally Frenchman a thousand, perhaps. I could have strangled him. The idea of offering Jack Rigid a share in the plunder!"

"The general will be overjoyed."

"The general will never know it," replied his companion.

Bradford was as honest a man as ever lived, and entertained a high opinion of the character of his friend. The cool avowal that he intended to conceal the recovery of so large a sum from his master, staggered him.

"Why, surely you——"

Rigid nodded—as much as to say: "I do, though."

"By heavens, then, old soldier, I am disappointed in you!" exclaimed Bradford. "I would at any time have pledged my life on your honesty. I thought you a queer fellow—odd ideas—many prejudices; but above an act like this. I am disappointed."

"No you are not," said Rigid, laying his hand upon his arm; "in my place you would do as I shall."

"Never."

"Yes you would. Service is no inheritance."

"But honesty is," replied his companion.

"True," said Rigid; "and I'll make a bargain with you: that if you do not agree to my retaining the desk and its contents, it shall be given up to the general. What say you?"

"That there is little fear of that. At the coronation of the king I had the Duke of Netherland's jewels two days in my possession—not a creature knew it."

"Except your wife," interrupted Rigid, slyly; for he had been too intimate in the

house not to perceive that the grey mare was the better horse in the establishment.

"Well—yes—of course—they were left in the carriage after the massacre at Rheims. I found them; and on my return to Paris gave them to the duke. He asked me if I knew their value. I told him yes; and he gave me——"

"What?"

"The means to start my present establishment. Believe me, honesty, in the long run, is the best policy; so if you intend to offer any share of the spoils to me, I tell you candidly, Mr. Rigid, it is no use. I have lived an honest man, and am determined to die one."

"I told you," said his companion, "that you should decide. Listen."

A long, whispered conversation ensued between the two friends, which lasted till they reached the house in which Henry Beacham was lodged.

"Well," said the soldier, extending his hand to his companion, "what am I to do with the money?"

"Keep it," emphatically exclaimed Bradford; "and forgive me that ever I entertained doubts of your honor."

Rigid wrung his hand cordially, and the speakers separated.

During the night, whilst watching the slumber of his charge, Rigid carefully ripped open the seams of his coat, and sewed up the strangely-recovered fortune of poor Amy in the lining. It was daylight before he had finished. For several days he never left his patient, whose grateful thanks and gentleness under his sufferings gradually won upon the old man's heart. At first he had devoted himself to find him out and watch over him from a sense of duty; but the task gradually became one of affection. In a few days his care was rewarded: the young surgeon declared Henry Beacham out of danger—he was slowly but gradually recovering.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DIAMONDS.

"THE boys musn't look at the girls, and the girls must look on their books," was said at least a dozen times by the village school-master, on that stormy morning when Cora Blanchard and I—she in her brother's boots, and I in my father's socks—waded through drift after drift of snow, to the old brown school-house at the foot of the long, steep hill.

We were the only girls that dared to brave the wintry storm, and we felt amply repaid for our trouble when we saw how much attention we received from the ten tall boys who had come—come for fun—some because they saw Cora Blanchard go by, and one, Walter Beaumont, because he did not wish to lose the lessons of the

day. Our teacher, Mr. Gannis, was fitting him for College, and every moment was precious to the white-browed, intellectual student, who was quite a lion among us girls, partly because he was older, and partly because he never noticed us as much as did the other boys. On this occasion, however, he was quite attentive to Cora, at least pulling off her boots, removing her hood, and brushing the large snow flakes from her soft, wavy hair, while her dark brown eyes smiled gratefully upon him, as he gave her his warm seat at the stove.

That morning Cora wrote me slyly on the slate: "I don't care if mother does say Walter Beaumont is as 'poor as poverty'—I like him best of anybody in the world, don't you?"

I thought of the big red apple in my pocket, and the boy who had so carefully shaken the snow off my father's socks, and answered "No," thinking the while that I should say "Yes," if Walter had ever treated me as he did my playmate and friend, Cora Blanchard. She was a beautiful young girl, a favorite with all, and possessing, as it seemed, but one glaring fault—a proneness to estimate people by their wealth rather than their worth. This, in a measure, was the result of long training; for her family, though far from being rich, were very aristocratic, and strove to keep their children as much as possible from associating with the "vulgar herd," as they styled the laboring class of community.

In her secret heart, Cora had long since cherished a preference for Walter, though never, until the morning of which I write, had it been so plainly avowed. And Walter, too, knowing how far above him she was in point of position, had dared to dream of a time when a bright-haired woman, with a face much like that of the girlish Cora, would gladden his home wherever it might be.

That noon, as we sat around the glowing fire, we played as children will, and it came to my turn to "answer truly whom I intended to marry." Without a thought of the big apple, the snowy socks, or any one in particular, I replied unhesitatingly "the one I love best;" and the question passed on to Cora, who was sitting by the side of Walter Beaumont. He had not joined in our sport, but now his eye left his book and rested on Cora, with an expression half expectant. She, too, glanced on him, and, as if the prophecy were upon her, she said, "I shall not marry the one I love best, but the one who has the most money, and can give me the most diamonds. Sister Fanny has a magnificent set, and she looks so beautiful when she wears them."

Instantly there fell a shadow on Walter Beaumont's face, and his eye returned

again to the Latin lettered page. But his thoughts were not of what was written there; he was thinking of the humble cottage on the borders of the wood, of the rag carpet on the oaken floor, of the plain old fashioned furniture, and of the gentle, loving woman who called him "her boy," and that spot her home. There were no diamonds there—no money; and Cora, for if she married, she would never be his wife.

Early and late he toiled and studied, wearing his threadbare coat, and coarse, brown pants; for, an education such as he must have, admitted of no more expenditure; and the costly gems that Cora craved were not his to give. In the pure, unselfish love springing up for her within his heart, there were diamonds of imperishable value; and these, together with the name he would make for himself, he would offer her, but nothing more; and for many weeks there was a shadow on his brow, though he was kind and considerate to her as of old.

As the spring and summer glided by, however, there came a change; and when, in the autumn, he left our village for New Haven, there was a happy, joyous look on his face, while a tress of Cora's silken hair was lying next his heart. Every week he wrote to her, and Cora answered, always showing me what she had written, but never a word of his.

"There was too much love," she said, "too much good advice in his letters for me to see;" and thus the time passed on, until Walter, who had entered a junior class, was graduated with honor, and was about to commence a theological course at Andover, for he had made the ministry his choice.

Walter was twenty-one now, and Cora was sixteen. Wondrously beautiful was she to look upon, with her fair young face, her soft brown eyes, and wavy hair. And Walter Beaumont loved her devotedly, believing, too, that she in turn loved him; for one summer afternoon, in the green old woods that skirted the little village, she sat down by his side, and, with the sunbeams glancing down upon her through the overhanging boughs, she had told him so, and promised some day to be his wife. Still, she would not hear of a positive engagement; both should be free to change their mind if they wished, she said, and with this Walter was satisfied.

"I have no diamonds to give you, darling," he said, drawing her close to him; and Cora, knowing to what he referred, answered that "his love was dearer to her than all the world besides." Alas, that woman should be so fickle! The same train that carried Walter away, brought Mrs. Blanchard a letter from her daughter, a dashing, fashionable woman, who lived in the city, and who wished to

bring her sister Cora "out" the coming winter.

"She is old enough now," she wrote, "to be looking for a husband, and of course she'll never do anything in that by-place."

This proposition, which accorded exactly with Mrs. Blanchard's wishes, was joyfully acceded to by Cora, who, while anticipating the pleasure which awaited her, had yet no thought of proving false to Walter; and in the letter which she wrote, informing him of her plan, she assured him of her unchanging fidelity, little dreaming that the promise thus made would soon be broken.

Petted, caressed, flattered and admired as Cora was in the circle of her sister's friends, how could she help growing worldly and vain, or avoid contrasting the plain, unassuming Walter, with the polished and gaily-dressed butterflies who thronged Mrs. Barton's drawing-room? When summer came again, she did not return to us as we had expected, but we heard of her at Saratoga and Newport, the admired of all admirers, while one, it was said—a man of high position and untold wealth—bade fair to win the beautiful belle.

Meantime, her letters to Walter grew short and far between, ceasing at length altogether; and one day, during the second winter of her residence in the city, I received from her a package containing his miniature, the books he had given her, and the letters he had written her. These she wished me to give him when next I saw him, bidding me to tell him to think no more of one who was not worthy of him.

"To be plain, Lottie," she wrote, "I am engaged, and though Mr. Douglas is not a bit like Walter, he has got a great deal of money, drives splendid horses, and I reckon we shall get on well enough. I wish, though, he was not so old. You'll be shocked to hear that he is almost fifty, though he looks about *forty*! I don't like him as well as I did Walter, but after seeing as much of the world as I have, I could not settle down into the wife of a poor minister. I am not good enough, and you tell him so. I hope he won't feel badly—poor Walter—I've kept the lock of his hair—I couldn't part with that; but of course Mr. Douglas will never see it. His hair is *gray*! Good bye."

This was what she wrote, and when I heard from her again, she was Cora Douglas, and her feet were treading the shores of the old world, whither she had gone on a bridal tour.

In the solitude of his chamber, the young student learned the sad news from a paragraph in a city paper, and bowing his head upon the table, he strove to articulate, "It is well," but the flesh was

weak, warring with the spirit, and the heart which Cora Blanchard had cruelly trampled down, clung to her still with a deathlike fondness, and following her across the waste of waters, cried out—"How can I give her up?" But when he remembered, as ere long he did, that 'twas a sin to love her now, he buried his face in his hands; and calling on God to help him in his hour of need, wept such tears as never again would fall for Cora Blanchard.

The roses in our garden were faded, and the leaves of autumn were piled upon the ground ere he came to his home again, and I had an opportunity of presenting him with the package that many months before had been committed to my care. His face was very pale, and his voice trembled as he asked me—

"Where is she now?"

"In Italy," I answered, adding that her husband was said to be very wealthy.

Bowing mechanically, he walked away, and a year and a half went by ere I saw him again. Then he came among us as our minister. The old white-haired pastor, who for so long a time had told us of the Good Shepherd and the better land, was sleeping at last in the quiet graveyard, and the people had chosen young Walter Beaumont to fill his place. He was a splendid looking man, tall, erect, and finely formed, with a most winning manner, and a face which betokened intellect of the highest order. We were proud of him, all of us—proud of our clergyman, who, on the third of June, was to be ordained in the old brick church, before whose altar he had years ago been baptised a smiling infant.

On Thursday afternoon preceding the ordination, a large travelling carriage, covered with dust and laden with trunks, passed slowly through our village, attracting much attention. Seated within it, was a portly, gray-haired man, resting his chin upon a gold-headed cane, and looking curiously out at the people in the street, who stared as curiously at him. Directly opposite him, and reclining upon the soft cushions, was a pale, proud faced lady, who evidently felt no interest in what was passing around her, for her eyes were cast down, and her thoughts seemed busy elsewhere.

I was sitting at my chamber window, gazing at them, and just as they drew near the gate, the lady raised her eyes—the soft brown eyes which once had won the love of Walter Beaumont, and in which now there was an unmistakable look of anguish, as if the long eye lashes, drooping so wearily on the colorless cheek, were constantly forcing back the hidden tears. And this was Cora Douglas, come back again to us from her travels in a foreign land. She knew me in a moment, and in her face

there was much of the olden look, as bending forward she smiled a greeting, and waved towards me her white jewelled hand, on which the *diamonds* flashed brightly in the sunlight.

The next morning we met, but not in the presence of the old man, her husband. Down in the leafy woods, about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Beaumont's cottage, was a running brook and a mossy bank, overshadowed by the sycamore and elm. This, in days gone by, had been a favorite resort. Here we had built our playhouse, washing our bits of broken china in the rippling stream—here we watched the little fishes as they darted in and out of the deeper eddies—here we had conned our daily tasks—here she had listened to a tale of love, the memory of which seemed a mocking dream, and here, as I faintly hoped, I found her. With a half-joyful, half-moaning cry, she threw her arms round my neck, and I could feel her tears dropping upon my face, as she whispered—

"Oh, Lottie, Lottie, we have met again by the dear old brook."

For a few moments she sobbed as if her heart would break, then suddenly drying her tears, she assumed a calm, cold, dignified manner, such as I never had seen in Cora Blanchard. Very composedly she questioned me of what I had done during her absence, telling me, too, of her travels, of the people she had seen, and the places she had visited; but not a word she said about him she called her husband. From the bank where we sat the village graveyard was discernable, with its marble gleaming through the trees, and at last, as her eye wandered in that direction, she said:—

"Have any of the villagers died? Mother's letters were never definite."

"Yes," I answered, "Our minister, Mr. Sumner, died two months ago."

"Who takes his place?" she asked, and, as if a suspicion of the truth were flashing upon her, her eyes turned toward me with an eager and startled glance.

"Walter Beaumont. He is to be ordained next Sabbath, and you're just in time," I replied, regretting my words the next instant, for never saw I so fearful a look of anguish as that which swept over her face, and was succeeded by a cold, defiant expression, scarcely less painful to witness.

She would have questioned me of him, I think, had not an approaching footstep caught our ear, sending a crimson flush to Cora's hitherto marble cheek, and producing on me a most unpleasant sensation, for I knew that the gray-haired man, now within a few paces of us, was he who called that young creature his wife. *Golden* was the chain by which he had bound her,

and every link was set with diamonds and costly stones, but it had rusted and eaten to her very heart's core, for the most precious gem of all was missing from the chain—love for her husband, who, fortunately for his own peace of mind, was too conceited to dream how little she cared for him. He was not handsome, and still many would have called him a fine-looking, middle-aged man, though there was something disagreeable in his thin, compressed lips, and intensely black eyes—the one betokening a violent temper, and the other an indomitable will. To me he was exceedingly polite—rather too much so for my perfect ease, while towards Cora he tried to be very affectionate.

Seating himself at her side, and throwing his arm around her, he called her "a little truant," and asked "why she had run away from him."

Half pettishly she answered, "because I like sometimes to be alone;" then rising up and turning towards me, she asked if "the water still ran over the old mill dam in the West woods, just as it used to do," saying if it did she wished to see it. "You can't go," she continued, addressing her husband, "for it is more than a mile, over fences and ploughed fields."

This was sufficient, for Mr. Douglas was very fastidious in all matter pertaining to his dress, and had no fancy for soiling his white pants or patent leathers. So Cora and I sat off together, while he walked slowly back to the village. Scarcely was he out of sight, however, when, seating herself beneath a tree, and throwing herself flat upon the ground, Cora announced her intention of not going any further.

"I only wish to be alone; I breathe so much better," she said, and when I looked inquiringly at her, she continued, "Never marry a man for his wealth, Lottie, unless, you wish to become as hard, as wicked, and as unhappy as I am. John Douglas is worth more than half a million, and yet I would give it all if I were now the same little girl who, six years ago, waded with you through the snow drifts to school on that stormy day. Do you remember what we played that noon, and my foolish remark that I would marry for *money and diamonds*? Woe is me, I have won them both!" And her tears fell fast on the sparkling gems which covered her slender fingers.

Just then I saw in the distance a young man whom I knew to be Walter Beaumont. He seemed to be approaching us, and when Cora became aware of that she started up and grasping my arm hurried, away saying, as she cast back a fearful glance—"I would rather die than meet him now. I am not prepared."

(To be concluded in our next.)

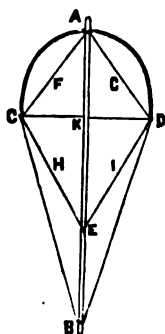
Youths' Department.

Boys' Sports.



THE KITE.

THERE is no sport more exhilarating than Kite-flying; and few things afford boys more delight. In the construction of one, which is very easy, procure a nice



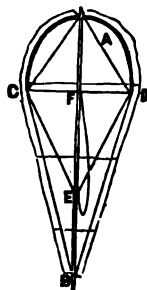
straight smooth lath, about three-eighths of an inch thick, one and a half broad, and six feet long, AB ; point the top at A , and cut a notch on each side of the lath at an inch from its top and bottom AB . Get a piece of thin hoop, or a cane, and bend into the form CAD , with an exact and equal portion on either side of the lath. Fasten it by fine strong twine

at the head of the lath, and then stretch a fine cord from C to D , and tie it as a stretcher to each end of the bow CAD , so that the bow may form a handsome curve, and the stretcher be exactly one-third of the length of the lath. Then take one third from the bottom of the lath, which will be at E , fasten the cords F, G, H, I to C and D , A and E , B, E and B, C , and you have what is called the skeleton of your kite.

How to Balance the Skeleton.—Take the tip of the point at A , and let it rest against the wall, placing the kite slantways, so that the bottom tip just touches the floor;

observe whether either side preponderates, and if it does shave off a little on that side of your cane or hoop; then, after looking over every part to see that all your joinings are firm and tight, prepare to

Cover the Kite.—Procure several sheets of double-crown paper, and lay them on the skeleton, thus: the first sheet at A ; cut off the redundant corners, and nicely paste the other parts of the paper round the bow, but not to the lath. Do the same with the other sheets, cutting them with an arch rim to turn over the string. When the whole of your kite is thus covered, make two holes in the lath at F, E , through which pass a cord to hang loosely in front for the bellyband, knotting the two ends of the cord at the back of the kite, to prevent the string from running through the holes. Now

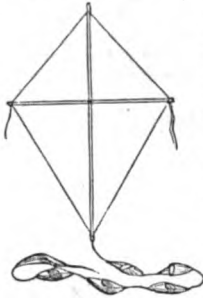


make the wings to the kite, by cutting several sheets of paper into slips, and rolling them into the form of a tassel; these should be one-fourth the length of the kite, and should be tied to the sides C, D . To make the tail, take some slips of doubled paper, four inches long, and slip them through the noose knots of a cord

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about fifteen times the length of the kite. Tie this to the end of the lath at B, and at the end of the tail put a large tassel of paper, the same as those formed for the wings, and any other matter necessary for steadying the kite when it is flown. Now tie the string with which the kite is to be flown to the bellyband, and your kite is ready for flight.

The Cloth Kite.—The paper kite has some disadvantages, and the greatest is, that of its being very speedily spoiled by the wet. To remedy this defect, cloth, calico, or silk kites have been invented. These consist of two cross pieces placed at right angles to each other, and secured



with strings from corner to corner, over which the calico is sewn, and fastened by quilting along the string. When all is made, the whole may be detached from the laths, and these being separated, may be easily carried or packed away in a portable compass. But a great improvement may be made in these by the

substitution of the very thin gutta percha cloth, which is not thicker than gold-beater's skin; this, strained over the laths in a similar way, being lighter and more durable than cloth or even silk.

The kite manufacturer need not restrict himself to any particular shape, provided that he only keeps the balance. An officer is a capital shape for the purpose; his head must be made to unship, and his arms must be close to his sides, while his epaulettes make excellent "wings." A kite of this kind should not be furnished with the ordinary "tail," but a long string should take its place, while to the end of the string may be attached a sabretasch, or any other suitable object which can preserve the balance of the kite. The features must be marked very strongly indeed, and the decorations should be made of tinsel, as that sparkles more than mere gilding. In this way a most effective kite may be made. About seven feet is a good height for such a kite; but then the string must be very strong. Remember, then, the kite will stand upright in proportion to the weight at the end of the tail, so that if you want your officer to be very martial indeed, you must give him a heavy sabretasch. The Chinese are wonderfully clever in the art of kite manufacturing; and occasionally fill the air with huge birds, dragons, and other grotesque forms.

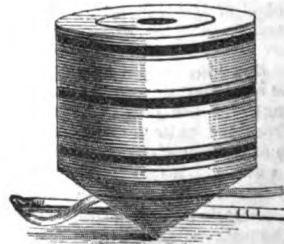


TOPS.

TOPPS are of various kinds. There is first your Whip-Top, a big and burly creature, great as an alderman; then your Humming-Top, which sings himself to sleep; then your Peg-Top, a hardy old veteran; and lastly your "Boxer," who stands stern and for ever like the hero of a hundred fights, and makes sad havoc in the ring.

THE WHIP-TOP.

Whip-top is a capital sport when played by two persons; and is played by first whirling the top into motion, by turning



it sharply with both hands, and then,

by flogging it till its motion becomes very rapid. When two persons play whip-top, the object should be for each to whip his top to a certain goal, he who reaches it first being the victor. Another play is for each whipper to flog his top, so that it strikes and knocks down that of his adversary; this play is called "Encounters," as the other is denominated "Racing." The best kind of thongs are those made of pliable eel-skins, and they should be used carefully, particularly in "races" and "encounters," so that the whippers may not cut each other's eyes out.



THE HUMMING-TOP.

These cannot easily be made, but can very easily be purchased by those who are so lucky as to have the money. They are made hollow, having at their crown a peg, round which is wound a string; this, being pulled through a kind of fork, gives motion to the top, and sets it spinning; the fork and the string being left in the spinner's hand. In spinning the top, care should be taken in winding the string firmly and evenly on the peg, and when it is pulled out, neither too much nor too little force should be used, and a firm and steady hand should be employed, while the top should be held in a perpendicular position. The string should be drawn with a steadily increasing force, or the top will not hum properly.

PEG-TOP.

There are various kinds of Peg-tops, and they also vary in shape, some being much rounder than others. Those are the best which are shaped like a pear. There



is also great variety as regards the shape and size of the peg, which in some tops is short and thick, in others long and tapering. Again, tops are made of different kinds of wood, some being made of pine, others of elm, some of yew-

tree, and others of box-wood. These last are the Boxers, so highly prized. Some of the very best tops are made of lignum-vitæ, with long, handsome pegs.

PEG IN THE RING.

This game may be played by any number of boys. A ring about a yard in diameter is first marked on the ground, and another ring, surrounding the first, and at a yard's distance from it, is also marked. The players must stand on this ring, and from it throw their tops. One player begins by throwing his top spinning into the ring, and while it is there spinning the other players are at liberty to peg at it as quickly as they can. If none of them hit it, when it ceases spinning, and if it rolls out of the ring, the owner is allowed to take it up, and having wound it, to peg at the others which may be still spinning in the circle. Should any of the tops, when they cease spinning, fall within the ring, they are considered dead, and are placed in the centre of the circle for others to peg at. The player who succeeds in striking any of the tops out of the circle claims those so struck out. In some places, each player may ransom his top with a marble.

Sleeping tops are exposed to much danger in the play, for they offer a fair mark to the "pegger," and often get split, when the "peg" is taken by the splitter as his trophy. Long-pegged tops are the best for the game, for as they must lie more upon their sides after their fall, and before the spinning entirely ceases, they are the more likely to spin out of the ring.

There is a way of making the top spring out of the ring directly it has touched the ground. Only long-pegged tops will execute this feat. It is done by drawing the hand sharply towards the body just as the top leaves the string. When the manoeuvre is well executed, the top will drive any opponent that it strikes entirely out of the ring, while it does not remain within the dangerous circle itself for more than a few seconds.

CHIP STONE.

This game is played by two boys, in the following manner:—Two lines, about six feet apart, are marked upon the ground, which ought to be smooth and hard. Some small stones are then procured and placed midway between the lines; they should not be larger than a small bean, and the black and polished ones are the most sought after. The tops are now set up spinning on the ground, and the players, being each provided with a small wooden spoon, dexterously introduce them under the pegs of the spinning tops, and then, with the top still spinning in the spoon, throw the point of the peg against the stone, so as to chip it out of bounds,

he who does this the soonest being the victor. While the top continues to spin he may take it up with the spoon as many times as he can, and when it spins out he must again wind up, pursuing the same plan till he "chips out."

Directions.—In winding up the top do not wet the end of the line too much, and take care to lay it closely and evenly within the grooves. In throwing the top from you, the line must be pulled in with a peculiar jerk of the hand, which practice alone can give. The string button should be held close in the hand, between the last two fingers of the hand. There is what is called an "underhand" way of spinning a top, *i. e.* by holding it peg downwards, throwing it in a straight line forward, and withdrawing the string; but as we dislike every thing underhand, we shall not recommend this practice any more than we shall the Spanish tops, which are spun after this method.

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON THINGS.

AIR AND ITS CONSTITUENTS.

THE air of the atmosphere was anciently classed among the elements, and considered as a simple and undecomposable fluid. It was not until the latter end of the last century that its true nature was known, and it was discovered to be composed principally of two gasses, each similar in their mechanical effects to air itself, but possessing very different chemical properties. These gases have been named oxygen and nitrogen, and exist in the atmosphere in the proportion of twenty-one parts of the former to seventy-nine of the latter—that is, about one fifth of the air consists of oxygen, and four fifths of nitrogen.

Oxygen is the great supporter of life and combustion, and the active principle of the air. It appears to be the most abundant body in nature—existing in a large proportion in almost every compound substance, and constituting eight ninths of the weight of water, and one third of that of the whole globe. It readily combines with all the elementary bodies, with perhaps one exception.

The chemical properties of nitrogen differ considerably from those of oxygen. It neither supports life nor combustion, and a lighted taper placed in it is immediately extinguished. It is slightly lighter than common air, and exists largely in animal matters.

The proportions of oxygen and nitrogen above stated are maintained uniformly in every situation and condition of the atmosphere. Hence these gases are usually considered as the necessary constituents

of air. But besides these there are always existing with them two other gases, the quantities of which are variable. These are carbonic acid gas and vapor of water.

The mechanical properties of atmospheric air are similar to those of all other gases. It is elastic, its particles repelling each other, and consequently the space it occupies is entirely dependent on the pressure to which it is subject, and its temperature. Any increase of pressure will effect its compression, and if any part of its natural pressure be removed, an increase of its bulk will be occasioned.

Atmospheric air is, like all other material bodies, subject to the influence of gravity, as may be proved by exhausting any vessel of the air which it contains, when a difference of weight will be found amounting to about thirty-one grains for every one hundred cubic inches. The portions of the air at the surface of the earth are maintained at their natural density by the weight of the air above them. At a distance above the ground they are subjected to less pressure, because a less quantity of air is resting upon them, and they consequently, by virtue of their elasticity, occupy a greater space, and are less dense than at the surface. The atmosphere on the tops of mountains is found to be considerably rarer than at the surface of the earth, the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere being less in the same degree. On the summit of one of the peaks of the Andes, water was observed to boil at 175 degrees, 37 degrees less than its boiling point at the surface. The pressure of the atmosphere at this point was thirteen thirtieths of that at the surface. As the boiling point of water is dependent on the pressure of the atmosphere, a convenient means is supplied for ascertaining the heights of mountains, a difference of one degree in this point corresponding to an altitude of about 530 feet. As the pressure of the air is constantly diminishing from the ground upwards, it is evident that at a certain elevation the weight of the atmosphere will be insufficient to counterbalance its elasticity, and this point will consequently determine the boundary of the atmosphere, which is calculated to be at the height of from forty-five to fifty miles.

(To be Continued.)

MERIAM, the philosopher, calculates the whole depth of all the rain and snow (if melted) which has fallen within the last thirty-two years at about one hundred and fifteen feet. If it had all remained where it fell, the largest merchant ships might sail direct from London to York.

THERE are two temples of the living God—the one the universe, the other the rational soul.

Masonic History, Law, and Miscellany.

Masonic History.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S GRAND LODGE, BOSTON.

As descending from the Grand Master of England.

IN consequence of an application from several brethren, residing in New England, Free and Accepted Masons, to the Right Worshipful Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of Masons in England, in the year 1733, he was pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Worshipful Henry Price, Provincial Grand Master of New England, aforesaid.

Upon the receipt of this commission, the brethren assembled July 30, and the said charter of constitution being read, and the Right Worshipful Grand Master duly invested and congratulated, a Grand Lodge was formed, and the officers chosen and installed.

A petition was then presented by several brethren residing in Boston, praying to be constituted into a regular lodge; and it was voted that the same be granted. This lodge was styled "The First Lodge in Boston," or "St. John's Lodge." Thus was Masonry founded in North America.

A petition being presented from Benjamin Franklin and several brethren residing in Philadelphia, June 24, 1734, for a constitution for holding a lodge there, the Right Worshipful Grand Master having this year received orders from the Grand Lodge in England to establish Masonry in all North America, was pleased to grant the prayer of the petitioners, and to send them a deputation, appointing the Right Worshipful Benjamin Franklin their first Master; which was the beginning of Masonry in the State of Pennsylvania.

A petition from the brethren residing in Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, for the erection of a lodge there, was also granted, denominated "The Holy Lodge of St. John's;" which was the beginning of Masonry in New Hampshire.

The Right Worshipful Thomas Oxnard having received a deputation March 6, 1744, from the Right Honorable and Most Worshipful John Lord Ward, Baron of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, &c., Grand Master of Masons in England, appointing him Provincial Grand Master of New England; which being communicated, he was properly acknowledged, invested, installed, and congratulated.

The petition of a number of brethren, December 27, 1749, resident in Newport, Rhode Island, praying for the incorpora-

tion of a regular lodge there, being read, it was voted that a charter be granted them; being the first regular lodge established in Rhode Island.

The petition of several brethren at New Haven, in Connecticut, for the erection of a lodge there, was granted, denominated "Hiram Lodge;" which was the first lodge established in Connecticut. This was August 12th, 1750.

At the same communication a petition was received and the charter granted for a lodge in Annapolis, Maryland; by which Masonry was established in that State.

January 12, 1753, the petition of several brethren residing at New London, in the colony of Connecticut, for dispensation to erect a lodge there, was granted.

In compliance with the petition of several brethren, February 4, 1754, resident in Middletown, in Connecticut, a charter constituting a regular lodge there was granted.

June 26, 1754. By reason of the death of the Right Worshipful Grand Master Thomas Oxnard, at 11 o'clock this morning, whose loss was sincerely lamented by all who had the pleasure and the honor of his acquaintance, and more especially by the Society over which he had for eleven years presided with dignity, the Grand Lodge voted to attend his funeral in mourning, with the honors of Masonry, and to invite the several lodges in Boston to assist on the mournful occasion.

August 21, 1755, the Right Worshipful Jeremy Gridley, who had been appointed Provincial Grand Master of North America, in place of Right Worshipful Grand Master Thomas Oxnard, deceased, was installed in King Solomon's Chair, properly congratulated and saluted.

The Right Worshipful Grand Master, by his charter of deputation, dated May 13, 1756, authorized the Right Worshipful Richard Gridley, Esq., to congregate all Free and Accepted Masons engaged in the present expedition against Crown Point, and form them into one or more lodges as he should think fit, and to appoint Wardens and all other necessary officers to a regular lodge appertaining.

A lodge was incorporated at Providence, in Rhode Island, January 18, 1757, in compliance with the petition of several brethren residing there.

A deputation was granted to the Right Worshipful Edward Huntingford, November 13, 1758, to hold a lodge in his Majesty's 28th Regiment, stationed at Louisville.

The Right Worshipful Abraham Savage was authorized, April 13, to congregate all Free and Accepted Masons in the expedition intended against Canada, at Lake George or elsewhere, into one or more lodges as he shall think fit, and appoint proper officers, &c.

June 24, a deputation was granted to Col. Joseph Ingersoll to hold a lodge at Crown Point.

At the usual Grand Lodge of quarterly communication, &c., January 24, 1766, the Right Worshipful Grand Master appointed the Right Worshipful John Rowe his Deputy.

At a special meeting of the Grand Lodge, September 11, 1767, the Deputy Grand Master having informed the brethren that it had pleased the Supreme Architect to remove by death the Right Worshipful Jeremy Gridley, Provincial Grand Master of Masons in North America, the lodge voted, that in testimony of grateful and affectionate regard to his memory, the honors of Masonry be observed at his interment.

At a special meeting, October 2, voted that the Grand Secretary write to the Right Worshipful Henry Price, Past Grand Master, requesting him, in the name of the lodge, to resume the chair as Grand Master, in room of the late Right Worshipful Grand Master, deceased, until until another Grand Master be constituted; and on the 23d inst. he signified his compliance with their desire, and was, with the usual ceremonies, invested and re-placed in King Solomon's chair.

A dispensation was made out for the Right Worshipful Thomas Cooper, Master of Pitt County Lodge, in North Carolina, constituting him Deputy Grand Master of that Province. And he was commissioned with power to congregate all the brethren then residing, or should afterwards reside in said Province, into one or more lodges as he should think fit, and in such place or places within the same as should most redound to the general benefit of Masonry.

January 22, 1768. At this usual season for choosing Grand Officers, the Right Worshipful John Rowe was duly and constitutionally chosen and saluted as Grand Master elect; he then continued the several officers in their respective appointments.

A committee was then chosen to write to the Right Honorable and Right Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in England, in behalf of this lodge, to request of him a deputation for a Provincial Grand Master, to continue three years in office, according to a former vote of limitation passed by this lodge; with this reservation, that notwithstanding, should the lodge see fit to continue the same Grand Master longer in the chair, and signify the same accordingly, the said deputation

should remain in full force the continued term; and that he should remain in the possession of all the authorities and privileges of his first appointment from the expiration of the three years, or continuance, to the instalment of another. And the Most Worshipful Grand Master elect having been nominated, was recommended to the Right Honorable and Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in England for his sanction and commission.

At a special meeting, November 23, 1768, appointed for the purpose of installing the new Grand Master, a very large number of brethren being assembled in Concert Hall, the commission from his Grace Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, &c., &c., Grand Master of Masons in England, constituting and appointing the Right Worshipful John Rowe Provincial Grand Master for all North America, where no other Grand Master is appointed, being read, he was installed and proclaimed, saluted and congratulated accordingly. After this, the brethren walked in procession to Trinity Church, where the Rev. Mr. Walter read prayers, and the Rev. Bro. Edward Bass, of Newburyport, preached an excellent sermon. When divine service was over they returned to the hall in masonic order, and concluded the celebration of the day in harmony, love and joy.

At a Grand Lodge of quarterly communication, &c., April 28, 1769, a petition was presented by several brethren, resident in Wallingford, in Connecticut, praying for the establishment of a lodge there; whereupon, voted, that the prayer of the petition be granted and that a charter be granted accordingly.

A charter for establishing a lodge in Guildford, in the colony of Connecticut, was granted July 10, 1771, to several brethren residing there, petitioning for this privilege.

February 25, 1774, a noble and generous plan of more diffusive benevolence, and particularly of liberal relief to indigent brethren or their widows and orphans, was proposed by the Right Worshipful Grand Master and cheerfully adopted by the lodge. A committee was chosen to make some alterations and amendments in the scheme; and printed copies of the articles, with circular letters strongly recommending the plan and intimating its necessity, and warmly soliciting their encouragement and subscription, were sent to all the lodges under the jurisdiction.

[April 19th, 1775, hostilities commenced between Great Britain and America, from which period a chasm is made in this history. War, with its attendant distractions, interfered with the peaceful plans of this philanthropic institution. Boston became a garrison, and was abandoned by

many of its former inhabitants; the regular meetings of the Grand Lodge were suspended, and the brethren held no assembly until after the conclusion of the contest and the establishment of peace.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF

"MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE."

As descending from the Grand Master of Scotland.

In the year 1751, a number of brethren who had traveled, and many of whom were initiated into the mysteries of the Craft in ancient lodges abroad, became emulous to cultivate the royal art in the western world. For this laudable purpose they petitioned the Grand Lodge of Scotland for a charter of erection; and the prayer thereof being granted, they received a dispensation, dated November 30, 1752, from Sholto Charles Douglas, Lord Arberdour, then Grand Master, constituting them a regular lodge, under the title of "St. Andrew's, No. 82," to be holden at Boston, in the province of Massachusetts Bay.

The establishment of this lodge was discouraged and opposed by St. John's Grand Lodge, who imagined their jurisdiction infringed by the Grand Lodge of Scotland. They therefore refused any communications or visits from such members of St. Andrew's Lodge as had not formerly sat in their lodges, and this difficulty did not entirely subside for several years.

The prosperous state of St. Andrew's Lodge soon led to great exertions for the establishment of an ancient Grand Lodge in the Province; and this was effected by the assistance of three traveling lodges, which were holden in the British army, then stationed at Boston.

December 27, 1769. On this festival, which was celebrated in due form, a commission from the Right Honorable and Most Worshipful George, Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master of Masons in Scotland, bearing date the 30th day of May, 1769, appointing Joseph Warren to be Grand Master of Masons in Boston, New England, and within one hundred miles of the same, was read; whereupon the brethren proceeded, according to ancient usage, to install the Right Worshipful Grand Master Warren, who afterwards appointed and invested the other Grand Officers.

April 19, 1775. On this memorable era hostilities commenced between Great Britain and America; immediately upon which the town of Boston became a garrison, and was abandoned by many of its inhabitants, so that the regular meetings of the Grand Lodge were suspended.

June 17. By the contest of this eventful day on the celebrated heights of Charlestown, the Grand Lodge sustained a heavy loss in the death of Grand Master

General Warren, who was slain contending for the liberties of his country.

Soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British army, and previous to any regular communication, the brethren, influenced by a pious regard to the memory of the late Grand Master, were induced to search for his body, which had been rudely and indiscriminately buried on the field of slaughter. They accordingly repaired to the place, and by direction of a person who was on the ground about the time of his burial, a spot was found where the earth had been recently turned up. Upon removing the turf and opening the grave, which was on the brow of a hill and adjacent to a small cluster of sprigs, the remains were discovered in a mangled condition, but were easily ascertained by an artificial tooth; and being decently raised, were conveyed on the 8th of April, 1776, to the State House in this metropolis; from whence, by a large and respectable number of brethren, with the late Grand Officers, attending in a regular procession, they were carried to the Stone Chapel, where an animated eulogium was delivered by Bro. Perez Morton at their request. The body was then conveyed to the silent vault and there sacredly deposited, "without a sculptured stone to mark the spot; but as the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men, his fame, his glorious actions, are engraved on the tablet of universal remembrance, and will survive marble monuments or local inscriptions."

October 6, 1779, a petition of a number of brethren, officers in the American army, praying that this Grand Lodge would grant them a charter to hold a travelling lodge, was read, and Gen. John Patterson, Col. Benjamin Tupper, and Maj. William Hull, being nominated as Master and Wardens, voted, that a dispensation be granted them under the title of "Washington Lodge" to make Masons, pass Fellow Crafts, and raise Masters, in any of the United States where there is no Grand Lodge; but in any State where a Grand Master presides they must apply for his sanction.

It was then determined that all charters granted without the limits of this State shall be understood to remain in force until a Grand Lodge is formed in the government where such lodges are held, or during the pleasure of this Grand Lodge.

On a petition of a number of brethren, January 12, 1781, at Colchester, in the State of Connecticut, for a charter to erect a lodge in said town, voted that the prayer be granted.

On the petition of several brethren in Litchfield, in Connecticut, May 27, 1781, requesting a charter of erection, voted that the prayer be granted.

On a petition of several brethren, Janu-

ary 3, 1783, for holding a lodge at Derby, in Connecticut, voted that a charter be granted under the title of "King Hiram Lodge."

January 17, 1785, a petition was received and a charter granted for a lodge in Manchester, Vermont.

A petition was also presented June 24, 1785, from several brethren, requesting the establishment of a lodge at Norwich, in Connecticut, whereupon, voted that a charter be granted under the title of "Columbia Lodge."

On the petition of a number of brethren for a charter to hold a lodge in Farmington, in Connecticut, September 18, 1787, voted that a commission be issued under the name of "Frederick Lodge."

December 5, 1791, a committee was appointed to confer with the officers of St. John's Grand Lodge upon the subject of a complete masonic union throughout this Commonwealth, and to report at the next quarterly communication.

March 5, 1792, a constitution and by-laws for associating the two Grand Lodges, as agreed to by the St. John's Grand Lodge, was read and deliberately considered, and the question for a concurrence being taken, it was unanimously agreed to, and the union of the two Grand Lodges was accordingly effected.

ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE.*

BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

THERE still exists in the English system some few anomalies after all the pains which have been bestowed upon it to make it perfect. I refer, in the first place, to the names of the scribes. The foundation of the second Temple was laid in the year B. C. 535; after which the building was hindered till B. C. 520; when it went on by order of Darius, and was dedicated B. C. 515. But Ezra did not come up from Babylon till the reign of Artaxerxes, B. C. 457; being fifty-eight years after the dedication of the second temple, and seventy-eight after the foundations were laid; and Nehemiah was not made governor till twelve years later than that. They could not then have been participators with Z at the rebuilding of that sacred edifice. It appears probable that this anachronism may have arisen from Ezra having recorded in his first six chapters what happened from sixty to eighty years before his time; and from the name of Nehemiah, evidently, as Dean Prideaux shows, a different person of the same name, appearing in Ezra ii, 2, as some of those who accompanied Z out of Babylon. Another particular, about

the propriety of which I entertain some doubts, is in the arrangement of the three Principles, Z, H, J. I think the order would be more correctly Z, J, H; not only because J is recorded, in the scripture account, as taking an active part with Z, but also because the office of Priest was acknowledged to be superior to that of Prophet. And there is another consideration which, in this case, is of some importance, that our Lord entered *first* upon the prophetic office: *second*, on the sacerdotal, viz., at Golgotha; and *third*, on the regal, viz., from Olivet. These and some other anomalies, which need not be specified, I should imagine, might easily be amended.

Our Irish Brethren entertain an opinion that the English mode mixes up two distinct matters; and that the time used in England for the events of the Arch, belongs properly to another degree; i. e., the Knight of the Sword and the East; while some intelligent Brethren consider the Royal Arch Degree to be really and truly a part of the Order of the East. Their system consists of three Degrees: the Excellent, Super-Excellent, and Royal Arch; as a preliminary step to which the Past Master's Degree is indispensable. The two first are given in Lodges, by a Master and Wardens; and the last, in a Chapter governed by three Principals. The Excellent and Super-Excellent appear to refer exclusively to the legation of Moses. After the candidate has received these, the Chapter is opened, the events of the Arch are transacted, and the Sublime Secrets disclosed to them.

In Scotland, great changes and innovations appear to have occurred in Freemasonry at a very early period; for in the charter granted by the Masons to William St Clair, of Roslin, about 1600, mention is made of "many false corruptions and imperfections in the Craft," having been introduced for want of "ane patron and protector; and in the confirmation of this charter, in 1630, the Brethren repeat that "there are very many corruptions and imperfections risen and ingenerit, both amongst ourselves and in our said vocations." And again, in the same document, they give as a reason for the renewal of the charter, that it had become necessary "for reparation of the ruines and manifold corruptions and enormities in our said Craft, done by unskilful persons therein-till." What these corruptions were, is not specified; but it is quite clear, from the apprehensions of the Fraternity, that fears were entertained lest the old principles of the Order should be entirely extinguished. It is doubtful whether the Grand Scotch degree of St. Andrew was known in Scotland at the time when our Royal Arch was established, as it is a foreign degree, and, at present, forms the

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twenty-eighth of the Rite Ancien et Accepte. Its ceremonies approximate nearer than any other to the English Royal Arch, although they differ widely from it. In 1755, mention is made of the Glasgow Royal Arch; and, four years later, the Stirling Royal Arch; and subsequently, we find the Ayr Royal Arch, the Maybole Royal Arch, &c.; but how they were constituted, or what rites were practiced in them, is, at present, very uncertain. In the best rituals used in Scotland, the degree of Excellent Master, comprehending three—improperly called veils, for the temple had but one veil—is supposed to be given at Babylon, as a test, to prevent mere Master Masons from participating in the privilege of building the second temple; which was confined to those who were liberated by Cyrus, and consequently returned from Babylon. It was, therefore, a temporary degree; but during the building, an incident occurred on which the Royal Arch was founded; and hence the Scotch Masons keep up the Excellent as a sort of introduction to it.

In America, we find an essential variation from any other system of the Royal Arch. The names of the officers vary materially, as also do ceremonies. As in Ireland, it constitutes the Seventh Degree, although the immediate steps are different. In Ireland they are. 1. E. A. P. 2. F. C. 3. M. M. 4. P. M. 5. Excellent. 6. Super-Excellent. 7. Royal Arch; while in America the fourth is Mark Master.⁴¹ 5. P. M.⁴² 6. Most Excellent Master. 7. Royal Arch. Until the year 1797, no Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was organized in America. Before this period, and from the year 1764, when it was first introduced probably by Stephen Morin, who had been in England and there received the degree, a competent number of Companions, possessed of sufficient abilities, under the sanction of a Master's warrant, proceeded to exercise the rights and privileges of Royal Arch Chapters whenever they thought it expedient and proper; although in most cases the approbation of a neighbouring Chapter was usually obtained.⁴³ "This unrestrained mode of proceeding," says Webb, "was subject

to many inconveniences; unsuitable characters might be admitted; *irregularities in the mode of working introduced*; the purposes of the Society perverted; and thus the Order was degraded by falling into the hands of those who might be regardless of the reputation of the Institution." And this may be one reason why the ceremonies differ so essentially from those which are used in this country.

The officers of a Chapter in America are, a High Priest, King, Scribe, Captain of the Host, Principal Sojourner, Royal Arch Captain, three Grand Masters, Secretary, and Treasurer. The warrants issued to private Chapters contain an authority to open and hold Lodges of Most Excellent, Past, and Mark Master Masons; the High Priest, King, and Scribe, for the time being, to act as the Master Wardens of the said Lodges.⁴⁴

Thus have I detailed the chief varieties in the different systems of Royal Arch Masonry. My reason for being thus particular is, to show that differences are organic, and consequently the degree cannot be of any great antiquity; for if it were, there would exist more uniformity in practice, as is the case with the symbolical degrees, which may undoubtedly claim a very ancient origin. I am afraid, however, that those Brethren and Companions who have been in the habit of valuing the Royal Arch on account of its antiquity, will be sadly disappointed to find it thus shorn of one of its brightest attributes.⁴⁵ But there is rather cause for congratulation than regret; for what can be fairer or more desirable than truth? The degree loses none of its excellences by being shown to be of modern origin. If its claims to antiquity

⁴⁴ In constituting a new Chapter, the Grand High Priest uses the following expressive form:—"By virtue of the high powers in us vested, I do form you, my worthy companions, into a regular Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. From henceforth you are authorized and empowered to open and hold a Lodge of Mark Masters, Past Masters, and Most Excellent Masters, and a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons: and to do and perform all such things as thereunto may appertain; conforming in all your doings to the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter; and may the God of your fathers be with you, and guide and direct you in all your doings."

⁴⁵ I find myself in the same predicament as Sir William Drummond describes in his preface to *Origines*; when he says, "In questions unconnected with sacred and important interests, men are rarely very anxious to discriminate exactly between truth and fiction; and few of us would, probably, be much pleased with the result, could it now be certainly proved that Troy never existed, and that Thebes, with its hundreds of gates, was no more than a populous village. It is, perhaps, still with a secret wish to be convinced against our judgment, that we reject, as fable, the stories told us of the Grecian Hercules, or of the Persian Rustem; and that we assign to the heroes and the giants of early times, the strength and stature of ordinary men. So it is with our Royal Arch. We wish to be convinced, even against our judgment, that it is an ancient degree because our prejudices have long cherished so pleasing an idea."

⁴¹ In the National Convention, or Meeting of Delegates from the Grand Lodge of the United States, at Baltimore, in 1843, it was decreed that, in processions, Mark Masters should rank next to Senior Wardens.

⁴² Dalcho says that, in America, they communicate the secrets of the chair to such applicants as have not already received it previous to their admission into the Sublime Lodges; but they are informed that it does not give them rank as Past Masters in the Grand Lodge.

⁴³ As Morin was a Grand Inspector-General of the Continental degrees, he would have conferred the Royal Arch in his consistory if he had not found it practised under the sanction of blue Masonry in England; which is a presumptive proof that a regular Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch had not been formed by the ancients in 1764.

ty were not well founded, its advocates were maintaining a fallacy; and often found themselves in a dilemma, when proofs were demanded, which it was impossible to produce. The above arguments will remove many doubts, by at least placing the matter in a clearer point of view, even if they be not allowed the merit of absolute demonstration. And as the case has been candidly stated, without any offensive reflections on the parties concerned in the transaction, who, it is believed, were conscientiously persuaded that the design would confer dignity on the Order, no exceptions can be taken, on the score of partiality, to the end I have had in view, which is the discovery of truth.

In this letter, my dear sir, I have been anxious to clear up this dark problem in the history of Masonry; and if I have been successful, the time I have employed in the investigation has not been ill bestowed. At any rate, the hints I have thrown out may be of some use to others in discovering the origin of this sublime degree; and even in that case, the labor and research have not been altogether misapplied. If I have led the enquiries into a proper track, I shall have accomplished that which will shield me from censure.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum nugeque canore.*⁴⁶

It must be evident to you, my dear friend, and to every candid reader, that in these suggestions I have been actuated by no other motives than those which have influenced a long and active life in the cause of Freemasonry; viz.—a high veneration for its sublime qualities; a love of its principles, not to be subdued by any earthly influence; and an arduous desire to remove every objectionable impediment. I have devoted the humble talents which I possess, to the dissemination of its beauties, under many disadvantages; and I trust that I contributed, in some slight degree, to increase its influence, and promote its popularity in the world. In my anxiety to place it on the pinnacle of true greatness, based on Charity, crowned with Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, and receiving the universal testimony of human applause, I have been induced to investigate its claims to public approbation; because I think it is fairly entitled to that flattering eulogium which was pronounced on the writers of the English Augustan period of literature. "Such an institution as this, in a Roman age, would have been more glorious than a public triumph; statues would have been raised, and medals would have been struck in honor of its supporters. Antiquity had so high a sense of gratitude for the communication of knowl-

edge, that they worshipped their law givers, and defied the fathers of science. How, then, must they have acknowledged services like these, where every man grew wiser and better by the fine instruction."⁴⁷

A HINDOO STORY.

IN the olden time, during the era of Thoomoyd-ha, a potter conceived an evil design against a washerman, who lived with considerable ostentation, and being unable to bear the sight of the wealth which the latter had acquired by washing clothes he determined to come to open rupture with him. With this view he went to the king, and said—

"Your majesty's royal elephant is black; but if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become lord of the white elephant?"

This speech was not made from any zeal for the king's advantage, but because he thought that if the order was given to the washerman according to his suggestion, and the elephant should not turn white after all, the fortune of the washerman would come to an end.

The king on hearing the representation of the potter, took it for granted it was sincere, and being deficient in wisdom, he, without consideration, sent for the washerman, and ordered him to wash the royal elephant white.

The washerman, seeing through the potter's design, replied—

"Our art requires that, in order to bleach cloth, we should first put it in a boiler with soap and water, and then rub it well. In this manner only can your majesty's elephant be made white."

The king considering that it was a potter's business, and not a washerman's, to make pots, called for the potter, and said to him—

"Here, you potter, a pot is required to lather my elephant in: go, and make one large enough for the purpose."

The potter on receiving this order, collected together all his friends and relations, and after they had accumulated a vast quantity of clay, he made a pot big enough to hold the elephant, which, on completion he laid before the king, who delivered it over to the washerman.

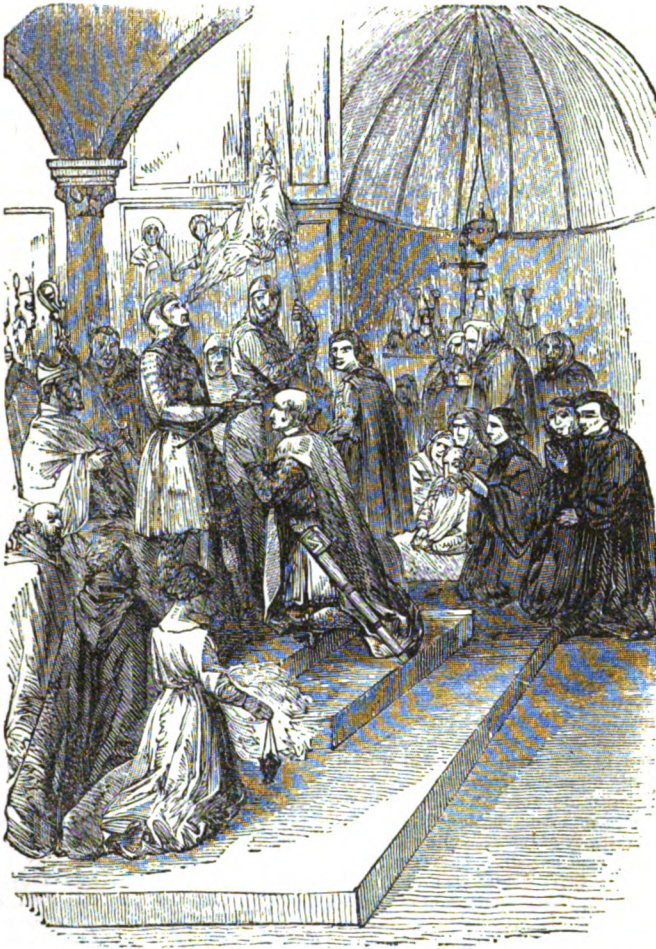
The washerman put in the soap and water; but as soon as the elephant put his foot upon it, it broke in pieces.

After this the potter made many others; but they were either too thick, so that the water could not be made to boil in them, or too thin, so that the first pressure of the elephant's foot smashed them to pieces. In this manner being constantly employed the potter was unable to attend to his business, and so he was utterly ruined.

⁴⁶ Hor. de art. Pont, v. 320.

⁴⁷ From an Essay sacred to the memory of Sir Richard Steele

History of the Crusades.



INSTITUTION OF THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

WITHIN a short month after his election to fill the throne of Jerusalem, the pious and gallant Godfrey of Bouillon was summoned into the field to sustain that arduous office of defender of the Holy Sepulchre, which his modesty had preferred to the regal title. The Caliph of Egypt, roused to equal indignation and alarm by the intelligence of the fall of Jerusalem, had immediately dispatched a great army into Palestine; and the influence of a common religion and cause attracted numerous hordes of Turks and Saracens to the Fatimite standard. The usual exaggerations of the Latin chroniclers has swollen the infidel host into countless myriads; their more authentic record of the Christian force shows that

the bands of the crusaders had already dwindled, since the capture of the Holy City, to five thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot-soldiers. But the champions of the cross, however inferior in numbers, were flushed with recent victory, and animated by the unconquerable energy of religious and martial enthusiasm. The armies met at Ascalon, August 12, 1099, and the organized and mail-clad chivalry of Europe once more triumphed over the disorderly multitudes of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia. Fatimites fled at the first charge of Godfrey and Tancred; and the only resistance which the crusaders encountered was from a band of five thousand black Africans; who, after the discharge of a galling flight of arrows from

an ambush, astonished the Latins by a novel mode of close combat with balls of iron fastened to leathern thongs, which they swung with terrific effect. But, after the first moment of surprise, the desperate courage and rude weapons of these barbarians were vainly opposed to the sharp lances and physical weight of the Christian gens-d'armes; and their destruction or flight completed the easy and merciless victory of the crusaders. Of the infidel host, the incredible numbers of thirty thousand in the battle, and sixty thousand in the pursuit, are declared to have been slaughtered: while of the Latins scarcely a man had been killed! An immense booty, the spoils of the Egyptian camp, fell into the hands of the victors; and the standard and sword of the caliph, being alone reserved from the division of the plunder, were piously suspended by Godfrey over the altar of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The victory of Ascalon was the last combined exploit of the heroes of the first Crusade. Having accomplished their vow, and bidden a farewell to their magnanimous leader, most of the surviving princes and chieftains of the holy war departed for Europe. Bohemund was established at Antioch, and Baldwin at Edessa; but of all his compeers, Godfrey could induce only the devoted Tancred to share his fortunes; and no more than three hundred knights, and as many thousand foot soldiers, remained for the defence of Palestine. But the terror of the Christian arms proved for a season at least, a sufficient protection to the state; the Mussulmen were easily expelled from the shores of Lake Genesareth; and the emirs of Ascalon, Cæsarea, and Acre, hastened to deprecate the hostility of the crusading king by submission and tribute. The remainder of Godfrey's brief reign was disturbed only by the intrigues of Daimbert, Archbishop of Pisa, who had been appointed by Pope Pascal II.¹ to succeed Adheimer of Puy as legate of the Holy See, and had now been invested with the patriarchate of Jerusalem. As chief, in this double capacity, of the Latin church in the East, Daimbert audaciously claimed the disposal of those acquisitions which the heroes of the Crusade had carved out with their own good swords; and both Godfrey and Bohemund condescended to receive from his hands, as vassals of the church, the feudal investiture of the states of Jerusalem and Antioch. But even this submission did not satisfy the pride and cupidity of Daimbert; he claimed the entire possession of

Jerusalem and Jaffa; and Godfrey, who shrank with superstitious horror from the idea of a contest with the church, was glad to compound with the demand of the rapacious prelate,² by the surrender of the whole of the latter city, and a portion, including the sepulchre itself, of the sacred capital. The patriarch further extorted the monstrous condition, that the unreserved dominion of all Jerusalem should escheat to his see, in case Godfrey died without issue. [July 11, A. D. 1100.] That event occurred too shortly for the happiness of a people whom the good prince governed with paternal benevolence; and to the sorrow not only of the Christian inhabitants of Palestine, but even of their Mussulman tributaries, he breathed his last at the early age of forty years, five days preceding the first anniversary of his reign.

On the death of Godfrey, the barons of the Latin kingdom of Palestine indignantly refused to ratify the promised cession which the patriarch demanded; and it was resolved that the unimpaired rights of the crown over Jerusalem should be bestowed with its temporal sovereignty. Tancred desired that the election should fall on his relative Bohemund, Prince of Antioch; but that prince had, at this critical juncture, been made prisoner by an Armenian chieftain, whose territories he had unjustly invaded; and a general feeling that some preference was due to the claims of the house of Bouillon, decided the choice of the barons in favor of Baldwin, Prince of Edessa. Resigning his principality to his relative and namesake, Baldwin du Bourg, the brother of Godfrey, hastened to the Holy City; and, after some fruitless opposition, the patriarch solemnly crowned the new King of Jerusalem in the church of Bethlehem. The memory of the wrongs which he had sustained from Baldwin, inspired Tancred with a more excusable and lasting repugnance to his pretensions; and refusing to swear allegiance to an enemy, the Italian chieftain retired from Jerusalem to Antioch, of which he assumed the regency during the captivity of Bohemund. But an accommodation was effected by the good offices of the barons; and the king and the regent of Antioch were left at leisure to provide for the security of their states against the

¹ According to the vulgar belief, Pope Urban II. died of joy on learning the conquest of Jerusalem; but, as Mr. Mills has observed, the decease of that pontiff occurred only fifteen days after the capture of the city, and therefore too soon to have been produced by the receipt of the glad intelligence in Italy.

² Even the Archbishop of Tyre, despite of the zeal for the supremacy of the church which he may be supposed naturally to have felt, is disgusted by the audacious pretensions of the patriarch, and relates the tale with indignant candor. Willermus Tyr., p. 771. The truth is, however, that besides the intense and disinterested devotion of Godfrey to the church, and which was one of the characteristics of the age, he could not dispense with the aid of the Pisans and Genoese, who were wholly under the control of Daimbert, nor venture upon a quarrel with the Holy See, whose emissary the patriarch was. He had no alternative, but to act as he did act, or to abandon his newly acquired kingdom.

common Mussulman enemy. The character of Baldwin rose with his elevation; and, on the throne of Jerusalem, he, who during the Crusade had disgusted his contemporaries by a selfish and treacherous ambition, displayed a disinterested and magnanimous devotion to his regal duties, which won the respect and love of his people, and proved him no unworthy successor of his brother. During a reign of eighteen years, he not only sustained with zeal and ability the arduous office of defending the state from the assaults of the Infidels, but extended its limits and increased its security.

In these efforts he was much assisted by the remains of several armaments from Europe, which may be regarded as a supplement to the first Crusade. The spirit which had animated that enterprise still burned with undiminished intensity; and, in the course of a few years, Hugh of Vermandois, and Stephen of Chartres—the same leaders who had retired with little honor from their first expedition—the Dukes of Aquitaine and of Bavaria, the Counts of Burgundy, of Vendome, of Nevers, and of Parma, and of other princes, severally conducted into Asia whole armies of French, Gascon, Flemish, German, and Italian crusaders, whose aggregate has been computed by a modern writer at the astonishing number of little less than half a million of men. These successive hosts took the same route, and encountered the same sufferings and disasters, from the dubious faith of the Byzantine court, the incessant attacks of the Turks, and the triple scourge of the sword, famine, and pestilence, which had swept off the myriads of their precursors.³ But a very small proportion of those who had reached the Bosphorus, survived the horrors of the passage through Asia Minor: yet the remnant which entered Syria still fed the Christian cause in Palestine with a constant supply of veteran warriors; and by their aid, and more especially by that of some maritime expeditions from European shores, many Mussulman invasions were repelled, and many conquests achieved. In the third year of his reign, Baldwin I.,⁴ after reducing Azotus, was enabled to

form the siege of Acre; and by the opportune arrival of an armament of seventy Genoese galleys, filled with crusaders, in the following spring, that valuable conquest was completed after a protracted resistance. [A. D. 1104.] Beritus and Sarepta were also reduced and converted into Christian lordships; and Sidon became the next object of assault. With an interval of four years, two fleets of Scandinavian crusaders, who had performed the long voyage from the Baltic through the Straits of Gibraltar to the Syrian shores, [A. D. 1115:] co-operated with the Christian forces of Palestine in the siege of that city; and although the first attempt was repulsed, the second proved successful.

All these acquisitions were incorporated into the kingdom of Jerusalem. But a more important extension of the Christian territories in Syria had meanwhile been effected, and added to the number of distant principalities. The veteran Count of Toulouse prevailed upon some of the French princes whom, in the supplemental Crusade, he had guided with the remains of their forces through Asia Minor, to subjugate Tortosa, on the coast of Syria, for his benefit. The nucleus of a new state was thus formed, which Raymond employed his Provencal troops in extending; but he died before he could accomplish the reduction of the city of Tripoli, the object of his ambition, and the destined capital of his Oriental dominions. Some years afterward, that conquest was effected for his eldest son Bertrand, by the King of Jerusalem, seconded by all the Latin princes of the East, and a Pisan and Genoese fleet. Tripoli, with its surrounding district and dependencies, was then erected by Baldwin into a county for the house of Toulouse (A. D. 1109;) and this new state, which, although feudally subject to the crown of Jerusalem,

had narrowly escaped captivity or death, through a rash assault which he ventured upon the Egyptian invaders of Palestine with a vanguard of only a few hundred horse. His followers were overwhelmed by superior numbers, and almost all cut to pieces; and it was on this occasion that the Count of Chartres was taken and murdered. The story of Baldwin's escape presents one of the few gleams of generous sentiment which relieve the dark picture of a fanatical and savage warfare. Upon some former occasion, Baldwin had captured a noble Saracen woman, whose flight was arrested by the pangs of childbirth, and, after humanely rendering her every attention, had released her and her infant in safety. The husband was serving in the Mussulman ranks, when Baldwin, after the slaughter of his followers, with difficulty reached a castle, whither the victors immediately pursued him. The place was surrounded and the capture of the King would have been inevitable, if the grateful Emir had not secretly approached the walls at midnight, announced his design of delivering the preserver of his wife and child, and, at the hazard of his own life, conveyed him in safety from the castle, which Baldwin had scarcely quitted when it was stormed, and the whole garrison put to the sword. Will. Tyr. p. 787, 788. For the details of this romantic incident, see Michaud, vol. i. 279.

³ Both the Counts of Vermandois and of Chartres, who found themselves compelled by the public contempt of a chivalrous age to return to Palestine, perished in the attempt to redeem the fame which they had lost by the former abandonment of their crusading vows. The great Count of Vermandois died at Tarsus of wounds received in battle with the Turks of Cilicia; and the Count of Chartres only survived his second march into Palestine to be taken prisoner and murdered in the frontier warfare by the Egyptian Mussulmen. He had been driven to engage in the supplementary Crusade by the high-spirited reproaches of his Countess Adela, daughter of the Norman conqueror, who had sworn to allow him no peace until he should repair his dishonor. He was father to Stephen, the English usurper.

⁴ In the preceding year, the King of Jerusalem

partook in extent and dignity rather of the character of a sovereign principality than of a mere fief, contributed much by its position between the territories of Antioch and Palestine to secure and cement the communication and strength of the Christian power. But the affairs of Antioch were perpetually embroiled by the restless ambition of its prince. During his captivity in Armenia, the government of that state was ably administered by Tancred; but, after obtaining his release, Bohemund by his refusal to acknowledge the feudal superiority of the Eastern Emperor Alexius, involved himself in a new war, in which he was assisted by the Pisans. The Byzantine arms prevailing by land, Bohemund sailed to Europe to plot a diversion against the Grecian territories of his ancient enemy; and, having succeeded by his martial reputation in assembling a large army of crusaders in France and Italy, he landed at Durazzo. Alexius was then glad to conclude an accommodation with him; and the crusading forces pursuing the usual route through the Byzantine territories to Palestine, the Prince of Antioch returned to Italy, where he died in the following year. After his decease, the noble-minded Tancred continued to rule the Syrian principality, until his chivalrous career was appropriately terminated by a mortal wound which he had received in battle; and, after some uninteresting revolutions in the government of Antioch, the eldest son of Bohemund, who bore his name, finally arrived in Asia, and successfully claimed the principality as his inheritance. Meanwhile, the isolated state of Edessa, surrounded on all sides by Armenian and Turkish enemies, was only preserved from destruction by the heroic valor of its count, Baldwin du Bourg, and his relative, Joscelyn de Courtenay, a member of a noble French house, which was rendered more illustrious by his exploits in the East than by the subsequent alliance of a collateral branch with the royal blood of France, and a succession of three emperors to the Latin throne of Constantinople.⁵

⁵ The adventure and vicissitudes of fortune which Joscelyn de Courtenay underwent in the East, as well as his chivalrous deeds, might form the groundwork of a tale of romance. He had originally accompanied the Count of Chartres from Europe in the supplementary crusade, and settled at Edessa with his relation Baldwin, together with whom he was taken prisoner in a defeat which the crusaders sustained from the Emir of Aleppo. After five years' captivity, the friends were released by the stratagem of some Armenian partizans who, entering the fortress in which they were confined, in the disguise of monks and traders, surprised and slew the Turkish garrison. Baldwin then bestowed a portion of the Edessine territories in sovereignty upon Courtenay. But, upon some jealousy, Joscelyn was treacherously lured to Edessa by his benefactor, put to the torture, and compelled to resign his domains. Indignant at this treatment, Courtenay

By the death of his kinsman, Baldwin I. the Count of Edessa was called to receive the crown of Jerusalem. On the junction of new bands of Crusaders from Europe, Baldwin I. had been encouraged to revenge the incessant attacks of the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, by an invasion of that country; and his career of victory on this expedition was cut short only by the hand of death.⁶ Leaving no issue, he, with his last breath, recommended his cousin Baldwin du Bourg for his successor [A. D. 1118;] and, after, the retreat of the crusading host into Palestine, which was the immediate consequence of the dejection produced by his death, the Latin prelates and barons were induced, by respect for his memory, and the claims of consanguinity, as well as by the advice of Joscelyn de Courtenay, to confirm his choice. Baldwin du Bourg was therefore elected without opposition to fill the vacant throne, and immediately recompensed the services of Courtenay by resigning to him the possession of the county of Edessa. The principal event in the reign of Baldwin II. was the reduction of Tyre. The Doge of Venice, Ordelfo Falieri, who had led the navy of his republic on a martial pilgrimage to the coast of Palestine, was induced, after bargaining for the possession and sovereignty of one third of that city,⁷ to co-operate in the undertaking; and by a siege of five months the difficult conquest was achieved, A. D. 1124.

ney withdrew to Jerusalem, where his services against the infidels were rewarded by Baldwin I. with the Tiberiad for a fief. Notwithstanding the wrongs by which his patron had cancelled former benefits, Joscelyn generously promoted his elevation to the throne of Jerusalem, and received the county of Edessa from his gratitude. Baldwin a second time falling into the hands of the infidels, after he had become king, Joscelyn obtained his liberation among the consequences of the fall of Tyre. The death of the hero at an advanced age was a worthy termination of his exploits. Being unable to sit on horseback, he was carried in a litter to the field; the Mussulmen fled at the very report of his presence; and he died giving thanks to Heaven that the mere fame of his ancient prowess sufficed to scatter the enemies of God.

⁶ At El-Arish, supposed to be the ancient Rhinocorura, a frontier town of Syria and Egypt, in the year 1118, on his return from an expedition against the Soldan of Egypt. On his death-bed he requested that his body might be deposited beside that of his brother Godfrey at Jerusalem.

⁷ All the maritime republics of Italy, with their characteristic mercantile cupidity, extorted great commercial advantages as the price of their services to the crusaders. At Acre, the Genoese obtained a street and many privileges in return for the aid of their fleet in the siege. The Pisans, by treaty with Tancred, were rewarded in like manner for their services to the state of Antioch, with the property of a street both in that capital and in Laodicea. The Venetians, in addition to their settlement at Tyre, received by stipulation a church and street at Jerusalem; and throughout the Christian possessions in Palestine and Syria generally, the three republics contended, often with bloodshed, for the right of establishing places of exchange, and enjoying the common or exclusive privileges of trade.

Tyre was erected into an archbishopric under the patriarchate of Jerusalem; and by the capture of a city, which, though fallen from its ancient grandeur, was still the most opulent port on the Syrian coast, and had formed the last stronghold of the Mussulmen in Palestine, the Latin power may be said to have attained its greatest consolidation and security.

When the kingdom of Jerusalem had thus acquired its utmost extent, it embraced all the country of Palestine between the sea-coast and the deserts of Arabia, from the city of Beritus on the north to the frontiers of Egypt on the south: forming a territory about sixty leagues in length and thirty in breadth; and exclusive of the county of Tripoli, which stretched northward from Beritus to the borders of the Antiochan principality. The whole territory, both of the kingdom and country, was occupied by the warriors of the cross, upon the strictest principles of a feudal settlement, with all the subdivisions and conditions of tenure which belonged to that martial polity. Its adoption was suggested⁹ not more by every feeling and custom of the age which the conquerors had brought with them from Europe, than by the obvious necessity of such a state of perpetual preparation for the public defence against the incessant assaults of their infidel enemies; and it is almost needless to repeat that, under no other form of settlement, probably, could the Latin conquests have been preserved by the scanty array of their resident defenders in so unremitting a warfare with the myriads of Turkish and Egyptian Mussulmen. At its highest computation, indeed, the feudal force of the kingdom of Jerusalem would appear very inadequate to its protection. The four

great fiefs of Jaffa, Galilee, Cesarea, and Tripoli, with the royal cities of Jerusalem, Tyre, Acre, and Naplousa, and the other lordships in chief of inferior extent, which composed the whole kingdom, owed and could furnish the services of no more than two thousand five hundred knights or mounted men at arms; and their followers, with the contingent of the ecclesiastical and commercial communities, all of which were bound to render aid to the king on lower feudal tenures than the knights' fees, constituted a militia, for the greater part, probably, of archers on foot, not exceeding twelve thousand in number.⁹ It may be inferred that the whole population of martial colonists from Europe could scarcely supply even this provision, scanty as it was, for the public defence; and the policy or the domestic wants of the conquerors encouraged the settlement in Palestine of the native Christians of Syria and Armenia, and even of Mussulman tributaries for the cultivation of the soil and the supply of mechanical labor. From the commingling of blood between the crusaders and all these people in the enfeebling climate of the East, was produced a spurious and effeminate race, contemptuously designated by the writers of their age as *Pullani*, or *Poulains*, who had so utterly degenerated from the valor of their European fathers, as to fill the land without contributing to the strength of the state.

The feudal army of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and the casual reinforcement of new crusaders from Europe, formed not the only defences of Palestine. The union of fanatical and martial ardor gave birth to two famous orders of religious chivalry, which were specially enrolled under the banners of the Cross; and the Christian cause in the East was long sustained by the emulous valor, though not unfrequently injured by the less worthy rivalry, of the Knights of the Hospital of St. John and of the Temple of Solomon. The origin of both these remarkable institutions, which rose to celebrity by martial achievement, may be traced to purposes simply of pious and practical benevolence. Long before the era of the Crusades, some Italian merchants purchased a license from the Mussulman rulers of Jerusalem to found in that city an hospital, together with a chapel, which they dedicated to

⁹ The institution of the feudal code of Jerusalem dates from the first year of the Latin conquest, and its compilation was directed by Godfrey de Bouillon himself, who, with the advice of the patriarch and barons, appointed several commissioners among the crusaders most learned in the feudal statutes and customs of Europe to frame a body of similar laws for the new kingdom. Their digest was solemnly accepted in a general assembly of prelates and barons; and, under the title of the *Assises de Jerusalem*, became thenceforth the recognized code of the Latin state. The original instrument, which was deposited in the holy sepulchre, and revised and considerably enlarged by the legislation of succeeding reigns, is said to have been lost at the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin; but, during the last agony of the expiring state, the provisions of the code, which had been preserved by traditional and customary authority, were again collected in a written form, A. D. 1250, by Jean d'Ibelin, Count of Jaffa, one of the four great barons of the kingdom; and a second and final revision was prepared in Cyprus, A. D. 1369, by sixteen commissioners, for the use of the Latin kingdom in that island. From a MS. of this Cypriot version, in the Vatican library, was published at Paris, A. D. 1690, by Thaumassiere, the edition of the *Assises de Jerusalem*, to which we are indebted for our acquaintance with this "precious monument," as a great writer has justly termed it, "of feudal jurisprudence."

⁹ Gibbon has fallen into an error in estimating the number of knights' fees in the whole kingdom of Jerusalem, exclusive of Tripoli, as six hundred and sixty-six, and appears to have confounded the contingent of the four royal cities, which alone, according to the *Assises*, furnished that number, with the total knightly array of the realm. He cites Sanutus, indeed, as stating the number of knights' fees in each of the great baronies of Jaffa, Galilee, and Cesarea, at one hundred only, but the very superior authority of the *Assises* rates them expressly at five hundred each.

St. John the Eleemosynary—a canonized patriarch of Alexandria—for the relief and wayfaring entertainment of sick and poor pilgrims. By the alms of the wealthier Christian visitants of the Sepulchre, and by charitable contributions which the merchants of Amalfi zealously collected in Italy, and as religiously transmitted to Jerusalem, the establishment was supported; and its duties were performed by a few Benedictine monks, with the aid of such lay brethren among the European

pilgrims as were induced to extend their penitential vows to a protracted residence in the Holy Land. Perhaps through the habitual respect of the Mohammedan mind for charitable foundations, the Hospital of St. John might escape, but certainly it was suffered to outlive, the storms of Egyptian and Turkish persecution; and when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the crusaders, the house was joyfully opened for the reception and cure of the wounded warriors. The pious God-



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frey and his companions were edified by the active and self-denying benevolence of the brethren of the hospital, who not only devoted themselves to the care of the suffering, but were contented with the coarsest fare, while their patients were supplied with bread of the purest flour. By the grateful munificence of Godfrey himself, the hospital was endowed with an estate in Brabant, its first foreign possessions; many of the crusaders, from religious motives, embraced its cha-

ritable service; and the society speedily acquired so much respect and importance, that the lay-members, separating from the monks of the Chapel of St. John the Almoner, formed themselves into a distinct community, assumed a religious habit—a long black mantle with a white cross of eight points on the left breast—and placed their hospital under the higher patronage of St. John the Baptist, [A. D. 1113.] By the patriarch of Jerusalem, their triple monastic vows of obedience, chastity, and

poverty, were accepted; and a bull of Pope Paschal II. confirmed the institution, received the fraternity under the special protection of the Holy See, and invested it with many valuable privileges.

The next transition of the Order to a military character is less accurately recorded; but the change may be referred in general terms to the reign of Baldwin II., since the services in arms of its brethren are acknowledged in a papal bull. In fact, the constant jeopardy in which the Latin state was placed by the assaults of

it was magnanimously resolved to devote the surplus to the defence of the state. The former soldiers of the Cross resumed their military, without discarding their religious garb and profession; the union of chivalric and religious sentiment, however discordant in modern ideas, was equally congenial to the spirit of the age, and proper to the great cause of the Crusades; and thenceforth the banner and the battle cry of the knights of St. John were seen and heard foremost and loudest in every encounter with the Paynim

enemy. The government of the Order was vested in the grand master and general council of the knights, all of whom were required to be of noble birth; a distinct body of regular clergy was provided for the offices of religion; and a third and inferior class of sergeants or serving brethren both swelled the martial array of the knightly fraternity, and discharged the civil duties of the hospital. The renown which the Order acquired in the fields of Palestine soon attracted the nobility from all parts of Europe to its standard; admiration of both its pious and chivalric purposes multiplied, throughout the west, endowments of land and donations of money; and the rents of nineteen thousand farms, administered by preceptories or commanderies,—as the principal houses were termed, which the knights established in every Christian country,—supplied a perpetual revenue to their hospital in Palestine, and served to maintain its regular military force.

When the Christians were driven from Pal-

estine, the knights of St. John settled on the island of Cyprus, whence they were soon driven by the Turks. They then went to the island of Rhodes. [1310.] From thence they were driven to Malta, which was given to them by Charles V. in 1530. Their position on this island has been retained to the present day, and they bear the name of Knights of Malta.

The institution of the Order of the Temple of Solomon was of later date than the adoption of a military character by the friars of St. John, [A. D. 1118;] and the



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the Infidels, admitted, as we have seen, of no exemption to any community in the kingdom, whether lay or ecclesiastical, from actively contributing to the public defence; and the martial habits and feelings of the crusaders of knightly rank who had enrolled themselves in the fraternity of the hospital, would naturally suggest the honorable preference of a personal to a deputed service. The revenues of the Order, by the increase of its endowments, were already far more than sufficient to supply the charitable uses of the hospital; and

Templars in their pristine state of humility and poverty owed more obligations to the hospitalers, by whom they were originally fed and clothed, than their successors, in the day of their pride and power, cared to acknowledge or strove to repay. The original design of their association differed from that of the hospital, in having united from the outset the martial with a charitable profession. Even after the conquest of the Holy Land by the crusaders, the roads to Jerusalem from the ports and northern frontiers of Palestine continued to be infested by bands of Turks, who indulged at once their thirst of plunder and their hatred of the Christian name, by the robbery and murder of the numerous defenceless pilgrims from Europe. The dangers which beset these poor votaries to the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre from the cruelty of the Infidels, roused the pious compassion and chivalric indignation of Geoffrey de St. Alde-mar, Hugh de Payens, and other French knights in Palestine, who bound themselves mutually by oath to devote their lives to the relief and safe conduct of all pilgrims. As their association partook of a religious character, they followed the example of the fraternity of the Hospital by assuming the monastic vows and garb; and when Baldwin I. marked his approbation of their purpose by assigning them part of his own palace for a residence at Jerusalem, the title which they adopted of the poor soldiery of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon, was suggested by the contiguity of their quarters to the site of that sacred edifice. The maintenance which they at first received from the charity of the Hospital of St. John was soon more independently provided by the respect which was won for their order throughout Christendom through the grateful report of the pilgrims; with the increase of their means and numbers they aspired to extend their humbler service of guarding the roads of Palestine to the more glorious adventure of offensive warfare against the Infidels; and, thenceforth, in wealth, privileges, and power, and in heroic enterprise, the history of their rise differs little from that of the hospitalers. The constitution of the two orders was similar; and the number of preceptories and estates possessed by the Templars in every kingdom of Europe,¹⁰ were immense sources of influence and opulence, second only in degree to those of the elder fraternity.¹¹ But in honorable estimation and martial renown, no superiority could

with justice be claimed by either order; and admission into the ranks of both was sought with equal avidity by the flower of the European chivalry. In externals, the knights of the Temple were distinguished from their rivals by their use of a long white cloak or mantle, with a straight red cross on the left breast. The banner and seal of the order in the maturity of its splendor also bore a cross gules in a field argent; for its earlier and well-known device, presenting the singular emblem of two men on one horse, although intended by the pious humility of its founders to commemorate the original poverty of the brotherhood, was not long permitted to survive the condition which it had expressed.¹²

Things remained in an unsatisfactory state till the close of the year 1145, when Edessa, the strong frontier town of the Christian kingdom, fell into the hands of the Saracens. The latter were commanded by Zenghi, a powerful and enterprising monarch, and, after his death, by his son Nourhaddin, as powerful and enterprising as his father. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the Count of Edessa to regain the fortress, but Nourhaddin with a large army came to the rescue, and after defeating the count with great slaughter, marched into Edessa and caused its fortifications to be razed to the ground, that the town might never more be a bulwark of defence for the kingdom of Jerusalem. The road to the capital was now open, and consternation seized the hearts of the Christians. Nourhaddin. It was known, was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance upon Jerusalem, and the armies of the Cross, weakened and divided, were not in a condition to make any available resistance. The clergy were filled with grief and alarm, and wrote repeated letters to the Pope and the sovereigns of Europe, urging the expediency of a new Crusade for the relief of Jerusalem. By far the greater number of the priests of Palestine were natives of France, and these naturally looked first to their own country. The solicitations they sent to Louis VII. were urgent and oft repeated, and the chivalry of France began to talk once more of arming in defence of the birthplace of Jesus. The kings of Europe, whose interest it had not been to take any part in the first Crusade, began to bestir themselves in this; and a man appeared, eloquent as Peter the Hermit, to arouse the people as that preacher had done.

We find, however, that the enthusiasm of the second did not equal that of the first Crusade; in fact, the mania had

¹⁰ In England, both orders early acquired large possessions. The principal preceptory of each was established in London; that of the Hospitalers at Clerkenwell, and of the Templars in Holborn, whence it was removed into Fleet Street.

¹¹ Both Hospitalers and Templars were prohibited from possessing any private property; but their vow of poverty, by a convenient interpretation, was

only personal, and did not extend to their enjoying in common the enormous wealth of their orders.

¹² For the rise of the Order of Templars see the twelfth book of William of Tyre.

reached its climax in the time of Peter the Hermit, and decreased regularly from that period. The third Crusade was less general than the second, and the fourth than the third, and so on, until the public enthusiasm was quite extinct, and Jerusalem returned at last to the dominion of its old masters without a convulsion in Christendom. Various reasons have been assigned for this; and one very generally put forward is, that Europe was wearied with continual struggles, and had become sick of "precipitating itself upon Asia." M. Guizot, in his admirable lectures upon European civilization, successfully combats this opinion, and offers one of his

own, which is far more satisfactory. He says, in his eighth lecture, "It has been often repeated that Europe was tired of continually invading Asia. This expression appears to me exceedingly incorrect. It is not possible that human beings can be wearied with what they have not done—that the labors of their forefathers can fatigue them. Weariness is a personal, not an inherited feeling. The men of the thirteenth century were not fatigued by the Crusades of the twelfth. They were influenced by another cause. A great change had taken place in ideas, sentiments, and social conditions. The same desires and the same wants were no longer



KNIGHT TEMPLAR
ARMED AND
MOUNTED.

GRAND MASTER
OF THE
KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR
IN HIS
DOMESTIC DRESS.

felt. The same things were no longer believed. The people refused to believe what their ancestors were persuaded of."

This is, in fact, the secret of the change; and its truth becomes more apparent as we advance in the history of the Crusades, and compare the state of the public mind at the different periods when Godfrey of Bouillon, Louis VII., and Richard I., were chiefs and leaders of the movement. The Crusades themselves were the means of operating a great change in national ideas, and advancing the civilization of Europe. In the time of Godfrey, the nobles were all-powerful and all-oppressive, and equally obnoxious to kings and

people. During their absence along with that portion of the community the deepest sunk in ignorance and superstition, both kings and people fortified themselves against the renewal of aristocratic tyranny, and in proportion as they became free became civilized. It was during this period that in France, the grand centre of the crusading madness, the *communes* began to acquire strength, and the monarch to possess a practical and not a merely theoretic authority. Order and comfort began to take root, and, when the second Crusade was preached, men were in consequence much less willing to abandon their homes than they had been during

the first. Such pilgrims as had returned from the Holy Land came back with minds more liberal and expanded than when they set out. They had come in contact with a people more civilized than themselves; they had seen something more of the world, and had lost some portion, however small, of the prejudice and bigotry of ignorance. The institution of chivalry had also exercised its humanising influence, and coming bright and fresh through the ordeal of the Crusades, had softened the character and improved the hearts of the aristocratic order. The *trouveres* and *troubadours*, singing of love and war in strains pleasing to every class of society, helped to root out the gloomy superstitions which, at the first Crusade, filled the minds of all those who were able to think. Men became in consequence less exclusively under the mental thralldom of the priesthood, and lost much of the credulity which formerly distinguished them.

The Crusades appear never to have excited so much attention in England as on the continent of Europe; not because the people were less fanatical than their neighbors, but because they were occupied in matters of graver interest. The English were suffering too severely from the recent successful invasion of their soil, to have much sympathy to bestow on the distresses of people so far away as the Christians of Palestine; and we find that they took no part in the first Crusade, and very little in the second. Even then those who engaged in it were chiefly Norman knights and their vassals, and not the Saxon franklins and population, who no doubt thought, in their sorrow, as many wise men have thought since, that charity should begin at home.

Germany was productive of more zeal in the cause, and her raw uncivilized hordes continued to issue forth under the banners of the Cross in numbers apparently undiminished, when the enthusiasm had long been on the wane in other countries. They were sunk at that time in a deeper slough of barbarism than the livelier nations around them, and took, in consequence, a longer period to free themselves from their prejudices. In fact, the second Crusade drew its chief supplies of men from that quarter, where alone the expedition can be said to have retained any portion of popularity.

(To be Continued.)

DESPOTISM can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press is destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

THERE are people who are disagreeable with great merit, and others who, with great faults, are agreeable.

Masonic Law.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

Compiled first by Mr. George Payne, Anno 1720, when he was Grand Master, and approved by the Grand Lodge on St. John Baptist's Day, Anno 1721, at Stationer's Hall, London; when the most noble prince, John, Duke of Montague, was unanimously chosen our Grand Master for the year ensuing; who chose John Beal, M. D. his Deputy Grand Master; Mr. Joseph Villineau, and Mr. Thomas Morris, Jr., were chosen by the Lodge Grand Wardens.

I. THE Grand Master, or his Deputy, I. hath Authority and Right, not only to be present in any true Lodge, but also to preside wherever he is, with the Master of the Lodge on his left-hand, and to order his Grand Wardens to attend him, who are not to act in particular Lodges as Wardens, but in his presence, and at his command; because there the Grand Master may command the Wardens of that Lodge, or any other brethren he pleaseth, to attend and act as his Wardens *pro tempore*.

II. The Master of a particular lodge has the Right and authority of congregating the members of this Lodge into a Chapter at pleasure, upon any emergency or occurrence, as well as to appoint the time and place of their usual forming; and in case of sickness, death, or necessary absence of the Master, the Senior Warden shall act as Master *pro tempore*, if no Brother is present who has been Master of that lodge before; for in that case, the absent Master's authority reverts to the last Master then present, though he cannot act until the said Senior Warden has congregated the lodge, or in his absence the Junior Warden.

III. The Master of each particular lodge, or one of the Wardens, or some other Brother by his order, shall keep a book containing their By-Laws, the names of their members, with a list of all the lodges in town, and the usual times and places of their forming, all their transactions that are proper to be written.

IV. No lodge shall make more than five new members at one time, nor any man under the age of twenty-five, who must be also his own master; unless by a dispensation from the Grand Master or his Deputy.

V. No man can be made or admitted a member of a particular Lodge, without previous notice, one month before given to the said Lodge, in order to make due enquiry into the reputation and capacity of the candidate; unless by the dispensation aforesaid.

VI. But no man can be entered a Brother in any particular Lodge, or admitted to

be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that Lodge then present, when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master; and they are to signify their consent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity; nor is this inherent privilege subject to a dispensation; because the members of a particular Lodge are the best judges of it; and if a fractious member should be imposed on them, it might spoil their harmony, or hinder their freedom; or even break and disperse the lodge, which ought to be avoided by all good and true Brethren.

VII. Every new Brother at his making is decently to clothe the lodge, that is, all the Brethren present, and to deposit something for the relief of indigent and decayed Brethren, as the candidate shall think fit to bestow, over and above the small allowance stated by the By-Laws of that particular Lodge; which charity shall be lodged with the Master or Warden, or the Cashier if the members think fit to choose one.

And the candidate shall also solemnly promise to submit to the constitutions, the charges, and regulations, and to such other good usages as shall be intimated to them in time and place convenient.

VIII. No set or number of Brethren shall withdraw or separate themselves from the Lodge in which they were made Brethren, or were afterwards admitted members, unless the Lodge becomes too numerous, nor even then, without a dispensation from the Grand Master or his Deputy: And when they are thus separated, they must either immediately join themselves to such other Lodge as they shall like best, with the unanimous consent of that other Lodge to which they go (as above regulated), or else they must obtain the Grand Master's warrant to join in forming a new Lodge.

If any set or number of Masons shall take upon themselves to form a Lodge without the Grand Master's warrant, the regular Lodges are not to countenance them nor own them as fair Brethren and duly formed, nor approve of their acts and deeds; but must treat them as rebels, until they humble themselves, as the Grand Master shall in his prudence direct, and until he approve of them by his warrant, which must be signified to the Lodges, as the custom is when a new lodge is to be registered in the list of lodges.

IX. But if any Brother so far misbehave himself as to render his lodge uneasy, he shall be twice admonished by the Master or Wardens in a formed lodge; and if he will not refrain his imprudence, and obediently submit to the advice of the Brethren, and reform what gives them offence, he shall be dealt with according to the By-Laws of that particular lodge, or else in

such manner as the quarterly communication shall in their great prudence think fit; for which a new regulation may be afterwards made.

X. The majority of every particular Lodge, when congregated, shall have the privilege of giving instructions to their Masters and Wardens, before the assembling of the Grand Chapter, or lodge, at the three quarterly communications hereafter mentioned, and of the annual Grand Lodge too; because their Master and Wardens are their representatives, and are supposed to speak their mind.

XI. All particular lodges are to observe the same usages as much as possible; in order to which, and for cultivating a good understanding among Freemasons, some members out of every lodge shall be deputed to visit the other Lodges as often as shall be thought convenient.

XII. The Grand Lodge consists of, and is formed by the Masters and Wardens of all the regular and particular lodges upon record, with the Grand Master at their head, and his Deputy on his left-hand, and the Grand Wardens in their proper places; and must have a quarterly communication about Michaelmas, Christmas, and Lady Day, in some convenient place, as the Grand Master shall appoint, where no Brother shall be present, who is not at that time a member thereof, without a dispensation; and while he stays, he shall not be allowed to vote, nor even give his opinion, without leave of the Grand Lodge, asked and given, or unless it be duly asked by the said lodge.

All matters are to be determined in the Grand Lodge by a majority of votes, each member having one vote, and the Grand Master having two votes, unless the said lodge leave any particular thing to the determination of the Grand Master, for the sake of expedition.

XIII. At the said quarterly communication, all matters that concern the Fraternity in general, or particular lodges, or single brethren, are quietly, sedately, and maturely to be discoursed of and transacted: Apprentices must be admitted Masters and Fellow-Crafts only here, unless by a dispensation. Here also all differences, that cannot be made up and accommodated privately, nor by a particular lodge, are to be seriously considered and decided. And if any brother thinks himself aggrieved by the decision of this Board, he may appeal to the annual Grand Lodge next ensuing, and leave his appeal in writing, with the Grand Master, or his Deputy, or Grand Warden.

Here also, the Master or the Wardens of each particular lodge, shall bring and produce a list of such members as have been made, or were admitted in their particular lodges since the last communication of the Grand Lodge: And there shall be a book

kept by the Grand Master, or his Deputy, or rather by some brother whom the Grand Lodge shall appoint for Secretary, wherein shall be recorded all the lodges, with their usual times and places of forming, and the names of all the members of each lodge; and all the affairs of the Grand Lodge that are proper to be written.

They shall also consider of the most prudent and effective methods of collecting and disposing of what money shall be given to, or lodged with them in charity, towards the relief only of any true brother, fallen into poverty or decay, but of none else: But every particular lodge shall dispose of their own charity for poor brethren, according to their own By-Laws, until it be agreed by all the lodges (in a new regulation) to carry in the charity collected by them to the Grand Lodge, at the quarterly or annual communication, in order to make a common stock of it, for the more handsome relief of poor brethren.

They shall also appoint a Treasurer, a brother of good worldly substance, who shall be a member of the Grand Lodge by virtue of his office, and shall be always present, and have power to move to the Grand Lodge anything, especially what concerns his office. To him shall be committed all money raised for charity, or for any other use of the Grand Lodge, which he shall write down in a book, with the respective ends and uses for which the several sums are intended; and shall expend or disburse the same by such a certain order signed, as the Grand Lodge shall afterwards agree to in a new regulation: But shall not vote in choosing a Grand Master or Wardens, though in every other transaction. As in like manner the Secretary shall be a member of the Grand Lodge by virtue of his office, and vote in every thing except in choosing a Grand Master or Wardens.

The Treasurer and Secretary shall have each a clerk who must be a brother and fellow-craft, but never must be a member of the Grand Lodge, nor speak without being allowed or desired.

The Grand Master, or his Deputy, shall always command the Treasurer and Secretary with their clerks and books, in order to see how matters go on, and know what is expedient to be done upon any emergent occasion.

Another brother, (who must be a fellow-craft) should be appointed to look after the door of the Grand Lodge; but shall be no member of it.

But the offices may be further explained by a new regulation, when the necessity and expediency of them may more appear than at present to the Fraternity.

XIV. If at any Grand Lodge, stated or occasional, quarterly or annual, the Grand Master and his Deputy should be both absent, then the present Master of a lodge,

that has been the longest a Freemason, shall take the chair, and preside as Grand Master *pro tempore*; and shall be vested with all his power and honor for the time; provided there is no brother present that has been Grand Master formerly, or Deputy Grand Master; for the last Grand Master present, or else the last Deputy present should always of right, take place in the absence of the present Grand Master and his Deputy.

XV. In the Grand Lodge none act as Wardens but the Grand Wardens themselves, if present; and if absent the Grand Master, or the person who presides in his place, shall order private Wardens to act as Grand Wardens *pro tempore*, whose places are to be supplied by two fellow-craft of the same lodge, called forth to act, or sent thither by the particular Master thereof; or if by him admitted, then they shall be called by the Grand Master, that so the Grand Lodge may always be complete.

XVI. The Grand Wardens or any other, are first to advise with the Deputy about the affairs of the lodge or of the brethren, and not to apply to the Grand Master without the knowledge of the Deputy, unless he refuse his concurrence in any certain necessary affair; in which case, or in case of any difference between the Deputy and the Grand Wardens, or other brethren, both parties are to go by concert to the Grand Master, who can easily decide the controversy, and make up the difference by virtue of his great authority.

The Grand Master should receive no intimation of business concerning Masonry, but from his Deputy first, except in such certain cases as his Worship can well judge of; for if the application to the Grand Master be irregular, he can easily order the Grand Wardens, or any other brethren thus applying, to wait upon his Deputy, who is to prepare the business speedily, and to lay it orderly before his Worship.

XVII. No Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Grand Wardens, Treasurer, Secretary, or whoever acts for them, or in their stead, *pro tempore*, can at the same time be the Master or Wardens of a particular lodge; but as soon as any of them has honorably discharged his Grand Office, he returns to that post or station in his particular lodge, from which he was called, to officiate above.

XVIII. If the Deputy Grand Master be sick, or necessarily absent, the Grand Master may choose any fellow-craft he pleases, to be his Deputy *pro tempore*: But he that is chosen Deputy at the Grand Lodge, and the Grand Wardens too, cannot be discharged without the cause fairly appear to the majority of the Grand Lodge; and the Grand Master if he is uneasy, may call a Grand Lodge on purpose to lay the cause

before them, and to have their advice and concurrence: in which case, the majority of the Grand Lodge, if they cannot reconcile the Master and his Deputy or his Wardens, are to concur in allowing the Master to discharge his Deputy immediately; and the said Grand Lodge shall choose other Wardens in that case, that harmony and peace may be preserved.

XIX. If the Grand Master should abuse his power, and render himself unworthy of the obedience and subjection of the lodges, he shall be treated in a way and manner to be agreed upon in a new regulation; because hitherto the ancient Fraternity have had no occasion for it, their former Grand Masters having all behaved themselves worthy of that honorable office.

XX. The Grand Master with his Deputy and Wardens, shall (at least once) go round and visit all the lodges about town during his Mastership.

XXI. If the Grand Master die during his Mastership, or by sickness, or by being beyond sea, or any other way should be rendered incapable of discharging his office, the Deputy, or in his absence, the Senior Grand Warden, or in his absence, the Junior, or in his absence any three present Masters of lodges, shall join to congregate the Grand Lodge immediately, to advise together upon that emergency, and to send two of their number to invite the last Grand Master to resume his office, which now in course reverts to him; or if he refuse, then the next last, and so backward: But if no former Grand Master can be found, then the Deputy shall act as principal, until another be chosen; or if there be no Deputy, then the oldest Master.

XXII. The brethren of all the lodges in and about London and Westminster, shall meet at an annual communication and feast, in some convenient place, on St. John Baptist's Day, or else on St. John Evangelist Day, as the Grand Lodge shall think fit by a new regulation, having of late years met on St. John Baptist's Day: Provided,

The majority of the Masters and Wardens, with the Grand Master, his Deputy and Wardens, agree at their quarterly communication, three months before, that there shall be a feast, and a general communication of all the brethren: for, if either the Grand Master, or the majority of the particular Masters, are against it, it must be dropt for that time.

But whether there shall be a feast for all the brethren or not, yet the Grand Lodge must meet in some convenient place annually on St. John's Day; or if it be Sunday, then on the next day, in order to choose every year a new Grand Master, Deputy, and Wardens.

XXIII. If it be thought expedient, and

the Grand Master, with the majority of the Masters and Wardens, agree to hold a Grand Feast, according to the ancient laudable customs of Masons, then the Grand Wardens shall have the care of preparing the tickets, sealed with the Grand Master's Seal, of disposing of the tickets, of receiving the money for the tickets, of buying the materials of the feast, of finding out a proper and convenient place to feast in, and of every other thing that concerns the entertainment.

But that the work may not be too burthensome to the two Grand Wardens, and that all matters may be expeditiously and safely managed, the Grand Master, or his Deputy, shall have power to nominate and appoint a certain number of Stewards, as his Worship shall think fit, to act in concert with the two Grand Wardens; all things relating to the feast being decided amongst them by a majority of voices; except the Grand Master or his Deputy interpose by a particular direction or appointment.

XXIV. The Wardens and Stewards shall, in due time, wait upon the Grand Master, or his Deputy, for directions and orders about the premises; but if his Worship and his Deputy are sick, or necessarily absent, they shall call together the Masters and Wardens of lodges to meet on purpose for their advice and orders; or else they may take the matter wholly upon themselves, and do the best they can.

The Grand Wardens and the Stewards are to account for all the money they receive, or expend, to the Grand Lodge, after dinner, or when the Grand Lodge shall think fit to receive their accounts.

If the Grand Master pleases, he may, in due time, summon all the Masters and Wardens of lodges to consult with them about ordering the Grand Feast, and about any emergency or accidental thing relating thereunto, that may require advice; or else take it upon himself altogether.

XXV. The Master of lodges shall each appoint one experienced and discreet Fellow-Craft of his lodge, to compose a committee, consisting of one from every lodge who shall meet to receive, in a convenient apartment, every person that brings a ticket, and shall have power to discourse him, if they think fit, in order to admit him, or debar him, as they shall see cause. *Provided*, they send no man away before they have acquainted all the brethren within doors with reason thereof, to avoid mistakes; that so no true brother may be debarred, nor a false brother, or mere pretender admitted. This committee must meet very early on St. John's Day at the place, even before any persons come with tickets.

XXVI. The Grand Master shall appoint two or more trusty brethren and porters, or door-keepers, who are also to be early at the place, for some good reasons; and

who are to be at the command of the committee.

XXVII. The Grand Wardens, or the Stewards, shall appoint before hand such a number of brethren to serve at table as they think fit and proper for that work; and they may advise with the Masters and Wardens of lodges about the most proper persons, if they please, or may take in such by their recommendation; for none are to serve that day but free and accepted Masons, that the communication may be free and harmonious.

XXVIII. All the members of the Grand Lodge must be at the place long before dinner, with the Grand Master, or his Deputy, at their head, who shall retire and form themselves. And this is done in order;

1. To receive any appeals duly lodged, as above regulated, that the appellant may be heard, and the affair may be amicably decided before dinner, if possible; but if it cannot, it must be delayed till after the new Grand Master is elected; and if it cannot be decided after dinner, it may be delayed, and referred to a particular committee, that shall quietly adjust it, and make report to the next quarterly communication, that brotherly love may be preserved.

2. To prevent any difference or disgust which may be feared to arise that day; that no interruption may be given to the harmony and pleasure of the Grand Feast.

3. To consult with whatever concerns the decency and decorum of the Grand Assembly, and to prevent all indecency and ill manners, the assembly being promiscuous.

4. To receive and consider of any good motion, or any momentous and important affair that shall be brought from the particular lodges, by their representatives, the several Masters and Wardens.

XXIX. After these things are discussed, the Grand Master and his Deputy, the Grand Wardens, or the Stewards, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Clerks, and even other persons, shall withdraw, and leave the Masters and Wardens of the particular lodges alone, in order to consult amicably about electing a new Grand Master, or continuing the present, if they have not done it before; and if they are unanimous in continuing the present Grand Master, his Worship shall be called in, and humbly desired to do the Fraternity the honor of ruling them for the year ensuing; and after dinner it will be known whether he accepts of it or not. For it should not be discovered but by the election itself.

XXX. Then the Masters and Wardens, and all the brethren, may converse promiscuously, or as they please to sort together, until the dinner is coming, when every brother takes his seat at table.

XXXI. Some time after dinner, the Grand Lodge is formed, not in retirement,

but in the presence of all the brethren, who yet are not members of it, and must not speak until they are desired and allowed.

XXXII. If the Grand Master of last year has consented with the Master and Wardens in private, before dinner, to continue for the year ensuing, then one of the Grand Lodge, deputed for that purpose, shall represent to all the brethren his Worship's good government, etc. And turning to him, shall, in the name of the Grand Lodge, humbly request him to do the Fraternity the great honor (if nobly born, if not) the great kindness, of continuing to be their Grand Master for the year ensuing. And his Worship declaring his consent by a bow or a speech, as he pleases, the said deputed member of the Grand Lodge shall proclaim him Grand Master, and all the members of the lodge shall salute him in due form. And all the brethren shall for a few minutes have leave to declare their satisfaction, pleasure, and congratulation.

XXXIII. But if either the Master and Wardens have not in private, this day before dinner, nor the day before, desired the last Grand Master to continue in the mastership another year; or if he, when desired, has not consented: then, the last Grand Master shall nominate his successor for the year ensuing, who, if unanimously approved by the Grand Lodge, and is there present, shall be proclaimed, saluted, and congratulated the new Grand Master as above hinted, and immediately installed by the last Grand Master, according to usage.

XXXIV. But, if that nomination is not unanimously approved, the new Grand Master shall be chosen immediately by ballot, every Master and Warden writing his man's name too; and the man, whose name the last Grand Master shall first take out casually or by chance, shall be Grand Master for the year ensuing; and if present he shall be proclaimed, saluted, and congratulated, as above hinted, and forthwith installed by the last Grand Master, according to usage.

XXXV. The last Grand Master thus continued, or the New Grand Master thus installed, shall next nominate and appoint his Deputy Grand Master, either the last or a new one, who shall be also declared, saluted, and congratulated as above hinted.

The Grand Master shall also nominate the new Grand Wardens, and if unanimously approved by the Grand Lodge, shall be declared, saluted, and congratulated, as above hinted; but if not, they shall be chosen by ballot, in the same way as the Grand Master: as the Wardens of private lodges are also to be chosen by ballot in each lodge, if the members thereof do not agree to their Master's nomination.

XXXVI. But if the brother whom the present Grand Master shall nominate for his successor, or whom the majority of the

Grand Lodge shall happen to choose by ballot, is, by sickness or other necessary occasion, absent from the Grand Feast, he cannot be proclaimed the new Grand Master, unless the old Grand Master or some of the Masters and Wardens of the Grand Lodge can vouch, upon the honor of a brother, that the said person so nominated or chosen, will readily accept of the said office; in which case the old Grand Master shall act as proxy, and shall nominate the Deputy and Wardens in his name, and in his name also receive the usual honors, homage or congratulation.

XXXVII. Then the Grand Master shall allow any Brother, Fellow-craft, or Apprentice, to speak, directing his discourse to his Worship; or to make any motion for the good of the Fraternity, which shall be either immediately considered and finished, or else referred to the consideration of the Grand Lodge at their next communication, stated or occasional. When that is over,

XXXVIII. The Grand Master or his Deputy, or some brother appointed by him, shall harangue all the brethren, and give them good advice: and lastly, after some other transactions, that cannot be written in any language, the brethren may go away or stay longer, as they please.

XXXIX. Every annual Grand Lodge has an inherent power and authority to make new Regulations or to alter these, for the real benefit of this ancient Fraternity: Provided always, that the old landmarks be carefully preserved, and that such alterations and new regulations be proposed and agreed to at the third quarterly communication preceding the annual Grand Feast; and that they be offered also to the perusal of all the brethren before dinner, in writing, even of the youngest apprentice; the approbation and consent of the majority of all the brethren present being absolutely necessary to make the same binding and obligatory; which must, after dinner and after the new Grand Master is installed, be solemnly desired; as it was desired and obtained for these regulations, when proposed by the Grand Lodge, in presence of one hundred and fifty brethren, on St. John Baptist's Day, seventeen hundred and twenty-one.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND.

WHEN the great Architect Divine
First framed the world with rule and line,
And turned the golden Compasses
To circumscribe this earth of his,
The morning stars together sang,
And heaven's high arch with praises rang.

Then rose the mountains o'er the lea,
Then flowed the river to the sea,
And rolled the clouds and fell the showers,
And blushed the fruit and bloomed the bowers,
And birds, and beasts, and upright man,
Completed the primeval plan.

Then men began with rule and square,
To build Jehovah's altars fair—
Fair, but in various orders set,
Of temples, mosques, and minarets,
As light and knowledge o'er the soul
Of heaven's votaries deigned to roll.

Rich was the temple, framed of old
Of heaven's cedars, lined with gold,
By princely architect of Tyre,
And bright the fanes of Sun and Fire,
Built many an hundred years ago
In Ind or Western Mexico.

But fabrics formed by human hand,
Though they in noblest grandeur stand,
On lofty pillars rich and rare
Of burnished gold, can ne'er compare
With living temples, pure and fine,
Built by the Architect Divine.

Let us who live in latter days,
To God's own nobler temple raise—
With corner-stone deep laid in youth,
While Knowledge, Temperance, and Truth,
In all their fair proportions bind
That nobler Temple of the Mind.

Let Fortitude the basis be,
And high resolve the pethory :—
The stone shall be of Reason's proofs,
Celestial Love shall form the roof :—
And Prudence at the threshold stay,
To drive each vagrant guest away.

Two columns in the front shall stand.
Each formed by Wisdom's plastic hand;
Truth with her celestial ray imbued,
And heaven-aspiring Rectitude;
The door shall move itself alone,
And virtue form the threshold stone.

Within shall seven pillars shine,
The purest produce of the mine;
Religion, Honor, Gratitude,
Devotion with heaven's light endued—
Friendship and purity sincere,
And understanding right and clear.

Three shining seraphs there shall meet,
With raiment flowing round their feet;
Faith with her clear and ardent eyes,
That views a vesta through the skies;
And Hope, with features mild and bland,
And steadfast anchor in her hand;
And in the midst sweet Charity,
Fairest and brightest of the three.

The work must be all finished fair,
For no rough ashler shall be there;
No stone unpolished from the mind,
But all with purest lustre shine;
With gems, and gold, and sapphires bright,
And diamonds sparkling like the light.

Such was the temple that of old,
The prophet bard in song foretold,
When standing upon Carmel's brow,
He saw the river roll below;
And, rapt in vision, told how free
The mansion of his mind should be.

Then, Brethren, let the rule and square,
The justice of your lives declare;
The level mark your perfect way,
The trowel smooth your work by day—
And all your words and actions shine,
Upright as is the plummet line.

The sun at morn shall bend his way,
To guide the laborers of the day;
Nor shall the moon and stars by night
Withhold their kind and needful light;
That your work may be finished here,
When the Grand Master shall appear.

Architecture Illustrated.

LONDON, March 28, 1859.

I SEND you by this post my contribution for the May number of your Magazine. You will see that I have closed the subject of *Ancient Architecture* proper, and my next letter will commence the history of the *Orders of Architecture*. The Doric will take the lead, and be illustrated by one of those *orbis miracula*—the temples of the Acropolis.

ASSYRIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The kingdom of Assyria originally comprised the tract of country bordering on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and the city of Nineveh was its metropolis. But the Babylonians and the Medes afterwards declared themselves independent, and formed two new kingdoms. The chief city of the former was Babylon, and the metropolis of the latter was Ectabana. After the destruction of Nineveh and the incorporation of the kingdom of Assyria with that of the Medes, (600 years B. C.), the kingdoms of Babylon and Media waged a continual strife with each other until they were both conquered by the Persians, under the reign of Cyrus, who founded the Persian Empire.

The ruins of Nineveh, which almost exclusively furnish the materials for the study of the architecture of the Assyrians, have only within a short time been excavated from the rubbish by which they have been covered for ages. The most reliable account that history furnishes us of this ancient city is to be found in Herodotus—that "Father of History." He tells us the city was built in the form of a quadrangle, forty geographical miles in length by thirteen in breadth. It was enclosed by a wall one hundred feet high, and wide enough for three chariots to drive abreast on the top. It was guarded by fifteen hundred fortified towers. This wall, it is conjectured, was built of sun-dried bricks, since the conquest of the city was rendered possible by the destruction of a large portion, in consequence of an inundation of the Euphrates. The most important discoveries brought to light by recent excavations are some colossal sculptures from the royal palace—a short

description of which, from a photograph now before me, cannot fail to be interesting. To the casual observer there is nothing of extraordinary interest in the misshapen and imperfect figures, representing men encased in heavy mail, and armed and equipped with the implements of warfare then in use; but to the student of masonic antiquities these pictures, however rude they appear to others, are deeply interesting.

The principal figures in the foreground are men kneeling, each on the naked left knee, and shooting arrows at the Ninevites, who are nobly defending their city and hurling heavy spears from their towers at the attacking enemy. At the opposite side, showing an immense courtyard inside the city walls, is the decapitated figure of a man kneeling on his left naked knee in front of a rude block of stone that resembles an irregular shaft of a column broken about a diameter and a half above its base, and resting upon a plinth, in height one third a diameter of the column, carved so as to represent rude ornaments composed of network and fringes. Several piles of triangular-shaped stones are also here, arranged somewhat in the same order as our shot and balls are at fortifications of the present day. This is close to the wall on the city side, and separated from a large and regularly paved square by a canal or aqueduct some thirty feet wide, and crossed at several places by very rude bridges. The water appears to be clear and deep, and an abundance of fishes are seen swimming in it. There appears no other object of interest within the walls. On the outside, in the north-east corner of the picture, appears a tessellated pavement, where there are stone cutters at work with mallet and chisel at rough ashlars.

The chief interest to students of architecture in the discoveries at Nineveh consists in the fact of their bringing to light and illustrating a style of art of which no specimen has hitherto been presented in Europe, and which, indeed, until the last few years, lay unknown even in the country where its remains have been unexpectedly exhumed. It is only twelve years ago that M. Botta, the French consul

at Mosul, first discovered the existence of sculptural remains of the old Assyrian empire at Khorsabad; and since that time the palace, now known to have been erected about the year 720 B. C. by Sargon, the successor of Shalmaneser, has been mainly explored, as well as the palace of his son Sennacharib, at Koyunjik, and those of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus, at Nimroud, besides other older palaces in the last named locality. In addition to the explorations that have been made on these sites, extensive excavations and examinations have been made into the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon and of Darius and Xerxes at Susa.

BABYLONIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The oldest form of architecture in these Eastern parts was probably that which existed in Babylon; but the absence of stone in that country reduced the inhabitants to the necessity of using bricks only, and, for the most part, sun-dried bricks; though sometimes fire-burnt brickwork is also found. The face of the walls so constructed was ornamented with paintings, either on plaster or enamelled on the bricks, whilst the constructive portions of the roofs were of wood. All this perishable material has of course disappeared, and nothing now remains even of the Babylon built by Nebuchadnezzar but shapeless mounds of brickwork. In the more northern kingdom of Assyria, the existence of stone and marble secured a wainscoting of sculptured slabs for the palace walls, whilst great winged bulls, and giant figures, also in stone, adorned the portals and façades. The pillars, however, which supported the roofs and the roofs themselves were all of wood, generally of cedar, and these having been destroyed by fire or the lapse of ages, nothing remains to tell us of their actual size or form. The buildings were generally three or four stories high, and the streets crossed each other at right angles. The royal palace was situated on one bank of the river Euphrates, and the temple of Belus on the other. The Hanging Gardens—one of the “wonders of the world”—formed part of the palace grounds. These gardens, built by Nebuchadnezzar, were laid on a series of terraces, constituting a hill 75 feet high and 1600 feet in circumference. The terraces were supported by walls 21 feet thick, and ten feet apart,

which were covered with stone slabs 16 feet long and four feet thick. Upon these slabs was first laid a coating of bitumen, followed successively by a layer of bitumen and reeds, a double course of brick and mortar, and finally a sheeting of lead. The soil was then laid upon this substratum, of the proper thickness for the proposed plantations. The spaces between the walls formed large rooms for festal occasions, and were lighted from the projecting terraces. On the top was a reservoir, the water for which was drawn from the Euphrates by means of a hydraulic machine, and carried in pipes to all the different parts of the grounds, to make it more convenient for the men employed in watering, as well as to supply the fountains.

The temple of Belus, situated on the opposite side of the Euphrates, formed a square of about 600 feet in length, in the centre of which was erected a tower 300 feet square. This tower was composed of eight stories, and a staircase led up on the outside. The temple hall was in the uppermost story, and here a maiden, favored by the god, nightly slept. In the lowest story was another hall, in which stood a colossal statue of Jupiter, 24 feet high, of massive gold. The throne, with its steps and the table before it, were also of pure gold. An altar of gold, and another of stone, were placed in front of the temple. These treasures were all taken away by Xerxes.

The distinguishing feature of Babylonish architecture is its bold, massive character and colossal dimensions. The waterworks of the Babylonians, too, were second in importance only to those of the Egyptians, and their fortifications were really surprising. The buildings, as I have before stated, were mostly composed of bricks; only a few works, chiefly the dams and sluices on the Tigris, were constructed of stone blocks, on account of the great distance they had to be carried. There is no evidence that the arch was known to the Babylonians. In cases where a frame ceiling could not be erected, they had recourse to immense stone slabs, and in many instances metal also was used.

PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Previous to the time of Cyrus, the Persians, who were a people of inferior culti-

vation and dependent upon the Median kings, began to acquire a knowledge of the fine arts after they had invaded northern and western Africa and Egypt. Cambyeses, together with the treasures that he carried home from Egypt, brought Egyptian artists to Persia to build the royal palaces at Persepolis, Susa, and in Media. But no actual improvements in the arts were made in Persia, and they remained in the same condition in which they were when Cambyeses and Darius introduced them. Almost all the artists of Persia, like those at the temple of Solomon, were foreigners. The buildings of Ecбатана were chiefly of brick laid in bitumen; marble and other precious stones being used for columns and floors.

The most ancient fortress of the Persian kings was Pasargada, and hither the corpse of Cyrus was brought by the order of his son Cambyeses, and a most expensive mausoleum erected over it. The base of this mausoleum was a square of stone blocks, accessible by a flight of seven steps—three, and two, and two; the main building was erected of timber and bricks. In the interior were the golden coffin of Cyrus, his golden bedstead, covered with the richest cloth of gold, and a table of gold, with the royal garments and arms. The building still exists. It is 43 feet long, 37 feet wide, and 42 feet high, of quadrangular form, and has a gable roof.

The magnificence of the city of Persepolis, both in its plan and execution, was such as to command general admiration. The royal palace was surrounded by three walls, the first 32 feet high, furnished with battlements; the second 120 feet high, and built of stone. It inclosed a quadrangle, on the eastern side of which was the rock with the royal tombs, which had no proper entrances, being cut in the rock; the corpses were elevated by machinery, and thus deposited into their proper places. On one side of these ruins are fragments of two porticoes which stood at right angles to one another, and formed an entrance to a large flight of stairs leading to another portico, composed of a double row of six pairs of columns, behind which was situated a spacious court-yard, surrounded by colonnades. The two first-mentioned porticoes had colossal pillars on each side, at the foot of which stood figures representing the Egyptian sphynx and unicorn, the lat-

ter of which is frequently met with as one of the religious symbols of the ancient Persian mythology. Between the two pillars were four double columns, the capitals of which were surmounted by horses or unicorns supporting the entablature. The capitals of the second portico were plain, and both porticoes had ceilings of stone slabs.

The tomb of Darius is well worthy of the attention of the masonic student. It exhibits a high, splendid scaffolding, supported by curiously shaped figures of the unicorn, and between them two tiers of telamons, or pilasters shaped like men, with raised hands supporting a weight. Two priests on duty stand at the foot of the scaffolding, and guards are drawn up on each side. Upon the scaffolding is the altar with the sacred fire, in front of which, elevated by a few steps, stands a figure with one hand leaning upon a bow. The other hand is upraised, and the face is gazing towards the fire. Above, between the fire and the worshippers, is a soaring figure, only half visible, holding a wreath in the right hand, while the left is lifted as if in benediction; and behind this figure is seen a globe suspended over the fire. The figure with the bow represents the king under the protection and in sight of the divine beings Oromasdes and Mythras, worshipping the sacred fire.

There are clear traces of Grecian origin in the elevation and details of this tomb of Darius, while the general architecture of Persia owed its origin, undoubtedly, to Egypt, though in every particular inferior to that of the latter.

Having now given a tolerably clear, though brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of the most ancient and important systems of architecture of which history affords us any account; having gradually traced the origin and progress of the art, from the first rude skin-covered huts of our semi-barbarous ancestors, to the wonderful rock-cut temples and meretricious pagodas of the Hindoos, and the monuments, palaces, tombs, hypogea, sarcophagi, and pyramids of the Egyptians, and also the wonderful architectural works of Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia—we come to the more ORDERLY architecture of the Greeks and Romans, the progressive developments of which will engage my attention for the remainder of the year. The origin of the different orders of architec-

tory, and the important edifices in which each was employed, all chronologically arranged, as well as accurate descriptions as to dimensions, &c., of such buildings, are among the designs upon my trestle-board. The early Doric Order—its history, proportions, and modifications—will form the subject matter of my next communication, with which I will send you an elaborate drawing of the world-renowned PARTHENON—the largest and most magnificent of the many beautiful temples of the Greeks, and the maiden temple of the Doric order.

G.

Miscellany.

MASONRY AND THE BIBLE.

BY HON. CHAS. SCOTT.

THE BIBLE AS THE FIRST GREAT LIGHT.

THE first great light of Masonry is the Holy Bible. It is the word of the Spirit, and in a Christian land there is no necessity to speak largely of its divine inspiration. We profess to believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and that "holy men of old spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." It is the glorious charter of a Christian's faith, and the hope of his eternal salvation. In the books of the Lodge we are told that the Holy Bible is dedicated to God, because it is the inestimable gift of God to man. In all Christian countries it is regarded as a necessary light, and a part of the furniture of a lodge. No lodge can be regularly opened or closed without it, and no labor can be done unless it has a place upon the altar. It binds our vows, and cements our friendships.

And why is it denominated the first Great Light? It is the voice of Jehovah, or the Great I AM. The mysteries of the Order are explained and illustrated in that sacred volume, and it is through the power of the word of inspiration that we can be brought to a just knowledge of Freemasonry. It points out the way which leads to the Sanctuary and the presence chamber of Deity. In it will be found the great plans and designs which are depicted on our tracing-boards. There will be found, also, the poetry and philosophy of our Institution. There will be found Astronomy, and all the materials of our his-

tory; and there our most important landmarks and richest treasures may be discovered by the industry and skill of every Masonic student. Masonry teaches the mysterious doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh; and whence was it obtained? From the eternal word of God, in which the doctrine of salvation is found; and no one, who is not influenced by the Spirit, shall ever truly see it, shall ever feel it, shall ever appropriate it. No word can ever be substituted in its place; but in all ages, and in all countries, it will remain materially the word of God. It can only be heard when spoken to the heart from the lips of the Deity, and whispered to the living soul by the Holy Spirit of the Universe. There we are told of the loss of Eden; and the whole process of recovery is described in the most sublime and touching eloquence. As a most excellent symbol of our Order, it illumines every apartment of the lodge with the rays of Divine truth. It is supposed by some Masons, when viewed in connection with the square and compasses, to have a reference to the wisdom of Solomon—the square being emblematical of Hiram of Tyre, and the compasses, the exquisite skill of H. A. B. But may not the Bible, square, and compasses, be regarded as symbols of the wisdom, truth, and justice of God; His wisdom being exemplified in the sacred volume, which contains the record of His mighty acts, and the treasures of His revealed will. His truth is represented by the square, as the acknowledged symbol of strength, and criterion of perfection, which, by His unerring and impartial justice, has accurately defined the limits of good and evil, assigning to mankind a due proportion of pleasure and pain, as elucidated by the compasses which enables us to ascertain the limits of all geometrical forms, and reduce our ideas of proportion and equality to a certain standard.

There is not a degree which is conferred in a regular lodge, which does not direct the mind to the Bible, as the light of lights. If it was not opened on our altar, how could a candidate for any one of the degrees of A. C. M., be brought to light? The charge given to a newly-made brother, is a just and beautiful commentary on the moral and religious character of the Order. The W. M. recommends to his most serious contemplation the volume of the sacred

¹ The sacred writings are a symbolical chain, by which we are all united in the bonds of brotherly love and universal philanthropy, as John, the meek and lowly disciple of Jesus, says in his gospel, "In the blessed Book is to be found the true rule by which every Christian will endeavor to regulate his conduct."—GADICKE.

² A lodge of Masons is an assemblage of brothers and fellows, met together for the purpose of expatiating on the mysteries of the Craft, with the Bible, square, and compasses, the book of constitutions, and the warrant empowering them to work. It is here denominated an assembly of Masons, just, perfect, and regular, who are met together to expatiate on the mysteries of the Order: just, because it contains the *Sacred Law unfolded*; perfect, from its members, every Order of Masonry being virtually present by its representatives; and regular, from its warrant of constitution.—OLIVER'S *Symbolical Dic.*

law, charging him to consider it as the unerring standard of truth and justice, and to regulate his actions by the Divine precepts it contains. Therein he is reminded of the duties he owes to his God, to his neighbor, and to himself. To God, by never mentioning his name but with that awe and reverence which are due from the creature to his Creator; by imploring his aid on all lawful undertakings; and by looking up to Him in every emergency, for comfort and support. To his neighbor, by acting with him upon the square; by offering him every kind office which justice or mercy may require; by relieving his distresses, and soothing his afflictions: and to himself, by such a prudent and well regulated course of discipline, as may best conduce to the preservation of his corporeal and mental faculties in their fullest energy; thereby enabling him to exert the talents wherewith God has blessed him. Thus, we perceive that the morality of Masonry is the morality of the Bible, and that there is no religion to which its principles are in such perfect harmony, as the religion of the Bible. Every Mason is strictly admonished and enjoined to walk and govern himself by the moral law—the law of God. The lectures and working of our lodges teach us that Masonry is a science of light, emanating from the religion of the Bible; a beautiful system of moral truth, which directs the Craft to the source of all wisdom and goodness—our Father in Heaven. At our initiation, we professed to believe, and, in the course of our advancement, we were subsequently taught and made to know, that the principles of our Order are founded upon the never failing base of revealed light, or true religion.³

And we can never, moreover, forget how imperatively it insists upon and prizes the daily practice of every social, moral, and religious virtue. It is consequently our most serious duty, as professors of this light, undeviatingly to comply with its

³ The most prominent facts which Freemasonry inculcates, directly, or by implication, are these: That there is a God; that He created man, and placed him in a state of perfect happiness in Paradise; that he forfeited this supreme felicity by disobedience to the Divine commands, at the suggestions of the serpent tempter; that, to alleviate his repentant contrition, a Divine revelation was communicated to him; that, in process of time, a Saviour should appear in the world to atone for sin, and place their posterity in a condition of restoration to His favor; for the increasing wickedness of man, God sent a deluge to purge the earth of its corruptions; and when it was again re-peopled, He renewed His gracious covenant with several of the patriarchs; delivered His people from Egypt, led them in the wilderness; and in the Mosaic dispensation, gave more clear indications of the Messiah, by a succession of prophets, extending throughout the entire theocracy and monarchy; that he instituted a tabernacle and temple worship, which contained the most indisputable types of the religion which the Messiah should reveal and promulgate.—OLIVER.

important, excellent, and solemn obligation. Light and truth are the great essentials of the royal craft. "God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all."

THE BIBLE THE RULE OF MASONIC FAITH.

But, is the Bible the rule of Masonic faith? It cannot be denied that Masonry contains religious principles and doctrines. In fact, it is not without its creed, although it does not assume to be a substitute for the Church of God. Every Mason who puts his trust in God has a well-founded faith. The God of creation is the God of inspiration, and the God of revelation. He who believes in the existence of God, and never enters upon any important undertaking without first invoking his aid and blessing, cannot reasonably reject the Scripture; but will, or ought to regard them as the rule of faith and guide of conduct. Does a mere belief in the existence of a Supreme Being constitute Masonic faith? Would such belief furnish any perfect rule of conduct? Would it teach us how to worship God in spirit and in truth? Would it afford any just idea of His perfections and attributes, of a future state, of immortality, of the resurrection? Where is the only true rule of Masonic conduct to be found? Where are the great subjects of the Masonic ritual obtained? The Holy Bible reveals and supports all the great truths which are contained in our Order; and, therefore, by it all Masons should be instructed to rule and govern their faith. The facts recorded in our annals could not possibly have been known if God had not revealed them. As the greatest light, it speaks authoritatively, and proposes a creed for adoption, and demands our belief. "Thus saith the Lord," is the language of the Bible—the language of that great light which has illumined the world. Revelation, then, is the foundation of all our rites and ceremonies, and that which renders the Bible an *inestimable gift*, and distinguishes it from all other lights shining upon and about our altar, is, that it contains the words of *eternal life*. Such is its utility, excellence, and perfection, that were it removed from our lodges they would instantly cease to exist, and Freemasonry would perish from the earth. According to the language of our ancient brethren, as recorded in Preston's Illustrations, a Mason is bound to study the *Sacred Law*, to consider it as the *unerring standard of truth and justice*, and to *regulate his actions by its Divine principles*. The *Sacred Law* is none other than the Law of

⁴ To the Mason is pointed out the volume of the Sacred Law, (ever open in our assemblies,) and the square and compasses. These are explained with due solemnity, and he is enjoined to *place his faith in the first*.—MOODY.

God; and as such we are taught to consider it the unerring standard of justice. Its principles are acknowledged to be *Divine*. If it be the law of God, and, consequently, its principles Divine, must it not be regarded as the rule of our faith? And if we are instructed to regulate our actions by it, is it not the guide of our conduct? But by the sacred law, it may be said, is not meant the Holy Bible, as contained in the Old Testaments. We answer, that Christian Masons regard the Holy Bible as the Sacred Law, and hence, in the lodges of Christendom, the Holy Bible has been adopted as a symbol of Masonry. We consider the *Old Testament* but the *New* involved: and the *New Testament*, the *Old* explained. The *Law* was a shadow of good to come. When the sun is behind, the shadow is before; when the sun is before, the shadow is behind: so was it in Christ: to them of old, this sun was behind, and therefore, the law or shadow was before; to us, under grace, the sun is before; and so now, the ceremonies of the law, these shadows, are behind, yea, they are vanished away. Joshua succeeded Moses; Christ the Law; Moses dies, Joshua leads the people; Joshua brings the people over Jordan, which Moses could not do; God took Moses into a better Canaan. The fathers did eat manna in the desert; we have the bread which came down from Heaven.⁶

MASONIC FAITH.

Faith, in the sense in which it is used in the lectures, in reference to the Bible, is the assent of the mind or understanding to the truth of what God has revealed. Simple belief of the Scriptures, of the being and perfections of God, and of the existence, character, and doctrines of Christ, founded on the testimony of the sacred writers, is called historical, or speculative faith. It will not be pretended that Freemasonry, in even Christian countries teaches anything more than the duty of every Mason to put faith in the divinity of the Holy Scriptures; and in teaching the truths of the Bible, it exhorts us to regard the Bible as the rule of our faith. Our faith in God, and our belief in what He has revealed, may, under the benign influence of Masonry, as the handmaid of true religion, and the study of the Scriptures, lead our minds to the blessed enjoyment of that *evangelical, justifying or saving faith*, which is a firm belief of God's testimony, and of the truth of the gospel,

which influences the will, and lead to an entire reliance on Christ for salvation. A true Christian faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for; this maintained and well-assured, by walking according to our Masonic profession, will turn faith into a vision, and bring us to that blessed mansion above, where the just exist to all eternity. Let there be no misunderstanding on this subject. While the sacred Law in a lodge of Jews, and the Holy Bible in a lodge of Christians, are recognized as divine, nevertheless, there may not be any *direct* or *positive* requirement of a candidate for the mysteries to express openly his belief in the Scriptures. Such a *test* or *qualification* may not be *expressed* in the ritual, but still, every *Mason* is enjoined to have such faith. No one could make a good Mason without it; and, in the exercise of the ballot, we would do well to consider an infidel as unqualified for Masonic honors.⁶ Such a one, like the Atheist, could not be brought to light; there would be nothing to bind his conscience, or support his obligations. While, then, there may be no mention made in the ritual of "*faith in the Bible*," as there is of "*faith in God*," nevertheless, Masonry, in all countries, teaches the truth of the Sacred Law, and in Christian countries, the truth of both the Old and New Testaments. One who has faith in God, and is not an avowed or confirmed infidel, may be brought to the light of that truth. What faith, or hope, or charity would we have, if the first Great Light was extinguished? Nature may argue something for the immortality of the soul, but it is a mere speculation, outside of Divine Revelation. Can nature tell us for what purpose the soul of man was made immortal, or the destiny of the unquenchable principle within us? The great business of the Bible was to bring immortality to light, and to raise mankind to a sense of their own deathlessness. Why would God have made man in vain, had he not made him immortal? Were it not for the statement of Holy Writ, the hopes and fears of another state of existence which are there presented, the revealed fact of the cognizance by a righteous Judge of all our actions, and who will deal out, hereafter, exact retributions, darkness—an awful darkness—would rest upon the face of the soul, and we should go down to the grave without a ray of hope.

Exclude the Bible from our Lodges, and a belief in its truth, and in vain might Masonry teach the history of creation. No

⁶ Sutton's *Discere Vivere*, p. 8. Christ came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil them, and to carry out the scheme of religion there laid down, to a still higher degree of excellency. Accordingly, he taught all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian system, which are necessary to be believed and obeyed, in order to the attainment of salvation. 1 HORN'S *INTRO.*, p. 149.

⁶ Amongst the great lights of Freemasonry, the Holy Bible is the greatest. By it we are taught to rule and govern our faith. No one can be legally initiated into the Order unless he believes in the grand truths which are therein contained; unless he supports it, and is supported by that blessed Book,—GADICK.

such words as these would fall upon our ears: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."⁷ In vain would the Master of Masons try to govern his Lodge with regularity, for if the Bible be not the word of God, we should never have known why "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night." Where would be our historical landmarks? Shall we expunge the vision of Jacob, and remove that "symbol of glory" from our charts—the celebrated ladder, containing the beautiful rounds of Faith, Hope, and Charity? What would we do with that great event which Masonry celebrates, the offering of Isaac upon Mount Moriah? Also, the miraculous deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, under the conduct of Moses—the offering of David on the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite—and the building of Solomon's Temple? On the veracity of the Bible our holy religion must stand or fall; and, therefore, our hopes of salvation anchor upon it, as a rock which can never give way. It is the pillar and ground of truth, the pedestal and support of Faith; and hence the Masonic ladder is planted there, as on a foundation that can never be shaken, because its Divine Author is Jehovah himself. Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty centre in its pages; for its Wisdom is Faith, its Strength is Hope, and its Beauty is Charity. In all the tracing-boards of American Lodges, we find the Holy Bible one of the symbols of our Order. In the Lodges of our Jewish brethren, the roll of the Sacred Law may perhaps be substituted in its place.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Masonry, we have endeavoured to show, is an institution which existed before the Christian era; and, doubtless, originally

⁷ The candidate who has not been as yet admitted, as a child of light, is, as a matter of course, represented in a state of darkness, just as Chaos was, before the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. The poor candidate in that state obtains a practical view of himself, without the benign influence of that Spirit; and when he makes the confession that he stands in need of the blessings of light, all the brethren join in the ceremony . . . which gives a fair notion of the statement made by the inspired recorder.—MARGOLIOTH.

Religion emanating from the Deity, the centre and source of intellectual light, by a natural inference we at once admit the propriety and beauty with which the name *Sun* or *Light* was given to Freemasonry. Under this name, or its equivalent in all languages, our Science, in all its original purity, was first practised. Hence its professors received the name of Aurists, or the Sons of Light.—MOORE.

the sacred law was the legitimate symbol. The Jew puts his faith in that law. He believes in the types, symbols, and prophecies of the Old Testament. He believes in a Messiah who is to come, who shall be the King of the Jews and the Prince of Peace. Christian Masons believe that the types, symbols, and prophecies of the elder dispensations of God have been fulfilled, and that Jesus is the true Messiah. Hence, they have adopted the whole Bible as the word of God, and the guide of their conduct. When it was adopted, we do not undertake to say; but of one thing we are certain—no Mason, nor set of Masons, can now alter the symbol. It corresponds with our Christian faith and genuine religion. And if Masonry permits men of all nations to meet with us on the centre, in this respect, it would liken itself to Christianity, which comprehends all mankind under one fold, under one shepherd. Can a Christian Mason look upon the figure of a sheep, as an emblem of the first degree, and not think of the words of Jesus, "I am the good shepherd?" It expresses a multitude of heavenly thoughts. It recalls to our minds the Great Shepherd of Israel, who, in the depths of his mercy and power, bid his chosen people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock." The visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel flit before us as sublime and gracious figures of goodness. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."—"As a shepherd seeketh out his flock, in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel, by the rivers and in all the inhabited places of the country. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." "Masonry," says the learned Oliver, "exhibits a beautiful picture by opening wide her arms of benevolence to receive the children of men, like the Saviour of mankind inviting his creatures to accept the salvation which he freely offers, without money and without price." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest in your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." And his benevolent intentions are confirmed by St. Paul, for he says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is

neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." And again, with more universality of application, in another place: "There is neither Greek nor Jew; circumcision nor uncircumcision; barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free; but Christ is all in all." That the lectures of Masonry contain many types of the Christian religion, cannot reasonably be disputed; and in a Christian lodge, or a lodge of Christian Masons, they cannot be otherwise understood or explained. The lodge stands on holy and consecrated ground, and the birth-land of pure religion. The events, also, which are narrated in the Old Testament, often adumbrated those which occurred under the New Dispensation. The connection between the First and Second Dispensations, and the Third Dispensation, is obvious to every Christian Mason. The law and the Gospel are parts of the same system.⁸ They constitute a plan, beautiful and harmonious. As the Master Mason's degree is the first and second degrees more fully developed, so it is with the Gospel Dispensation, viewed in connection with the First and Second Dispensations. When we hold in our hands the sacred roll of the law, being satisfied that it is the work of God, how is it possible for us, as Christian Masons, to read the records of Christianity, and not be assured that they are also divine. Christ "denies that Moses may be believed, and he himself be disbelieved." It is not at all surprising that the Holy Bible should be generally used in the lodges of Christendom, in the place of the sacred roll of the law. The law, considered as a system of types, so corresponds with the Gospel, as its antetype, that all the parts of one fit in, as it were, into the corresponding parts of the other, and we have a complete construction. Masonry, in all its essential features, is an ancient institution; and while none of its landmarks, from its beginning, perhaps, have been materially changed, still some of its symbols, like the several parts of the Bible, were composed in different ages. Although, under the direction of Solomon, a complete system was builded compactly together, and of surpassing beauty, still learned Masters, in different ages of the world, have added symbols and hieroglyphics to the original tracing-board, which surprisingly agree with the types and symbols of Solomon, so that all the pieces of Masonic mechanism "combine in one grand and symmetrical system." The Bible is the composition of different writers in different ages; and yet it is a uniform book, presenting throughout the same truths, though in a great va-

⁸ Masonry is the excellency of Christianity, and every Mason is, if he be in reality a Mason, a true Christian; or, at least, he is in reality truly religious, according to his profession, whether he be Jew or Christian.—*Inwood*.

riety of exhibitions, and marked throughout by a wonderful symmetry of style. In substituting the Christian Bible in the place of the sacred roll of the Law, our enlightened Masters, acting under the light of the Gospel Dispensation, did it, not with the design of infringing the ancient landmarks, but with a full belief that the New Testament explained all the types of the Old, and fulfilled the prophecies. The New Testament confirms the same truths, and unfolded the same doctrines which are taught or revealed in the Old.

The Holy Bible, then, as a symbol of Masonry, cannot be removed from the chart of a Christian Mason. When the two perpendicular parallel lines were introduced as symbols, we need not now inquire; but we know that, in all our American charts or monitors, they are explained as representing St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist.⁹ Our Jewish brethren would understand these lines to refer to the Tabernacle and Temple, as represented by their builders, Moses and Solomon. "But either view of the case," says Dr. Oliver, "will terminate in an application to faith and practice. For Moses, according to his own evidence, was a type of Christ, when he speaks of a prophet like himself, and therefore was an object of faith to the Jews, as St. John is to Christians; while Solomon, who carried out the incipient idea of Moses in the construction of the Temple, was a personification of that practical religion which St. John the Evangelist recommended so powerfully to his followers, as the perfection and fruit of faith. If, therefore, a candidate for the honors of Masonry represent the central point of time, as it is now understood, and his circumambulation be indicative of his progress to eternity, the perpendicular parallel lines can be no other than the faith and practice by which he expects to attain the object of his hope"—those supernal regions of universal love, which will endure through everlasting ages.

There is every reason to believe that the blazing star, which is located in the centre of the Mosaic pavement, is one of the primitive symbols of Masonry. But the explanation of it is not the same in all lodges. In some lectures it is considered an emblem of prudence, and is placed in the centre, ever to be present to the eye of the Mason, that his heart may be attentive to the dictates, and steadfast in the laws of prudence; for prudence is the rule of all virtue, prudence is the path which leads to the degree of propriety, prudence

⁹ In every well-regulated lodge, there is found a point within a circle, which circle is embordered by two perpendicular parallel lines. These lines are representations of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, the two great patrons of Masonry, to whom our lodges are dedicated, and who are said to have been "perfect parallels" in Christianity, as well as Masonry.—*Old Lectures*.

is the channel from whence self-approbation forever flows: she leads us forth to worthy actions, and, as a blazing star, enlightens us through the dreary and darksome paths of life. A favorite definition used in the lodges of Europe is, it is no matter whether the figure of which the blazing star forms the centre, be a triangle, square, or circle, it still represents the sacred name of God, as a universal spirit, who enlivens our hearts, purifies our reason, increases our knowledge, and makes us wiser and better men. Thomas Dunckerly, a distinguished barrister and Mason, gave it a different, and, in our opinion, a just and perfect interpretation. He rose to eminence about the middle of the 18th century; and such was his high reputation in England, that it is said that every difficult question in the Grand Lodge was referred to him, and his decision was delivered with such consummate judgment as to be satisfactory to all parties. Bro. Dunckerly regarded the symbol as representing the star which led the wise men to Bethlehem, proclaiming to mankind the nativity of the Son of God, and here conducting our spiritual progress to the Author of our redemption.¹⁰ In American lodges, it is said to be in commemoration of that star which appeared to guide the wise men of the east to the place of our Saviour's nativity. And this explanation of that symbol in our working, none will undertake to alter or improve. We leave it as we find it. It is a Christian explanation of the blazing star among Christian Masons; and such is the tolerant spirit of Freemasonry, that our Jewish brethren will never object to its use in a lodge of Masons who recognise the truth of Christianity. Such is also the case with the symbol of the Holy Bible.

We can tolerate, as Masons and as Christians, the limited persuasion of the Israelite. It is consistent with the true and universal spirit of Masonry, although a severe struggle has taken place in Europe to exclude Jews from the Lodges. The Most Worshipful Grand Master of Berlin thought that the question, "whether persons belonging to the religion of Moses should be admitted as Masons, depends solely on the rites of which the different fraternities have been established. According to the rites, the Grand Mother Lodge of the Three Globes is founded and based on Christian principles, and consequently, the member-

ship of a person not belonging to the Christian Church is not admissible; but it is characteristic of our system to be just and tolerant as to the opinions of others. It is not the object of the Grand Lodge, not to acknowledge as Masons such whose ceremonies are not based on the rites of the Christian Church, and we do not wish it to be considered that we publicly or secretly deny them as Free and Accepted Masons."¹¹

There may be observed a beautiful Masonic illustration of the condition of the Jews. They have lost the favor of God, but they shall find it in some future age, and be restored to their forfeited place, to enjoy, in Canaan, a higher than their first dignity. They sustain an interesting relation to our Christian brethren; and as the sacred law has an intimate connection with the Gospel, so stand the Jews to Christianity. They are to be considered as a typical nation; and no one can study the books of their great lawgiver, and not discover that what happened to this people "describes, as by a figure, what happens to the church." They have lost the word—the favor of heaven—but they shall find it in a more lofty and exalted degree of truth and virtue. Such is the language of prophecy: "I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace, and of supplication; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son."

CONNECTION BETWEEN MASONRY AND RELIGION.

We have shown, to some extent, the connection between Masonry and religion, and the authorities are many upon this subject. It will not be unprofitable to refer to a few. In the reign of King James II., A. D. 1686, a MS. was written, which is preserved in the Lodge of Antiquity in England. It contains the following passages:

"Every man that is a Mason, take good heed to these charges, we pray; that if a man find himself guilty of any of these charges, that he may amend himself; or principally, for the dread of God, &c., &c. *The first charge is, that ye shall be true men to God, and to the holy Church, and to use no error or heresy by your understanding, and by wise men's teaching.*"

¹⁰ The blazing star must not be considered merely as the creature which heralded the appearance of the Messiah, but the symbol of that Great Being Himself, who is described by the magnificent appellations of the Day Spring, or Rising Sun, the Day Star, the Morning Star, and the Bright or Blazing Star. This then is the supernal reference of the Blazing Star of Masonry, attached to a science which, like the religion it embodies, is universal, and applicable to all times and seasons, and to every people that ever did or ever will exist, on our ephemeral globe of earth.—*Oliver*.

¹¹ Masonic Institute, p. 150, note. "The preservation of the Old Testament, by the piety and fidelity of the Jews, in every age, must ever entitle those extraordinary people to our warmest gratitude. Their scrupulous jealousy in the preservation of the sacred volume, their veneration even for its words and letters, their careful transcript of it in their sacred books, and the various means they employed to ensure perfect accuracy, evince their regard for its contents, and their solemn impressions of the divine inspiration of its authors."—*Moody*.

Bro. Dunckerly, as early as 1757, spoke as follows : "Light and Truth being the great essentials of the royal craft, I shall begin my discourse with that awful message which St. John delivered to the world, that 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all;' and that we are not worthy of the true fellowship, unless we walk in the light, and do the truth. O, Sacred Light! whose orient beams make manifest that truth, which unites all good and faithful Masons in a heavenly fellowship. This sublime part of Masonry is that firm basis on which is raised the shaft of *faith*, that supports a beautiful entablature of good works."

In 1738, Mason, in answering some of the interrogatories against Freemasonry, said : "It is true, that although a lodge is not a school of divinity, yet the brethren are taught there the great lessons of their ancient religion—morality, humanity, and friendship; to abhor persecution, and be peaceable subjects under the civil government wherever they reside."

An anonymous writer says : "Our beauty is such as adorns all our actions; is hewn out of the rock, which is Christ, and raised upright with the plumbline of the Gospel; squared and levelled to the horizontal of God's will, in the holy Lodge of St. John; and such as becomes the temple, whose maker and builder is God."

In a lecture delivered by Rev. John Hodgets, in 1784, he says, "that we are not to confine our affections, and extend our liberality only to the narrow circle of a particular family, tribe, or nation, and hate and persecute the rest of mankind. Go and ask the great Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who is your neighbor and brother." In speaking upon this subject, the Rev. Jethro Inwood, in a sermon delivered in 1793, declares, "that our universal brotherhood is established in the unfathomable, unfinished, and unbounded price which was paid in the blood of Jesus for the purchase of the world; here none are exempted in this mighty ransom; He who tasted death for every man, when expiring upon the cross, sealed with his blood the universal bond, and in his wide-stretched arms of universal love embraced a dying world, bid all to live, and hid them live as brethren."

But need we multiply authorities upon this subject? We might refer to the opinions of many other distinguished brethren, as Hutchinson, Laurie, Preston, Watson, Jones, the Duke of Sussex, Oliver, Moody, Dowty, Margoliouth, Mackenzie, and Chadwick. Our argument is fortified by reason and authority. The Holy Bible, the Christian Bible, must be recognised as a just and proper symbol on the tracing-board of Christian Masons. It is in keeping with our system of morality and religion, and its place cannot be supplied by

the Book of Constitutions, or the Sacred Roll of the Law. The pious Jew differed in nothing but in knowledge and in name from the Christian. His religion is essentially the same with ours—Christianity being Judaism consummated.

What we have said upon this very interesting subject, we trust, will be understood by all. May Christian brethren strive so to study the Bible, as to be brought to a knowledge of its truth, and behold the glories and enjoy the mercies of the gospel. It is the best guide which Masons or Christians can consult, and, if its precepts are duly and truly followed by them, they may become perfect, thoroughly furnished to every good work. God has graciously promised that all true believers shall be brought to him. Let, then, every mason who desires to advance in religious knowledge, and, most of all, wishes to be brought to the light of Christian truth, read the Holy Bible with diligence and attention; which, being an important and solemn undertaking, should be accompanied by prayer for the Divine assistance, teaching, and blessing. With the prayer of David upon his lips, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," and the word, which is very nigh to us all, will discover the things of the Spirit, and guide us to Him who has ascended into Heaven for us.

A SKETCH.

IN my rambles I called at a beautiful town. I saw some who claimed to be of the mystic brotherhood. They were assembled in places where they were more anxious to cater to the creature passions than the more exalted virtues of the mind. Wending my way northward, I arrived in a beautiful rural village, whose centre was occupied by a triangular park. What a sublime spectacle we could here view were it illumined by burning lights. On one of its angles was situated what, from its outward appearance, was where the weary could rest and refresh the inner man. On a sign was emblazoned some well known masonic emblems. In the office was a venerable father, whose locks were whitened by the frosts of three score years and ten, and yet it was he—the landlord—who was dealing to a maddened crowd a sure and deadly poison. There was the manly form in the full vigor of youth, whose step was uncertain, cheeks bloated, eyes distorted. Horrid oaths came from his lips, but on his breast a golden jewel, emblematic of the mystic tie. Are these my brothers, I inquired. After passing the ground floor and the middle chamber, we came to a place representing the holy of holies of the temple. Here the spirits arose; the sight was gladdened;

Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty were represented; the East, the West, and the South had their appropriate honors; and now, we thought, all is well, and the work goes on. A favorable report from a committee on petition for initiation was made; a ballot was ordered, when there arose one whose demeanor bespoke candor, and he asked to be excused from the ballot. He was excused. Why is this? I asked. Is there to be another of those unsightly objects? is there to be a temple erected here from unshapen blocks and unsound material? Again the speaker arose. The reasons for desiring to be excused were purely conscientious. He was not informed of the *moral character* of the applicant, and could not on any account assent to one entering who was not characterized by temperance, morality, prudence, and discretion. This brought forth an animated discussion, where each seemed to vie with the other in determining the rectitude of their conduct. The committee again came forth, when all were satisfied with the applicant, and the ceremony was performed in a striking and impressive manner. If more such discussions were had, the vows made at our altars would be sacredly kept, and the world might take example from our conduct.

PRAISE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love,
It shows us the way to the mansion above.

The Bible! the Bible! blessed volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of ice.

The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings far o'er the earth.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

DARKNESS.

THE darkness of Masonry is invested with a dignified reference, because it is attached to a system of truth. It places before the mind a series of the most awful and impressive images. It points to the darkness of death and the obscurity of the grave, as the forerunners of a more brilliant and never-fading light which follows at the resurrection of the just. Figure to yourself the beauty and strict propriety of this reference, ye who have been raised to the third degree of Masonry. Were your minds enveloped in the shades of that darkness? So shall you again be involved in the darkness of the

grave, when death has drawn his sable curtain around you. Did you rise to a splendid scene of intellectual brightness? So, if you are obedient to the precepts of Masonry and the dictates of religion, shall you rejoice on the resurrection morn, when the clouds of error and imperfection are separated from your mind, and you behold with unveiled eye the glories which issue from the expanse of heaven, the everlasting splendors of the throne of God!

THE MASON'S WIFE.

SHE extendeth her hands to the poor,
The needy she strives to relieve—
The fallen she seeks to restore,
And soothes the afflicted that grieve.
She strengthens the penitent mind,
So ready to yield to despair;
Every burden she seeks to unbind,
Relieving from sorrow and care.

By her bounty the naked are clad,
The hungry are furnished with food—
The sick at her presence are glad,
She visits the widow's abode.
The virtuous exult in her smile,
The ignorant learn to be wise—
Her reproofs are like excellent oil,
Which bid holy perfume arise.

Her worth, as the Wise Man declares,
Will far above rubies be told;
Her counsels, her deeds, and her prayers,
Are better than silver or gold.
If such be the spirit of those,
Who are lab'ring the lost to reclaim,
Ah, who can their mission oppose,
Or fail to speak well of their name.

THE WEAK AND THE STRONG.

WHAT causes the weak to offend,
The strong should in kindness forego;
Nor these for such freedom contend,
As those cannot safely allow.

Mankind should be brethren at heart,
As bound by reciprocal ties,
And still to each other impart
What kindness well can devise.

An influence pure and benign,
Would thus fill the earth with delight,
And example with precept combine
To put all the vices to flight.

THE SQUARE.

BY it the perfect stone is proved and placed
Where it, when wrought, was destined to be
And there adjusted to the Master's taste, [laid,
And seams and joints exquisitely are made.
The errors which the eye could not detect
Are by its angle ever brought to view,
So we by this unerring tool should, too,
Our conduct, actions, and our mien inspect.
And as the master builder would reject,
All stones in which were found the least defect,
E'en so to erect our moral edifice
Should we with care dispel each rising thought
That is not to the square of virtue wrought,
Our sure award will be eternal bliss.

INTEGRITY without knowledge is weak and useless; knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

Monthly Record and Review.

THE GRAND LODGE OF LOUISIANA.

THE Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Louisiana held its forty-seventh annual communication at the Hall of the Grand Lodge, on St. Charles Street, New Orleans, on Monday, the 14th of February, and continuing was closed in ample form on the 19th; M. W. Amos Adams, Grand Master, and Samuel G. Risk, Grand Secretary. There were present a full representation from the subordinate lodges of the State.

The annual address of the Grand Master affords a good recapitulation of the condition of the Order in Louisiana during the past year. It covers twelve pages of the printed proceedings, and treats of nearly every subject of interest to the Fraternity.

THE STATE OF THE CRAFT.

Whilst the Grand Master speaks encouragingly of the condition of the Craft in his jurisdiction, he deplors the low estimate at which membership is valued. He says:

In our own State Masonry is apparently in as good condition as at any former period, but truth compels me to say that the standard for the qualification of candidates for our mysteries in many of our lodges is too low; there is not a proper appreciation of the importance of a high moral and intellectual standard being required; a *negative* character, one in whom there is no harm and but little good, can never be an accession to Masonry. For the future well-being of our Order the standard should be raised, and we should admit none but such as can properly appreciate and practice the principles of Masonry; when that is the case we may have a less number of votaries, but we shall have greater strength, and exercise a much greater and more happy influence than we can expect or hope to do, while our portals are open to those whose practices are in direct contrast to the principles of Masonry.

RECOMMENDATION TO READ.

The G. M. of Louisiana is not one of those who cannot appreciate the benefit of books and periodicals. He says:

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With the information presented to you annually by the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, the publication of periodicals, the dissemination of masonic books, and other sources, if we do not become enlightened Masons it is our own fault; and if we, as representatives of the Order, do not embrace these means of information and become "workmen that need not be ashamed," skillful and cunning in our profession, we are recreant to our trust, and should be displaced to make room for others more worthy. Masonry may increase in *numbers*, and its members may increase in a knowledge of the *work* and *ritual*, and yet unless we keep pace with the times, unless we become reading and reflecting Masons, ready and prepared to give a reason for the faith within us at all times, we are not discharging our duty to ourselves or those we represent.

THE PROPERTY OF THE GRAND LODGE.

In 1854 the G. L. of Louisiana proposed to purchase the building on Charles street, known as the Odd Fellows Hall—began and erected during the popular furor in favor of that institution, but for which it was found impossible to pay. The terms of purchase offered by the G. L. of La. were accepted, and have been so far strictly complied with on the part of that body. Upon this subject the G. M. says:

The last note for the purchase of the Grand Lodge Hall, of \$12,485, will be due in March next, and I am happy to inform the Grand Lodge that the funds will be ready to meet it; and thus, in five years, has this building, worth at least \$75,000, been paid for, and is now the property of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana. The revenues, after paying necessary expenses, are pledged in the act of purchase to be appropriated exclusively to charitable purposes—to be distributed in such manner as the Grand Lodge shall determine. It is in charge of a Board of Directors, to be chosen annually by the Grand Lodge. I regret that Bro. Perkins had not continued one year longer to occupy this chair, and to have made the announcement just made by myself. When he was elected Grand Master this enterprise was just commenced, and of doubtful success; but through his untiring zeal and energy, during the four years he presided over this Grand Lodge, backed by an intelligent

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and zealous Board of Directors, and a noble constituency, the work is done, and we have now a charity fund equal to our requirements. I trust there will be as much wisdom in dispensing this stream of charity as there was in devising ways and means to obtain it.

THE LADIES' MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION

Meets at the hands of Grand Master Adams the recommendation that a committee be appointed to take the object of the circular addressed by Grand Secretary Dove into consideration. One of the lodges in Louisiana contributed \$25 towards the fund.

DIMITTED MASONS AND THEIR RIGHT TO VISIT.

It appears that this subject is becoming a matter of contention in Louisiana as well as other State jurisdictions. At a late session of the Grand Lodge a by-law was adopted, denying dmitted Masons the right of visiting lodges in that State, or joining in public processions of the Order, provided they had been one year disconnected with such or any lodge, and also denied the *right* of claiming masonic burial. To our mind this law, so far as its requirements extend, is just. No dmitted Mason has any right to *claim* masonic burial; neither has he the *right* to claim permission to visit a lodge. No Mason, dmitted or otherwise, can demand admission into a lodge any more than he could demand admission into any club, society, or gathering, where his presence was not required nor his visit sought. For dmitted Masons to set up claims for rights in such cases is folly unquestionable. If a lodge chooses to bury a dmitted Mason with the ceremonies of the Order, it has unquestionably the right to do so—and the Grand Lodge that would make by-laws or issue edicts to deny it that right, is traveling far from its principles and the principles of Masonry; but no such brother can claim such burial as his *right*. Assuredly not.

It is the failure to define, in decided and unmistakable language, on the part of Grand Lodges, their rights, that causes what difficulty there is experienced with dmitted brethren. Where there is no such failure, neither difficulty nor contention need exist. Where it is permitted to obtain, the contrary will be the rule, and

membership must be exacted as *apparently* the only remedy. That this is a remedy is true, but that it is the only remedy is a mistake. The natural result of forcing men into lodge membership must be evil, and not good. Such forcing process is at war with the very spirit of the institution, desiring as that spirit does voluntary and free-will offering of self upon the altar of its requirements. Compulsory membership is worse than none at all, both to compelled and compeller; and harmony or peace cannot be the result of it. But, define clearly and unmistakably the rights of him who prefers to remain out of companionship with his fellows, and you at once settle the matter, and apply the proper remedy.

PHYSICAL DISABILITY.

G. M. Adams asks:

What constitutes a physical disability? That question has arisen this year, and may arise again. I have had to decide the question; but, perhaps, my decision will not be in accordance with the views of the Grand Lodge. My decision was, that a candidate with but *one ear* constituted such a defect or malformation as to preclude him from enjoying the privileges of the Order. I am aware that there are conflicting opinions upon this question, and I hope the Grand Lodge will appoint a committee to take this subject into consideration.

Your decision, M. W. Sir, although some may consider it strained, is correct. The great and enviable distinction of Freemasons has ever been their exclusive nobility of manhood—their high privilege of ranking in membership sound minds in sound bodies. This distinction, however, we are pained to see, is fast losing place. A desire for numbers is becoming paramount to every other desire, and there are minds who find no difficulty, for the purpose of catering to this appetite, in twisting the ancient requirements into any meaning they design to suit them. It is advanced as an argument by such that the Freemasonry of the past was an operative institution, whilst that of the present is a speculative one—that mind, not body, is alone required as a prerequisite. This argument, although adopted by those whose position endows them with respectability as a voice in the councils of the Fraternity, is as unsound to-day and as inapplicable as it ever was, and can never

be correct until the modes of recognition among the Fraternity are radically changed. The Ancient Charges are too explicit upon this head to admit of any such distorted signification, and before we can be satisfied with it, we must reject decidedly so much of Charge IV. of these Ancient Charges as says: "Only Candidates may know that no Master should take an Apprentice unless he be a perfect Youth, having no Maim or Defect in his Body, that may render him incapable of learning the Art of serving his Master's Lord, and of being made a Brother, and then a Fellow Craft in due time, even after he has served such a Term of Years as the Custom of the Country directs; and that he should be descended of honest Parents; that so, when otherwise qualified, he may arrive to the honor of being the Warden, and then the Master of the Lodge, the Grand Warden, and at length the Grand Master of all the Lodges, according to his Merit."

Experience proves the fallacy of rejecting this wholesome charge in every instance where it is rejected. It is but a poor compliment paid to a worthy but maimed person to say to him, You have a good head, and as there is nothing special for your hands to do, we have but slight fears that you cannot become a tolerably bright Mason. Those who speak thus deceive themselves, if they believe what they say, and wofully deceive the person they address. If such a person attains simple membership, those who recommend him must know that is all he possibly can attain. Office and dignity are not for such as him in his own lodge; for who ever saw the Master of a masonic lodge with but one hand or one foot; and if he travels, the reception he will meet among Masons, where he is recognized at all as a brother, will not be as gratifying to his feelings as he has the right to expect. A feeling of conscious inferiority must always be his, and regret, in his associate capacity, take the place of pleasure or satisfaction.

ORIGIN OF MASONRY IN LOUISIANA.

Upon this subject G. M. Adams says:

A Masonic Lodge was first established in 1793, in New Orleans, then a Spanish Province. After it became a part of our Confederacy, and a State Government was

established, in 1812, a Grand Lodge was formed, and has continued up to the present time.

The Grand Master recommends that a History of Masonry in Louisiana be compiled.

Culling from the records and documents now in the archives of the Grand Lodge, and from other sources, and gleaning from the memory of these ancient brethren, an exceedingly interesting History of Freemasonry in Louisiana might, at this time, be produced. A few years' delay, and, in the course of things, our venerable brethren will pass away, and the records of our Grand Lodge, now so full and complete, may, by some unforeseen casualty, be destroyed. I submit, then, whether the proper time has not come for this Grand Lodge to collect the materials, and cause a History of Freemasonry in this State to be published. No future time can be as propitious as the present. Many Grand Lodges are moving in this direction. I believe few could furnish richer materials than ours, extending over a period of near seventy years. Our Order in this State can furnish a number of brethren, either of whom would present a work of this kind that would do honor to the Grand Lodge.

CARELESSNESS IN ADMISSION OF CANDIDATES.

The Grand Master discourses sensibly upon this subject:

I feel that I cannot close this address, and do my own feelings justice, without referring to the vital importance of guarding well the entrance into the lodge. I am persuaded that many—very many of our lodges—are not sufficiently guarded here. There is too great a laxity on the part of committees appointed to investigate and report upon the fitness of candidates. Too great care here cannot be taken. It is through these committees that the members of a lodge derive the principal information of the fitness of a candidate to become a Mason; hence the importance of a thorough investigation and a full report. It is not enough to say that there is no harm in the applicant; but the question should be, what advantage will he be to the Order? what are his moral qualities? what his intellectual qualities? what are his habits? what his associations? Does he reverence the G.A.A.O.T.U.? These and many other questions should be answered. How common is it on the evening on which a candidate is to be ballotted for, and after a report is called for, for the committee to have a hasty consultation, and agree upon a report, without having given the subject any investigation, and then draw up a report,

simply saying that they report favorably, leaving the lodge in as much darkness as before? This, my brethren, is all wrong. The committee should be required to make a written report, giving to the lodge the grounds upon which a favorable or unfavorable report is founded. More injury to Masonry is done by admitting one unworthy applicant than can be remedied for years. This caution is particularly applicable to young lodges. They commence with a few members, and there is a desire to increase in numbers and strength, and think, perhaps, that as soon as a healthy number have been received, they will be more careful; but, by this want of care at the outset, the lodge tumbles into ruin and disgrace.

MASONIC INFORMATION AND STUDY.

Closely connected with the foregoing subject is his recommendation to seek knowledge. Unlike some Grand Masters, who believe that masonic books and periodicals work injury rather than good to the Fraternity, Grand Master Adams strongly commends the searcher for masonic light and knowledge to make use of all the means at his command. He says:

We live in an age of progress and of intelligence, and if we, as a society, would maintain our present standing, we must not be content with a mere superficial acquaintance with the work and lectures of the different Degrees, or, indeed, with a thorough knowledge of them—for, while this is necessary, yet if this is all we do, we neglect the weightier matters of the Law—this should we do, but not leave the other undone. Masons, in past ages, were excused, because of the few helps to be obtained; but now there is no reason or excuse for a Mason to be ignorant of the history, jurisprudence, doctrines, and principles of Masonry. Many intelligent brethren have devoted themselves, their time, and talents, and have presented the fruits of their ardent labor to Masons at the present day; and he who hereafter remains ignorant, while light is flooding the land—masonic light—as presented in quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals, and in the publication and republication of masonic books—remains wilfully, and I might say, criminally ignorant.

NUMERICAL STRENGTH, CONDITION, ETC.

On this question the Grand Master remarks with much earnestness:

This Grand Lodge has a constituency of about 4000, besides the *drones* or dimitted Masons; among that number are some of the best and most talented men in the

State; lawyers, divines, merchants, mechanics, and planters, men who in their various professions are not satisfied with a superficial knowledge of that which renders them ornaments in their various callings. Why then should they be content to take Masonry upon trust? Let us awake, brethren, to the importance of an intelligent, reading, and reflecting constituency; and let us endeavor as soon as possible to place in the reach of all, the means to acquire a full knowledge of the Order. When this is the case, when a large proportion of our members shall inform themselves by the helps in their reach, then will our beloved Order acquire a much higher stand, and will command the admiration and respect of those who are not of us.

The what may be termed modish fling at dimitted Masons is unworthy of Grand Master Adams. A few years ago no such epithets as "*drones*," "*frogs*," &c., were applied to this class of brethren; but latterly, following the lead of one who has considered himself authorized to sound the "*view hallo*" upon this subject, some of our most sensible and staid masonic legislators and counsellors have joined in this unmerited abuse of men and brethren, many of whom have, in their own quiet and unobtrusive way, done more to reflect credit upon the real heart of Masonry—Charity—than their most prominent contemners ever dreamt of performing.

REMISSENESS IN ATTENDING STATED MEETINGS.

The D. D. G. M., Bro. A. S. Washburn, in his very satisfactory report to Grand Master Adams, alludes to the general complaint of the carelessness of members in attending the regular meetings of the lodges in his jurisdiction. He says:

Most of the lodges I have visited complain of remissness among their members in attending on their stated communications, rendering it often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to form a constitutional quorum for the transaction of business. This condition of things is greatly to be deplored; and I endeavored, as far as possible, to arouse a more zealous masonic spirit, which would insure greater punctuality in attending the lodges.

This complaint we are assured is not confined to the district of Deputy Grand Master Washburn. In an article upon a succeeding page we have endeavored to point out the remedy for this laxity of attendance. Does any sane man, who un-

derstands human nature—its passions and dislikes, its desires and appetites—suppose that the mere parrot lectures of Masonry, as they are galloped off in lodges, are attraction sufficient to draw men from their homes and families, from pleasant firesides and family boards—grouped around which are dawning intellects requiring their care and forming hand and careful counsel—from intellectual conversation or gratifying entertainment, as well for the body as the mind? Ah, no—'tis folly to believe it. Men may attend the stated meetings until they perceive that the time so spent is comparatively lost, and then they stop. No man leaves plenty for scarcity, fatness for famine. But make your stated meetings interesting by the appointment of a suitable brother to prepare and deliver thereat a lecture; or, if not possessed of such an one in your membership—and this is hardly a supposable case—then appoint one to read a lecture on Masonry—a chapter of its history, an account of its progress, its prosperity, or its operations in other States, in other countries, in other times. Entertain—*feed* the brethren—satisfy their mental desires—in short, give them what they paid for—*LIGHT!* And “quorums” and double, and treble quorums will be the attendance, instead of the scanty few who come, and leave their hearts behind them—simply to satisfy the demands of the law.

THE GRAND SECRETARY'S REPORT

Is a lengthy and well-written document. Confining himself to his business, Bro. S. G. Risk recapitulates his actions for the year past, as well as the present general condition of the Fraternity in the jurisdiction of his Grand Lodge. He reports eight lodges chartered by order of the Grand Lodge during the past year, petitions on file for three Dispensations, and one Dispensation granted. After stating clearly the condition of such lodges as were in an unmasonic condition, and his action in the premises in every case, he closes his address with a list of 103 lodges in good standing, of which 89 had made their returns and paid their dues up to the presentation of his report, and 14 had failed to do so. By the balance sheet which he exhibits we perceive the amount received from the Fraternity in the State for the year is very large, in comparison

with their numbers, viz.: \$14,602.37, being an average of \$3.50 a head for the full membership; whilst the whole amount still due, \$1812.80, shows a very small average deficiency. We are satisfied there are few better paying masonic jurisdictions than good old Louisiana, where the ladies' and Freemasons' hearts are warm as their own sunny clime, and they love as both loved in the first golden time.

The Grand Secretary defends himself and Grand Lodge from a charge made by Bro. Mitchell in his “Masonic History and Digest;” and thinks that the aspersion therein reflected upon his Grand Lodge should be rebutted by that body as it deserves.

LOUISIANA RELIEF LODGE.

A full report of this noble charity is made by its Worshipful Master, Bro. J. B. Scot. By it we perceive that its great end is to furnish relief to the worthy sick brother, to bury him if he dies, and to relieve those widows and orphans in the city of New Orleans whose antecedents are known; and when this is done, if anything remains in the treasury of the lodge, to loan it to those sojourning there “to enable them to return to their homes, and, judging from past experience, with little or no hope of having it refunded. For, notwithstanding promises made to write and return money so loaned as soon as the recipients reached their homes, but one response has been received of that kind, and another returned his thanks for the kindness.”

By the way, we cannot forbear, in passing, to notice and inquire into the reason why so few Freemasons feel morally bound to return money loaned them in cases of urgent need—and, but for such loan, positive distress—when they reach that point where its return is attainable. This has been an oft recurring question to us. To answer it we are positively unable in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. Only one reason approaching soundness presents itself, and that is, that in the great number of such cases the brother recipient of masonic bounty considers it nominally a loan, but really a gift, and argues that its return would be offensive to the spirit of that institution which professes *brotherly relief* one of its tenets.

From a recapitulation of disbursements

by the Louisiana Relief Lodge, we perceive that whilst but \$92 were expended for the relief of Louisiana brethren, \$1293.75 were expended for the relief of brethren from other jurisdictions—the largest sum being to those from Mississippi, Texas, and Ohio, viz.. \$266.50 to those of the first, \$263 to those of the second, and \$197.25 to those of the third. For the relief of widows and orphans of Louisiana brethren the sum of \$551.75 was paid. We cannot close our remarks upon this noble charity better than by copying a paragraph or two from the lengthy and well written report of its W. M., Bro. Scot :

From this statement it appears that the total expenditures of the lodge amounted to \$3503.18; that the relief granted (including funeral expenses) amounts to \$3382.10, no portion of which has been given to the members or families of members of the contributing lodges, as they bestow their charity on their own members, widows, and orphans, independently of their connection with the Relief Lodge.

But this sum conveys a very inadequate idea of the "work" done by this lodge. The assistance rendered and the relief afforded cannot be computed by dollars and cents. During the epidemic, the time and attention bestowed upon the sick by this lodge was very great, and these services were all rendered gratuitously. No charge appears for the vaults in which our deceased brethren were buried, as they belong to the Relief Lodge; and to many members of the medical profession we are under obligations for services rendered, either gratuitously or at a merely nominal consideration.

Every fall, but more particularly after an epidemic, New Orleans is considered in many portions of the Union as an El Dorado, to which the young and adventurous rush, with high hopes of finding employment, retrieving ruined fortunes, and accumulating wealth. Many arrive with scarcely any means of support, others in distress, and all expecting to find situations immediately on their arrival; but instead, they find almost every avenue to employment filled—or, if fortunate enough to obtain a situation, it is at a compensation barely sufficient for their support. Disappointment, suffering and distress are the inevitable result. Among the sufferers there are always a large number of Masons, who almost invariably apply to this lodge for relief. In some cases situations are procured, but the majority are either sent home or forwarded on their journey; and to many captains of vessels and steamboats, and to the agents of railroad lines, this lodge is under obligations

for passages given either gratuitously or at reduced rates.

We have no desire to parade our charities before the world, but deem it our duty not only to the brethren in other jurisdictions, but also to those at home, to be thus explicit in showing what the "work" of this lodge is, and the principles upon which it is conducted.

PRESENTATION AND ELECTION.

Immediately after the presentation of a testimonial (not described) to Bro. Perkins, Past Grand Master, the officers for the ensuing year were elected. They are as follows:—Samuel M. Todd, Grand Master; A. J. Norwood, Senior Grand Warden; Joseph Santini, Junior Grand Warden; S. C. Michell, Grand Treasurer; S. G. Risk, Grand Secretary; Rev. C. S. Hedges, Grand Chaplain.

In this Grand Lodge the Grand Master elect appoints his Deputy. In this case the choice of Bro. Todd was Bro. S. O. Scruggs.

We are happy to know that all dissension and dissatisfaction among the Fraternity of this noble State is tending to, if not arrived at, a happy consummation. In no other State of our Union is there such an admixture of foreigners—strangers in language, as in habits, customs, and kindred; yet out of this chaos order is fast taking place, and to nothing but the spirit of moderation and forbearance which has characterized the two last annual communications of this Grand Lodge can so gratifying a result be attributed. *Esto perpetua.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY.

EVERY reader of the *American Freemason*, and they are pretty numerous, is aware that an infernal spirit was waked by the partisans of anti-masonry through the years that followed 1826. The power exercised by the anti-masonic party was so great, and used so unscrupulously, that but few, save those personally interested, cared to brave it. Of these few, Timothy Flint, a distinguished writer of the period, and editor of the *Western Monthly Review*, (Cincinnati,) exhibited the most fortitude, not only in opposing the spirit referred to, but attacking the principle of "exposition" on which the whole system of anti-masonry rested. This he did in the following short, but severe criticism on

Morgan's book itself. Perhaps in all the years that have passed since he wrote it (in 1827) nothing more to the point has been published :

If reviews are ever to have much practical utility, they will occasionally take cognizance of dark and dingy pamphlets that they have hitherto held below their notice. Newspaper essays, ballads, tracts, small pamphlets, and little works, that are printed cheaply, and circulate everywhere, have a thousand times more bearing upon the views and taste of a community constituted like ours, than those large and respectable octavos that are read only by one in a hundred of the reading community, and that constitute the general theme of reviews. We ought to condemn nothing which has a direct influence upon the thoughts and opinions of the great reading mass of society, which with us governs by simple numerical superiority.

Our thoughts were directed to the subject of Masonry, by having been recently favored with the reading in manuscript of a very interesting masonic discourse, delivered by Mr. Hinde, at the dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Newport, Kentucky. While we yet felt the glow in favor of Masonry, raised by the perusal of this impressive address, the pamphlet before us was put into our hands. It is a pamphlet that circulates everywhere and is read by everybody. We hear much exultation and rejoicing around us at the disclosures which this book purports to make. Very different opinions appear to be entertained by the uninitiated, whether it be, or be not, an exposition of the real secrets of Masonry. We hear it very generally remarked, if this be all that Masonry contains, it is a very trifling and foolish business. It is manifest that the tendency of the pamphlet is strongly to incline the current of public feeling against the society. We may be alone in our opinion among the uninitiated. We admit, that so far from lowering our views of the society, looking into this book has had a contrary effect on our mind. Suppose that the book before us contains the ceremonies of initiation, and the lodge "the due-guards, grips, and pass grips," and what then? These are not the important things of Masonry, any more than the blank cannon cartridges, the ringing of bells, the carrying of standards, devices, and all the pageantry and show of the fourth of July, are the principles on which that glorious anniversary is founded. Let us leave to an ancient and respectable society its time-worn badges, words, and signs. Let us not attempt to bring its paraphernalia and privacies before the gaze of the public eye. So long as the society wishes them to be secret, no

honorable man would gratify his curiosity by looking into them, if he might, any more than he would break the seal of a private correspondence.

But let us see, apart from the ceremonials of initiation and the lodge, which no man ever supposed were of any real account in the business of Masonry, what aspect the disclosures of this book have against that profession. Really, they appear to us much the same kind of charges which Pliny, in writing to his emperor, admitted to lie against Christians, "that they met in secret, taking a sacrament, or an oath, that they would be innocent and do no harm, but all possible good." If the charges recorded in this book are the real interior charges to initiated Masons, what can be better? They bind themselves to every thing that is honorable and virtuous in conduct. They pledge themselves to abstain from every thing that is dishonorable and injurious to society. These vows and pledges are made on the Bible. The obligations, not to attempt to entice any one to enter the society, by placing improper inducements before him, are all right, and as they should be. All the conditions of the oath indicate a deep regard to the eternal principles of honor and integrity, which are the same in all countries and through all time. In evidence of this, read the oath recorded, p. 48, particularly that part of it—"furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and pennyless brethren fellow crafts, their widows and orphans, whosoever disposed round the globe, they applying to me as such, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family."

There are two conditions of the Master Mason's oath, pp. 59 and 60, that might, perhaps, have been spared; for while the juror swears that he will not knowingly wrong the lodge, or a brother of that degree, of a cent, or tempt the chastity of his wife, daughter, &c., or be privy to the attempt on the part of another, without disclosing it, the induction might be drawn, that the pockets and the wives of other than Masons were not laid under any particular interdict, an inference, we are very sure, that was not intended to follow. The promises, too, which they make, never to speak evil of one another, are excellent. If such promises and performances were universal, how many mouths would be closed, and how much poisonous breath cease to mingle with the atmosphere!

We have not space except for a few general reflections. We see nothing in these disclosures, admitting them to be genuine, which, instead of bringing contempt upon Masonry, ought not to have a directly contrary effect. They declare that the Bible is at the foundation of their

work, and all the pledges and obligations, as far as we can discover, tend to excite and strengthen high-minded and honorable feeling, and to call forth the best sympathies of the human heart. Test Masonry not, as here, by its professions, but by its deeds, and who will allege that it has ever done harm? The legitimate princes of the continent of Europe hate and proscribe it, and is this a reason why we should do it? Other systems offer you creeds. This offers you good actions. Other professions, whether true or false, have been questioned. None will question that it is a good thing to relieve widows, to sustain orphans, and wipe away tears. We have travelled in regions where much misery of a very peculiar character was brought to view—in lands where the common modes of administering relief were wholly inefficient, and where the voices of the common charities of our country were never heard. We have seen, and were it necessary we could record, noble charities, performed in such regions, and by men of such character, where we are perfectly aware all obligations, but those of Masonry, would have been disregarded.

We have heard of enemies saved in the fury of battle—of enemies, prisoners of war, taken from prison, and domesticated in the families of their enemies. We have heard of sick and distressed strangers in foreign countries, ignorant of the language, and of a profession hostile to that of the country, being taken into opulent families of Masons, and treated and nursed with maternal tenderness. It is known to God and man that there is misery, and selfishness, and hardness of heart enough in the world. Let us weaken the hands of no society that bind themselves by a vow to relieve it. We pretend not to inquire, why they do not divulge their secrets. Every fraternity has its ceremonies, its privacies, and retirements. It is a natural feeling, to avoid entering into the intimacies of brotherhood before the world. Friendship and the closer ties naturally avoid blazoning their duties and enjoyments before the public eye. We consider it evidence of perverted feeling in the public, to suppose these disclosures to be the secrets of Masonry, and rejoice in view of their being made. Far and for ever be it from us to vindicate any other punishment inflicted upon the recreant, who avows and glories in the perjury through which he pretends to unveil these secrets, than the scorn which must result from right views of the thing by the community. What confidence, in fact, can we attach to the declarations of a man, who must see, that in making them, according to his own account, he has violated the most sacred oaths, and every thing that is esteemed honorable among men?

HISTORY OF A MODERN MASONIC LODGE.

A WARRANT was issued by the proper authority, and Young America Lodge was set to work U. D., by Past Master Phastman, who held a commission from the Grand Master authorizing him to do all in the premises that he, the Grand Master himself, could do. On organizing the lodge it was discovered that most of the materials to be wrought into the wall were of the right kind originally; but some of the blocks had been badly worked, some had lost a chip here by an injudicious blow of the gavel, which marred their beauty, some had never been well dressed up to the nice adjustment of the plumb, square and level, and all the rest had lain in the by-ways and hedges till they were moss-grown, and required rubbing and polishing to make them bright enough to feel the cement that was to unite them into a common wall. In this condition Bro. Phastman found them, and set them to work. They had been recommended as worthy brethren by a lodge that acted upon the recommendation of a Past Grand Master, who was a member of the recommending lodge, and Bro. Phastman only took upon himself to make a change or two in the appointed officers, and set them to work. Perhaps it was inexcusable, but he thought it would be neither to the immediate or prospective interest of the lodge or of Masonry to install as Master a brother who was generally esteemed weak in mind, and who was notoriously under the influence of a termagant wife. With the exception of this, the organization was accomplished according to the directions.

Young America Lodge was thus entrusted with a Dispensation, and incontinently there rushed in no less than thirteen petitions for initiation into the Ancient Order through her portals. Several of these had been awaiting with anxiety for years the opportunity of thus "jyning the Masons," (as Bro. Morris has it,) right at home. The petitions were read, referred, and the lodge notified that they must lay over for one month before action. But this would not do for Young America Lodge, neither would it do the members of neighboring lodges, many of whom were generously present, even from a distance of sixty miles, to assist in the organization. Bro.

Bullgine, of Bullgine Lodge, in particular, was anxious to have some "work" done, that the visitors and others might be refreshed thereby, and that the members of the new lodge might receive instruction and be enabled to work. It was urged that all the members were present—that they had known the applicants for years—that it was known they would apply as soon as the lodge could receive their petitions—and finally, as a last stroke that took Bro. Phastman down completely, Bro. Bullgine and all the other visitors agreed that *they* would take the responsibility of all matters of conscience and discipline from the Grand Lodge, and that the "work" *must be done!* And the work was done, and *six* initiations, one passing, and one raising, all took place at the first meeting, which lasted nearly a week, and the work was at last stopped by the peremptory interference of Phastman, who told them if they went further they could not possibly get a charter, and that it was even doubtful as matters now stood.

Well, at the next annual grand communication a charter was granted; allowance was made for the ignorance of the brethren of Young America U. D., and also for the lack of fortitude in Bro. Phastman in not staying the tide of innovation, and the new lodge took the appropriate number, three hundred and sixty-seven.

For some years things went on swimmingly with the lodge. Some little unpleasant things occurred, but nothing to mar the general harmony, or to interfere with the prosperity of the lodge as a working, Mason-making lodge. They took in many sprightly and promising young men, most of whom are useful members of that or some other lodge; some have fallen by the way, and some have become careless of Masonry, mainly because they were not permitted to behold the beauties thereof on entering its portals. But they also attempted to make Masons of several young men who were known as "fast young men." They had more money to spend than they had time to spend it in. And they occasionally drank to excess, sometimes they swore blasphemously, gambled to pass away the time, and practiced little eccentricities upon the streets and highways that annoyed the passers-by, occasionally shocking the feelings of Christian men, and the modesty of ladies who were nearly related to members of

the lodge. When this state of affairs had continued some time, and some of the intimate friends of our fast young men had also been taken into the lodge—(we omitted to state that it was by admitting them to all the privileges of Masonry except the true secret, that the *attempt* was made to make Masons of these fast fellows; every true Mason knows that they can never acquire *that*)—I say the friends of the young men had been admitted, some of whom could not have entered only that the Masonic standard had been lowered, and then some of them were placed in the stands of the officers.

It was about this time that a considerable interest in Masonry was manifested by the young men generally in the community—probably from the fact that this was a time of great prosperity in the Craft, and out of it—and there were many applications for the ancient mysteries. The great majority of these were worthy men, and most of them were admitted. But in the press of work much of it was carelessly done, more of it was hastily done, and all of it was lightly done. The strokes of the gavel were light and unfrequent; the plumb was not properly adjusted; the level showed inequality which was not made even, and the square was sometimes twisted. In truth the jewels of the lodge were not always bright, but showed many old rust spots not perfectly cleansed, and new ones that had not felt the brightening influences of Brotherly Love, Relief, Truth, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, Freedom, Fervency, Zeal, Faith, Hope, Charity, nor any of them. The consequence was that Young America Lodge, No. 367, was prosperous in numbers, *and in that only*. The silent tongue was lost, and gossip said that Brothers Widethrote, Reddknows, Purplephase, and two or three others, drank too much; that Bro. Lyelittle, when he did speak, was very likely to tell more or less than the whole truth; that Bro. Minuscash was several times known to pledge his faith for the payment of small debts that were not met; and it was a matter of some notoriety that blasphemy and vulgarity were not eschewed by many of the brothers, but even most publicly indulged in.

Meantime one of the brethren, a rollicking, roistering blade, abused another brother because he chose to ride on a rival coach, and finally carried the matter to

the infliction of unprovoked blows. They came into the lodge with the affair amicably settled, and the lodge, in the true Young America spirit, thought that if a brother could satisfy the particular brother who had been thus outraged, it was all right. Any other lodge would have considered that the wrong was done to Masonry, and that the penalty should have been imposed. Not so in this case—for Masonry was not able to make complaint. About the same time, two brothers went to law, the issue in the suit involving one of the parties necessarily in a charge of rascality. Soon after this, also, two of the Past Wardens had a passage at the real cut and thrust use of billingsgate, in the public streets. Charges of rascality of all kinds were passed, personal threats to make mincemeat of man's flesh, and an open disregard of all masonic rights, privileges, and courtesies, was openly proclaimed. These things annoyed many of the brethren. It is not to be denied that there were many real Masons in the lodge—Masons who had the welfare of the institution at heart, and who were willing to live for it, which requires much more courage than to *fight* for it. But they were in the minority—not, perhaps, in numbers, but in spirit. The progressives were too fast for them. Many would stop, but they would not throw themselves into the breach to stop others.

In this state of affairs the lodge received the petitions of four or five gentlemanly citizens. They acted on them, and two were rejected. The brothers who presented the petitions dimitted, looking at the rejection as a reflection upon *them*. The lodge decided, however, that the petitions should be withdrawn, after the rejections, which was done! Other petitions came in, some of which met a like fate; for by this time there were Odd Fellow piques in the lodge, Sons of Temperance prejudices along side of them, and Know Nothings and Sag Nichts on both sides of the hall. The former mode of forcing petitions *out* of the lodge was now considered tame, and it was thought better to force the applicants *in*! That this might the better be done, the motives of those who cast the black ballots were, perhaps, justly impugned; and some of the brethren who had evidently indulged in cheap whiskey (afterwards ascertained that they kept a bottle just outside the ante-room),

were permitted to annoy the lodge with their senseless twaddle; it was then resolved that no minute should be made of the proceedings, *because it was unmasonic*, and that all action on the petitions should be postponed until the next meeting.

This action was reported to the Grand Master, and he wrote them to the effect that if they persisted in it he would arrest the Charter. In the face of this, Young America, No. 367, ballotted for, and initiated at the next meeting, the rejected applicants. Accordingly, the Charter was taken up, and No 367 will appear at the next Grand Lodge to ask the care of that which it knew not how to keep.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

SUPPOSE a brother asks a dimit, and his request is granted. He then moves into another jurisdiction. Can he, while yet living in another jurisdiction, pay dues to his old lodge and be considered a member? I should explain by saying that though the dimit was granted, it was never taken out.

It matters not whether it was taken out or not. If the lodge *ordered* a dimit, that order *was* the dimit. The Secretary may hand the brother a certificate of his dimit or not; it makes no difference. Or the brother may lose or destroy his certificate, still he is a dimitted Mason, because the record shows it; and he can only come into membership again as any other non-affiliated Mason, namely, by petition, payment of membership, and clear ballot.

Does it require the action of a lodge to reinstate a member at the expiration of a term of suspension for a definite time?

It does not. The punishment being a definite one, is concluded when the period expires. This is plain common sense and common masonic usage. But if the edicts of any Grand Lodge require that a different course should be pursued, the member so suspended must yield obedience.

REGULAR ATTENDANCE.

THAT this subject is one of much importance, few will dispute; but how the matter can be usefully handled, admits of much argument. Attendance upon lodge meetings is generally looked upon by Ma-

sons as a *free thing*, and any attempt to force it upon them is apt to excite a rebellious spirit. Knowing this fact, and aware that negligence in attendance is breaking down many of our lodges, we approach the subject with caution, reflection, and our earnest desire to avoid offence and yet to leave an impression for good.

That non-attendance is working great evils, a fact or two will prove. A W. M. writes us—"My membership is about eighty, yet if I can get six, eight, or ten to be present at the regular meetings I feel relieved, and it is oftener six than more. Sometimes with four or five members we make up a quorum, with the aid of visitors." Another, from North Carolina observes—"Our membership is respectable in point of number, yet at our last election (the time of all others when one would think the brothers would endeavor to be present) we had but seven, and nine visitors." A third, from Mississippi; a fourth, and fifth, and sixth, from Kentucky; a seventh and eighth from Illinois; and so on up to a century multiply the same appalling facts, and urge us, through our pages, to publish, comment upon, and deprecate this unnatural state of things.

We would divide our subject into three parts, (sermon-fashion,) viz.: 1st, Give the arguments in favor of regular attendance; 2d, Point out the causes of the present so-marked neglect of lodge meetings; 3d, Suggest some methods to make the lodge more alluring.

The first argument in favor of regular attendance is, of course, to be sought in the Book of the Law itself. The Ancient Charges (Ch. 4, Sec. 2), speaking of the secret things of Masonry, says: "Every brother must attend in his place and learn them in a way peculiar to his fraternity." The old documents of Masonry are charged with injunctions to regular attendance. Heavy penalties were formerly incurred by non-attendance upon summons, unless it appeared that pure necessity hindered it.

By-Laws that specify the times and places of regular meetings are in lieu of what our ancient brethren understood by *special* summons, though standing from year to year unchanged; and as "*summonses*" they come under a Master Mason's O. B. as much as any other portion. To make this plainer: Lodge A. declares

to its members through its printed (or written) By-Laws that the "Stated Meetings of this Lodge shall be on the first Saturday of each month, at 6 P. M." Now, as every brother is bound, in esoteric fashion, to obey the By-Laws, he is bound to be in attendance at that hour "unless pure necessity hinder him;" and there is no necessity whatever for a special summons to call his O. B. to mind. There are some lodges—some in Boston, Canada, &c.—that make it a point to issue notices and serve one upon each member preparatory to every stated meeting; but, as observed before, the By-Law itself is a summons and the notice a mere formula or convenience.

To say all that can be said in favor of regular attendance upon the lodge, would exhaust quires. We condense it all, however, into *one sentence*, and offer that as a matter of testimony, and assert, *Never did a lodge succeed in effecting any of the great purposes of Masonry, where the attendance was commonly scanty and irregular.* Or take it in an affirmative form: *An invariably element of a successful lodge is regular and ample attendance.*

The causes of the present so-marked neglect of lodge meetings are numerous, but for the most part may be comprised in two departments—First, The want of sufficient allurements thrown around the meetings to encourage regular attendance; second, The loose manner in which Masons are made and instructed.

In relation to the first cause, we shall speak of what ought to be done to allure members to a regular attendance when we consider our third division of the subject. In regard to this looseness of fraternizing and instructing, so frequent and so fatal, it is absolutely horrible to witness it. A man who has never read a masonic book or heard a Masonic address takes a notion to invest twenty-five dollars in Masonry, and the lodge, being open for a trade, accepts the bargain! Isn't that the history of many a transaction recorded, though in different language, in the Secretary's books? And what wonder that that brother rarely visits the lodge! The ceremonies he witnesses, have they ever been explained to him? The object and advantages of regular attendance, have they ever been made known to him? The only *striking* fact he has ever clearly ascertained relative to this subject are, that it costs him a long night's ride to go the lodge,

that it costs him two dollars per year to keep up his membership, and—and—that is all.

A lodge should be looked upon, in a Masonic sense, as the six "Cities of Refuge" were considered by the ancient Jews. These were—1. BEZRE, which signifies a ROCK. The lodge, in many a point of analogy, is a rock of defence to its membership, and will be so viewed by all who have hearts to appreciate and (cultivated) heads to comprehend the purposes of Masonic labor. 2. RAMOTH, which being translated implies ELEVATED ONES. Does any need to be told wherein this expressive epithet, *Ramoth*, applies to a Masonic lodge? Consider the last section of the E. A. P. lecture—the supports, extent, covering, furniture, dedication, &c. &c., of a Masonic lodge, and well may you style it *Ramoth*, *very nigh to heaven*. 3. GOLAN. This means GREAT JOY, and needs no comment. 4. KEEDESH, which implies HOLINESS, a delightful epithet for a lodge. The word occurs in the very initiation prayer of our Order. 5. SHECHEM, which signifies QUIETNESS or PEACE, and alludes to the principle in which our Society had birth. 6. KIRJATH ARBA. The word denotes ASSOCIATION, and is, of course, expressive of the organization of a lodge.

To suggest the means of making lodge-meetings attractive, is alike easy and pleasant. They are so many, so practical, and they have so much argument and experience to enforce them, that we could write all this night upon the subject without weariness.

In the first place, be sure to let your applicants know before their initiation, what Masonry is and what Masons do. Give them copies of your By-Laws; place Masonic works (books and magazines) in their hands; and be sure that they have the opportunity to hear a good Masonic Address or two under the auspices of your lodge. This prepares the soil for after cultivation.

At every meeting of the lodge "let there be light." Light, more light—is what Masons seek; failing to impart light, Masonic meetings are a farce. "See that none go away dissatisfied," is an expression often enough heard in lodges, but think you that brethren who ride there, five or seven miles to lodge and home again without securing a ray of light, go away satisfied? Nonsense! The very look of that young

Mason as he goes down stairs, shows that he has asked and not received; sought and not found; knocked and the door was not opened unto him. Nonsense. We have seen fifty Masons at a time "go away dissatisfied;" dissatisfied because they came to the lodge; dissatisfied because they staid at the lodge; dissatisfied at the Master; dissatisfied at the Senior Warden who talked like a parrot of what he did not perform; dissatisfied at themselves, and dissatisfied with Masonry. Why should brethren attend the lodge regularly if they get no wages for going there? not so did our ancient brethren meet, act, and part. The tops of hills and the bottoms of valleys gave token of the attractiveness of lodges in the olden time, and the delight with which they came together, regardless of trouble and expense and danger.

It is as much—more if possible—the duty of those having this thing in charge, to make the meetings interesting and profitable as it is for the brethren to assemble when summoned. It is sufficient cause for accusation against the Master and Wardens of a lodge that they do not disseminate light and knowledge, and the proceedings of every Grand Lodge will prove the soundness of this assertion. In brief, the very object of coming to the lodge is that the brethren may learn to subdue their passions and improve themselves in Masonry. But to proceed:

Give the brethren the means of intellectual improvement, independent of the standard ceremonial and lectures of Masonry. Give them Masonic reading, a good supply. Give them a library, one of ample capacity. When we say give them *these things* we mean, encourage them to secure them as a part of the purchases of the lodge. Whatever the Master and Wardens recommend in such matters is adopted by the lodge as a matter of course. This at least, when the Master and Wardens are such men as Master and Wardens ought to be, and in theory are supposed to be.

Our space is filled and the subject scarcely touched. There is no lack of additional argument however, both in these pages and elsewhere, to sustain and extend it, and we trust that those who have it so much to heart will do so until the the complaint of empty benches and general coldness shall be quite removed and the brethren flock to their meetings like doves to their windows.

Notes and Gleanings.

OPINIONS.—Individuals have passed various opinions respecting the purity and usefulness of Freemasonry. One says it is a modern institution, and therefore of little value; another terms it frivolous, and consequently contemptible. A third calls it anti-christian, and warns the public to avoid it as a snare. Others affirm that it is behind the advancing spirit of the times, and therefore obsolete; but let any one candidly judge it by its fruits, which is the great Christian criterion by which all things ought to be tried, according to the divine fiat of its founder (Luke vi. 44.) We feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sick, relieve the distressed, and provide for the fatherless and the widow. Is any one hungry—we give him meat. Is any one thirsty—we give him drink; naked—we clothe him; sick—we visit him; in prison—we come unto him with the messenger of mercy. Whatever may be the opinions of our opponents of such deeds as these, we have the satisfaction of knowing that an approving sentence will be pronounced upon them at the last day.

THE FELLOW-CRAFT'S CHARGE.—In the "Masonic Register," published at Boston, Mass., in 1802, the following is included in the charge at Initiation into the second degree:

"All regular signs and summonses given and received you are duly to honor and punctually to obey, inasmuch (in so far?) as they consist with our professed principles. You are to supply the wants and relieve the necessities of your brethren to the utmost of your power and ability, and on no account are you to wrong them or see them wronged, but apprise them of approaching danger and view their interest as inseparable from your own."

BARE FEET.—Nakedness of feet was a sign of mourning. God says to Ezekiel "Make no mourning for the dead, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet," &c. It was likewise a mark of respect. Moses put off his shoes to approach the burning bush; the priests served in the Tabernacle with their feet naked, as they did afterwards in the Temple. The Talmudists teach that if they had but stepped with their feet

upon a cloth, a skin, or even upon the foot of one of their companions, their service would have been unlawful.

ARRANGEMENT.—The appointment and arrangement of a masonic lodge room in the 18th century were very different to our present practice. A long table was extended from one end of the room to the other, covered with a green cloth, on which were placed duplicates of the ornaments, furniture and jewels, intermixed with Masonic glasses for refreshment. At one end of this table was placed the Master's pedestal, and at the other that of the Senior Warden, while about the middle of the table, in the south, the Junior Warden was placed, and the brethren sat round as at a common ordinary. When there was a candidate to be initiated, the candidate was paraded outside the whole; and, on such occasions, after he had been safely deposited at the north-east angle of the lodge, a very short explanation of the design of Freemasonry, or a brief portion of the lecture, was considered sufficient before the lodge was called from labor to refreshment. The song, the toast, the sentiment, went merrily round, and it was not until the brethren were tolerably satiated that the lodge was resumed, and the routine business transacted before closing.

RELIEF.—Relief is an important tenet of our profession; and though to relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent on all men, it is more particularly so on Masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. To soothe calamity, alleviate misfortune, compassionate misery, and restore peace to the troubled mind, is the grand aim of the true Mason. On this he establishes his friendships and forms his connections.

MADE.—This solemn ceremony should never in any Lodge be considered as the most important part of a Freemason's work (although it is always a thing of importance to initiate a new member into the Order.) Instruction and charity are the chief works of a Freemason. Institutions are only secondary to these. The day of his initiation must ever be an important epoch to a Freemason, and lead to a serious self examination. The reflection that in one evening he has become

closely united with many thousands of unknown men, is of itself important, even if the initiate should not be able to appreciate the real spirit of the Order. On his initiation the candidate must place himself unreservedly in the hands of the proper officer appointed to conduct him, and submit himself to every proof that is demanded of him, and make no objection to any of the ceremonies he has to go through with, but answer every question truly and manfully. When he arrives in the assembly of the Brethren he is asked again, and for the last time, if it is his wish to be initiated. In the moment when he is about to receive the first degree, every freedom is permitted to him either to go forward in the ceremony or return from whence he came; for we must admit that to enter on an unknown undertaking is a dangerous thing. He who is in earnest will here prove that he holds it to be unworthy of a man not to complete any undertaking which he has commenced after mature deliberation. If he does so, the assembled Brethren cheerfully and unanimously pronounce him "worthy," and he is made a partaker of the LIGHT. The solemn obligation taken by the candidate, and the sacred and mysterious manner in which the sacred numbers are communicated, have always been respected by every faithful Brother.

LATE HOURS.—It is a fact, confirmed by experience, that an indulgence in late hours cannot fail to injure the credit and respectability of a Lodge, because it introduces other habits which are not consistent with the gravity and decorum which ought always to characterize the proceedings of Masonry. And hence it is an important part of the Worshipful Master's duty, to discountenance such a baleful practice. If the brethren meet for the purpose of business, or to cultivate a knowledge of the science by joining in the lectures, let them pursue their labors with assiduity and zeal during the period prescribed in the by-laws; and should it be necessary for the Junior Warden to perform his office, let the brethren enjoy themselves with decent moderation; but by all means let the Senior Warden discharge his duty honestly and conscientiously, and let the Lodge be closed and the brethren depart to their own homes at such an hour as shall excite no unpleasant

feelings, or call forth reproachful observations from the females of their families, whom it is their duty and interest, as well in the character of husbands and fathers, as of Masons, to love, to cherish, and to oblige.

ALLUREMENTS.—Masonry is one of the most sublime and perfect institutions that ever was formed for the happiness and general good of mankind; creating in all its varieties universal benevolence and brotherly love. It holds out allurements so captivating as to inspire the brotherhood with emulation to deeds of glory, such as must command throughout the world veneration and applause, and such as must entitle those who perform them to dignity and respect. It teaches us those useful, wise and instructive doctrines upon which alone true happiness is founded; and at the same time affords those easy paths by which we attain the rewards of virtue; it teaches us the duties which we owe to our neighbor, never to injure him in any one situation, but to conduct ourselves with justice and impartiality; it bids us not to divulge the mysteries to the public, and it orders us to be true to our trust, and above all meanness and dissimulation, and in all our vocations to perform religiously that which we ought to do.

GREAT LIGHTS.—The Freemasons are enlightened by great and small lights. The Bible, the square, and the compasses, belong to the first; and the sun, the moon, and the Master Mason, or the stars, to the second. The great lights are immortal, and neither limited by time nor space; the small ones are limited by both. The Bible rules and governs our faith; the square our actions; and the compasses keep us in a bond of union with all mankind, especially with a brother Mason. Or with other words, the Bible directs us to elevate our spirits to a reasonable and rational faith; the square teaches so to discipline our minds as to make them correspond with a pure and prompt obedience to the laws of our native land; and the compasses teach us so to cultivate our understandings as to live in the bonds of social and fraternal union with all mankind, whatever may be their peculiar views on religious or political subjects.

CARDINAL POINTS.—The cardinal points of the compass have a peculiar signification amongst us, and particularly the east, west and south. The east is a place of light, and there stands the W. M., a pillar of Wisdom, as a representation of the rising sun; and as that luminary opens the glorious day to light mankind to their labors, so the W. M. occupies this station to open Lodge, and to employ and instruct the brethren in Masonry. The south is a station of another important officer, the pillar of Beauty, who is placed in that quarter that he may be prepared to mark the sun at its meridian, to call the workman from labor, and to recruit their strength by necessary refreshment and rest, that their toils may be resumed with renewed vigor and alacrity, without which neither pleasure nor profit can mutually result. In the west stands the pillar of Strength, to mark the setting sun, and close the labors of the day by command of the presiding officer; because the declining luminary warns mankind of the necessity of repose, else our nature would sink under the effects of incessant toil, unrelieved by rest and recreation.

BETRAYING.—By a full and fair exposition of our great principles, we betray no masonic secrets; these are safely locked up in the heart of every Mason, and are never to be imparted except in a constitutional manner. But our leading tenets are no secrets. It is no secret that Masonry is of divine origin; it is no secret that the system embraces and inculcates evangelical truth; it is no secret that there is no duty enjoined nor a virtue required in the volume of inspiration, but what is found in, and taught by, Speculative Freemasonry; it is no secret that the appropriate name of God has been preserved in this institution in every country where Masonry existed, while the rest of the world was literally sunk in heathenism; and above all, it is not, neither can it be, a secret, that a good Mason is, of necessity, truly and emphatically a Christian.

ELECT YOUR BEST.—Lodges should never elect their second-rate members to the East. Much less their third rate. Much less their fourth rate. The Master of a Lodge should be the brightest, most intelligent and best informed Mason in it.

It looks bad to see members jumping

up every minute "to make suggestions."—"to call attention to,"—to "allow me to correct you, Worshipful." The Master should always know what he is about.

We were in a Lodge less than a hundred years since, that had a Past Grand Master, seven Past Masters, an author, two editors and a corporation clerk in it, yet the Master was a man who could not say five consecutive sentences without breaking down, nor as many words without a grammatical blunder! and we have never got over wondering at such a queer selection since.

COFFIN.—In all ancient mysteries, before an applicant could claim to participate in the higher secrets of the institution, he was placed within the pastos, or coffin, or in other words, was subjected to a solitary confinement for a prescribed period of time, that he might reflect seriously, in seclusion and darkness, on what he was about to undertake, and be reduced to a proper state of mind for the reception of great and important truths, by a course of fasting and mortification. This was the symbolical death of the mysteries, and his deliverance from death was the act of regeneration, or being born again; or as it was also termed, being raised from the dead.

LIGHT.—Light is a symbol of knowledge. May every Mason strive incessantly for light, and especially for the light eternal! When a society is assembled anywhere to do good, they require an influential person to communicate the light of experience, instruct them, and point out the way they should go, or bring light to them. This may be done symbolically, by suddenly lighting up a dark room with torches. He who thus introduces light into the Lodge, must be a worthy man, and experienced in the Craft.

THE THREE PILLARS.—The three pillars represent the three primitive orders in Architecture—the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. By their antitypes they form the support of the Lodge, and are denominated Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, qualities which essentially prevailed at the building of King Solomon's Temple. The plan was the effect of Wisdom derived from above, an emblem of the Jewish nation in the practice of the true Freemasonry; the execution was the application of strength

derived from the maritime city of Tyre, the inhabitants of which practiced the spurious Freemasonry, and were the best operative Architects in the world, and the curious and rich workmanship which lent a charm to this extraordinary edifice, and excited the admiration of mankind, was affected by the application of Beauty, derived from a union of the two countries in the person of an expert architect named Hiram.

These pillars bear a reference to an edifice of much greater sublimity and beauty than even the Temple of Solomon. They refer to the workmanship of the great Architect of the Universe in the construction not only of our sun and its attendant planets, but also of those innumerable systems that occupy infinite space. With such a vast impression on our minds, how beautifully does the masonic illustration of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty apply. The Universe is the Temple of the Deity whom we serve. Wisdom, Strength and Beauty are about his throne as pillars of his works; for his Wisdom is infinite; his Strength is in Omnipotence, and Beauty shines forth through all his creation in symmetry and order. He hath stretched forth the Heavens as a canopy, and the earth he has placed as his footstool; he crowns his temple with stars as with a diadem, and in his hand he extendeth the power and the glory: the sun and moon are messengers of his, and all his law is concord.

The pillars supporting the Lodge are representatives of these divine powers, and a Lodge where true Masons are assembled represents the works of the Deity.

THE SUSTAINING PILLARS.—The great moral temple of Freemasonry is supported by Wisdom, strength and beauty. Its foundation was laid in wisdom, and its strength and beauty are derived from the moral lessons which it teaches. It was suited to the times in which it was founded, and its wisdom is displayed in the fact that it has been suited to the times through which it has subsequently passed. Within its sacred precincts no lesson is taught which is inconsistent with the precepts of the Volume of Inspiration; no doctrine is inculcated which is at variance with good government, or submission to the laws; no duty or service is required which may not be performed. When a proper

disposition is united with a determination of purpose to carry out the principles of the Order, its beauties will be displayed in adorning the characters of its professors.

FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERLY LOVE.—Among the cardinal virtues of the Order are Friendship and Brotherly Love, and there are none that should be more carefully cultivated; from those noble virtues spring others to elevate and adorn the human character. These virtues are inculcated in every degree; they are impressed upon the novice when he passed the threshold of the mystic Temple, and they meet him at every step until he takes shelter under the banner of the cross. Without Friendship and Brotherly Love, the pillars that support the edifice would be shaken to their foundations, and the whole building would exhibit nothing but a melancholy wreck.

MASONRY WAS ONCE RELIGION.—The time was, when masonic principles, in a moral point of view, superseded all the religious institutions of the world; that period is past; the period here alluded to was when all nations bowed in adoration to idols. The Society, without arrogating to itself any goodness, has existed, under Divine Providence, for ages, wherein was preserved the unity of the God-head, amidst idolatry and universal corruption.

AN EASY KINDNESS.—Brethren whose labors in our behalf are accomplishing most generous results, can often think up some masonic friend at a distance, to whom, if a specimen copy and subscription paper of The American Freemason were sent, the results would be the increase of our circulation. In all such cases please send us *the name*, and we will gladly forward specimens, &c. Wherever this plan has been tried, it has worked well, and in many cases has been the means of introducing the work into localities that otherwise it could not have reached. Brethren! please remember it.

GHI BLIM.—The Ghiblinites were expert operative Masons, who understood the science of geometrical proportion in its practical references, and were cemented in their Lodges by the morality of its detached and component parts.

American Freemason

Vol. 3.

A. L. 5859.—JUNE—A. D. 1859.

No. 6.



A WOMAN'S GREATEST SORROW

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY BOB. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

PART III.

THREE years bring many changes. Three sun-circuits through the vast orbit of the heavenly Lodge, witness many a fall and many an uprising. Disappointments come and are overcome. Hearts are depressed and hearts are buoyed up again. The Mason's Lodge receives new material for its spiritual walls, new wisdom to its wisdom, strength to its strength, beauty to its beauty; likewise the brothers bear many a polished block to la-

mented graves. Up the mystic steps untried feet are continually passing. At the sacred portals trembling hands are still knocking. Within the guarded and secluded chambers, very nigh to heaven, the hallowed fire is yet burning. The call from labor to refreshment and from refreshment to labor is still heard resounding; while the field of graves has always some freshly upturned earth that marks a new tenant who sleeps beneath the sprigs of evergreen with which his comrades defied the power of death.

Three years—the mutability of time affects us all. Those who formed the rear-guard, called to be last, become the first,

while many who were the first, exchange places with the last, outstripped in the race of knowledge.

Three years brought its necessary changes to Catharine Williams. For more than a twelvemonth after her summary rejection of Herman, her heart had remained unoccupied.

The haughty beauty could not discover in any of those who crowded around her with their attentions, a worthy substitute for one for whom now that he was lost to her, she felt more tenderness than she would willingly have acknowledged. At last however she yielded.

The conqueror was a certain Colonel Kirkham, well known throughout the district as a hanger-on upon the great, a candidate for the hands of heiresses in general, and a servile friend to all who had means or influence at their command. This notorious character had first gained her eye by a timely display of boldness in relieving her from her horse, which was making some furious demonstrations of terror. The thankful glance she bestowed upon him revealed his person in a gentleman of some thirty-five years of age, of polished exterior, with a soft, flattering tongue, and a most respectful deference to the wishes of the alarmed lady.

The walk home, for which she thankfully accepted his proffered arm, confirmed her first impression of him, and when at parting he begged permission to call the next morning, and enquire after her health, she cordially assented. This visit was followed up by another, then by a third, and soon Col. Kirkham became her stated attendant, escorting her to balls, parties, and the other scenes into which she had again plunged to drown remembrances of her former lover. In a few months this assiduity was so generally noticed, that the affair was popularly considered a match. The swarm of admirers that had previously buzzed around her, withdrew their attentions, thus tacitly acknowledging themselves defeated. Then came a proposal of marriage from the gallant swain. At first it was declined, but so soft was the tone of refusal that the petitioner could but continue his addresses. A second proffer was urged with increased vehemence and fervor. This met with the same result, but in a still more hesitating manner. A third trial followed, for Col. Kirkham had become too much accustomed to things of this sort to allow his zeal to be dampened while there was any hope of eventual success, and *faint heart never won fair lady* was the motto of the gallant swain. This time, with much doubt, much delay, the tender confession was at last made, and Col. Kirkham rode proudly off that night as the affianced lover of the wealthy Catharine Williams.

The marriage in due time was consum-

mated, and the first letter Herman received as he entered Rome contained the startling announcement:

"Your old flame, Kate W., is spliced hard and fast. And of all the world, who do you think? you would never guess, never in a month of Sundays. Not Charley L—, nor Gus. —, nor Tom. C. T., nor any of the Fountain Green boys. But of all the suitors in the world, that old fortune-hunter, Col. Kirkham, who has been oftener rejected in his search for a rich wife than any ten men in the State. Poor Kate, I pity her! she can't possibly be happy long with such a man. She wants a husband who will give her his entire confidence! now I'll venture to say there isn't a lawyer on the circuit with half so many bad secrets in his possession as Col. K., and though I wish her no evil, I predict this step will prove the bane of her life. . . . The masonic brethren are very anxious you should return. Our new hall is dedicated, and a beautiful affair it is. The lower apartments are to be used for school rooms, and the lodge has agreed to pay the expense of educating eight children, session by session. This will enable poor Terry to school his boys without further difficulty. Poor fellow, he is not long for this world."

The third year brought Herman back to Fountain Green, where he resumed the practice of medicine, for which, by his European studies, he was now eminently qualified. He had stood at the base of Mount Moriah, and looking up towards the consecrated spot, hallowed by the three grand offerings of *faith, repentance, and devotion unto death*, had mourned over the changes produced by time and sin. He had walked through the valley of Jehosaphat, the figurative deposit of all rejected cowans.

He had examined the fords on the river Jordan; searched for the clay grounds anciently lying on its banks between Succoth and Zeradathah; walked all the way from Jerusalem to Joppa and back, to measure the time and distance with his own limbs. He had handled the sword of the immortal Godfrey so carefully preserved in the sacristy of the Holy Sepulchre. He had plucked a branch from one of the few remaining cedars on the snowy peaks of Lebanon, and a sprig of evergreen from the valley of Gihon. He had pitched his tent amidst the ruins of Tyre, once the centre of maritime and architectural enterprise, and spent many days in the now deserted capital of the powerful King Hiram. At Malta he had inspected the remains of the great knights who once bore the banners of the Templars into the thickest of the arrayed strife.

Returning to Europe, he had made acquaintance with the most distinguished Masons in the different kingdoms, and fa-

miliarized his mind with the peculiarities of the various rites. Possessing ample means, he had accumulated a valuable stock of masonic publications, and now he returned home, laden with the stores of a well-filled mind and an unusually large collection of authors. These things endeared him greatly to the hearts of his brethren. There is no class of men more grateful than Masons, or readier to acknowledge an obligation of this sort. The efforts of an enterprising brother will assuredly be rewarded.

His own lodge, with which he had kept up a regular correspondence during his three years' tour, acknowledged their indebtedness by placing him once more in their masonic east. The Grand Lodge endorsed their favorable judgment, and elevated him by regular gradations to the highest honors at her command.

And while basking in the confidence and esteem of his brethren, Herman was not unmindful of the duty he owed to his own heart. Time had effaced every regretful memory connected with Catharine Williams. The ungentle treatment of one in whom his love had centered changed his whole feelings towards her, and when at his return he called upon her, at the request of her husband, it was with the unconcern of a mere acquaintance.

But a new chain was about to be wound around him, far more endearing than the former. The fair enchantress was no other than Catharine's gentle cousin Martha, whose warm defence of Herman formed the opening sentences of this sketch. The manner of their engagement was as follows :

Martha had a brother who resided in a neighboring town, a medical gentleman like Herman, and likewise a member of the Masonic Order. They were frequently thrown together both professionally and fraternally, and soon became intimate friends. A masonic procession was announced for a certain day, connected with a public presentation of a full set of robes to the Royal Arch Chapter of Fountain Green by the liberal hearted ladies. The lady selected to deliver the address was Martha Bone, and our friend Herman consented to make the reply. During the young lady's remarks she had occasion to allude to the weakness of that argument so frequently offered by caviling spirits, that Masonry places a barrier between husband and wife. This subject she disposed of so handsomely and with so much delicacy and propriety withal, that Herman, who was to respond, could not help admiring not merely the argument itself, but the kindled look and sparkling eye that rendered it so irresistible.

The ceremonial being ended, he could do no less than accept the invitation of her brother, Dr. Bone, to dine with them.

So he conducted her home, and the hour spent in that neat, happy dwelling, confirmed his destiny. For there Martha reigned as queen in the hearts of parents, brothers, and sisters, and he saw at a glance that her's was no common order of mind.

The acquaintance was assiduously followed up, and ere long strengthened by a direct offer of marriage. No objections or grounds for delay could be made, and soon after, the village paper announced the marriage of Dr. H. Crosswell to Miss Martha Hargous Bone. A general expression of good will from all their friends followed their marriage, for it was clear that so far as human foresight could extend, the twain had every prospect of a happy union. In this popular expression we must however record one dissenting vote, that of Miss Hannah Rice, not yet married, but not yet despairing. This experienced spinster was never so distressed, it was said, as when the number of marriageable females was reduced in this way. Scandal whispered that the true reason was, not that she loved females less, but that she loved males more ; and that in every case of this sort she felt as if she had been defrauded out of her own. Be that as it may, the glib-tongued damsel, at a called meeting of the Fountain Green Female Sewing Benevolent and Social Club, expressed her sentiments, " that it seemed strange to her that a man like Herman Crosswell *could* patch up his affections, (she was then engaged in patching up a bedquilt for the distressed Pawnees,) *could* patch up his affections in this way so soon after having them lacerated by the scorn of Kate Williams. For her part she thought it surprising how easy *some* folks could get over a thing of this sort ; she was sure *she* never, never could—no, never, never" — and so thought all her friends.

But was Catharine happy in her marriage with one who possessed so few qualities to render a union permanent. Alas, the honeymoon was hardly at an end when the fatal mistake she had made became evident. That Col. Kirkham had married her for her fortune alone, did not admit of a doubt. That he had totally failed in imparting to her that full confidence which she had expected from a husband, she read in the fact that no sooner was her marriage with him announced than his creditors, whose claims had been carefully concealed from her until this moment, one and all sent in their accounts to her and clamored for payment. There were bills running back almost to the period of his minority. There were tailors' bills, board bills, bills for every article of clothing, bills for luxuries of all sorts, bills for horses and horse hire, and bills for borrowed money. Nay, worse than

that, there were gambling claims, bets on races, debts of honor, &c., and such a startling sum-total did all these demands present, that the outraged wife at once declared she would never pay them.

From this determination, however, Catharine was driven by threats from the creditors that they would expose the claims for sale at auction at the court-house door, unless she settled them, and this brought her reluctantly to terms. More than five thousand dollars were consumed in this operation, and the foundation for a permanent misunderstanding between husband and wife was deeply laid.

A year rolled by, and the birth of their child promised to unite the parties, between whom a sad incompatibility of temper was manifest. There was more tenderness then on both sides. The bickerings which had become too common, now ceased, and when the pale but happy mother took her first drive through the poplar grove, after her confinement, and gazed from the face of her lovely infant into that of the admiring and certainly well-featured husband, she felt as if there was yet something in store for her. But it was not so to be. The little one, in whom so many hopes were centred, sickened and died. The old strife was rekindled by the presentation of several heavy bills contracted by the Colonel within a month after their marriage, and *without informing her of the act*. Things were fast hurrying to a crisis.

One night after she had retired her secretary was broken open and a large sum of money abstracted; and although Col. Kirkham made loud and bustling threats against the robbers, and even had two of the servants imprisoned for the theft, yet in her heart Catharine could not help believing that his own hands had committed the deed.

There was something on his mind too that she could not comprehend. In his dreams he muttered words of tenderness that had no reference to herself, and of fears of which nothing that she had been informed of could be the subject. What an entire failure had she made, in carrying out the principle that in her maiden days she had established for herself! how far was she from the declaration recorded in the first chapter, "my head shall never be pillowed on a casket that is sealed to me."

As the childless mother, unable to sleep from sadness, mused through the weary hours of night, while her partner tossed and murmured mysteriously at her side, she felt in her heart of hearts that an ill-assorted marriage is a very hell on earth. But it was too late. She had mingled the draught with her own hands, and she must drain the cup, bitter though it was.

The unexplained reserve in her hus-

band's manners increased. He took long excursions from home, and when he returned would render no account of his absence. Visitors with rude manners and loud voices were often closeted with him for hours together, and although the subject of their conference was concealed from Catharine, yet she heard enough to be sure that these men had some mysterious claim upon her husband which he could not shake off.

One evening, too, as she walked out all alone in the poplar grove, the scene of so many happy hours in former days, she observed Col. Kirkham in company with a strange female, whose despairing gestures spoke of a deeply wounded heart.

Husband and wife became more and more estranged. They no longer occupied the same apartments, scarcely, indeed, the same house. Servants were permitted to hear their mutual upbraidings, and the scandal of it went abroad, delighting the heart of Hannah Rice, but paining every other hearer.

Then followed a full explanation of the mystery. A warrant from the Governor came down to arrest Col. Kirkham for forgery committed long before, but concealed thus far by pensioning the witnesses. New developments followed hard and fast. A young woman, the same who had fallen under Catharine's observation in the poplar grove, called at the splendid mansion now so desolate, and brought ample testimony to the horror-stricken mistress, that a legal marriage between herself and Col. Kirkham had been entered into more than two years prior to Catharine's marriage. This was the crowning point of her grief. A divorce was at once sued for and obtained, but although she thus became free from the marriage chain so wickedly wound around her, the heavier chain of self-accusation, and of a crushed heart, pressed her beneath its weight, and the links thereof entered her soul.

We had not thought it necessary to add a moral to this tale, but the opinion of esteemed friends who had perused the manuscript changed our plan. We therefore appear as the apologists of King Solomon.

We declare then, by way of postscript, that while as Masons we make no unnatural reservations between husband and wife, sharing no blessings among ourselves from which our beloved partners are debarred, seeking for no gratification or advantage but such as will enable us to make them happier, yet there must be, not only in the constitution of Masonry, but in the very constitution of the sexes, in their different spheres of action, in their different tastes, capacities, and temptations, *there must be, and there is, a histo-*

ry for each, which the other is forbidden to know, and which nothing but an unclean curiosity ever induces the desire to know. Practically, this is well understood in every domestic circle. Nay, it is well understood even by that open-mouthed class of feminine Anti-Masons of which Harriet Martineau is leader.¹ In the very claim which females set up, and which, by unanimous consent among civilized nations is allowed them, in their claim for extraordinary attentions on the score of physical inferiority, this position is confirmed.

It is only when the abstract question comes up, Why is not Masonry open to the female sex? that hard feelings arise and the female class is inclined to take ground against us. But we contend that this is not the form in which the question should be started. To which sexual sphere is Masonry adapted? that is the shape we propose for it.

Now the answer may be gained by reference to the very origin of Masonry. It originated among *men*—was designed to protect laboring *men* in their rights—to add the lightness of superior knowledge to the inherent hardships of their profession—to enable *men* to overcome the peculiar temptations to which in their exposed position they were peculiarly liable.

Then the answer must be this, Why is not Masonry open to the female sex? because females are not *men*.

In general, it is only those viragos who yearn for a beard, and who unsex themselves in their conventions for Woman's Rights; it is only these in general who make the demand placed in the mouth of Catharine Williams in the second chapter.

Of such an one that facetious writer, Lawrence Sterne, says, Vol. 4, page 271, "She would have stood a shot any time to be made a Mason!"

It was such an one who published abroad her indignation in the Anti-Masonic times, because our Ahlman Rezon associates woman in this manner: "Rule 17, No woman or eunuch, or old man in his dotage, can be made a Mason."

To such females we only commend patience under the lot to which Providence has subjected them. Their greatest hardship in life is an unfeminine curiosity—cured of that they will be at ease.

But to that vast multitude of the gentle sex who are content to walk modestly in their own sphere and be verily a help meet for man, here's a Mason's hand and heart.

For you, bright sharers of our joys, sweet consolers of our affliction, for you shall the golden harvest of Masonry be

gathered, although we may not demand your presence in the tiresome sowing or in the hot reaping. For you our gavel shall resound, our symbols shall shine, our monthly labors shall be continued; and while one chord can vibrate within our bosoms, to your love it shall be fondly attuned.

"Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." Amen. So mote it be. Amen.

OUR SCHOOLS VERSUS OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

I WAS the head-boy at Pobbles'. (Pobbles, every one knows, is head-master of the Dufferton grammar-school.) At Pobbles' I went through the various stages of dirty little, pugnacious middle-aged, and patronizing old boy. The result of my youthful experiences need not be recorded here. My age was tender, my lessons tough. Pobbles, I suppose, in compassion for my tender age, administered chastisement with uncalled-for generosity, and, as I wickedly imagined, felt increased pleasure at the increase of my lamentations. At last I became "too deep for tears." I tried the various recipes for imparting to the hand—not a delicate softness, but an impenetrable hardness; and while seeking to rob sorrow—in other words the cane—of its sting, I spent a small fortune at the chemist's in the purchase of alum. This failing, I resolved to avoid punishment by doing my school-work, and it is with pride I record the result. I carried off the Trotter scholarship as the best classic, besides several other prizes, given, as I then thought, by Pobbles, but, as I afterwards learned, paid for by my respected parents. One thing Pobbles did pay for—that was a paragraph in the *Dufferton Mercury* recording my success. I wrote, in the innocence of my heart to thank the editor, who sent me in return the terms of subscription to that intelligent journal.

My parents thought of sending me to college; but they took counsel of their purse, which was not very full, and of my rich uncle, who did not seem to appreciate that mark of respect. He did not care to make any pecuniary advance on the security of my future success. Pobbles assured him that the security was undeniable, whereupon my uncle invited him to invest his money in it. My uncle added—for, in the matter of advice, he was truly generous—that he thought trade was my proper sphere in life; and he concluded with expressing his sentiments on school-masters in general, which, if they were intended as a compliment to Pobbles, did not, in my opinion, achieve their object.

¹ Miss Martineau took ground in 1836 against Freemasonry.

College was therefore abandoned, and trade must have been my dole, had not our country member procured me what my mother rashly designated as a "government appointment." It was a nomination to compete with nine other gentlemen for three vacant situations in the office of the Comptroller-general of Sealing-wax. I may as well state what my acquirements were. I was a good classical scholar. Latin and Greek were as familiar in my mouth as songs to the lark. I had a fair knowledge of Euclid, and a faint idea of trigonometry. I had learned a good deal of ancient history, and geography, and a very little modern. I was on terms of personal intimacy with all the gods and goddesses; but my acquaintance with more unremote heroes was slight in the extreme. In my fourth-form days, I had learned the rudiments of arithmetic, and having got as far as Practice, ceased; it never made me perfect. This was my intellectual condition when the summons arrived.

With some degree of confidence, inspired by my former triumphs, I presented myself at the place of examination on the appointed day. Under an arch-way, up some steps, and through a glass door, I was ushered, or rather followed the laconic directions of a porter, into a large room, wherein sat my opponents in the coming struggle. I was aghast. Instead of nine, there rather seemed to be twenty-nine. My first impulse was to offer a respectful but earnest remonstrance to a votary of the cherub Contemplation who was in the lobby. I afterwards discovered, however, that all of those who met my astonished gaze were not destined to compete with me; and, secondly, that the contemplative one's recreation—I can hardly say business—extended no further than to control the supply of sherry and sandwiches, which were wound up in a basket for the refreshment of some officials up stairs. I remained in this room endeavoring to look as if I was unaware of the contrast presented by my clothes—the work of the Dufferton *schneider*—with those reposing on the elegant forms of some of my neighbors, until we were all ushered, up stairs, into the intellectual dissecting-room, where the examination was to take place. There, tables, covered with red baize, stood facing one another up and down the room, like couples in a long country-dance; and after some degree of difficulty, and not without feeling that it might be a work of supererogation to divulge my name (as I had to do) I found my allotted place. There lay my first paper, resting on a cushion of blotting-paper, on which were inscribed the hopes and fears of many previous candidates, with initial indications of their names, together with some sketches of the examiners and illustrative remarks upon them, in some

cases the reverse of respectful. The first paper was on arithmetic. I looked through it with mingled feelings of astonishment and indignation; I felt disposed to inquire of the examiners what possible advantage would accrue to the Sealing-wax Office from the most accurate knowledge of the number of fathoms in a mile, or miles in a fathom, as the case might be; nor could I imagine what possible circumstances could practically appeal to the Rule of Three, which always appears to me an ingenious puzzle to those who can work it, and a superfluous torment to those who cannot. I could not imagine this, and, what was worse, I could not do the sums. However, I attacked the question, with a noble independence of rule, and so answered about half the paper correctly. In the afternoon there were exercises designed to test the handwriting; and mine, as the printer knows, is more elegant than distinct. In fact, owing to the anxiety under which I labored, it was on this occasion absolutely hieroglyphical, and must have given the examiners very considerable trouble. So much for the first day, the close of which found me still hopeful, but rather reluctant to look back upon my arithmetical performances. On the following days, I had to grapple with other and more deadly foes. A paper on English history caused my faculties entirely to collapse. Questions met my astonished eye with reference to the lives of worthies whose very names were strange to me. I was asked my views with reference to the political state of England in the year 1700; and as I was utterly ignorant as to what monarch was then reigning, or who was his ministers, my observation that "England was then on the verge of great political troubles; that a war was impending; that our colonies were menaced abroad, while at home we were disquieted with intestine commotions," was perhaps a little too general. I also took a general view of the character of Lord Somers, whom, with beautiful simplicity, I described as "a great constitutional lawyer;" adding, with Shakspearian research, which I hope was appreciated, that he was one of the "peers of England, pillars of the state." My sole acquaintance with Lord Somers in reality arose from the fact that he, together with Magna Charta, form the principle of Lord John Russell's speeches; but while upon this subject, I feel it due to myself to state that I was not the person who described Hampden as a "celebrated architect, who built Hampden Court Palace."

I had scarcely recovered from the fit of helplessness induced by the historical questions, when I was again annihilated by a paper on geography. My whole stock of geographical information consisted of a vague idea of my native land, and

the faintest glimmerings of knowledge of the positions of other European countries. With reference to the other continents, I knew absolutely nothing. I therefore did not descend to minutiae; but when asked to describe the position of Paris in relation to Vienna, I contented myself with affirming that "Paris was in France"—an assertion which I believe defies contradiction. An attempt to inveigle me into an account of the course of the Tagus was altogether unsuccessful. Nor can I flatter myself that the examiners derived any satisfaction from my attempts to inscribe on a map of Europe its capes, seas, headlands, and chief towns; the only result of my efforts being a gigantic blot, and a rash attempt to approximate to the position of Gibraltar and the Land's End.

Suffice it to say, I left town at the end of a week, depressed and bewildered, with this question ever revolving in my head: Was Pobbles right in his system of education, or were the commissioners right in their plan of examination? I am not in a frame of mind to decide with befitting calmness upon whom the blame is chargeable. I will only ask this: If certain acquirements are necessary for official usefulness, why do our schools and universities exclude them from their schools and lecture-rooms? Little or no arithmetic, history, or geography is taught at our public schools; little else is required in the examination for our public offices. Let there be some understanding arrived at, and if the service will not yield, why, then, the schools must.

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.

A MAJORITY of character, throughout a civilized society, gets its mood and bent from home influences. Education, it has been well said, forms the common mind, and home influences are the most impressive common educators. Good or bad, their potency is the same. What else can reasonably be so authoritative to the mind of a child as the teachings and examples of parents—parents universally regarded by their children as supreme in judgment and power. And this being the case, how careful should parents and guardians be, that all their teachings and examples are on the side of virtue. How frequently the parent is called to reprove in the child, a passion or practice caught from that parent's example. We have known a father, habitually profane, to punish a son for swearing. We have known a mother, of ungovernable temper, to punish a daughter for an imitative tithe of her own faults. This is inconsistent and unjust, and children soon see it thus—and so to the bad influence of bad ex-

ample, is added the worse influence of injustice.

But besides the various teachings and examples, there are other means of happy influences accessible to most homes. Chief among these are flowers, books and newspapers, pictures, music, and cheerful social games. By a proper use of these, childhood may not only gain knowledge and refinement with the most positive pleasure, but they will serve, not alone as a guard, as the best and surest guard against temptation to less innocent enjoyments. What home—even in the rudest cabin—so poor but flowers may be cultivated therein? How few are the American homes where books and newspapers may not be had. And pictures, with their endless charms for children, the illustrated papers and cheap engravings will furnish them for a trifle. As for music, few are the children whom God has not gifted to make it, with but little study. Of social games, it needs but the will to have them in abundance.

It is not so much the fault of children—even restless, curious, and aspiring—that they are impatient of the meagre surroundings of their homes. They will tire even of sunshine, daisies, and butterflies; tire of all loveable and healthful out-of-door pastimes, and not long can they be kept cheerful and happy within doors, except there be a diversity of pleasant occupations there. And as the occupations, so will be the influences. Yet though, as Wordsworth says, "the child is father of the man," and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," how many parents rid themselves of their children's impatience by turning them away to do as they please, rather than take the trouble—which ought to be a pleasure—to provide them agreeable occupation. Alas! in after years too many such parents will have cause to regret that, first of all, they did not attend to that first and greatest of parental duties, the surrounding of their children with pleasant, controlling home influences.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BOYS.

BOYS have been considered in every period of the world a great blessing, and from David down, poetical and other writers have been lavish with congratulations on those possessing them; and certainly it would seem that to rear a family of boys was something worthy of commendation, and the father with his half score of healthy sons always has been a pleasant sight to contemplate. In all times there has followed a family of this character, employments awaiting to be chosen, like the Irishman's roast pig saying come eat me. It was pick and choose with them. They had this and that pursuit to turn to, and chose that for which they were best

fitted. If John chose to be a millwright, or Andrew a blacksmith, or James a mason, or Thomas a merchant, there was the situation already cut and dried for him, to be assumed as easily as his first new suit, and all, too, within a mile of his own hearthstone, where the family could meet on the Sabbath, and the boys could tell the toils of the week, and receive encouragement and counsel enough to last them till the next meeting. Then when they became free, the boys would commence business on their own account, in their own town, and raise boys and apprentices in their turn. This was the way things went until the old towns began to get full and run over. Then boys might have been seen, as the novels say, with bundles on their backs, containing two shirts and a pair of stockings, footing it for Boston, with hope in their hearts and a dollar in their pockets—a dollar being considered the maximum allowance to any one in pursuit of fortune in those days—and soon they became eminent by the best of luck and the application that the love of money begets, or the application resulting from early home discipline, many of whom are now rewarded with fortune and position, and bear the name, from those who take a bigger view of wealth than ourselves, of “merchant princes.” Such was the state of things in other times; but a family of boys now, in view of the crowded state of all sorts of business, is a source of great anxiety, and has no longer a choice occupation. The tables are turned, and occupation waits to be wooed as coyly as any miss in her teens, or rather like a coquette, baffling all who would win her. The boy finds competition everywhere. He would learn a trade—but where? He is met by the assertion that journeymen can be hired for less than would keep an apprentice. If he gets a place and succeeds in learning a trade, he is met at the threshold of his manhood with some machine that renders his seven or five years’ toil useless. If he would be a merchant, he finds every avenue choked by applicants—other people’s boys. And so, at last, his choice becomes Hobson’s choice—that or none. In vain are all the glorious lessons that we receive concerning the adaptation of employment to capacity, and the arguments to prove the necessity for such adaptation. It can’t be, as things are now. In vain does good Dr. Holmes tell us that the chief end of men is to seek one’s true place and to fill it. The chief end is to get *any* place, and to fill it the best we can, often, as the hand-spike did the under garment of the purser. The idea of a united home is no more to be entertained. As soon as the boy is fledged he is started from the paternal nest; which we don’t so much object to, except that there are many temptations abroad, and boys are more apt now than

formerly to fall in with them, and are perhaps safer at home. Truly, unless a man, with boys, has a fortune to bring them up with, he is wofully perplexed, and if he have a fortune, its enervating effect upon the boys is such that the money becomes a curse, and thus the perplexity is a knife with two edges. Providence, however, that notes the sparrow’s fall, will make all right, though many a head with little faith aches with anxiety to know what to do with the boys.

CHARITY.

O LOVE, how wondrous thou and holy;
When nought on earth hath power to quell
The iron might of melancholy,
One touch of thine hath snapt the spell.

One vigil by a fevered bed—
One solace given to heart oppress—
One pang assuaged, one aching head
With gentlest soothing lulled to rest:

To weary age one fond caress,
Poor guerdon for the love of years—
One smile at childhood’s playfulness,
Or patient care to dry its tears;

Or less than these—the common flow
Of simple, self-forgetting mirth,
When veils the heart its inner woe,
So not to cloud the social hearth:

These, when, as locked in polar ice,
Lifeless and crushed the heart has lain—
These, like a breath from paradise,
Have warmed it into life again.

O gentlest minstrel! thou canst tell
What best can soothe the troubled breast:
“He prayeth well who loveth well!
He prayeth best who loveth best!”

COUNSEL.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own:
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, nor idly lie
Within the human hive,
And, though the outward man should die,
Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure’s noisy din:
The peace thou seekest for, without,
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,
By worth her slight attest,
Nor blush and hang the head for shame
When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true
Be vigilant to heed;
The wisdom that we suffer to
Is wiser than a creed.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,
On loves and friendships gone;
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,
And mount right up and on!

THE most disagreeable condition for a grumbler to be in is to feel like grumbling and have nothing to grumble at.

Select English Story.

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.



DEATH OF GENERAL PLAYWELL.

CHAPTER XLIX.

DISCONTENT, SORROW, AND PASSION.

"Age does not always bring content :

But, like the frost on Elina's brow,

Too oft it hides the fires unspent

Which rage beneath the winter's snow."

—*Bride of the Rhine*

THE experience of life daily proves to us that we never violate a law of nature, or suppress the feelings of the heart, but that sooner or later both avenge themselves. General Playwell had gone out to India a poor man; in his father's house he had been treated, when a youth, coldly. The affection of his parents had been centered in his elder brother, who was destined to bear the title and inherit the fortune; for the cadet there was cold regard alone, and it had chilled his young heart. He had dearly loved his brother; and, to do Sir William justice, that affection had been returned. When, with his commission in his pocket and five hundred pounds' credit, he was sent to seek his

fortune in the East, he resolved, in the bitterness of his feelings, never to return unless he returned rich. To this end he labored, devoted the unbroken energies of his young mind, and succeeded. Love and friendship were to him but names; he schooled his heart till he found he had succeeded in destroying its affections, which he termed weaknesses. He deceived himself—he had only suppressed them, to break forth in his age with the strength of the torrent, which destroys—not the gentleness of the placid stream, which spreads fertility and causes the amaranth flower to bloom where it passes. After having sacrificed the affections of his youth, its gushing sympathies, love and friendship to the one purpose of his existence, he returned to England, an aged, but a wealthy man. He had worshipped Mammon, till the idol had smiled upon him—one of those bitter, mocking smiles which accompany the demon's treacherous gifts—for, after wasting his existence, he found that gold could not confer happiness. He was astonished to find that in

his age he pined for what he had scorned in his youth—love. His passionate affection for Amy was a torment to him. The thought that he must soon leave her—for he could not conceal from himself that he was dying—was madness to him. His heart was wrung by the bitter pangs of jealousy and envy. In his selfishness, he would have preferred her death to knowing that he left her behind to bless another.

"It will soon be over," he murmured frequently to himself; "she will be free from the old man who has placed his heart at her feet, who has loved her with such devoted kindness, and married—married to the choice of her youth, the object of her secret sorrow—not a thought for the husband in his grave—not a tear to his memory. If she does," he added, "she shall go to him a beggar—a beggar."

Frequently, whilst Amy—who was constant in her attendance—was watching by her side, he would implore her to promise him never to wed again.

"Promise me!" he would exclaim, "and I will leave you rich. You shall be the envy of the world as you have been the idol of my heart. Remove from me the doubt, the agony that you will be another's—that you will not forget me."

"I shall never do that," poor Amy would reply, "never forget your generous conduct and affection. I have not an ungrateful heart."

Then he would try to exact the promise again; but poor Amy only replied by her tears; and so days and even weeks passed on, the unhappy man gradually sinking under the fever and excitement of his passions.

Sir William and Lady Playwell, on hearing of the state of their relative, called repeatedly to see him, but by the general's orders had hitherto been refused. One day, after he had in vain tormented his unhappy wife to make the required promise, in a fit of rage and jealousy he resolved to see them. The vulture rejoiced—she felt that the prey would not escape her.

"Leave me," he said to Amy, in a sullen tone. "Let me remain with those who love me."

The pure-minded woman, into whose heart one mercenary thought had never entered, obeyed; wisely and justly she had resolved not to make the sacrifice he demanded: her own happiness, perhaps, she could have sacrificed to the claim of gratitude; but she felt she had no right, if heaven should release her from her thralldom, to destroy that of Henry.

"I am going," said the general, as he grasped his brother's hand; "I cannot last many days—the struggle is nearly over."

"I trust not," observed the baronet; "I hope you will live for years of happiness."

"I tell you no!" fiercely exclaimed his brother. "Happiness! would you mock me with the word? I was a fool ever to return to England: India was my home—I was content, if not happy there. Destiny has mocked me with a view of happiness, but never permitted me to taste it. Amy does not love me."

These words served Lady Playwell as a clue to the feelings of the speaker; she was too clever not to avail herself of it.

"Dear general, despite appearances, you must be mistaken. Not love you! after having rescued her from the most frightful poverty, given her your name and fortune—she cannot be so heartless or ungrateful."

"She loves another," groaned the dying man; "and when I am gone will wed him. There—there is the torment; but I'll disappoint them," he added, fiercely; they shall not riot in my wealth when I am gone, and laugh at the old fool in his grave! No—no."

During the visit, which lasted more than an hour, Lady Playwell strove, not directly—she was far too experienced for that—but by hints and words, to excite the jealousy of her relative; and when she took her leave it was with the firm conviction that Amy would either be left without a fortune, or the gift so fettered that she would be compelled to renounce it.

"I know her well," she thought; she is one of those simple creatures who would sacrifice wealth to what she terms duty or affection.

And the manœuvring woman rejoiced in the conviction; for even if her own family did not inherit the general's property, she felt assured that the being she hated would never enjoy it.

The day after this ill omened visit the general sent for his lawyer to attend him in the evening. He had been meditating his will; but, before making it, resolved to urge for the last time his request to Amy.

"Amy," said the dying man, in a voice more calm than usual, "I am about to make my last will, to dispose of that wealth for which, like a fool, I wasted my youth, and sacrificed youth's hopes and pleasures. It's a sad thing to be poor," he added; "to struggle with the frowns and contempt of the cold, heartless world—to have to toil for the daily bread we eat, and see, with every morsel, the phantom. Want, gibing and mocking us—is it not, Amy?"

"Terrible! but still to be endured when the heart is pure and the conscience light. Poverty is not the worst evil in the world."

"Still it is an evil. Wealth is the world's idol," said her husband. "Rich, mankind bow down to us; poor, lit scorn us. Amy," he added, "I can leave you rich—so rich the world shall bow down before you, and worship their idol, Mammon, in your

person—leave you the means to indulge in a thousand pleasures, a thousand charities. Hunger shall fly the poor at your approach, the wretched shall bless your name. Amy I have loved—that is not the word—I have worshipped you—endured the pangs of unrequited affection, of burning jealousy, which sears and dries the heart. One word, and the wealth I have toiled for shall be yours. I shall die calmly then—happy—happy. Make me the promise, Amy?”

The poor girl was silent, and gave no reply except her tears.

“Make me the promise?”

“I dare not!” she sobbed. “My faith has once been broken. Henry may not claim it—I know not even if he lives. Be generous—do not ask it—I cannot make it.”

“Curse you for an ingrate, then!” frantically exclaimed her husband. “Live as I found you—a beggar! You have driven me to despair. Wretched was the hour in which I first beheld you, cold, heartless woman!”

“Not cold—heartless!” cried Amy, sinking on her knees by the side of the bed, and taking his hand. “Why urge an unwise and ungenerous request? why seek to shadow the rest of my young days with misery? I desire not your wealth. Leave me poor as you found me; but if you have ever loved me, do not leave me with your curse upon my heart.”

“I repeat it—I curse——”

“Heaven will not repeat it!” exclaimed Amy, rising from her knees. “Heaven, which hath witnessed my struggles, my temptations, and my truth. I have tried to love you—never wronged you—borne a breaking heart with patience!”

“True—true,” he murmured. “I must die despairingly—no pity—no affection—the last wish refused me!”

Finding his appeal to her interests in vain, the general appealed to her gratitude. In his despair he became fearfully eloquent, besought her, for the sake of his soul, to grant his request, for that he could not die in peace without it.

“I cannot turn my thoughts to God,” he added. “He too, has abandoned me—he has punished me, through my love for you, by turning your heart against me—for the sins of my youth—the sacrifice of my feelings. Amy, my salvation depends upon one word from you: speak it, and I die content.”

The poor girl was not only terrified, but fearfully moved. Rigid’s not returning as he had promised, left her scarcely a hope that Henry was living; the agony and tears of the old man touched her heart. She was on the point of pronouncing the promise, when the door of the dying man’s chamber slowly opened, and the soldier appeared at that door. There was a smile

upon his lip; for he had not heard of the general’s illness, or, at least, not of its gravity. Amy read that smile, and, overcome by her feelings, fainted.

“Curse you!” said his master, madly; “curse you—officious fool! You have destroyed my hopes for ever!”

Rigid, without one word of reply, rang the bell, and, raising his mistress from the floor, gave her into the arms of the terrified Lisette, who bore her, with his assistance, to her own room.

When Rigid returned he found his master doggedly silent. At any other time the temper of the old soldier would have broken forth at such a reception; but he was too deeply moved by the sight of the ravages which disease and passion had made upon the countenance of the general. Gently drawing a chair, he seated himself by the side of the bed, and fixed his eyes affectionately upon the dying man.

“General,” he said, “you—you cursed me just now—cursed,” he added, in a tone of deep emotion. “The man who has stood by you in the battle-field—shared your campaigns and dangers—who has loved you with the fidelity of a dog! You did not mean it—I am sure you did not mean it!”

The general groaned, and turned impatiently upon his pillow. The tone of wounded feeling in which the soldier spoke had more weight than a storm of reproaching would have had.

“If I have been absent,” continued Rigid, “it was that I knew not you were ill; and, at the call of duty——”

“Duty?” repeated his master.

“Aye, duty, general—I never yet neglected it, as you well know. Come, say that you did not mean it?”

The general fixed his eyes anxiously upon the speaker. The agony of suspense was in his glance. Rigid knew what he would ask; but even to console his dying hour, he could not descend to a lie.

“He lives—the man who saved your life, and my mistress’s—but badly wounded: a bullet through the side, and a broken arm.”

“He lives?” repeated his master with a groan.

“Aye,” said the old soldier. “Master, there is no time for worldly distinctions: the gold epaulette and the knapsack are equal in the sight of the Great Commander. He has called over the muster-roll, and your name is spoken. Why persecute your wife by a senseless request?—will your bones rest more quietly in the grave? No; rather leave your memory as a household thing, a tender sorrow—not a curse.”

“And if she marries she is a beggar!” said the dying man.

“And if she does not?”

“She’s my heiress—mistress of my

wealth. I would not leave a guinea from her to save mankind from ruin."

"Humph!" said Rigid, with a look of disappointment. "And so you would place a temptation in the way of the virtue of the woman you profess to love! Is this honorable?—is it just? If she marries, she is a beggar; but if, forgetful of the virtue which has been the sentinel of your honor and peace of mind, she should consent to live with him, she remains rich—rare tactics for an old soldier like yourself!"

This was a view which had not struck his master before. The idea of Amy becoming the mistress of Henry Beacham was more tormenting to him than the thought of her being his wife. He absolutely writhed in the agonies of jealousy.

"I know her virtue too well," he murmured, at last.

"And so you would punish her for it! That's one way of showing how you appreciate it! General," he added, drawing a paper from his breast, "I saved your life in India—have been faithful to you, because I loved you. Here," he added, holding out the deed, "is the paper which makes me independent; but Jack Rigid scorns to owe ease and comfort to the man who, when the last trumpet sounds for his drill on earth, owns but a revengeful heart upon the field. If your wife starve, hang me if we don't starve together!"

With these words he tore up the paper, and dropped the fragments at the side of the bed. General Playwell was deeply moved: if ever he had place confidence in any human being it was in the speaker.

"Rigid," he said, "leave me for an hour: I have need of reflection. When the lawyer arrives send him to me. Do not let me be disturbed before."

"I know the consign."

"Not even my wife," added the dying man.

Rigid nodded, to intimate that he understood him.

"That's right," he said; "reflect—think how much sweeter it is to be regretted in your grave than remembered only for injustice. Better that Amy should visit your tomb and shed a tear over it, than avoid it with aversion and disgust. Would it embalm your memory less because she retired to this happy home, instead of a wretched garret? Would your sleep be the less calm because hers was unbroken? Banish these revengeful thoughts, unworthy of a man; and, if it is the will of the Great Commander that you must die, die like a Christian and a soldier, upon a bed of honor."

With this speech, which was the longest Jack Rigid was ever known to make, he left the room, and remained on the outside of the door till the arrival of the lawyer. He had not been long upon his post when

Lisette made her appearance, to inquire after the general.

"Better—at least in mind—I trust. How is your mistress?"

"Ill, poor lady—very ill."

"Did she give no other command?"

"None."

Rigid smiled: he was pleased that at such a moment she had not inquired after her lover.

"Tell her," he said, "my master has requested to be alone till the arrival of the lawyer, and add that I have kept my word. The gentleman who saved her at the barricade in Paris is safe in England."

"*Mon Dieu!* the tall, handsome young gentleman, who—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the old soldier.

"There, get away with you; and tell the servants not to approach the chamber of the general till the shark arrives."

"Shark! who is that?"

"The lawyer!" growled Rigid, seating himself before the door."

Lisette knew the temper of the speaker too well to attempt further conversation, so hastened at once to the chamber of her mistress, little thinking how precious to her heart was the intelligence of which she was the bearer.

CHAPTER L.

DEATH OF GENERAL PAYWELL.

"How calm is the rest of the dead,
How deep is the slumber they sleep;
When the eye hath no tear-drop to shed,
The heart hath no sorrow to weep.

What is honor, what fortune, or Fame's fleeting breath,

Compared to thy slumber, oh beautiful death!"

—*Early Days.*

Rigid remained upon his post for several hours before the arrival of the lawyer—one of a profession which soldier-like, he detested. According to his idea, there was no court like a court-martial, and no justice save military justice. The man of law was come with his professional mask: his countenance was serious, for he came to make a will for a wealthy client—and it been to draw a marriage settlement, it would have been lit with smiles; like most of the fraternity, he had a face for every occasion.

"A bad counsellor for a dying man," he muttered, as he gently closed the door of the general's chamber after him; "I trust my old commander will die with his conscience clear, nor dread the court-martial on high!"

In about two hours' time the bell rang—Rigid answered it himself. His eye fell with an inquiring glance upon the dying man: he sighed, and thought it a bad sign, for the sufferer avoided his

"God forgive him!" he thought; "he has followed the dictates of his own evil temper. I should have liked to have loved him dead, even as I honored him living."

"Send two of the oldest of my servants into the room," said the general, in a feeble voice, "and let them witness my last testament. Stay," he added, "one with yourself will do."

"I'd rather not, general," replied the old soldier; "witnessing such things is not much in my way."

"As you please."

Rigid left the room, and in a few moments returned with two of the domestics—the butler and the coachman. The will was signed, sealed, and delivered in their presence. As they were about to withdraw, their master motioned them to remain,

"Stay," he said, "there is another deed to execute."

His hand trembled as he wrote his signature, which was to give vitality to his wishes after death. As soon as it was accomplished the servants withdrew, and the lawyer, carefully folding the deed in an envelope, sealed it with the general's arms in three places, and, according to his directions, placed it under his pillow.

"Have you any further command, general?" demanded the man of law, with an attempt to look sorrowful.

"None, but to recommend you to observe your promise."

The lawyer laid his hand upon his waistcoat, as if feeling for his heart, and left the room. Rigid and his master remained alone, regarding each other for some time in silence.

"It is done, Rigid," faltered the general; "I have repared the folly your temper occasioned. You will find I have neither forgotten your fidelity or your advice."

The countenance of the honest fellow brightened at the words.

"Never mind me, your honor; it was not that I have been thinking of, but of your wife—of that angel whom you have unjustly doubted."

"Not her virtue but her love; but the time—the time for regret is past. Draw nearer to me," said the dying man: "I feel calmer now. Rigid I have not been so insensible to your fidelity as you imagine. Give me your hand, and let me thank you for having saved my life, and for all your services. God bless you, old soldier—may we meet again!"

"Amen, general!" sobbed Rigid, raising the proffered hand to his lips, and letting fall an honest tear of affection on it; "amen! if you have done your duty, general, we shall meet at the last forage."

His master paused—there was evidently something laboring on his mind which he

wished to communicate, but scarcely knew how to begin. The attached fellow saw it, and entreated him to speak out.

"I will," sighed the general; "I have a last request."

"Name it," said Rigid, fervently, "and it shall be granted—fulfilled as faithfully as though you were still on earth and in commission."

"I know it."

General Playwell slowly removed his hand from the grasp of the speaker, and drew from under his pillow the deed which the lawyer had so carefully sealed. With a deep-drawn sigh he placed it in the hands of Rigid.

"What is this?"

"To be opened only in the event," faltered the general, "of my wife marrying again. No words," he added; "I have done my duty, and can answer for my acts where I am going. Promise me, Rigid," he continued, with a deep earnestness—"promise me that no entreaty—bribes I am sure will not avail—shall induce you to break the seals, unless the event I allude to shall take place."

"I promise you," exclaimed the old man, placing it in his breast; "and may I never meet my commander face to face in heaven, if I keep not my word."

"I know—I am sure you will. I should like to see Amy once more," added the general. "My hours will not be many on earth—I feel that I am going."

Rigid left the room to conceal his weakness—for the tears were falling from his eyes—and to summons his lady to the bedside of her husband.

"Amy," said the general, fixing his dying eyes with intense affection upon her pale tearful face, "I must soon leave you—resign for the cold grave this earth, which never seemed so beautiful as since I have known you. You will not forget the old man who loved you with all the fervor of a youthful passion—who worshipped you—whose last sigh will be for you?"

"Forget you?" replied the sobbing girl—"oh! never—never! My heart is not so ungrateful. Your generous conduct to the poor orphan will make your memory for ever dear to me. My lips must be sealed in death ere they cease to pronounce your name with gratitude; my heart cold as the earth which covers it, ere it forgets your kindness!"

Stooping over the bed, she imparted a kiss upon the brow of her husband, who was deeply moved by her words. He reflected for a few minutes. Perhaps he thought that the act was prompted by a latent hope of changing his resolution respecting the disposal of his fortune—if so, he was greatly deceived.

"I have made my will, Amy," he observed, at last. "Everything is yours, as long as you remain my widow."

"I do not require it—I do not wish it," she replied. "Humbly born, accustomed to the stern lessons of poverty, such wealth to me will prove an incumbrance, rather than a blessing. The pension which, as the widow of a general officer, I shall be entitled to, will more than supply my simple wants. Take back your fortune—give it to those who have the claim of blood: but, in exchange, leave me your blessing. I have not deceived you," she added. "You knew my unhappy story before I gave you my hand. I have struggled, prayed to do my duty as a wife—tried to forget the past. It is not my fault if memory is treacherous."

"True, Amy," sighed the old man—"true."

"Let me not have the bitter thought that the man I loved—if not with all a wife's devotion, with all a daughter's fondness—died with one bitter thought of the poor girl he loved and honored with his name. One kind word—one blessing now—will be a richer legacy than all the wealth for which the world would envy me!"

General Playwell was deeply moved. The last doubt of her sincerity, as well as the hope of extorting from her weakness the required promise, vanished. Perhaps as death approached, the storm of human passion became lulled, or the remonstrance of the old soldier had recalled him to his better reason. With fond affection he laid his hand upon her head, and blessed and thanked her for her faith and love.

A weight was removed from the heart of Amy. With her affectionate, grateful disposition, she felt she never could have been happy had her husband died at enmity with her; the thought would have pursued her in after years like a reproach; nor would the feeling that it was unmerited have deprived it of its sting.

The general had too often witnessed death not to be conscious of its near approach; and as much as he desired to breathe his last sigh in her arms, he possessed too manly a spirit to subject her to so fearful a trial. Claspings her for the last time passionately to his breast, he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and sunk exhausted upon his pillow with the effort.

"Leave me, Amy," he resumed, faintly; "leave me!"

"Not yet. I know my duty."

"And I mine. You have been too dutiful to refuse me this, my last request. Send Rigid to me. God bless you, Amy! If in the world to which I am hastening the spirit is permitted to watch over those it loved on earth, mine shall be ever near you. Think of the old man in happier hours; and when I am dead, imprint a kiss upon the lips that love you—that will murmur your name to the last—the last!"

Amy did not wait till they were cold

before she granted his request. With filial love she bent over him, and bestowed a kiss of gratitude and true affection, as pure as that with which the angel welcomes the soul redeemed first winged for heaven.

Her emotion was so powerful that she could scarcely totter to the door. As she opened it she must have fallen, had not Rigid, who was waiting, caught her in his arms, and borne her to her chamber, when, resigning her to the care of Lisette, he hastened back to his expiring master.

The general was in his last agony. With straining eyes he had followed the receding form of the being he had so madly loved; and when it disappeared, closed them upon the world for ever, as if unwilling to pain his gaze by any other object. Still he recognized the grasp of the rough, honest hand of the old soldier, and faintly returned the pressure. The name of Amy was the last word upon his lips, as, with a deep-drawn sigh, his spirit fled for ever.

His faithful, humble friend breathed a soldier's prayer as it departed. Amy was a widow.

When Rigid announced to his mistress that all was over, he observed her closely; had there been the slightest expression of joy, a brightening of the eye even, he felt as if he could have hated her; but no—the only impression it produced upon the pure minded girl was that of sorrow for the dead! The memory of her devoted love and generosity overcame every other feeling and she prayed and wept in silence.

"She is an angel!" thought the soldier, as with a heavy heart he returned to perform his last duty—that of watching over the remains of him he had so faithfully served while living. "I have not been deceived in her."

That very night he wrote to inform Sir William Playwell of what had taken place, and a letter to William Bowles, in which, with a delicacy scarcely to be expected from one of his rough manner, he hinted how acceptable to his lady the presence of one of her friends would be at such a moment. The hint was not thrown away.

CHAPTER LL

RETURN OF HOPE.

"But thou, O hope, with eyes so fair!
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scene at distance hail!"

—*Ode to the Passions.*

On his return to England, Henry Beacham made the best of his way to Burnley. From his still weak state of health he did not arrive till the second day, being compelled to proceed by slow and easy stages. It is needless to say that he was received

with joy by all the family. Mary laughed and cried by turns, kissed his pale cheek with a sister's fondness; and William upon whose countenance she had not seen a smile since their flight from Paris, was once more all happiness and sunshine. The little party were assembled in the breakfast-room, talking over late events; old Mr. Bowles had twice looked at his watch as a hint to his son that it was time for him to proceed to Manchester; but the young man, in the fulness of his joy, paid no attention to his intimation.

His horse was at last brought up to the door, and the groom announced that all was ready.

"I see," said the old gentleman, good-humoredly, "I must go myself. Order the carriage, John, and put Mr. William's horse in the stable."

The young man declared his readiness to start, but his father, who saw how much he desired to remain, declared that he had some private business to attend to, and preferred going himself.

He was a kind-hearted old man, worthy to be the father of such a son.

While the carriage was getting ready, young Matthew Small was announced. It will be remembered that when his wretched parent had started his family to America, in the expectation of joining them with the plunder of Henry Beacham's fortune, he had purposely left him behind. In his vindictive nature he had never forgiven him his share in the abstraction of old Gridley's papers. The young man entered the room with an humble, crest-fallen air—for poverty had overtaken him, and those who once courted his society, since his father's death had turned their backs upon him.—Knaves never find real friends.

"To what, sir," demanded Mr. Bowles, "am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

The tone in which the question was put brought a blush to the still pale cheek of the young scamp.

"I come, sir," he replied, "to offer my services."

"Indeed! In what capacity?"

"As clerk, or anything. Since the downfall of my family, and the death of my father, I have sought employment in vain. It's a hard thing to starve in a city where I have known plenty. Besides," he added, "I can be of use. I know all the late Mr. Grindem's affairs, can prove by what rascally contrivances my father—"

"Hold, sir," said the old gentleman; "your parent may have been all that you would paint him—worse even. The world may condemn him, for it has the right; justice may brand his memory, for it is her duty. But I beg you will not shock my ears by hearing a son pronounce judgment on his father."

The speaker resumed his seat with the blush of honest indignation on his aged

cheek—poor Small was completely crest-fallen—William pitied him.

"Call on me at the office to-morrow," he whispered, as he pointed to the door. "My father is too angry to listen to you now."

The young man was prompted, perhaps, as much by a desire to recover some portion of his friend's fortune as by sympathy for the delinquent. Small took the hint, and withdrew. Perhaps it may be as well to dismiss him at once from the pages of our tale by stating, that three days afterwards, when, upon his promise of amendment, William Bowles persuaded his father to give him a trial, the first act in his new position was to rob his employer of three hundred pounds, and escape with it to America, where a short career of dissipation soon ended him.

The old gentleman never reproached his son with the loss: the error was of the heart, and such errors he easily forgave.

Just as the carriage drove up to the door, the boy arrived with letters: one sealed with black was addressed to William. It ran thus:

"Sir,—By my lady's wish I write to inform you that my honored master died last night at five o'clock; he resigned his life like a man, a soldier, and a Christian. I am sure that, in his widow's present state, the presence of one of her friends would be a consolation. Your honor's to command.—**JACK RIGBY.**"

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which the old soldier's brief epistle was read: joy was uppermost in every heart, and yet they hesitated to express it. Mr. Bowles was the first to give vent to his feelings.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

"My dear," said his wife, reprovingly, "did you say thank God?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "of course I did—could I do less—that Amy's husband died like a soldier and a Christian? It would have been very uncharitable in me if I had not."

None were deceived by the explanation; although, of course, it was received. Mary and her husband exchanged a smile of quiet satisfaction. There was a chance at last of the friends whom they both sincerely loved being made happy.

"William," said his father, with an air of sudden resolution, "after all, you must go to Manchester."

"I, sir!"

"You—you will see me during the day. This evening I start for London, and shall most probably return, bringing Amy with me."

"Take me with you!" exclaimed Mary. "Poor dear Amy must need a friend at an hour like this; besides, we women have a thousand little consolations to offer, which you men, with all your fine judgment and wisdom, know nothing about."

William looked rather blank at the idea of parting with his wife so soon after their marriage; though he not only approved of her going in his heart, but secretly loved her the better for the sacrifice.

"I've but one objection," observed Mrs. Bowles, gravely.

"An objection?"

"Whilst Henry Beacham remains at Burnley, I do not see how the widow of General Playwell can become an inmate of our house: it would look odd—it would be too indiscreet—too precipitate too—." She paused.

"Too soon," said Mary, with a smile.

"Fie!" replied the old lady; "that is not exactly what I was about to say."

"But it is what you thought," added her son, with a kiss. "Leave that to me—that is easily arranged; I undertake to be Henry's doctor. Currey will be jealous of my skill. I'll have him round and heart-whole in less than a week."

It was finally arranged that Mary and her father-in-law should at once proceed to London; and William, before starting for the counting-house, which he never detested so cordially as at that moment, holding Rigid's letter in his hand, with a light heart mounted the staircase to Henry's chamber.

He found the invalid reading, and much better than on the preceding day. With great tact, as he thought, he began to break the intelligence that Amy was a widow; but no sooner had he alluded to the health and age of General Playwell than his smiles betrayed him—his friend dreamed the rest.

"Speak!" he exclaimed. "You know, William, what I would ask—a look—a word will be sufficient!"

William pressed his hand, and the sweet balm of hope once more rushed into his true heart.

That same day, old Mr. Bowles and Mary started for London. Henry Beacham felt, with the delicacy of an honorable mind, that it would be impossible of Amy, considering their former position, and his new-born hopes, to avail herself of the kindness of her friends if he remained at Burnley; he therefore declared to William his intention on the following day, when he had well conned over the matter, to travel for a year in Italy.

"But why leave Burnley?" demanded his friend.

"Did you not say that Amy was expected? Would you have me cast a shade upon the purity of her name—upon the delicacy of her conduct—by remaining here?"

"But your health—"

"Will soon be strong again. I feel the life-stream flowing to my heart. The world has ceased to be a blank, for I have hope to cheer it."

William's only regret was that he and

Mary could not accompany him; but, as he observed with a sigh, he had a duty to his parents, who were now aged, as well as to his friend.

"Fear not," replied Henry, "but we shall meet again."

It was extraordinary with what rapidity the speaker regained strength. When he quitted Burnley, William was no less surprised than delighted at the elasticity of his step and the fire of his eye. He began to look like the Henry Beacham of the olden time.

With a promise to write to each other, the two friends separated.

How beautiful is such friendship—the perfect confidence and communing of two young hearts—with not a sordid thought or unworthy motive to intervene!

Poor Amy was indeed consoled by the arrival of her friends. Old Mr. Bowles kissed and pressed her to his heart like a child whom he had recovered, and Mary wept and smiled by turns; for, with the foresight of her sex, she saw a vista of future happiness for the widow, which gratitude and sorrow for the dead had not permitted Amy to glance at.

"And have you no friend," she whispered, "at Burnley, whom you wish to inquire after?"

Amy blushed, and named William.

"Oh, he is well, and as saucy as though we had been married a twelvemonth; but we had a guest."

Her friend was silent.

"Henry has been with us."

"Hold," said her friend, seriously; "respect the memory of the dead. Not even from your lips, dear, kind Mary, must I hear that name. The general was a generous friend, protector, father to me. I owe him much."

"Not the least," mentally observed the young wife, "his leaving you a widow so soon after your marriage."

But she wisely kept the opinion to herself.

In her delight at regaining her friend, she almost forgot that she was in the house of death; nor was it till Amy had repeatedly reminded her, by gentle words, that she schooled herself down to what the world calls proper behaviour on the melancholy occasion.

On the morning of the funeral Amy appeared for the first time in her weeds; both Mr. Bowles and his daughter-in-law thought that she had never appeared so lovely. The family of Sir William Playwell were assembled in the library, to hear the will read before the mournful pageant set out for the final resting-place of the dead.

A hundred hopes and jealousies, heart-burnings and surmises, were either suppressed or exhibited on the occasion. As soon as the young widow, leaning on the

arm of Mr. Bowles, and attended by Mary, entered the room, the lawyer broke the seal, and read the will aloud—it was brief.

Everything was left to Amy: house, plate, jewels, money; the only reservation was an annuity of £500 a year to his faithful friend Rigid. The widow was to enjoy the magnificent bequest as long as she remained a widow, and no longer.

"And to whom does the fortune of the general go then?" demanded Lady Playwell, in a tone of spite.

"In that case, madam," continued the lawyer, still reading from the will, "the general directs that a deed left in the care of his faithful friend, John Rigid, shall be opened, but not before: the eventual heir of his immense wealth will then be named."

"Don't you think," said Adolphus, who was terribly disappointed at the testament, "that my late uncle was mad when he made that will?"

"As sane as I am," replied the man of law.

Lady Playwell and her son, with Sir William, left the house. The baronet would not even remain to pay the last respect to the dead. Avarice can harden the heart even of a brother.

Old Mr. Bowles and Rigid were the only mourners who followed the general to the grave.

In the evening, after the ceremony, Rigid found a note from Lady Playwell, in which she begged to speak with him. The old man refused to wait upon her; but her ladyship was not a woman to be easily put off. Ordering her carriage, she drove to the residence of her late brother-in-law, and desired to speak with the man who alone could throw light upon the ultimate disposal of that wealth for which she had so manoeuvred.

Much to his distaste, Rigid was compelled to speak with her.

"Not here," she said; "get into the carriage, my dear Mr. Rigid. What I have to say is of the utmost importance."

"Speak out, then, at once, my lady."

"Not here—not here."

With a grimace which might have convinced any one less eager than Lady Playwell how hopeless would be the attempt to cajole, he stepped into her splendid equipage, and drove with her towards the park.

During their drive in the park, Lady Playwell tried, by turns, flattery and promises with the old soldier, in order to draw from him a knowledge of the contents of the paper which the general had left in his keeping.

"Don't know, my lady—sealed orders."

"But you can guess?"

"Perhaps I can," replied Rigid; "and perhaps I cannot. At any rate, I am not going to try. My poor dead commander

trusted me. I never broke consign while he lived—I am not going to begin now."

Tired with her vain attempt to discover who, in the event of Amy's marrying again, would be the envied heir, her ladyship spitefully observed, that, at any rate, the moment the widow changed her state, she would be a beggar.

A shrewd smile lit up the countenance of the old man, for he felt that even in that he could disappoint her.

"That's as may happen," he said. "I may adopt her."

"You! why you have only your annuity!—you adopt her!"

"There's your mistake, my lady. Jack Rigid at this moment could keep his carriage, only he prefers using his legs. So now, having tried all your manoeuvres in vain, with your permission, I will walk home. I have not betrayed either the dead or the living. I have done my duty, despite all your blarney and temptation."

"Insolent!"

"As your ladyship pleases."

"No matter," exclaimed Lady Playwell, as she pulled the check-string of the carriage, in order to let her companion out; "the general was an old fool, and lately evinced something more than eccentricity. I shall advise Sir William to dispute the will."

"Try it," replied Rigid, with a chuckle.

"It was a most unjust one."

"There I agree with you," said the old soldier; "and it's the only act of my late commander which casts a shade upon his memory. He ought to have left the poor girl free and unfettered. It's a poor blow which is directed from the grave. But whatever may occur," he added, "be assured of this: that his widow will be richer than either her enemies or friends are aware of."

With these words the speaker quitted the luxurious equipage. He felt indignant that his fidelity had been tampered with. When our readers take the trouble to recollect what had taken place between him and Monsieur Cabert respecting the recovery of the desk which contained Amy's fortune, they will understand that the old man's boast was not a vain one.

On his return home, he was informed that his lady wished to speak with him. He immediately mounted to the boudoir, where he found Amy and Mary busily occupied in placing the magnificent jewels of the former in their cases.

"No, Mary—no," observed Amy, as Rigid entered; "I shall never wear them again. These baubles will not make the heart beat the lighter."

"True," thought the old soldier to himself; "for if gifts could have purchased love, the general had been a happy man."

The costly gems, which, on their flight from Paris, had been left in charge of the

ambassador, had previously been returned to her through the Foreign Office.

"Rigid," said Amy, kindly extending her hand to him, "I sent for you to consult you. You are a friend upon whom I can rely. It is my wish that these jewels be deposited with the banker of my late husband."

"It will be safest," replied the old man, drily.

By one of those strange revulsions of feeling, the speaker, since the death of his master, began to feel jealous of the future proceedings of his widow. Death had cast a veil over the errors of his old general, and shed a halo round his virtues. Rigid's heart and head were at variance. He feared lest unseemly joy or haste should lessen the respect he entertained for Amy.

"It is my intention to leave London tomorrow, with my kind friends, for Burnley."

This was the place where Henry Beacham had started for; and the old man received the intelligence with an undisguised grimace.

"You and Lisette," continued the speaker, "will accompany me."

"Pardon me, madam; I am too old for service."

"Service!" repeated Amy—service! You mistake, Rigid—as a friend, a true and valued friend. Never let that word be heard between us."

Rigid was somewhat mollified. Still the idea of witnessing her supposed meeting with Henry Beacham was distasteful to him. How little did he know the heart he suspected of indelicacy and impatience.

"That is not my only reason."

"Speak plainly," said Amy; "I do not understand you."

"Well, then, I will speak: I have not forgotten the dead."

"Nor I."

"And yet you are impatient to rejoin the living. Is this wise to yourself, or kind to my old master's memory? I know you did not love him as he was weak enough to wish—no matter for that. Perhaps you feel resentful at his will—I can't defend it. Still he was your husband, lady; and if not a wise, at least a kind one."

The poor girl burst into tears. It needed no appeal to her heart to respect the memory of the man who had saved her from indigence and misery, even though the price had been her happiness. She blushed, too at the allusion to Henry, which was too plain to be misunderstood. Taking the old man by the hand, she looked into his weather-beaten face, and said:

"Have you, too, misjudged me? He you allude to has left England. Think you if the possibility of meeting him existed, I could sink so far in my own es-

teem and the world's respect to risk it? No, I honor and revere the memory of my late husband. You never saw ought to blame in me as his wife?"

"Never!" exclaimed Rigid.

"Trust me, you will not blush for me as his widow."

"I am a fool—a wretched, jealous, peevish old fool!" exclaimed the poor fellow, hastily concealing a tear; "or I should never have suspected so much goodness and virtue; will you—can you forgive me?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you accompany me to Burnley, not as my servant, but my friend?"

"To the world's end, if you require it," replied the now happy Rigid, hastening from the room to conceal the drops of feeling he could no longer hide.

Coarse, brutal natures may smile, perhaps, at the idea of tears in the eye of manhood; they pride themselves upon that cool-blood apathy which can view the sufferings of the heart, the regrets of blighted love, or the wounds of betrayed friendship with indifference. They are wrong; some weakness is more beautiful than strength. I would not give the lightest feather from the wing of Time for that man who has not a tear for the pangs his errors or cruelty have caused.

"What a dear old man!" exclaimed Mary; "they will be delighted with him at Burnley."

At an early hour the following morning the party left London—William, Amy, and Mary in the luxurious travelling carriage of the young widow, Rigid and Lisette in the rumble. Poor William, during the journey, was repeatedly called to order by his little wife—his buoyancy of spirit ran away with him: he saw a prospect of happiness opening to his friend, and his generous heart shared it, the utmost certitude that poor Henry would be happy at last, added to his own felicity. He laughed and sang by turns, kissed his wife, pressed Amy's hand, and even told her that she looked divinely in her weeds.

"Not," he added, "that I would advise you to wear them forever."

"William!" exclaimed Mary, holding up her finger, for she saw by the blush upon her companion's cheek that she was pained; "how can you rattle on so madly, an old married man like you?"

"Were I as old as Methusaleh my heart would still be young," replied the culprit, trying to look penitent; "especially on an occasion like the present. Are we not returning to Burnley with our dear Amy? won't the governor find his daughter again—for you know he loves her like one? and shan't we all be happy? Oh, so happy! I would not barter the joy I feel

at having recovered Amy for the crown of the czar ; and that, they say, would purchase the richest firm in Manchester."

Then, despite the pouting lips of his mistress, he burst forth into the snatch of love song :

Come with thy dark eyes beaming,
Brightly in beauty's spell ;
Come while the world is dreaming,
Our tale of love to tell.

"There," he added, seeing his companions were really vexed with him, "I have done for the rest of the journey. I will be as grave as an heir at a miser's funeral, only forgive me. Remember I am like a school-boy out on a holiday—don't be angry with me for making the most of it."

His pardon was soon sealed, and for the rest of the journey he tried to keep his word ; but, despite his promise, the exuberant joy of his heart would break forth, and even Amy could not avoid a smile at the air of mock penitence with which he checked himself when the reproving look of Mary reminded him of his outbreak.

CHAPTER LII.

CONCLUSION.

Home ! the heart's first nest, the seat
Of warm affections and of childhood's hopes,
And the tired spirit's rest.

As the carriage drove up to the lodge at Burnley, old Mr. Bowles and his wife, as well as Dr. Currey, were discovered on the lawn by the travellers, impatiently waiting to receive them. Our readers can imagine the warm greetings which passed, and how Amy's heart bounded at once more visiting the spot where she had received so much affectionate care. Her venerable host pressed her like a child to his breast, as he assisted her from the carriage, and kissed off the tear upon her still pale cheek.

"Welcome home, dear Amy !" he whispered ; "a thousand welcomes to your father's heart. Bitterly have I regretted that ever I suffered you to quit it. But that Dr. Currey," he added, as he resigned her to his old friend, who had been shaking hands with William and Mary, "is so obstinate, one would imagine that his prescriptions are like bills—not to be protested without loss of credit."

"And of constitution, too," added the doctor, saluting, in his turn, the youthful widow, for whom he felt an almost paternal affection.

That was a happy night at Burnley. Old times were talked over, old affections revived. To Mr. Bowles it seemed like a dream that his adopted child had ever left him, or been married. He was even on

the point of asking her for one of the simple ballads which he loved to hear her sing, when an awful "O, my dear !" from his kind-hearted wife, reminded him of the impropriety of his request.

"No matter," thought the old man ; "she will sing soon, and with a lighter heart than ever."

William was delighted with the *contre-temps*, and laughingly observed to Mary, that the indiscretion she complained of ran in the blood—for the governor was almost as great a boy as himself.

Rigid was not forgotten : instead of mixing, as he had hitherto done, with the domestics in the late general's splendid establishment, at Amy's wish he was invited into the drawing-room, where the kindness of all who knew of his devotion to Henry Beacham soon made him feel at home. To the old man's credit, as well as taste, he never abused the privilege, but contented himself with the respect and kindness of the inmates of Burnley, without obtruding his society upon them.

It was not without deep emotion that Amy once more took possession of the cheerful room which the hands of affection had decorated for her arrival. How many eventful scenes had passed since she last inhabited it ! Her grief at the supposed cruelty of Henry—her visit to London—privations—marriage. With a prayer for the future, and thanksgiving for the past, she laid her head upon her pillow, and dreamed till morning.

A year soon passed. Before half its course was told, the bloom of health once more visited the cheek of the young widow. William received a letter weekly from his absent friend, which he took good care his wife—in confidence of course—should read to Amy. At last the wanderer wrote to her himself. How her heart trembled as she broke the seal ! How the memory of the old time returned !

"So," whispered Mary, as they strolled together in the grounds, "you have received a letter from the absent one at last."

Amy blushed, and looked serious.

"Come, my dear girl," continued her friend, "there is not the slightest occasion to feel ashamed. You have now been six months a widow ; every respect has been paid to the memory of one who, with all his kindness, was the cause of your unhappiness, and whose will——"

"Mary, not a word on that subject."

"Well, be it so, on condition that you tell me the contents of Henry's letter."

"He inquires after my health."

"Of course," said her friend, drily, "in common politeness he could do no less."

"He tells me," continued Amy, "that his return to England depends upon me. He has alluded, very prematurely, to an engagement which once subsisted between us—and—and——"

"Asks you to renew it?" added her friend.

"Yes."

"And you will do so?" said Mary, archly; "I am sure you will. What to you is the wealth you will forfeit by your marriage? It did not make you happy. I know your heart too well to deem that will weigh an instant with you."

"Henry tells me that he is comparatively poor."

Her friend looked surprised.

"Ought I," she added, "to bring poverty to him—cripple him in his exertions—be a burthen to the man I—" "I love," she would have said, but corrected herself, and substituted "so much respect?"

"Do you not bring him," exclaimed her friend, "a richer treasure—a true, affectionate wife? In marrying him you will restore energies both to his brain and heart. Were Henry unworthy of you, Amy, could such considerations weigh with you an instant? They ought not—they will not!"

"They have not," said her friend. "Why should I attempt to conceal from you my feelings? I have renewed my promise!"

Mary kissed her.

"In a year's time he will return and claim it."

"A year!" repeated her friend; "why you cruel creature! Why, I never could have suspected you of such ingratitude! What will poor William do so long without his friend and partner?"

"Partner?" said Amy.

"Yes; it is all arranged. Think you we have been forgetful of your happiness or his? Dear old Mr. Bowles declared last night that the day which united you to Henry, should see him an equal partner with William—he is quite rich enough to retire. He considers the gift as the fortune of his adopted daughter."

Amy was moved at so much affection and kindness.

"A year!" repeated Mary. "Come, you have not written this cruel letter?"

"Yes."

"Aye, but you can add a postscript, or one of those dear little crooked things called a parenthesis, to explain that the year dates from the commencement of your widowhood—not your letter."

Amy hesitated.

"Tut!" continued the speaker; "I must send William to you: he will plead much better than I can. Poor fellow! he was half wild with joy last night, after the conversation with his father. Cruel Amy!"

"If you really think there would be precipitation, no indelicacy?"

"Not the least. As a married woman, you know, I am an authority in these delicate matters."

It is not difficult to persuade where the heart sides with the pleader.

The parenthesis, or rather postscript, was added, and the letter dispatched, which bound Amy, at the expiration of her widowhood, to become once more a wife.

The day at last arrived on which Amy was to lay aside her weeds. She would fain have retained them two or three months longer, as a mark of respect for the general; but her friends would not hear of it. Mary herself attended her toilette, and assisted to array her in her simple dress of white. The previous evening she had observed considerable bustle in the house at Burnley: knowing looks and signs were exchanged amongst her friends; her heart anticipated their secret, and the surprise they had planned.

"Upon my word," said William, gallantly kissing her hand, as she made her appearance in the breakfast parlor, "you look divinely, Amy! but Burnley, as Mary's cheeks can testify, is a great improver of beauty!"

"It ought to be," observed his wife; "for it is the seat of happiness."

"Well," said her husband, "I am glad to see you both looking so well; for I have a guest to introduce to you."

"A stranger?" demanded Mary, with affected surprise.

"Not quite," he answered, with a smile; at the same time taking his wife's arm, and leading her towards the conservatory. "Amy, at least, is well acquainted with him. Let us leave them to introduce themselves."

As they passed from the breakfast-room, a warm pressure of the hand was exchanged between Mary and Henry, who had arrived that very morning. The next moment he was at the feet of Amy.

We will pass over the smiles and tears, the joy of such a meeting, which seemed enhanced by the recollection of the misery of their last. A hundred times did Henry bless the virtue which had resisted the mad proposal he had made, and bless the mercy which forgave it. Before William and Mary returned—and they were not more than an hour in examining their favorite plants, sly creatures—Amy had renewed the promise of her hand.

"You will wed comparatively a poor man," he observed.

"But one I can respect, honor, as well as love, Henry," she replied. "Believe me, I have seen enough of wealth. Content needs so little; and that little is still within our reach."

Rigid welcomed the return of the traveller as sincerely, perhaps, as any one of the happy party assembled at Burnley. Even according to his strict ideas, all due respect had been paid to the memory of his beloved commander. As he grasped the young man's hand, he bade him joy.

"Of what?" demanded Henry, with a smile.

"Of having won the girl of your heart. Girl, do I call her? Heaven forgive me—she is an angel!"

"And do you think she would resign her princely wealth to marry a poor man?"

"Pooh! to be sure she will; what does she care for money? I can leave her enough from the savings of my pension, and other matters beside, to content her little heart; so no trying the double on the old soldier. She has done her duty to the dead. May God," he added, raising his cap respectfully, "bless her union with the living!"

Henry was touched by the warmth and sincerity with which the old man expressed his wishes for their happiness; thanked him again and again for his kindness; and made him promise that he would never separate from them.

"Did that wish come from your heart?" demanded Rigid, with an inquiring glance.

"Else it had never been uttered."

"Then by heavens I will not! My last wish will be gratified: I shall close my eyes under the roof of my old general's widow."

As Mr. Bowles observed to his friend, Dr. Currey, in the evening, it was another happy day at Burnley.

We flatter ourselves that our numerous readers, during the progress of our tale, have sympathized too deeply with the various trials and temptations of poor Amy and her lover, not to feel rejoiced at their close. A month after Henry's return, the day was fixed for their marriage, and Sir William Playwell written to, that he might attend and hear the important paper read, which was to deprive the brother's widow of that fortune which a more mercenary nature, at any sacrifice, would have retained.

Mr. Bowles, Rigid, and the two friends, were seated over their wine the evening before the wedding. The ladies, heaven bless them! were occupied in examining the dress of the bride, descanting most learnedly upon blonde, silks, and orange flowers. The old gentleman seized the occasion to broach his long-cherished resolution.

"It is time," he said, "Henry and William, that I should retire from active life. The firm is rich and respected. Someone must replace me. You and Henry will do so with honor. Amy and yourself, after my own children, are nearest to my heart. To-morrow sees you the husband of the girl you love, and the partner of your friend."

It was in vain that the grateful youth refused to accede to an arrangement as generous as it was unexpected. Both William and his father refused to listen to a denial. He was obliged to yield.

"I can bring but little to the firm," he said.

"More than it requires," observed Mr. Bowles. "It is rich enough already."

"Not even business habits."

"As many as your partner. Would you credit it, in the last balance-sheet, William added up the date of the year with the profits? but I discovered the reason—he had just received the letter announcing your return."

The young men silently pressed each other's hands.

"Mr. Beacham will not be so poor a partner as he suspects!" exclaimed Rigid, throwing a packet into his hands.

"What is this?" demanded Henry.

"The fortune of your bride. The hundred and thirty thousand pounds which you so honorably returned. It has not been diminished from having been in Jack Rigid's keeping."

It was in vain that all three entreated him to explain how he became possessed of it. He could not do so without casting a reproach upon the memory of his dead master; and he revered it too much for that.

Marriages are things of smiles and tears, hopes and anticipations. On the following morning Amy plighted her faith to the object of her childhood's love, without one thought or sigh for the wealth her vow deprived her of.

"How beautiful you would have looked in your jewels," whispered Mary, as she arranged the bridal veil upon her brow.

"I told you I should never wear them again."

On their return from the church the whole party assembled in the drawing-room; Sir William Playwell had arrived the evening previous, anxious to learn the contents of the important paper. Neither Henry nor his bride evinced the least anxiety. It was only out of respect to the memory of the general that they were present.

With a curious countenance Rigid, who had donned his uniform for the occasion, broke the seal. He twice essayed to read, but in vain. Dashing a tear aside, he passed it to the hands of William Bowles, who, to the astonishment of all, read as follows:—

"Having by my will deprived my widow of all interest in my fortune should she ever marry again, I now proceed to nominate my heir. I will and bequeath to Henry Beacham, Esquire, all my property, real and personal, on condition that he assumes the name and arms of Playwell."

The deed was too well attested to permit it to be disputed. Sir William silently rose, and left the house.

Neither Amy nor her husband could speak for astonishment; the general had nobly taken the means to cause his mem-

ory to be respected. Rigid was the first to speak.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "my old commander has done his duty, and Jack Rigid can still love him, with all his faults!"

A tear from the eyes of the bride, could the dead man have witnessed it, was a yet more grateful comment.

The rest of Amy's and Henry's days were passed in unclouded happiness. The death of Mary's aunt and her guardian, Mr. Majorbanks, induced William to retire from business, and purchase an estate close to his friend's, and they saw their children grow together.

Jack Rigid had his wish—he died under the roof of Amy.

And now, dear friends, ye who have followed us during the past seventeen months through this gentle story—at times kindly, and anon dissatisfied, that it dragged its length so slowly along in our hands,—we trust that you are all pleased with its happy conclusion. Could we have given it the room occupied by other matter each month, you might have been better satisfied, and it sooner finished; but this in justice to the variety of tastes requiring the variety of mental aliment which we monthly cater for, we could not do. So, friends, be content; and, when you find us unnecessarily, as you may think, opening out another story like the "Freemason's Daughter," just say to yourselves—"depend upon it, if we follow this story to the end, we will find it a good one," and rest assured you will not be disappointed.

BARGAIN-HUNTING.

MR. WARREN and his niece Marion had been waiting in the drawing-room for the arrival of his sister-in-law and her three daughters, for more than an hour, and the old gentleman was getting impatient for his tea; he had been inveigled up to town at least three weeks before his presence would be necessary at the wedding of one of these young ladies; and though, during all that time, he had been subjected to their endless colloquies about "shopping," and their triumphant peans over their "bargains," the *trousseau* was by no means complete yet.

In that late autumn evening, the female four were still cheapening silks and muslins in the accustomed manner.

It was not the present inconvenience, however, which, to do him justice, was troubling Mr. Warren, so much as his reflections upon the system which the ladies

were thus thoughtlessly pursuing. He could not now forbear giving Marion his opinion upon the matter, although, in consideration for the happy event which was in such close prospect, he had hitherto spared his nieces,

"I can recollect the time," said he, "when people paid for the quality of what they bought; but now, when the world goes so fast, the passion is for cheapness, and we hear people boasting of their bargains, forgetting the many who, in consequence, are half clad and hungry; and when the poor man's health goes, what has he to look to? When the rich are ill, they have rest and ease and cordials to revive them, and the balmy breath of foreign climes; but when the poor artisan dies, it is often because the world in his employer's hand has gone round so fast, that he has had no time to feel the invigorating breath of his own hillside breezes. In sickness, the rich man diverts his mind by the elegances and refinements of life, and solaces himself with the consolations of religion; the poor man often knows not what they mean. Many who once knew they had a soul, have had its light long since extinguished by the all-absorbing object of finding food to keep life warm within them."

"These are appalling statements, dear uncle," said Marion. "The evil must lie with the legislature and men in power—we have little influence in these matters, and what we can do is but as a drop in the ocean."

"It may be so, Marion; but the influence of every British female is more commanding than that of any other female throughout the world. Think of the departments more peculiarly patronized by female influence; think of the numbers of young females who annually lose, many their sight, and many their lives, while working long and weary hours in the millinery and dressmaking establishments of our country."

"Yet, what can be done, uncle?" inquired Marion. "What can be done? What can I do? I have no influence. I can do nothing to help."

At this moment a loud ring at the door-bell announced the return of the wanderers; and after the lapse of a few moments, spent, probably, in disrobing themselves of their outer wrappings, the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Warren entered, accompanied by her three daughters. Many apologies were made for the apparent neglect of the guests; and the excuse pleaded was the multitude of little matters that still remained undone, in prospect of the 25th, which was to be the wedding-day, and to be present on which, Mr. Warren, Aunt Mary, and Marion, had come to town. Julia, the young bride, looked pleased and happy; Lucy, her

young sister, was, as was her custom, in high spirits; while the third and eldest Miss Warren, Elizabeth, was too much occupied with the care and due adjustment of a multitude of paper parcels of all sizes, which she carried into the room with her, to notice any one.

At length they were all gathered round the tea-table, and the business of tea was commenced.

"And now for the news," said Lucy; "we have done a great deal this evening; and, mamma, I think it is only fair that Aunt Mary and Marion, left at home to amuse themselves, should participate in our exploits."

"I really think we have a right to know them," said Aunt Mary, good-humoredly; "your sudden disappearance at this unusual hour calls for some explanation."

"The explanation, then, is this," replied Lucy, in a low tone, "that we were all bent upon going, where we were not so fond of being seen at an earlier part of the day, to one of those extraordinary shops where one gets things almost for nothing, and where, I suppose, in a few years, a premium will be offered to any lady who will be so very kind and obliging as to accept of their articles—"

"We certainly have made some extraordinary purchases," said Julia, interrupting her sister; "such bargains I never saw!" and she proceeded to enumerate various little fancy articles which, as they were named, were duly unrolled from their several papers by the silent Elizabeth, and handed for inspection to the company.

"And the dresses," continued Julia, "they certainly were bargains. Flushing told us we could not get them anywhere else for double the money, because he deals with a manufactory where they give the people the very least sums in the world, and employ a great number. They are imitations, to be sure, but are they not very lovely?"

"Stop, stop," cried Elizabeth, who had been measuring the cloth. "I am a yard short, and here is a great hole!"

"Oh, never mind that," said Lucy, as though she enjoyed the discovery; "it was cheap, and that is enough."

"Well, we shall not mind it then," continued Julia; "there is enough without the missing yard; indeed, we have bought many things we did not much want, just because they were so temptingly cheap; but the greatest bargain is yet to come."

"The mittens," said Lucy; "yes, certainly the mittens were wonders. I bought gloves, silks, needles, and meshes, some weeks ago, to make a pair for myself, and here we have got mittens beautifully made for less actually than I paid for the materials."

Here Elizabeth placed upon the table a

bundle of beautifully finished black lace mittens.

"They are all hand-wrought," said Aunt Mary, taking up one of them, "and are exquisitely done; much time must have been spent upon them."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that from experience; mine got on at a snail's pace. I would not make a pair for any one under three times the sum we paid for these. We were just leaving the shop, when we observed them, and I priced one pair, which was not much more than I had paid for my materials; but we had already bought so many things, that we thought we might get them still cheaper, so we offered Flushington a small sum for each, provided we took the whole parcel of them—there are so many of us, we shall soon wear them out—and after some deliberation he gave us them, and certainly they are bargains."

"Wonderful bargains!" repeated the other two sisters.

"But we have not done yet, Julia; the dress for Mrs. Phillips—you must not forget that."

"Oh, I do not forget it," said Julia. "We bought a dress, which I am to wear on Monday evening, Marion."

"On Monday evening!" repeated Marion—"and this is Saturday night; surely it cannot be made so quickly, and with all the bugle-trimmings you wish."

"O yes, we have managed that, too. We went to Mrs. Primrose, and told her it must be done—in short, that it was indispensable. At first, she said it was impossible; but after hinting about further orders, she said it should be done."

"Bugle-trimmings and all," added Elizabeth; "for I heard her whisper to her forewoman to tell a young person—who, I know, is her best worker in bugles—that she could not get away this evening; so I am sure it will be done, and well done, too."

"And now, uncle," said Lucy, "now that our narration is over, have we not been most actively and most creditably employed?"

There was no answer from Mr. Warren for a few seconds, during which time the quick-sighted Marion discovered that his cogitations were not of a pleasant nature.

"Lucy," he at length said, "do you wish a candid answer to your question? for if so, I am sorry I cannot give it, without causing you all pain. In the midst of so much hilarity, and so many pleasing anticipations, I feel grieved to say anything that may damp your mirth; but when I remember that Julia is about to take her place as a British matron, I cannot refrain from speaking openly upon the subject."

"Julia, my dear," continued the old man affectionately, taking her hand, "you are about to become the wife of a very

noble young man. I am glad he is not among us to-night; his mind is too quick-sighted, and his heart is too generous, not to have been wounded by the recital of your evening's transactions. I believe you have gone through them in thoughtlessness; but you are about to leave your girlish days behind, and to enter a condition which, whatever be the station in life, is one full of responsibility and of influence. Times are greatly changed. Long ago, our grandmothers were content with a few handsome dresses, for which they paid a reasonable sum; the ladies of the olden time wore one kind of dress, and those in a lower position another; now, every shop swarms with imitations, so that all ranks may at a trifling sum be decked out with flimsy perishable articles: this, however, affects the taste of the times, and what I wish to speak of to you is rather the *morale* of the matter. Just before you came in, Marion and I were talking of the sad state of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who work long and weary hours in an atmosphere fatal to health; while thousands of their more enlightened and highly educated brothers and sisters, knowing all this, in the frantic struggle for cheapness, do all in their power to sink them still lower in the oppressions of a life which, while it often kills the body, often-er slays the souls. In every department, go where we will, we find few exceptions to the general rule, excessive work or very low wages. I do not mean to impugn Flushing's respectability, for I know nothing of him; but I know that many shops are opened by young men, who begin by advertising that they will undersell their neighbors, and many of such people have two prices. The bargain-hunter enters the shop, and the tradesman feels that either he must sell his goods under their value, or lose his customer; consequently he is tempted to compromise the matter by overreaching some other person, or by reducing still further the already miserable remuneration of some poor laborer connected with his business. Few among us ever think, while admiring the many beautiful textures of the day, how it fares with the multitudes who span the slender thread, laid it on the loom, and colored it with its many-tinted pattern; we hear only of exultations of delight at its being purchased for a small sum. We cannot lift the veil, but methinks it would sometimes be a saddening sight, could we follow to their homes the wretched makers of lucifer-boxes and envelopes, the female shirt-makers and others employed by these cheap houses, while the rich, the enlightened, the Christian purchaser sits calmly by his fire, and under the shade of his own home-tree, makes his boast of bargaining!

"These things are crying sins, and they

are national sins; but females little think of the influence they possess in all shopping transactions when they stoop to bargaining, and thus become the encouragers of fraud and cruelty. I consider it the duty of every lady to endeavor to acquire correct ideas of the value of the several articles which come more especially under her own inspection. Make it a rule never to purchase anything knowingly under its real value. If a tradesman offer you a piece of goods which you are quite convinced is under its worth, reject it, and in future shun the shop; if it is offered you by a poor vender in evident distress, take it, but give the full value.

"No example could more fully suit me at present than that painful affair of the black lace mittens. Lucy owns from experience she knew the value of the materials and the labor of the work. They were offered cheaply even at first, probably much too cheaply to repay the waste of some poor fellow-creature's eyes; and yet you were not satisfied, but forced the tradesman either to run the risk of offending you, or of bleeding the heart of some poor creature to an extent of which we little dream, and which we can never know. When any of you come to visit me at Rookwood, may I beg that I may never see these mittens worn; I should always fancy that I saw the words 'hand-wrought' engraved upon them, and that some poor miserable woman, in consequence, sat weeping in a cold garret; but I have done with this. I wish to say a few words about the transaction at Mrs. Primrose's.

"We all know the great mortality that takes places annually in the dressmaking and millinery departments; and it is likewise to be feared that there is considerable encroachment practised on the sacred hours of the Sabbath. Many ladies, I feel glad to say, in order effectually, so far as they are concerned, to prevent the possibility of giving any pretext for the system, invariably give their orders early in the week, so that they may be finished with ease before its expiration. If an emergency arises suddenly, requiring a new dress, the considerate lady will never for a moment hesitate between the evanescent gratification of appearing in a new dress, and the harrowing conviction, that to feed her vanity, a fellow-sister has been oppressed and defrauded of that rest, which the Eye which looks upon all impartially wishes to see man universally enjoying. Did the anticipated delight of wearing a new dress so darken your conscience, that you were unable to appreciate the amount of sorrow which may at this moment oppress the heart of the young female who is now employed with your bugle-embroidery, and is thereby prevented from going home this evening? My dear girls, these things

ought not to be. I see I am deeply grieving you all, but these are subjects of deep import. Think well of them, and may they for ever be a lesson to you."

Here a servant entered the room, whispered a few words to Aunt Mary, which broke off the conversation.

"Helen Campbell," said Aunt Mary in surprise, "is she below? Yes, I will see her. This is the young person," said she, addressing her nieces, "about whom I wished to interest you; I should like your brother also to see her. Her story is simply this: She is the support of an aged mother, who has once seen better days, and is now in extreme poverty and want, and is dying of consumption. Shew her in," said she to the servant, who immediately left the room.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Warren, "the sight of so many may appal her"—but there was no time to recall the order, for the door immediately opened, and Helen Campbell, a slight, delicate, gentle-looking girl, walked in with modest ease; yet with that fixed and anxious expression with which one might enter a crowded room, and yet see no one in particular, the mind and thoughts being concentrated elsewhere. Like the dying gladiator, "her thoughts were with her heart, and that was far away."

"My poor Helen," said Aunt Mary kindly, taking her hand, and placing her on a chair, "I fear you have bad news; is your mother worse to-night?"

"O yes," said the poor girl, as the tears began to chase each other down her thin cheeks. "She is greatly worse, and they tell me she is going—that she cannot live now."

"How is this?" inquired Aunt Mary kindly, anxiously. "When I saw her in the beginning of the week, she seemed better. Is her cough worse? is there any new symptoms? or what is it?"

"No new symptom," said Helen sadly, "but weakness, dreadful weakness."

"Is her appetite gone, then?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"No, no!" replied Helen, as the blood mounted to her forehead, and she bit her lip, as if trying to maintain a measure of composure; "it is not gone, but she—has nothing to eat."

"I am distressed to hear all this, Helen," interrupted Aunt Mary. "I have not gone to see you for some days past, thinking you were not in need. When I saw you last, you expected plenty of money, to buy wine and food to bring up her strength."

"So I did," replied the girl. "When I saw you, I was full of good hopes, but they are all gone now. I had worked nearly night and day for three weeks, and expected great remuneration for my work. Day after day I have called for payment, and have always been put off; and when

at last I entreated for some money. Flushing told me he has been obliged to sell the things for almost nothing, and could not give me anything at all till Monday. My mittens—my beautiful mittens, how I doted on them!"

"Flushing!" said Aunt Mary, much amazed, and taking up one of the bargain-gloves which still lay upon the table, "are these your work, Helen?" she said.

"Oh, yes," said poor Helen, clasping the mitten in both hands, and bursting into tears; "on which I built so many hopes—food and wine, and life, and strength, and happy days were thought of with every new row, and all is gone."

Julia covered her face with both hands, and her sisters became very thoughtful. Aunt Mary rose and poked the fire, and even Uncle Warren took out his pocket-handkerchief, and made so great a noise that poor Helen's sobs could not be heard.

"But there was another source from which I thought you were to get money, Helen—your sister?"

"Yes, yes," replied Helen, "so I thought; she was to have been home to-night with her earnings, and we had planned to buy so many things; but she did not come, and, on going for her to Mrs. Primrose's, I was told at the door that I could not see her—that she could not go home to-night—that she was busy again with more bugle-trimmings—nor could her money be paid till the dress on which she now works is finished, which must be by Monday evening."

Aunt Mary again poked the fire, and Julia, uttering a faint cry, sunk her still covered face upon the table.

"O, ma'am, forgive me," said Helen, suddenly starting to her feet; "forgive me that once more I ask you for help; but my poor mother is dying, and she is—starving."

In a moment Mr. Warren's hand was on the bell. "Get a coach instantly," said he to the servant who appeared; "and, Mrs. Warren, get wine and bread ready immediately. I myself will go with this poor girl. Julia, get your cloak and bonnet: I wish you to go with me."

In a few moments the carriage arrived, and a bottle of wine and various kinds of food were quickly placed in a basket, and they prepared to go.

"Sir," said Helen earnestly, "may I ask you to take out the cork from the wine-bottle, that there may be no delay when we arrive—there is no screw near us, and she has so longed for wine!"

This being done, Mr. Warren, Julia, and Helen Campbell were soon on their way.

"I fear we may alarm your mother at this hour," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh no, sir," replied Helen; "the door we enter by is at her back. You can be in the room without her seeing you at first.

She is watched over by some kind Scotch-woman, who lives beside us. Oh, how I wish we were there!"

The way was long, however; but in due time they did arrive, and following Helen along a dark passage, and down a narrow stair, they found themselves in a small miserable-looking room. Mr. Warren seated Julia along with himself on two wooden stools, while Helen, rushing in with the basket, took from the table a little broken cup, which she filled with wine, and hastened to refresh the poor sufferer, whose face was concealed from Mr. Warren's view. It was with delight that Mr. Warren witnessed what had so often before melted his heart—the kindness of the poor to the poor. Several wretched-looking women, hard worked and worn out, yet kept alive by the woman's heart within them, stood around the sick-bed; and as Helen approached with the little broken cup and the wine, one of them with the utmost tenderness, laying her hand gently on her arm, said kindly:

"Na, na, Miss, she's past that noo; she'll drink nae mair o' the fruit o' the vine in this world."

"Wine!" cried another woman—"is 't wine?—and she cried sae sair for 't yesterday."

"Dear mother," said Helen, fondly bending over her, "you take it—it will soon revive you; and see!" said she, holding up the basket, "here is bread and sago, and many things to make you well."

"Wae's me," said one of the women; "and her that's had naething but cauld water and crusts the day."

"Dear mother," continued Helen, "will you not drink? It will revive you, it will cheer you, it will make you live."

There was no answer. The poor widow's sorrows were over.

Taking one of the women aside, Mr. Warren put a guinea into her hand, desiring her to use it as she thought best for poor Helen's comfort, whom he should see again on the morrow. He then took Julia out of the room, kindly leading her through the dark passage up the narrow stair, after which she hurried to the carriage, into a corner of which she threw herself in an agony of tears.

Some time passed, during which he did not disturb her. At length, taking her hand, "My dear Julia," he said, "it is enough. This evening has been one of the most painful of your hitherto unchecked life. We shall say no more of the earlier transactions of the evening, but will now only consider how we may best assist poor Helen Campbell and her sister. But suffer one parting word of advice from an old man who loves you dearly. Do not too easily dismiss from your mind the events of this night. Think of them often,

and place them before you; and by their example act in your future life, and you will be rewarded by finding that you are thereby more fitted to be the companion of the generous and excellent young man who in a few days is to call you his wife."

Julia's only reply was another flood of tears, and a silent pressure of her uncle's hand, as the carriage stopped, and she ran hurriedly to her room. Instantly unlocking her desk, she wrote a note to Mrs. Primrose, saying that she should not require her dress on Monday, and begging as a particular favor that Miss Campbell might be allowed immediately to return to her mother's house.

The short interval between that memorable evening and the long-expected 25th found full occupation in comforting and consoling the sorrowing sisters, who now only remember it as the night on which they were made motherless. The 25th is now past, and the young bride has become a matron. As it is only some weeks since then, we cannot speak with great certainty of the result; but from her propriety, sympathy, and general conduct, it seems evident to all that Julia finds herself a better and a more feeling-hearted woman since the trying events of that night of bargain-hunting.

DIAMONDS.

(Concluded from page 356.)

FOR the remainder of the way we walked on in silence, until we reached her mother's gate, where we found her husband waiting for her. Bidding me good morning, she followed him slowly up the gravelled walk, and I saw her no more until the following Sabbath. It was a glorious, beautiful morning; and at an early hour the old brick church was filled to overflowing, for Walter had many friends, and they came together gladly to see him made a minister of God. During the first part of the service he was very pale, and his eye wandered often towards the large square pew where sat a portly man and a beautiful young woman, richly attired in satin and jewels. It had cost a struggle to be there, but she felt that she must look again upon him she had loved so much and so deeply wronged. So she came, and the sight of him standing there in his early manhood, his soft brown hair clustering about his brow, and his calm, pale face wearing an expression almost angelic, was more than she could bear, and leaning forward, she kept her countenance concealed from view until the ceremony was ended, and Walter's clear, musical voice announced the closing hymn. Then she raised her head, and her face, seen through the folds of her costly veil, looked haggard and ghastly, as if a fierce storm of

passion had swept over her. By the door she paused, and when the newly ordained clergyman passed out, she offered him her hand, which, when he held it last, was pledged to him. There were diamonds on it now—diamonds of value rare, but their brightness was hateful to that wretched woman, for she knew at what a fearful price they had been bought.

They did not meet again, and once more did Walter see her: and then from our door he looked out upon her, as with her husband she dashed by on horseback, her long cloth skirt almost sweeping the ground, and the plumes of her velvet cap waving in the air.

"Mrs. Douglas is a fine rider," was all that Walter said, and the tone of his voice indicated that she was becoming an object of indifference. Desperately had he fought with his affections for her, winning the victory at last, and now the love he once had felt was slowly and surely dying out. The next week, tired of our dull village life, Cora left us, going to Nahant, where she spent most of the summer, and when in the winter we heard from her again, she was a widow—the sole heir of her husband, who had died suddenly, and generously left her that for which she married him.

"Will Walter Beaumont marry her now?" I asked myself many a time, without, however, arriving at any definite conclusion, when a little more than a year succeeding Mr. Douglas's death, she wrote, begging me to come to her, as she was very lonely, and the presence of an old friend would do her good. I complied with her request, and for a few days was an inmate of her luxurious home, where everything indicated the wealth of its possessor. And Cora, though robed in the deepest black, was more like herself—more like Cora of other days—than I had seen before or since her marriage. Of her husband she spoke freely, and always with respect, saying, he had been kinder far to her than she had deserved. Of Walter, too, she talked, appearing much gratified when I told her how he was loved and appreciated by his people.

One morning when we sat together in her little sewing room, she said, "I have done what you, perhaps, will consider a very unworthy act. I have written to Walter Beaumont. Look," and she placed in my hand a letter which she bade me read. It was a wild, strange thing, telling him of the anguish she had endured, of the tears she had shed, of the love which through all she had cherished for him, and begging of him to forgive her, if possible; and be to her again what he had been years ago. She was not worthy of him, she said, but he could make her better; and in language the most touching, she besought him not to cast her off, or de-

spise her, because she had stepped so far aside from womanly delicacy as to write him this letter. "I will not insult you," she wrote in conclusion, "by telling you of the MONEY for which I sold myself, but it is mine now, lawfully mine, and most gladly would I share it with you."

"You will not send this?" I said! "You cannot be in earnest?"

But she was determined, and lest her resolution should give way, she rang the bell, and told the servant, who appeared at once, to take it to the office. He obeyed, and during the day she was unusually gay, singing snatches of old songs and playing several lively airs upon her piano, which for months had stood unopened and untouched. That evening as the sun went down, and the moon rose over the city, she asked me to walk with her, and we, ere long, found ourselves several streets distant from that in which we lived. Groups of people were entering a church near by, and from a remark which we overheard, we learned there was to be a wedding.

"Let us go in," said she, "it may be some one I know," and entering together, we took our seats just in front of the altar.

Scarcely were we seated when a rustling of satin announced the approach of the bridal party, and in a moment they appeared moving slowly up the aisle. My first attention was directed towards the bride, a beautiful young creature, with a fair, sweet face, and curls of golden hair falling over her white uncovered neck.

"Isn't she lovely?" I whispered, but Cora did not hear me.

With her hands locked tightly together, her lips firmly compressed, and cheeks of an ashen hue, she was gazing fixedly at the bridegroom on whom I, too, now looked, starting quickly, for it was our minister, Walter Beaumont! The words were few which made them one, Walter and the young girl at his side, and when the ceremony was over, Cora rose, and leaning heavily upon my arm, went out in the open air, and on through street after street, until her home was reached. When, without a word, we parted, I going to my room, while she, through the live-long night, paced up and down the long parlors, where no eye could witness the work of mighty sorrow which had come upon her.

The next morning she was calm, but very, very pale—saying not a word of last night's adventure. Neither did she speak of it for several days, and then she said rather abruptly, "I would give all I possess if I had not sent that letter. The mortification is harder to bear than Walter's loss. But he will not tell of it, I'm sure. He is too good—too noble," and tears, the first she had shed since that

night, rained through her white fingers. It came at last, a letter bearing Walter's superscription, and with trembling hands she opened it, while on a tiny sheet was written "God pity you, Cora, even as I do. WALTER."

"Walter, Walter," she whispered, and her lips touched the once loved name which she was never heard to breathe again.

From that day Cora Douglas faded, and then the autumnal days were come, and the distant hills were bathed in the hazy October light, she died. But not in the noisy city, for she had asked to be taken home, and in the pleasant room, where we had often set together, she bade her last good bye. They buried her on the Sabbath, and Walter's voice was sad and low, as with Cora's coffin at his feet he preached from the words, "I am the Resurrection and the life." His young wife, too, wept over the early dead, who had well nigh been her rival, and whose beautiful face wore a calm, peaceful smile, as if she were at rest.

There was a will, they said, and in it Walter was generously remembered, while to his wife was given an ivory box containing Cora's diamonds—necklace, bracelets, pin and ear-rings, all were there—and Walter, as he looked upon them, drew nearer to him his girl wife, who, but for these, might not perchance have been to him what she was—his dearest earthly treasure.

MASONIC SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

BY BRO. C. F. MORTON, N. Y.

WHILE in company with a brother Mason he narrated the following incident, which, as it is characteristic of the link which unites them together under all circumstances, I will give it to you:

During the severe winter of 1857, there was a large numbers of vessels frozen fast in the ice of the Chesapeake Bay. So thick was the ice, and intensely cold the weather, that not even the steam tugs could force their way through the fields of ice to extricate themselves, or render assistance to vessels which depended on their sails to save them from this perilous situation; to add to their helplessness, some of them had their crew's badly frost-bitten. Among them was Captain C——, a young man who had followed the sea from a boy, and had a year or two previously married a young woman from down East, who had been a schoolmate when a child. After marrying he invested all he had laid up during his seafaring life, together with her small patrimony, in a fine fore-and-aft vessel which, next to his wife and child, was the pride of his life. Being in the coasting trade during the winter season he found himself

in this unpleasant predicament, and, with many others, was rendered nearly helpless by having his crew so badly frost-bitten that they could not handle a rope or give him any assistance in case of necessity. To add to his trouble a gale came on, and the ice taking a drift was hurrying his devoted schooner on a reef of rocks where she would inevitably be lost. Then came uppermost in his thoughts his young wife and child who, if he and his vessel were lost, would be a widow and orphan, and if perchance he should be saved he would return to them a beggar—everything was vested in this schooner and her cargo. A signal of distress had been hoisted all the day but it brought him no aid, as nearly all the others were in the same state as himself and fully occupied with their own vessels, and none had found time to come to him; he must therefore trust to an "All-seeing eye," and abide the result; when, as if by inspiration the thought struck him that he was a "Freemason," and possibly there might be some brother Mason in command of a vessel in his vicinity. He immediately made the Masonic signal of distress, and to his great joy, in less than twenty minutes he saw no less than three boats put off to his vessel. Coming along side, they sang out "Hallo, Captain, don't you see that reef astern; why don't you get up your anchor, get on sail, and try to wind it?" He replied, "I am alone, all hands are below badly frost-bitten and cannot do anything." They waited for no more, but springing aboard in a few moments the anchor was a-peak, sail made on the vessel, and she not only cleared the reef, but was brought in a place of safety where they came to anchor, and then went below to take something to drink. The captain, after thanking them for their timely aid, asked them if they had seen his flag with the union down, and, if so, why they had not come to his assistance before. In reply, they asked why he had not come to theirs, he said he could not as he was alone: they replied, "how were we to know that? we had our hands full to look out for our vessels, and no time to attend to others; but when you made the signal of a brother Mason in distress we were bound to come to your assistance at all hazards."

After finishing his narration, Captain C—— remarked, "Well, Captain, I think the Masonic tie in this instance has fully compensated for all I have ever done, or shall have in my power to do, for the cause of Masonry."

We recently saw two men quarrelling. One of them was excessively violent at first, but became perfectly calm the moment the other got violent. He was cured as the doctors sometimes cure maladies—by counter-irritation.

Youths' Department.

Games with Toys.



MARBLER.

IN ancient times, when we were boys, and indulged in the luxury of marbles, they were very different from their present form. They were made of stone, nicely polished, and some of them, called "alleys," of the purest marble. Many of the stone marbles were beautifully variegated, and now and then a fancy pet was treasured under the name of *taw*, which had somewhat the virtues of a talisman, for to "lose it or to give it" were "such perdition," as Othello says, as could never be exceeded. Of late years, marbles, like all other matters, have undergone considerable change. Foreign marbles have been introduced, prodigiously cheaper, it is true, than our own old marbles, but infinitely worse; and various kinds of "patent marbles" have had their day. Some of these go by the name of Dutchmen, others are called Frenchmen, and others again Chinamen, while it is not quite impossible to procure some right old English marbles, which, if they can be procured, are the best. We would advise all marble players to procure these if they can, as marbles are a royal game, and ought to be duly honored.

How to Shoot your Marble.—The art of holding a marble to shoot it properly seems to be lost among our American boys, who are generally content to throw one marble at another, or if they shoot it, to hold it in the turn of the fore-finger, forcing it out by the thumb, which is placed behind it. This, in our boyish days, was held to be a very illegitimate way of proceeding, derogatory to the true marble-player, and bore the dishonorable appellation of "fukling," and any one who made it his rule to hold a marble in such a manner was looked upon as a

charlatan, or almost a cheat. The true way to hold your *taw* is to place it between the point of the fore-finger and the first joint of the thumb, and to propel it from the nail of the thumb with strong muscular force; and so great was the skill attained by many boys, that they would sometimes strike a marble at five yards' distance, and frequently shoot one to six or seven.

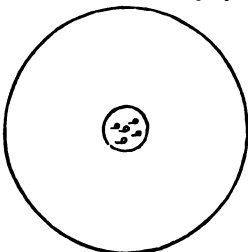
LONG TAW.

Long *taw* is played by two persons in the following manner: One boy places his marble on the ground at A, the other at B; then both retire to the spot C. The first boy now shoots at B from a line marked at c; if he strikes B he takes it and shoots at A; if he strikes A, he then wins the game. If, however, he misses B, the second boy then shoots at B; if he strikes it, he can then either shoot C, at the first boy's *taw* at the place at which it lies, or he can shoot at A. If he hits his opponent's *taw*, he is said to kill him, and wins the game, or if he shoots at A and hits it. The boy who hits the last shot has the privilege of shooting at the *taw* of the other, provided it has not already been killed. If he hits it, the *taw* is taken, or the owner must pay one, and the game ends; and if he misses it, the game is then at an end also.

RING TAW.

Ring *Taw* is a game requiring skill and judgment, and is a most excellent game. It is played as follows: Two rings are drawn upon the ground, a small one, six

inches in diameter, enclosed by a larger one six feet in diameter. Into the small ring each player puts a marble, called "shot." The players then proceed to any part of the large ring, and from thence, as an offing, shot at the marbles in the centre. If a player knocks a marble out of the ring, he wins it, and he is entitled to shoot again before his companions can have a shot. When all the players have



RING TAW.

shot their marbles, they shoot from the places at which their marbles rested at the last shot. If the shooter's taw remain in the small circle, he is out, and has to drop a marble in the ring, and he must put in besides all the marbles he had previously won in that game. It is a rule, also, that, when one player shoots at and strikes another's taw, the taw so struck is considered dead, and its owner must give

up to the striker of the taw all the marbles he may have previously won during the game. The game is concluded when all the marbles are shot out of the ring, or all the taws are killed.

THREE HOLES.

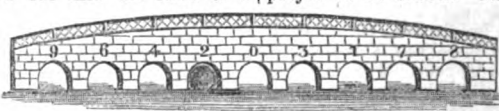
This game is played by making three holes in the ground, about a yard and a half or two yards asunder. About two yards from the first hole a line is drawn. The right to shoot first is decided by chance. The first shooter now knuckles down at the line, and endeavors to shoot into the first hole. If he does this he proceeds to the second, then to the third, and wins the game; but this rarely occurs. If he misses the first hole, the other players shoot their taws, and if neither of them enter the hole, the first shot immediately does so; and then he has the privilege either of proceeding to the second hole, or of killing the other men, by shooting at and hitting them, when they must either give up their taws or drop one. Sometimes a player will kill all his antagonists in succession without proceeding to the holes except the first, and thus wins the game; at other times the game may be won by many of the players killing their antagonists during any period of the game. It is a rule that no one can "kill a taw" till he has been in the first hole.

NINE HOLES, OR BRIDGE-BOARD.

This game is played by means of a piece of board cut into the form of a bridge, having nine arches, and just large enough to let the marbles pass through, as in the subjoined diagram. One of the players undertakes to be "bridge-keeper," and the stipulation usually made is, that he should receive one for every unsuccessful shot, and pay to those who shoot their marbles through the arches the numbers standing over them. The place from which the players shoot their marbles is generally about four feet from the bridge.

DIE SHOT.

This is a very good game, and requires both skill and caution. It is played by elevating a die upon another marble, whose sides are slightly ground down so that it will stand firmly, and firing at it from an offing which is generally about four feet distance. The die-keeper undertakes to pay to the shooter who knocks down the die the number which



fall uppermost, receiving one from each player as he shoots. The game is very generally a pleasing one among boys where it is played, but not popular.

TEETOTUM SHOT.

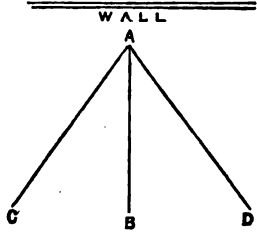
This is played on the same conditions. A teetotum is set spinning by the keeper, and, when in motion, any player is allowed to shoot at it, upon the payment of one marble, receiving, if he strikes, turns over, and stops the teetotum, as many marbles as are indicated on the side that falls uppermost. This is a very skillful game, and requires good shots.



KNOCK OUT, OR LAG OUT.

This game is played by knocking marbles against a wall, or perpendicular board set up for the purpose and the skill displayed in it depends upon the player's

attention to what is called in mechanics the resolution of forces; for instance, if an object be struck against the wall at A from the mark at n, it will return again to B in a straight line; if it be sent from C to



angle of reflection.

The game is played by any number of players; the first player throws his marble against the wall, so that it may rebound and fall about a yard distant from it; the other players then, in succession, throw their marbles against the wall, in such a way as to cause them to strike any of those already lagged out, and the marble struck is considered won by the owner of the taw that strikes it, in addition to which, the winner has another throw. When only two boys play, each successively throws out till one of the "lagers" is struck, and he who strikes takes up all.

BOUNCE EYE.

This game is played by several players, who each put down a marble in a small ring. One player then stands in a perpendicular position over the cluster of marbles, and, taking his own bounce in his hand, lets it fall from his eye on to the heap, and those forced out of the ring by this method are considered won. If he does not succeed in this, and his marble falls within the ring, it belongs to the common stock, and is there impounded.

TIPSHARES, OR HANDERS.

This game is played by two or more players. To play it, a hole, of the diameter of three inches, is first made on a smooth or level piece of ground, and a line is marked at about seven feet from it. Each boy puts down two, three, or four marbles, as may be agreed upon, and then the whole party bowl for their throws, by retiring to three times the distance already marked from the hole, and bowling one marble to it; the order of throws being determined by the nearness that each boy's marble approaches the hole. When this is settled, the first thrower takes all the marbles in his hand, and throws them in a cluster towards the hole. If an even number falls in, such as 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, he wins all; but if an odd number falls in, he loses all, and the next player throws. Sometimes it happens that the game is so soon finished, that the other players have

not the chance of a throw. When this happens, those thrown out have first innings in the next game, which restores the equilibrium of chances. This game is sometimes played by giving to the thrower all the marbles he can put into the hole, while the other players take the remainder.

PICKING THE PLUMS.

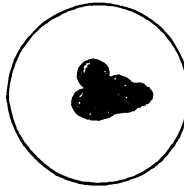
This game consists in each player placing a marble on a line drawn upon the ground thus, and the whole shooting at them in succession from a mark about four



feet off. The order of the shots is determined beforehand, by pitching at a marble from a six-feet offing, those nearest being first, second, third, and fourth, in order, as the marbles lie. The marbles knocked off the line are won by the respective shooters.

THE PYRAMID.

In this game a boy generally sits upon the ground with his legs open wide, and making a small circle, places in it three at the three points of a triangle, and the fourth on the top of them, so as to form a small pyramid. A distance of about four feet is then chosen as the point to shoot from, and the other players shoot at the pyramid. Those that strike it have all the marbles they knock out of the ring, but if they miss, they lose their shots.



SPANS AND SNOFS, AND BOUNCE ABOUT.

This consists of one boy laying down his taw, and, giving a distance, his antagonist shoots at it; if he misses, the first boy shoots at the taw of the second, till one is struck, which the striker claims. Bounce About is the same game played by throwing large marbles instead of shooting smaller ones. He who strikes the other's bounce being the winner.

CONQUEROR.

There is a game called "Conqueror," which is extensively played in some places. A piece of hard ground, and free from stones, is chosen for the spot. The first player lays his marble on the ground, and the second throws his own at it with all his force, and endeavors to break it. If he succeeds, his marble counts one, and the vanquished player lays down another marble. If two players have marbles that

have already vanquished others, the "Conqueror" counts all the conquered of the other party in addition to his own. For example, suppose A, being conqueror of twenty, breaks B, also a conqueror of twenty, A counts forty-one, i. e. twenty of its own, twenty for the vanquished belonging to B, and one for B itself.

Nuts, chestnuts, and other similar objects are also employed at this game, only they are fastened to a string, and swung against the opponent, instead of being thrown.

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON THINGS.

AIR AND ITS CONSTITUENTS.

THE combustion of bodies in the air is occasioned by the combination of its oxygen with the bodies, or with a part of them, the union being accompanied by the evolution of light and heat. If the air be previously deprived of its oxygen, the combustion will no longer take place, as may be seen by introducing a lighted taper into a large glass bottle; it will continue to burn until nearly all the oxygen is consumed, but a second taper introduced will be immediately extinguished, the residual air not being able to yield oxygen, and therefore to support combustion. But the oxygen may be completely exhausted from the air, and the nitrogen obtained nearly pure by the following process: Place a small piece of phosphorus on a piece of cork floating in a basin of water. Light it, and immediately invert over it a wide-mouthed bottle, in such a manner that the neck shall dip into the water, and completely surround the cork. As soon as the combustion ceases, the bottle will be filled with a white substance resembling smoke, which is phosphoric acid, a compound resulting from the union of phosphorus and oxygen. On agitating the bottle, this white smoke will disappear, being dissolved by the water. The nitrogen will be left, which it may be seen cannot support combustion. It is likewise utterly incapable of supporting life, and is consequently sometimes called *azote*, signifying "destructive to life."

Oxygen may be obtained from various substances, but in the greatest quantity and purity from the salt called chlorate of potash. When heated, this substance evolves oxygen copiously. It is usual to mix a little oxide of manganese with it, in order that the gas may be more readily disengaged. A small quantity of the salt should be placed in a Florence flask, and heat applied to the bottom by means of a spirit lamp. In a short time the salt will

melt and effervesce, when the gas will be liberated. When the flask is filled with the oxygen, a taper will burn very vividly in it, and even if previously blown out, it will be immediately rekindled on introducing it into the flask. A piece of charcoal, which can only be made to burn with difficulty in the air, and the light from the combustion of which is of a dull red color, scarcely visible in daylight, burns with great splendor in oxygen; and many metals and other substances, which cannot be burned in the atmosphere without the continued application of a powerful heat—iron, for example—may be made to burn readily, and without requiring any heat but that which results from their own combustion, in the gas. To observe this, a coil of iron wire should be used, at the end of which is placed a little sulphur or other inflammable substance. The sulphur being lighted, and the wire introduced into the gas, the combustion of the iron will take place with great splendor, and sparks are thrown out, which are so highly heated, that by shaking the wire in a peculiar manner, they may be made to pass completely through the sides of the glass vessel which contains the gas.

We will refer to this subject again.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

WHO would quail at opposition?
Who would cower beneath a frown?
Manhood is your true condition;
Never lay that manhood down;
But maintain life's true position;
Fortitude is true renown.

Why should mortals grasp at trouble,
Nursing it to keep it warm;
Let it be, and like a bubble
It will burst, and do no harm;
Coax it, and you'll make it double;
Frown, 'twill vanish like a charm.

Or why should you seek to borrow
Grief thy spirit to annoy:
Every day may have its sorrow,
But each day will bring its joy;
Ever hope on, for to-morrow
May bring peace without alloy.

Gling not to the flower that's faded;
Joys will come, and joys depart;
Look not on the side that's shaded;
Suns are shining on thine heart;
And the future, heavy laden
With the good, may good impart.

Hold not then thy grief so tightly,
Nor so fondly nurse thy woe;
Don't adhere to things unrightly;
Reason bids thee, let them go.
See the heavens are shining brightly,
And the healing zephyrs blow.

Surely hope has not departed,
Though the flow'rs their bloom have shed;
They now preach to thee, down hearted,
"You shall have our fruit instead."
And the soul that has been smarted
Shall be greatly comforted.

(Continued from page 360.)

Masonic Law, History, and Miscellany.

Masonic Law.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY :

Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Free masonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. R. S.
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PART III.—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONIC LAW.

CHAPTER IV.

RECAPITULATION AND CONCLUSION.

1. WE have now reached the concluding chapter, as we have sketched the same, for the outlines of our Masonic Compendium. And in thus bringing our treatise to a close, we think we cannot better add to the practical character which we have assigned to this part of our work, than to recapitulate, and state in a concise and definite manner the things that we have endeavored to set forth and elucidate in the preceding chapters.

2. From the title of the work it may be gathered that we have had a two-fold object in view in setting forth the same ; one of these objects being the primary, and the other the secondary, thoughts that underly the treatise. The primary object was to treat of the fundamental principles of the masonic polity ; and the secondary, was to bring out the morality, the history, and philosophy of Freemasonry, as they are interwoven with the same. And in discussing these fundamental principles in this connection, incidental occasions have also been improved, to make suggestions and hints for the reform of Masonic Ritualism upon a philosophic basis.¹

3. The method that we have adopted in setting forth this treatise has been, 1st, the Analytic, by which the solitary, naked, and individual points are disclosed, with their corroborative facts ; and, 2d, the

Synthetic, by which these points and facts have been gathered up and put together in a consecutive and systematic manner. And our logical deductions and conclusions we have endeavored to verify on no other basis than an appeal to enlightened reason in its fullest and most comprehensive sense.²

4. In developing the fundamental principles of masonic polity, as our primary object, it will be seen that there are some several characteristic points brought out. 1st, The Spirit of the Landmarks ; 2d, The functions of Masonic Government ; and, 3d, The organic administration of the same. And in elucidating the moral, historical, and philosophical connections of this polity, we have treated, 1st, of the national sources from whence the masonic traditions have been derived ; 2d, of the chronological eras that mark the development of the same ; 3d, of the phases that these traditions have undergone ; and 4th, the organic existence of the Order.

5. In defining the Spirit of the Masonic Landmarks, we have found them divisible into three classes : Theocratic, Ritualistic, and Pragmatic—holding to each other the following relative value in the masonic polity : The Theocratic Landmarks, being the moral laws prescribed by God himself, are wholly unalterable, irrevocable, and immovable in their requirements by any human legislation whatever ; the Ritualistic Landmarks, being the traditional usages of every preceding age of the world, are essentially unalterable, but may be partially modified by the customs of each succeeding generation of men ; and the Pragmatic Landmarks, being the conventional compacts by which these modifications of the traditional usages of the past are made to suit the peculiar circumstances of every age, they may be altered, amended, repealed, and abolished from time to time, as the same may be found expedient and necessary.³ But, in these modifications which the Pragmatic Landmarks may make in the traditional usages of the Ritualistic, it has been ob-

¹ See Part 2, Chap. 3, Note 41 ; and Chap. 4, Note 46.

² Part 2, Chap. 2, Sec. 6. See also Part 2, Chap. 2.

³ Part 2, Chap. 2, Secs. 7, 8, 9.

served that the pathway of progressive development and universal harmony must be pursued by a wise eclecticism, in order to realize in human actions a fuller measure of the divine laws as embodied in the Theocratic Landmarks.⁴

6. The functions of Masonic Government, as we have analyzed the same, comprehend seven prerogatives, as follows: 1st, the Elective; 2d, the Executive; 3d, Legislative; 4th, Judicial; 5th, Dogmatic; 6th, Diplomatic; and 7th, Pragmatic.⁵ These functions we have also shown to pertain to, and to be organically administered by, the following distribution of powers: 1st. The Elective prerogative belongs to the individual Master Mason, to be exercised in choosing rulers and associate members in the local lodge; 2d. The Executive prerogative belongs to the Worshipful Master of the local lodge, and is to be exercised in carrying out the laws, rules, and regulations of Masonry, and maintaining the Landmarks of the Order therein; 3d. The Legislative prerogative pertains to a representative council, elected by the members of a lodge and headed up in the Senior Warden, and is to be principally exercised in regulating the financial affairs of the same, with the approbation and concurrence of the Worshipful Master; 4th. The Judicial prerogative pertains to a judicial commission specially and impartially selected to try each case of masonic offence that may occur in the local lodge, and over which the Junior Warden shall preside; this prerogative to be exercised in determining the guilt or innocence of the accused persons brought up for trial, and to cause sentence to be executed against offenders with the concurrence of the Worshipful Master.⁶

7. These last three prerogatives, belonging to the functions of local lodges, we have also shown are transferrable to Grand Lodges as supervisory powers in Masonry, to be exercised by them under well defined, written conventional compacts, for the purpose of correcting errors that may occur in the local administration of masonic laws, and for the purpose of securing uniformity and good masonic go-

vernment within given political jurisdictions. And in addition to this supervisory power in the administration of masonic law, we have also set forth that the following prerogatives are inherent in Grand Lodges: 1st, the Dogmatic, which belong to the Grand Master of Masons in each sovereign jurisdiction, to be exercised in controlling and imparting instruction in Masonic Law, Ritualism, and Philosophy; 2d, the Diplomatic, which belongs jointly to the Grand Master of Masons as the executive authority of the Grand Lodge, and the Masonic Senate, composed of the Worshipful Masters of local lodges, and is to be exercised in arranging the external relations of the masonic jurisdiction with other sovereign masonic powers; and 3d, the Pragmatic prerogative, which belongs jointly to all the Grand Lodges of the world, and should be exercised only by a universal Masonic Congress in making such discreet modifications in the various traditional usages of the world-wide fraternity as may be necessary to secure harmony throughout the same.⁷

8. Finally, in the consideration that we have bestowed upon the moral, historical, and philosophical connections of the polity of Freemasonry, we have shown, 1st. That the moral laws which compose the Theocratic Landmarks have been selected from the Jewish system of ethics as completed in the revelations of Christianity;⁸ and that the literature, arts, and science, that form the basis of the Ritualistic Landmarks have been derived from the civilized Gentile nations of antiquity.⁹ 2d. In marking off the chronological epochs of masonic traditions, we have divided them into the Ante-diluvian, Post-diluvian, Judo-Christian, and Eclectic eras of masonic development. 3d. In setting forth the phases that the fraternity has assumed in these different eras of development, we have viewed it as speculative during the ante-diluvian age; operative in the post-diluvian and Judo-Christian epochs; and speculative in the present eclectic age. And simultaneously with these phases of development, we have also presented the fraternity as occupying the position of the true religion in the ante-diluvian world; as being the handmaiden of false religions in the post-diluvian era; as holding a si-

⁴ See Grand Pivotal Landmarks, at the conclusion of Part 2.

⁵ Part 2, Chap. 4, Sec. 3, Note 12.

⁶ Part 3, Chap. 2, Notes 13-24,

⁷ Part 3, Chap. 2.

⁸ Part 2, Chap. 2.

⁹ Part 2, Chap. 3.

milar position to the true religion in the Judo-Christian epoch; and finally, as standing out alone as a philanthropic system of morality in the eclectic cycle of human progress. And 4th. In treating of the organic existence of the fraternity, we have classified its history as subjective and objective. On this point we have maintained that the present fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons have only had a real and palpable existence since 1717, and that its historical connections previous to that time, reaching back to the creation of the world, are only based upon the laws and usages of the past, that have been collected and combined into a masonic system of ethics by a philosophic spirit of eclecticism, beginning with the labors of Elias Ashmole and ending with those of James Anderson.

9. Such, in conclusion, is a summary of the points that we have endeavored to set forth and elucidate in this treatise. We have not the presumption, however, to flatter ourselves that we have made these points entirely clear by settling the same upon a satisfactory philosophical and self-evident basis. The task undertaken was too stupendous to be thus easily disposed of. Its adequate solution will for a long time continue to challenge the noblest powers of abler heads and hands than ours. But if we have done anything to clear away the fog and rubbish that have so long obscured and hidden the true polity of Freemasonry; if, by a rigid analysis, we have laid bare some of the fundamental principles that go to make up the synthetical organism of the fraternity, and thereby contributed to check the vague ideas and conjectural speculations in regard to the law, history, and philosophy of the Order, that have been so rife among masonic writers since the days of Anderson; if, in fine, we have but dimly hinted at the true pathway by which a consistent, harmonious, and co-operative unity may be brought about among all branches, rites, and systems of our universal and diversified fraternity, then we shall feel amply satisfied that we have contributed our feeble mite, in common with others who are now laboring to the same end, toward the general elevation of mankind, and the ultimate regeneration of the world, by means of an institution that will thereby become one of the most powerful instrumentalities of modern civilization.

DECISIONS EXTRACTED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF LOUISIANA.

RIGHTS OF DIMITTED BRETHREN.

“A NON-AFFILIATED Mason of over one year's standing loses all right to visit any lodge in this jurisdiction, or to join in or to assist at any of the public processions or ceremonies of Masonry whatever. And also he loses all claims (as a right) to masonic burial, or to receive relief for himself or family from the funds of the Order—in the two last named cases the matter is left to the judgment and discretion of his own lodge, or to that of the lodge under whose jurisdiction he might be at the time of his death, or to whom the application for relief is made.”

PHYSICAL DISABILITY.

“A candidate should be able to see, hear, feel, and walk, and should be in such possession of his physical and mental faculties as will enable him to fully prove both himself and others, and be enabled to obtain thereby a living, that he may not become a charge to the Order.”

PUBLIC DISPLAY OF MASONIC EMBLEMS.

“In a majority of such cases the persons making use of such improper display of their connection with the Order, are either base pretenders, or expelled or suspended Masons, who cannot be reached by any course of proceedings Masonically; or if they actually be members, such display is in the opinion of every honest Mason an evidence that they have sought entrance into our Order, instigated by improper motives.

“We therefore consider it the duty of the Fraternity studiously to avoid those who attempt to gull them by such displays, and not only to refuse to patronize them, but to use every lawful means to warn the public against them.

“If, however, a member of a lodge should be guilty of prostituting our emblems in such an unworthy manner, we deem it to be the duty of the lodge to request such member to discontinue the practice, and on his refusing to comply therewith, to prefer charges against him for unmasonic conduct.”

MENTAL AND MORAL QUALIFICATIONS.

“The mental qualifications of an applicant for the mysteries of Masonry should be of such a character as to enable him to understand the sublime teachings of our Order, in which is inculcated doctrine and discipline, as well as natural, mathematical and metaphysical science, and is per-

petually opening unto us an extensive range of moral and speculative inquiry.

"The moral qualifications should be such as to enable the lodge to know of a certainty that the applicant is a temperate man; that he possesses the necessary amount of *fortitude*; that he is prudent in his relations to mankind in general; and, withal, that he is strictly just, and believes in one true God."

ANCIENT CRAFT MASONRY.

"In reference to the 'Masonic History and Digest,' purchased from Bro. J. W. S. Mitchell, for our library, we are certain it contains much valuable history and correct masonic law; but in his remarks upon the proceedings of this Grand Body, at its last grand annual communication, commented upon by the Grand Secretary, we believe he has misstated its action and misjudged its motives and the tendency of its measures. So far from deferring to Scotch-rite Masonry (so called,) this Grand Lodge ignores every thing as Masonry but the three original symbolic degrees, and requires all lodges under its jurisdiction to be bound by the same ties, and adopt the same means of recognition."

UNIFORMITY OF WORK

"We deem a perfect uniformity of work desirable, but while there exists, in language, more than one word to express the same idea, we have no hope of accomplishing so desirable an end. All that we can at present insist on, therefore, is to require that the means of recognition, and the mutual ties shall be uniform in all lodges, holding of this Grand Body."

OPINIONS ON MASONIC QUESTIONS.

BY R. MORRIS, G. M. OF KY.

UPON all questions of a delicate character, especially elections of officers, decisions of guilt or innocence, and pronouncing penalties, the voting *must* be by secret ballot, or it is not masonically done.

There is no general law in Masonry which fixes the ratio of votes necessary to expel. In practice, the American lodges vary between the two extremes of a majority and unanimity. Our opinion is that *two thirds* constitute a fair proportion. Many clear minds have set *two thirds* for a suspension, and *four fifths* for an expulsion.

Looking at the subject in the light of masonic philosophy, the unprejudiced mind must decide that a lodge ought not to be opened save by its Master, one of its Wardens, or a Past Master of that lodge, selected for the purpose by the pre-

siding officer, and endowed with the character as the visible emblem of authority. In Kentucky, it has been lately decided that a Past Master has not this right. This is perhaps but a temporary, although, while it exists, a binding decision. General usage, both in Kentucky and elsewhere, establishes the prerogatives of Past Masters.

A lodge is not *bound* to grant a member a dimit at his mere pleasure. Such looseness of affiliation forms no part of Masonry. The original tie was made by the consent of *two*, upon the humble application of *one*. In the same manner, if at all, it is to be severed. Let the brother desiring to dimit state his wish in writing, accompanied by the reasons or motives which prompt it. Lay the matter over for consideration, and act upon it with the same kind of prudence and deliberation as upon his original petition for initiation. If he is under charges of any kind, his petition *must* be rejected; and if his motives for dimitting are mere parsimony, fickleness, or disorder, his request *should* be denied.

A definite suspension absolutely expires with its own term. Thus, a brother suspended for six months, returns to the Order, and to his membership in the lodge, at the expiration of that period, without any further action of the lodge. No lodge has a right to adopt a by-law to contravene this universal usage of the Craft. On the same principle, a brother suspended for non-payment of dues is restored by the payment thereof, and without further action of the lodge.

To settle question of membership as between an old lodge and one just chartered, we must examine the legislation of the Grand Lodge. In Kentucky it has been decided that the petitioners for a dispensation to establish a new lodge remain in their former membership until the lodge is chartered, and then, if they desire it, become members of the new lodge without further action of the old. But the new lodge is responsible to the old for any arrearages of dues they may be owing.

No provocation justifies a brother in using harsh and opprobrious language towards another; nothing save personal violence, or the imminent danger of it, justifies a blow.

Membership is not dissolved save by the action of the lodge, as apparent on the records. "A member handed money to another, requesting him to apply for his dimit. It was done, and the lodge made the order. Months afterwards, in examining into the matter, it was found there was no record made of the transaction." Then, if no record was made of the transaction, it is the same as though no such transaction occurred.

History of the Crusades.



ST. BERNARD PREACHING THE SECOND CRUSADE.

SUCH was the state of mind of Europe when Pope Eugenius, moved by the reiterated entreaties of the Christians of Syria, commissioned St. Bernard to preach a new Crusade. St. Bernard was a man eminently qualified for the mission. He was endowed with an eloquence of the highest order, could move an auditory to tears, or laughter, or fury, as it pleased him, and had led a life of such rigid and self-denying virtue, that not even calumny could lift her finger and point it at him. He had renounced high prospects in the church, and contented himself with the simple abbacy of Clairvaux, in order that he might have the leisure he desired, to raise his voice against abuses wherever he found them. Vice met in him an austere and uncompromising reprob; no man was too high for his reproach, and none too low for his sympathy. He was just as well suited for his age as Peter the Hermit had been for the age preceding. He appealed more to the reason, his predecessor to the passions; Peter the Hermit collected a mob, while St. Bernard collected an army. Both were endowed with equal zeal and perseverance, springing in the one from impulse, and in the other from conviction, and a desire to increase the influence of the church, that great body of which he was a pillar and an ornament.

One of the first converts he made was in himself a host. Louis VII. was both superstitious and tyrannical, and, in a fit of

remorse for the infamous slaughter he had authorized at the sacking of Vitry, he made a vow to undertake the journey to the Holy Land.¹ He was in this disposition when St. Bernard began to preach, and wanted but little persuasion to embark in the cause. His example had great influence upon the nobility, who, impoverished as many of them were by the sacrifices made by their fathers in the holy wars, were anxious to repair their ruined fortunes by conquests on a foreign shore. These took the field with such vessels as they could command, and in a very short time an army was raised amounting to two hundred thousand men. At Vezelai the monarch received the cross from the hands of St. Bernard, on a platform elevated in sight of all the people. Several

¹ The sacking of Vitry reflects indelible disgrace upon Louis VII. His predecessors had been long engaged in resistance to the outrageous powers assumed by the Popes, and Louis continued the same policy. The ecclesiastical chapter of Bourges, having elected an Archbishop without his consent, he proclaimed the election to be invalid, and took severe and prompt measures against the refractory clergy. Thibault count de Champagne took up arms in defence of the Papal authority, and entrenched himself in the town of Vitry. Louis immediately took the field to chastise the rebel, and he besieged the town with so much vigor that the count was forced to surrender. Upwards of thirteen hundred of the inhabitants, fully one half of whom were women and children, took refuge in the church; and when the gates of the city were opened, and all resistance had ceased, Louis inhumanly gave orders to set fire to the sacred edifice, and a thousand persons perished in the flames.

nobles, three bishops, and his queen Eleanor of Aquitaine were present at this ceremony, and enrolled themselves under the banner of the cross, St. Bernard cutting up his red sacerdotal vestments and making crosses of them, to be sewn on the shoulders of the people. An exhortation from the Pope was read to the multitude, granting remission of their sins to all who should join the Crusade, and directing that no man on that holy pilgrimage should encumber himself with heavy baggage and vain superfluities; and that the nobles should not travel with dogs or falcons, to lead them from the direct road, as had happened to so many during the first Crusade.

The command of the army was offered to St. Bernard; but he wisely refused to accept a station for which his habits had unqualified him. After consecrating Louis with great solemnity, at St. Denis, as chief of the expedition, he continued his course through the country, stirring up the people wherever he went. So high an opinion was entertained of his sanctity, that he was thought to be animated by the spirit of prophecy, and to be gifted with the power of working miracles. Many women, excited by his eloquence, and encouraged by his predictions, forsook their husbands and children, and, clothing themselves in male attire, hastened to the war. St. Bernard himself wrote a letter to the Pope detailing his success, and stating, that in several towns there did not remain a single male inhabitant capable of bearing arms, and that everywhere castles and towns were to be seen filled with women weeping for their absent husbands. But in spite of this apparent enthusiasm, the numbers who really took up arms were inconsiderable, and not to be compared to the swarms of the first Crusade. A levy of no more than two hundred thousand men, which was the utmost the number amounted to, could hardly have depopulated a country like France, to the extent mentioned by St. Bernard. His description of the state of the country appears, therefore, to have been much more poetical than true.

Suger, the able minister of Louis, endeavoured to dissuade him from taking so long a journey at a time when his own dominions so much needed his presence. But the king was pricked in his conscience by the cruelties of Vitry, and was anxious to make the only reparation which the religion of that day considered sufficient. He was desirous, moreover, of testifying to the world that though he could brave the temporal power of the church when it encroached upon his prerogatives, he could render all due obedience to its spiritual decrees whenever it suited his interest or tallied with his prejudices to do so. Suger, therefore, implored in vain, and Louis re-

ceived the pilgrim's staff at St. Denis, and made all preparations for his pilgrimage.

In the mean time St. Bernard passed into Germany, where similar success attended his preaching. The renown of his sanctity had gone before him, and he found everywhere an admiring audience. Thousands of people, who could not understand a word he said, flocked around him to catch a glimpse of so holy a man; and the knights enrolled themselves in great numbers in the service of the cross, each receiving from his hands the symbol of the cause. But the people were not led away as in the days of Gotschalk. We do not find that they rose in such tremendous masses of two and three hundred thousand men, swarming over the country like a plague of locusts. Still the enthusiasm was very great. The extraordinary tales that were told and believed of the miracles worked by the preacher brought the country people from far and near. Devils were said to vanish at his sight, and diseases of the most malignant nature to be cured by his touch.² The Emperor Conrad caught at last the contagion from his subjects, and declared his intention to follow the cross.

The preparations were carried on so vigorously under the orders of Conrad, that in less than three months he found himself at the head of an army containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand effective men, besides a great number of women who followed their husbands and lovers to the war. One troop of them rode in the attitude and armour of men: their chief wore gilt spurs and buskins, and thence acquired the epithet of the golden-footed lady. Conrad was ready to set out long before the French monarch, and in the month of June 1147 he arrived before Constantinople, having passed through Hungary and Bulgaria without offence to the inhabitants.

Mannuel Comnenus, the Greek emperor, successor not only to the throne but to the policy of Alexius, looked with alarm upon the new levies who had come to eat up his capital and imperil its tranquillity. Too weak to refuse them a passage through his dominions, too distrustful of them to make them welcome when they came, and too little assured of the advantages likely to result to himself from the war, to feign a friendship which he did not feel, the Greek emperor gave offence at the very outset.

² Philip, Archdeacon of the cathedral of Liege, wrote a detailed account of all the miracles performed by St. Bernard during thirty-four days of his mission. They averaged about ten per day. The disciples of St. Bernard complained bitterly that the people flocked around their master in such numbers, that they could not see half the miracles he performed. But they willingly trusted the eyes of others, as far as faith in the miracles went, and seemed to vie with each other whose credulity should be greatest.

His subjects, in the pride of superior civilization, called the Germans barbarians; while the latter, who, if semi-barbarous, were at least honest and straightforward, retorted upon the Greeks by calling them double-faced knaves and traitors. Disputes continually arose between them; and Conrad, who had preserved so much good order among his followers during their passage, was unable to restrain their indignation when they arrived at Constantinople. For some offence or other which the Greeks had given them, but which is rather hinted at than stated by the scanty historians of the day, the Germans broke into the magnificent pleasure-garden of the emperor, where he had a valuable collection of tame animals, for which the grounds had been laid out in woods, caverns, groves, and streams, that each might follow in captivity his natural habits. The enraged Germans, meriting the name of barbarians that had been bestowed upon

them, laid waste this pleasant retreat, and killed or let loose the valuable animals it contained. Manuel, who is said to have beheld the devastation from his palace-windows without power or courage to prevent it, was completely disgusted with his guests, and resolved, like his predecessor Alexius, to get rid of them on the first opportunity. He sent a message to Conrad respectfully desiring an interview, but the German refused to trust himself within the walls of Constantinople. The Greek emperor, on his part, thought it compatible neither with his dignity nor his safety to seek the German, and several days were spent in insincere negotiations. Manuel at length agreed to furnish the crusading army with guides to conduct it through Asia Minor; and Conrad passed over the Hellespönt with his forces, the advanced guard being commanded by himself and the rear by the warlike Bishop of Freysinghen.



GERMANS AND TURKS.

Historians are almost unanimous in their belief that the wily Greek gave instructions to his guides to lead the army of the German emperor into dangers and difficulties. It is certain that, instead of guiding them through such districts of Asia Minor as afforded water and provisions, they led them into the wilds of Cappadocia, where neither was to be procured, and where they were suddenly attacked by the sultan of the Seljukian Turks, at the head of an immense force. The guides, whose treachery is apparent from this fact alone, fled at the first sight of the Turkish army, and the Christians were left to wage unequal warfare with their enemy, entangled and bewildered in desert wilds. Toiling in their heavy mail, the Germans could make but

little effective resistance to the attacks of the Turkish light horse, who were down upon them one instant, and out of sight the next. Now in the front and now in the rear, the agile foe showered his arrows upon them, enticing them into swamps and hollows, from which they could only extricate themselves after long struggles and great losses. The Germans, confounded by this mode of warfare, lost all conception of the direction they were pursuing, and went back instead of forward. Suffering at the same time for want of provisions, they fell an easy prey to their pursuers. Count Bernhard, one of the bravest leaders of the German expedition, was surrounded, with his whole division, not one of whom escaped the Turkish arrows.

The emperor himself had nearly fallen a victim, and was twice severely wounded. So persevering was the enemy, and so little able were the Germans to make even a show of resistance, that when Conrad at last reached the city of Nice, he found that, instead of being at the head of an imposing force of one hundred thousand foot and seventy thousand horse, he had but fifty or sixty thousand men, and these in the most worn and wearied condition.

Totally ignorant of the treachery of the Greek emperor, although he had been warned to beware of it, Louis VII. proceeded at the head of his army, through Worms and Ratisbon, towards Constantinople. At Ratisbon, he was met by a deputation from Manuel, bearing letters so full of hyperbole and flattery, that Louis is reported to have blushed when they were read to him by the Bishop of Langres. The object of the deputation was to obtain from the French king a promise to pass through the Grecian territories in a peaceable and friendly manner, and to yield to the Greek emperor any conquest he might make in Asia Minor. The first part of the proposition was immediately acceded to, but no notice was taken of the second and more unreasonable. Louis marched on, and, passing through Hungary, pitched his tents in the outskirts of Constantinople.

On his arrival, Manuel sent him a friendly invitation to enter the city at the head of a small train. Louis at once accepted it, and was met by the emperor at the porch of his palace. The fairest promises were made; every art that flattery could suggest was resorted to, and every argument employed, to induce him to yield his future conquests to the Greek. Louis obstinately refused to pledge himself, and returned to his army convinced that the emperor was a man not to be trusted. Negotiations were, however, continued for several days, to the great dissatisfaction of the French army. The news that arrived of a treaty entered into between Manuel and the Turkish sultan changed their dissatisfaction into fury, and the leaders demanded to be lead against Constantinople, swearing that they would raze the treacherous city to the ground. Louis did not feel inclined to accede to this proposal, and, breaking up his camp, he crossed over into Asia.

Here he heard, for the first time, of the mishaps of the German emperor, whom he found in a woful plight under the walls of Nice. The two monarchs united their forces, and marched together along the sea-coast to Ephesus; but Conrad, jealous, it would appear, of the superior numbers of the French, and not liking to sink into a vassal, for the time being, of his rival, withdrew abruptly with the remnant of his legions, and returned to Constantinople.

Manuel was all smiles and courtesy. He condoled so feelingly with the German upon his losses, and cursed the stupidity or treachery of the guides with such apparent heartiness, that Conrad was inclined to believe in his sincerity.

Louis, marching on in the direction of Jerusalem, came up with the enemy on the banks of the Meander. The Turks contested the passage of the river, but the French bribed a peasant to point out a ford lower down: crossing the river without difficulty, they attacked the Turks with much vigor, and put them to flight. Whether the Turks were really defeated, or merely pretended to be so, is doubtful; but the latter supposition seems to be the true one. It is probable that it was part of a concerted plan to draw the invaders onwards to more unfavorable ground, where their destruction might be more certain. If such were the scheme, it succeeded to the heart's wish of its projectors. The Crusaders, on the third day after their victory, arrived at a steep mountain-pass, on the summit of which the Turkish host lay concealed so artfully, that not the slightest vestige of their presence could be perceived. "With laboring steps and slow," they toiled up the steep ascent, when suddenly a tremendous fragment of rock came bounding down the precipices with an awful crash, bearing dismay and death before it. At the same instant the Turkish archers started from their hiding-places, and discharged a shower of arrows upon the foot-soldiers, who fell by hundreds at a time. The arrows rebounded harmlessly against the iron mail of the knights, which the Turks observing, took aim at their steeds, and horse and rider fell down the steep into the rapid torrent which rushed below. Louis, who commanded the rear guard, received the first intimation of the onslaught from the sight of the wounded and flying soldiers, and, not knowing the numbers of the enemy, he pushed vigorously forward to stay, by his presence, the panic which had taken possession of his army. All his efforts were in vain. Immense stones continued to be hurled upon them as they advanced, bearing men and horse before them; and those who succeeded in forcing their way to the top were met hand-to-hand by the Turks, and cast down headlong upon their companions. Louis himself fought with the energy of desperation, but had great difficulty to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. He escaped at last under cover of the night, with the remnant of his forces, and took up his position before Attalia. Here he restored the discipline and the courage of his disorganized and disheartened followers, and debated with his captains the plan that was to be pursued. After suffering severely both from disease and famine, it was resolved that they

should march to Antioch, which still remained an independent principality under the successors of Bohemund of Tarentum. At this time the sovereignty was vested in the person of Raymond, the uncle of Eleanor of Aquitaine. This prince, presuming upon his relationship to the French queen, endeavored to withdraw Louis from the grand object of the Crusade—the defence of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and secure his co-operation in extending the limits and the power of his principality of Antioch. The Prince of Tripoli formed a similar design; but Louis rejected the offers of both, and marched, after a short delay, to Jerusalem. The Emperor Conrad was there before him, having left Constantinople with promises of assistance from Manuel Comnenus—assistance which never arrived, and was never intended.

A great council of the Christian princes of Palestine, and the leaders of the Crusade, was then summoned, to discuss the future operations of the war. It was ultimately determined that it would further the cause of the cross in a greater degree if the united armies, instead of proceeding to Edessa, laid siege to the city of Damascus, and drove the Saracens from that strong position. This was a bold scheme, and had it been boldly followed out, would have insured, in all probability, the success of the war. But the Christian leaders never learned from experience the necessity of union, that very soul of great enterprises. Though they all agreed upon the policy of the plan, yet every one had his own notions as to the means of executing it. The princes of Antioch and Tripoli were jealous of each other, and of the king of Jerusalem. The Emperor Conrad was jealous of the king of France, and the king of France was disgusted with them all. But he had come out to Palestine in accordance with a solemn vow; his religion, though it may be called bigotry, was sincere; and he determined to remain to the very last moment that a chance was left of effecting any good for the cause he had set his heart on.

The siege of Damascus was accordingly commenced, and with so much ability and vigour that the Christians gained a considerable advantage at the very outset. For weeks the siege was pressed, till the shattered fortifications and diminishing resistance of the besieged gave evidence that the city could not hold out much longer. At that moment the insane jealousy of the leaders led to dissensions that soon caused the utter failure, not only of the siege, but of the Crusade. A modern cookery-book, in giving a recipe for cooking a hare, says, "First catch your hare, and then kill it"—a maxim of indisputable wisdom. The Christian chiefs, on this occasion, had not so much sagacity, for they began a violent dispute among them-

selves for the possession of a city which was still unconquered. There being already a prince of Antioch and a prince of Tripoli, twenty claimants started for the principality of Damascus; and a grand council of the leaders was held to determine the individual on whom the honor should devolve. Many valuable days were wasted in this discussion, the enemy in the meanwhile gaining strength from their inactivity. It was at length, after a stormy deliberation, agreed that Count Robert of Flanders, who had twice visited the Holy Land, should be invested with the dignity. The other claimants refused to recognize him or to co-operate in the siege until a more equitable arrangement had been made. Suspicion filled the camp; the most sinister rumors of intrigue and treachery were set afloat; and the discontented candidates withdrew at last to the other side of the city, and commenced operations on their own account without a probability of success. They were soon joined by the rest of the army. The consequence was that the weakest side of the city, and that on which they had already made considerable progress in the work of demolition, was left uncovered. The enemy was prompt to profit by the mistake, and received an abundant supply of provisions, and re fortified the walls, before the Crusaders came to their senses again. When this desirable event happened, it was too late. Saph Eddin, the powerful emir of Mousoul, was in the neighborhood, at the head of a large army, advancing by forced marches to the relief of the city. The siege was abruptly abandoned, and the foolish Crusaders returned to Jerusalem, having done nothing to weaken the enemy, but every thing to weaken themselves.

The freshness of enthusiasm had now completely subsided; even the meanest soldiers were sick at heart. Conrad, from whose fierce zeal at the outset so much might have been expected, was wearied with reverses, and returned to Europe with the poor remnant of his host. Louis lingered a short time longer, for very shame, but the pressing solicitations of the minister Suger induced him to return to France. Thus ended the second Crusade. Its history is but a chronicle of defeats. It left the kingdom of Jerusalem in a worse state than when it quitted Europe, and gained nothing but disgrace for its leaders, and discouragement for all concerned.

St. Bernard, who had prophesied a result so different, fell after this into some disrepute, and experienced, like many other prophets, the fate of being without honour in his own country. What made the matter worse, he could not obtain it in any other. Still, however, there were not wanting zealous advocates to stand forward in his behalf, and stem the tide of

Incredulity, which, unopposed, would have carried away his reputation. The Bishop of Freysinghen declared that prophets were not always able to prophesy, and that the vices of the Crusaders drew down the wrath of Heaven upon them. But the most ingenious excuse ever made for St. Bernard is to be found in his life by Geoffroi de Clairvaux, where he pertinaciously insists that the Crusade was not unfortunate. St. Bernard, he says, had prophesied a happy result, and that result could not be considered other than happy which had peopled heaven with so glorious an army of martyrs. Geoffroi was a cunning pleader, and, no doubt, convinced a few of the zealous; but plain people, who were not wanting in those days, retained their own opinion, or, what amounts to the same thing, "were convinced against their will."

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH MASONIC HALL.

AT present the Masonic province of Edinburgh contains fifteen lodges in active operation; six of them meet in hotels, viz., the Lodge of Edinburgh, Mary's Chapel, No. 1, at the Ship Hotel, East Register-street; St. Luke, No. 44, in the Hotel Francois, Princes-street; St. Andrew, No. 48, in the Regent Hotel, Waterloo-place; St. Stephen, No. 145, in the Cafe Royal, West Register-street; Celtic, Edinburgh, and Leith, No. 291, in the Turf Hotel, Princes-street; and Trafalgar, No. — in the Ship Hotel, Shore, Leith. One or two of these, we believe, intend to rent a portion of the Grand Lodge premises in George-street, which have been expressly fitted up for the accommodation of those subordinate lodges which have no halls of their own. The other nine lodges meet in halls apart from hotels; but in only four instances are these halls their own property. The lodges which have the good fortune to possess halls are the Canongate Kilwinning, No. 2, in St. John-street, Canongate; the Journeymen, No. 8, in Todderick's-wynd, High-street; St. David, No. 36, in Hyndford's-close, High-street; and St. James, No. 97, in Writer's court, High-street. All of these halls have been in use for a considerable period. They are associated with reminiscences of many distinguished men, who have met within their walls, with the hopes and fears of many an aspirant to the light and privileges of the Masonic order, with many a joyous festivity, and with many warmly cherished friendship, there formed and cemented. They are fitted up with a considerable degree of taste and elegance, but with the exception of the hall of the Journeymen, which was cleaned and repainted a few years ago, they stand very much in need of renovation.

We propose to give a very short account and description of the hall of the Journeymen, as one of the oldest Masonic halls in the city of Edinburgh. The Lodge Journeymen was constituted in the year 1707, and was composed exclusively of operative Masons connected with the lodge and incorporation of Masons commonly known by the name of Mary's Chapel. For upwards of forty years they had no hall of their own, but held their meetings in various taverns and public buildings belonging to other parties. From 1741 to 1752 their principal meetings took place in one of the wards of the Royal Infirmary, the foundation stone of which was laid with Masonic honors in 1738, and to the erection of which the Journeymen contributed so largely, both in money and labor, that a portion of it was set aside for their special use.

The primary design of the Lodge Journeymen was the support of brethren in sickness, and the interment of them, with decent solemnities, at their death. To carry these objects properly into effect, each member was called on to pay a considerable sum at his initiation, and make regular contributions afterwards. By a course of prudent and economical management, the lodge was able not merely to meet all its liabilities, but to amass a reserve fund to a considerable amount. The proper disposal of this fund became a matter of serious concern, and after various deliberations it was at length resolved to invest it in the purchase of house property. The managers ascertaining that two houses, situated in Hodge's-close, at the foot of Blackfriar's-wynd, and belonging to the Rev. Thomas Tullideph, minister, St. Andrews, were for sale, met on the 10th of January, 1743, and after inspecting the houses with care resolved to purchase them provided they could be obtained at a reasonable price. Bro. James Patterson, one of their number, was therefore despatched to St. Andrews, and in due time brought a letter back from Mr. Tullideph, stating that he would dispose of the house of four storeys, on the north, for seven and a half years' purchase; and the one of two storeys, on the south, for ten years' purchase. This letter was laid before a meeting of the managers on the 19th of the same month, when "it was unanimously agreed to purchase the houses at the years offered and conform to a rental to be produced, and to pay up the money therefor against Whitsunday next to come."

The property thus acquired by the Journeymen is situated in one of those narrow streets called "close" and "wynds," which slope down from the High-street on the north, to the Cowgate on the south. The locality is now considered degraded and disreputable, being kept in a bad

state of repair and inhabited by the poorest portion of the population; but at the time at which the Journeymen made their purchase, the New Town was wholly unbuild and the most wealthy and respectable citizens had their dwellings, and the civic corporations their places of meeting, in similar parts of the town. The places immediately surrounding the property of the Lodge, are exceedingly rich in antiquarian interests. On the west still stands the metropolitan palace of the archbishop of St. Andrews, when Scotland was a separate kingdom, and Roman Catholicism the established religion; and there also is the spot on which stood the town palace of the St. Clairs, princes of Orkney, and hereditary Grand Master Masons of Scotland. On the east are the buildings of the Scottish mint, erected in 1574, in which gold and silver, the produce of the mountains of Scotland, were coined down to the union of the two kingdoms in 1707, and which were invested with a sacred character, and gave protection to insolvent debtors for twenty-four hours. A little to the south are the grounds once occupied by the Kirk of Field, and the monastery and gardens of the Blackfriars, and now by the University, the Royal Infirmary, the old High Schools, &c.

At a meeting held on St. John's day, December 27th, 1752, in the Royal Infirmary, the Journeymen taking into consideration the inconvenience of not having a proper place of their own in which to hold the meetings of the lodge, "unanimously agreed to take the under storey of their own land in Hodge's-close, Blackfriars'-wynd, presently possessed by Robert Clark, their tenant, who is to be warned to remove against Whitsunday, and his house to be fitted after that term for a convenient lodge for the society to meet in for the future." On the 15th of June, 1753, a special meeting of the members was summoned to consider the plans for altering and seating the house for the new hall, and these having been approved of, Bro. Adams Burnet, wright, was instructed to execute the work with all convenient speed; and nearly all the brethren present contributed liberal sums to assist in defraying the necessary expenses. Bro. Burnet prosecuted his labors with diligence and zeal, and the consequence was that the brethren were able to hold their first meeting in the new hall on St. John's day 27th December following. This hall continued to accommodate the Journeymen till the year 1788, and being then found too small to hold the brethren comfortably, a new hall was constructed of a much larger size by making use of additional portions of the property. This is the hall in which the Journeymen hold their meetings at the present time; and which is capable of containing, when

closely seated, about two hundred persons. The principal entrance is now from Toddrick's-wynd, on the east, instead of Blackfriars'-wynd, on the west, as formerly.

This hall, on the outside, has very little to distinguish it from the adjacent buildings, but internally it is fitted up with considerable elegance. On entering, the attention is first attracted by the Master's chair, which is richly ornamented with the compass and square, with two emblematical pillars and capitals, and with gilt representations of the sun, moon, and seven stars, and is surmounted by a crimson canopy richly festooned. On the cove of the ceiling, immediately above the chair, the Mason's arms are most beautifully emblazoned, and on each side of them, at a little distance, are an entwined cross and the holy Bible. On other parts of the cove are representations of the owl, the bee-hive, the mallet, trowel, and other Masonic symbols, together with two finely executed scrolls, containing the following inscriptions:—"Hear instruction and be wise," and "Remember the poor and needy." The orchestra, which fronts the Master's chair and raised dais, has an ornamental railing, hung with blue cloth—the color of the clothing of the lodge—on which are a gilt harp with the level on one side of it and the plumb rule on the other. On the ceiling of the orchestra the arms of the city of Edinburgh are represented, indicating the original connection of the Journeymen with one of the city corporations. The ceiling of the hall itself is divided into three compartments. The two at each end are finely embellished with the five points: and the double equilateral triangle, while the centre one has representations of the all-seeing eye, the twelve signs of the zodiac, the sun, moon, and stars, the circle and point with the two parallels, &c. Around the walls, in niches, are a number of classical figures holding the gas brackets by which the hall is lighted, and also on richly ornamented brackets are busts of four distinguished Scotsmen and Freemasons, viz.—Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, and Robert Burns. In a niche on one side of the hall is a clock, bequeathed to the lodge by Bro. Peter Watherston, in 1802, and held in very high estimation, not merely as the gift of a very worthy brother, but as a relic of his mother, whose property it was. Isabel Watherston who flourished during the latter part of last century, kept an alehouse at Jock's Lodge, about a mile and a half from Edinburgh, and was renowned for her strong sense, her ready wit, and particularly for her manufacture of Scotch puddings, and from this latter circumstance she was commonly known by the name of "Pudding Lizzie." The sign-board above her door had a representa-

tion of two cocks fighting, with the inscription—"The thickest skin stands longest out," and her hostelry was largely frequented by those youths who wished to obtain refreshments and a frolic at small expense. On her death, in 1796, the poet Gall composed her elegy, in which he describes her peculiarities, and eulogizes her rare entertainments. Among other things he thus details the manner in which she received her guests:—

"And when we reached her little dwelling,
Where tuilzied birds wi' bluidy talon,
How kind she met us at the hallan,
Led to the ha'
'Gude-e'en, Gude-e'en!' aye loudly bawling,
And becking law.

'Syne what a fyke and what a fraising,
'The puddings, bairns, are just in season,
They're newly made—the kettle's bizzing
Sae dinna fret,
Ma'r happy anes ne'er crossed your wizzan,
Although I say't."

On the opposite side of the hall is a marble tablet, erected by the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in memory of Bro. Peter Douglas, a most distinguished member of the Lodge Journeymen. He not only filled, in succession, all the principal offices of the Lodge, but also for many years took a leading part in all the transactions carried on by the Grand Lodge. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"The Grand Lodge of Scotland, in commemoration of the Masonic virtues of Brother Peter Douglas, deceased, late Master of the Lodge of Journeymen Masons, places this tablet in the Hall of that Lodge. 1515—1815."

There are two other tablets in the hall, one erected to the memory of Bro. Peter Watherston, who bequeathed the clock already mentioned and a sum of money to the Lodge, and the other to the memory of Bro. Robert Kay, architect, who, at his death in 1818, left to the Lodge a legacy of £150.

"Dad, why don't you take a ride in the cars some day?" "Take a ride in the cars! why I haint got time, my son." "Got time! shaw, you can go anywhere in the cars quicker than you can stay at home." Dad's answer is not recorded.

"GENTLEMEN and ladies," said a showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

THE question "Why printers did not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered—"Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the belly, and where twenty men have bellies, but one has brains."

Miscellany.

THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

"Turn your attention to that magnificent structure, the Temple of Jerusalem. Observe, no clay substance, no brick, was used; lest any inferior material should give rise to base ideas. Every part and particle of that grand dwelling of Hix, whose existence is secret, was perfect of its kind. Its commonest fragments were matter of attentive survey. Even the stones were quarried in the country of Judæa. And every measure was taken to steep the mind in that serenity, calmness, and intensity of devotion which are essential to the true worship of the ALMIGHTY. The stones, too, were levelled and squared before they were brought to the palace, and the waste was left behind, that all might be fully prepared and cleanly wrought. So, in like manner, should all Freemasons level and square their hearts, purging them of every impurity, in order to arrive at that glorious state of mental and spiritual perfection of which the Temple and its composition was beautifully symbolical."—*Lebanon*, by JOKI NASH.

"I HAVE sent for you, although I know my summons must be inconvenient, because I choose you to be present at an interview which has been forced on me by a deputation from the Freemasons: they aim at persuading me to allow them to assemble in my church. A likely matter, indeed! a very likely matter!"

So spake, with flushed cheek and quivering lip, my well-intentioned but nervous incumbent, one memorable Saturday in the month of August.

"Very well, sir," was my reply; "you may depend on my heeding and recollecting the sentiments of each party."

"Would to Heaven!"—this was an aside—"that these Masons people had chosen some other day than Saturday for their conference! Neither sermon written! The Lending Library accounts all in confusion; Mrs. Watkinson's sick baby to baptize; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty!"

"They must be cut short—yes! very, very short!" ejaculated the vicar decisively and emphatically.

"What! the sermons?" cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind; "oh! very well. Your views, sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty."

"You are dreaming, remarked my superior pettishly. "I allude to the speeches, the oratorical displays, the verbiage of the mystics."

"Ah! precisely so," was my dutiful reply. "You, Sir, and no other hold the check string: the length of the interview depends on your pleasure. Masons!"—this was another aside—"I wish they were all walled up in the Pyramids. Six: and no tidings! It will be midnight before I shall have completed my preparations for to-morrow."

"I am not narrow-minded," resumed Mr. Gresham, fidgeting fretfully in his chair, "far from it; my views are liberal and enlarged; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching any one of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret; there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators"—then, after a brief pause—"in fact, they ARE conspirators!"

"You really think so?" said I, for the first time feeling an interest in the subject.

"I do: seriously and solemnly," said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

"Rat-tat-tat! Rap, rap!"

"The Deputation, sir," said the butler, bowing five middle-aged gentlemen into the study.

For a set of "conspirators" they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life apparently sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humor with themselves and all around them. Nor, while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I, for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their head to turn *plot-ter*s. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He had "a stake," and no small one, in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbor was a wine-merchant, with a large and well-established connection, and blest with a rising and most promising family—what had he to "conspire" about? The party a little in the background was a Dissenter of irreproachable character, and tenets strict even to sternness. Moreover, on no subject did he dilate, publicly as well as privately, with greater earnestness and unction than on the incalculable evils arising from war, and the duty of every Christian state, at any sacrifice, to avoid it. What! he a "conspirator!" Fronting the vicar was the banker of our little community. And to him I fancied nothing would be less agreeable than "a run" upon his small but flourishing firm in Quay-street. And yet "runs" severe—repeated, exhausting "runs,"—would inevitably result from any wide-spread and successful conspiracy. The banker's supporter was a little mirthful-eyed man—a bachelor—who held a light and eligible appointment under government, and looked as if he had never known a care in all his life. He perplexed me more than all the rest. He, of all created beings, a conspirator! Marvellous!

The spokesman of the party began his

story. He said in substance that a new lodge being about to be opened within a mile and a half of Fairstream, it was the wish of the brethren (the more firmly to engraft on the noble tree this new Masonic scion) to go in procession to church, and there listen to a sermon from a clerical brother. In this arrangement he, in the name of the lodge, represented by the parties then in his presence, most respectfully requested the vicar's concurrence.

That reverend personage, with a most distant and forbidding air, replied that he could sanction no such proceedings.

Perplexed by this response, which was equally unpalatable and unexpected, the Deputation, with deference, demanded my incumbent's reasons for refusal.

"They are many and various," replied he; "but resolve themselves mainly into these four. *First: There is no church about you!*"

The Deputation stared.

"I repeat, that of Freemasons as a body the Church knows nothing. You admit into your fellowship men of all creeds. Your principles and intentions may be pure and praiseworthy; and such I trust they are. But the Church is not privy to them. The Church is in ignorance respecting them. The Church does not recognize them. And, therefore, as a ministering servant of the Church, I must decline affording you any countenance or support."

The banker here submitted to the vicar, that in works of charity—in supporting an infirmary, a dispensary, a clothing club, a stranger's friend society—identity of creed was not essential. Men of different shades of religious belief could harmoniously and advantageously combine in carrying out a benevolent project. And one of the leading principles of Freemasonry was active, and untiring, and widely-spread benevolence. Could success crown any charitable project, any scheme of philanthropy, any plan for succoring the suffering and the necessitous (*the operation of which was to be extended and not partial*), if no assistance was accepted save from those who held one and the same religious creed? "*Charity*," he contended, "*knew no creed*. No shackles, forged by human opinions, could or ought to trammel her. He was no friend to his species who would seek to impose them."

The vicar shook his head repeatedly, in token of vehement dissent from the observations, and proceeded:

"Next I object to you because you are friendly to processions; and, I am given to understand, purpose advancing to church in long and elaborate array. All processions, all emblems, all symbols, I abominate. Such accessories are, in the sanctuary, absolutely indecent; I will not call them unholy: I term them downright profane. What has a thinking being—particu-

larly when proceeding, for the purposes of worship, to the temple of his Creator—what has he to do with processions? They are, one and all, abominations.”

The little placeman here briskly stepped forward and said, that “in that Book, with which he was sure the vicar was better acquainted than any one of them, processions were repeatedly mentioned, and never condemned. They occur in all parts of the sacred volume, and in a very early portion of it. A procession of no ordinary description followed Jacob’s remains when, with filial love, Joseph brought them out of Egypt into Canaan. A procession, long and elaborately arranged, attended the removal of the ark from its temporary sojourn in the house of Obed-Edom. A procession, glorious and imposing, preceded the dedication of Solomon’s temple. A procession——”

“Pray,” said the vicar sharply, “do you mean to contend that any one of these processions was at all the counterpart of a Masonic procession?”

“I do not; I disclaim all such irreverent intentions,” returned the other, gravely: “my object was simply to show that, by the VERY HIGHEST authority which man can produce, processions are not forbidden. Usages sanction their adoption among ourselves. They form a part of our most august ceremonies. When the peer presents an address to the sovereign on his escape from the hands of an assassin, on the birth of an heir to the throne, on the marriage of one of the royal family, they repair to the royal presence in procession. At the coronation of the sovereign one of the most important features in the pageant is a gorgeous and lengthened procession. That procession, let me remind you, sir, wends its way to the house of God, and for the purposes of worship. It enters the abbey. There divine service is performed; in the course of which the sovereign receives the crown and takes an oath to the people. These points are pressed on you, as pertinent to the subject. Surely, after considering them, you will hold us blameless if, as Masons, we wish to ‘Go up to the house of God in company’—in other words, ‘in procession?’”

“Plausible, but hollow!” was the vicar’s comment: then, after a pause, “you have failed to convince me. I object to you, strongly, on the score of your processions, and I object to you still more decidedly on the score of your——secret. You are a secret society; are held together by a stringent oath; and now I hold that, wherever there is mystery, there is iniquity!”

“A harsh conclusion, indeed!” exclaimed Mr. Walford, the wine-merchant, who now took part in the discussion; “you cannot be serious in maintaining it!

When you assert secrecy to be criminal, you have forgotten its universal agency. It has escaped you how largely it pervades both public and private life. In every department its operation is traceable. The naval commander sails from his country’s shores under sealed orders. He has private papers which contain his instructions. These he is to open in a certain latitude and longitude. Meanwhile their import is ‘secret’ to him, and to those who serve under him. But he accepts his trust unhesitatingly. The ‘secrecy’ in which his orders are veiled does not indispose him towards their fulfilment, make him suspicious of their origin, doubtful of their necessity, or render their faithful performance one whit less obligatory upon his part. His duty is to obey. Take another instance: the cabinet council which deliberates on the interests of this great country, and advises the sovereign in matters of policy, is sworn to secrecy. No member of it is allowed, without distinct permission from the reigning prince, to divulge one syllable of what passes at its sittings. *It is a SECRET conclave.* But no one questions, *on that account*, the legality or propriety of its decisions. In private life secrecy obtains. In a commercial partnership there are secrets—the secrets of the firm. To them each co-partner is privy; but is solemnly bound not to disclose them. In most households there are facts which the heads of that household do not divulge to their servants, children, and dependants. Prudence enjoins secrecy. So that, in public and in private life, in all affairs of state, and in affairs of commerce, secrecy, more or less, prevails; why, then, should it be objected to the Freemason, that in his Order there is a secret which is essential to the existence of the fraternity, and which he is bound to hold sacred?”

“Ha! ha! ha! An adroit evasion of a very awkward accusation!” cried the vicar with an enjoyable chuckle: “who is general of your Order? There must be Jesuits amongst ye! No argument from Stonyhurst could be more jesuitically pointed!” And again the vicar laughed heartily.

The Deputation did not join him. They looked on in silence. Perhaps they thought the refusal of the church a sufficient annoyance, without the addition of the vicar’s bantering. His pleasantry was not infectious. Perchance they held with the delinquent negro, in one of our West India colonies, who was first severely reprimanded, and then soundly thrashed, by his owner—“Massa, massa; no preachee too and floggee too!”

At length one of them, with great gravity, inquired, “Whether Mr. Gresham had any further objection to urge?”

“O dear, yes! I am hostile to you, because you COMBINE.”

The banker now fired his broadside.

"We do. We are as a city at unity in itself. We form a band of united Brethren, bound by one solemn obligation, stringent upon all, from the highest to the lowest; and the object of our combination? boundless charity and untiring benevolence. We must be charitable and kindly-affectioned to all; but more especially to our Brethren. With them we are ever to sympathize readily, and their necessities to succor cheerfully. Respect are we to have none, either as to color, creed, or country. And yet is our charity to be neither indiscriminate, wasteful, nor heedless. We are to prefer the worthy brother, and to reject the worthless. And our warrant for so doing is his command who has said: 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, and to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.'"

"The latter remark none can gainsay," said the vicar coldly; "and thus, I believe, our interview terminates."

The Deputation retired, desperately chagrined.

The church was closed against them. The new lodge was opened; but there was no public procession, and no sermon. To me, lightly and carelessly as I then thought of the fraternity, there seemed much that was inexplicable in the rebuff which it sustained. Here was Mr. Gresham, a conscientious and well-intentioned man, who lamented, Sunday after Sunday, the prevalence of sorrow, care, and suffering around him; who spoke, with tears in his eyes, of the apathy of the rich and the endurance of the poor; who deplored the selfishness of the age; who averred, bitterly and repeatedly, that "all sought their own"—here was he, withstanding to his utmost a brotherhood who declared—and none contradicted them—that their leading object was to relieve distress and sorrow. Of him they seek an audience. When gained, they use it to request the use of his pulpit, with the view of making their principles better known; of effacing some erroneous impressions afloat respecting them; in other words, of strengthening their cause.

That cause they maintain to be identical with *disinterested benevolence and brotherly love*.

Mr. Gresham declares "off;" refuses them his church; and will have nothing to do with them! "They may solve the riddle who can," said I, as, thoroughly baffled, I sought my pillow. "Each and all are incomprehensible. I don't know which party is the most confounding; the Masons with their well-guarded secret, or Mr. Gresham with his insurmountable prejudices!"

TRUE friendship is like sound health; its value is seldom known until it is lost.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE LODGE LECTURES, WITH THE MEANS OF ACQUIRING A KNOWLEDGE OF THEM.

BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

"BRO. LANE said he had derived much pleasure and instruction from that source of knowledge which is contained in published works on Masonry. Those who know anything of the Continent, know that large collections of books exist in masonic societies there, and, that many valuable works were in this country, which the library, if established, might some day hope to possess. He had collected several rare and costly works on Masonry, valuable, even in the places where they were published and best known, for their scarcity; these he intended to present if the library were established, and carried on under regulations satisfactory to him."—*Debate in the Grand Lodge of England on the formation of a Library and Museum.*

THE Lectures of Freemasonry teach—and if they taught nothing else, their value would be incalculable—that it is only by the practice of the relative and social duties of life that our present condition can be benefitted, or even maintained. The discharge of these permanent obligations, will make good masters, as well as good servants; good magistrates, as well as good subjects; kind husbands, and faithful wives; for all have duties to perform, the absence of any one of which would break the chain of social relations, and destroy the peace and happiness of those who are unfortunately placed under its influence. A vicious parent, by evil example, will demoralize the principles of his offspring; and the consequences may be transmitted for years to come; as is the case with some physical peculiarities and blemishes; whence arises the bad character which we frequently find attached to particular families; and adheres to them and their descendants, who inherit their mischievous propensities, sometimes through many generations.

The proposition will hold good when applied to a masonic lodge. If the Master be addicted to intemperance, the brethren will eagerly imitate the example, and plead it as an excuse for their own irregularities. But such a plea, though it may satisfy the conscience of an offending person, will avail him nothing in mitigation of the punishment which is due to his crime, whatever it may be, either in this world or in that which is to come. Would it be accounted a valid excuse in a court of justice, for a prisoner to urge the legality of his having committed a murder or a robbery, because others had done the same, or because they persuaded him to do it? Or will the laws of Masonry be invalidated, if an erring brother should plead—"I only imitated the example which had been set by the W. M. when I got intoxicated, or slandered a fellow-creature; and therefore he is the transgressor, and not I." He might with equal justice

blame the genial influence of the sun because it brings poisonous, as well as salutiferous, herbs to maturity.

In the Book of Constitutions this is guarded against by a series of judicious regulations which can neither be evaded nor misunderstood. Indeed, the first lesson which is taught to a candidate is, the necessity of a strict adherence to his relative and social duties. And to give this the greater effect, it is directed to be done by the Master, in a Charge which he is enjoined to deliver at every intimation. In this Charge the following beautiful passage occurs: "As a citizen of the world, I am next to enjoin you to be exemplary in the discharge of your civil duties, by never proposing, or at all countenancing, any act that may have a tendency to subvert the peace and good order of society; by paying due obedience to the laws of any state which may for a time become the place of your residence, or afford you its protection; and, above all, by never losing sight of the allegiance due to the sovereign of your native land; ever remembering that Nature has implanted in your breast a sacred indissoluble attachment to that country from which you derived your birth and infant nurture." Indeed, the same Charge declares that, the practice of social and moral virtue constitutes the solid foundation on which Masonry rests. And this view is borne out by the general teaching of the Lodge.

A knowledge of the Lectures of Masonry is accomplished by a system of mutual instruction which encourages and rewards industry. Indolence is, indeed, the parent of every vice. "If you ask me," says Lavater,—"if you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine that I will answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence; who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." It has been justly remarked that if the mind of man be not employed in good, it will be employed in evil. And hence spring the numerous crimes which deform society, and lead to a painful and ignominious death.

The sagacious Greeks saw this in its true light, and their legislators provided against it by the introduction of judicious laws. Solon, as well as Draco, began with childhood, and provided for the good conduct of the future citizen by assigning masters adapted to the character and talents of the children; and especial care was taken that no evil communications should contaminate their minds. A court of justice was appointed to superintend the process of education; and if any improper person intruded himself unnecessarily into the presence of the children, he was punished with death. When arrived at maturity, the school was changed for the gymnasium; and they were still under the su-

perintendence of the law, that the dangers of evil example might be avoided, and purity of manners secured. After this, rewards were assigned to virtue, and punishment to vice.

A similar plan is pursued in a mason's lodge. The system of lecturing which is there used, if industriously and faithfully pursued, will produce the same effect, by extinguishing idleness, and promoting a spirit of enquiry and thought. Every person becomes desirous of excelling; and this induces an earnest attention and application to the business in hand. The offices of the lodge are open to none but such as, by diligent reflection, have formed their minds to a habit of reasoning, which is the forerunner of knowledge, and enables them to exchange the character of pupils for that of teachers. The judicious division of the Lectures into sections and clauses, affords ample facilities for improvement; and by acquiring a competent knowledge of the parts; by conquering the graduated steps in detail; the tyro soon becomes master of the whole; and the excellency to which he thus visibly approaches, recommends him to the notice and applause of the brethren.

The knowledge thus acquired is a species of wealth which is enduring, and cannot be taken away. When the city of Megara was captured by Demetrius, and the soldiers were about to plunder it, the Athenians, by a strong intercession, prevailed on the general to be satisfied with the expulsion of the garrison. There was residing in the city at that time a celebrated philosopher whose name was Stilpo. Demetrius sought him out, and asked him if the soldiers had taken anything from him. He answered, "no, none of them wanted to steal my knowledge."

A habit of systematic regularity being once attained by the practice of the lodge, it soon becomes characteristic of the man; and this principle, judiciously exercised, will lead him to eminence, whatever may be the station which he occupies in the world. A heathen poet could tell us that idleness is the prolific parent of all vice.

*Queritur Ægyptus quare sit factus adulter;
In promptu causu est; desidiosus erat.*

On the other hand, perseverance is always successful; for that which is attributed to misfortune, may often be the effect of imprudence or inattention. How frequently do we hear complaints from indolent men, that their time is so fully occupied in providing for the necessities of their families, that they have no leisure for speculative pursuits, when in fact there are more hours wasted in frivolities by such men than would serve to make them masters of all the arts and sciences, if they were properly applied. When Philip, king of Macedonia, invited Dionysius the

younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the King find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?" Dionysius answered, "in those hours which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

By the practice of industry, even during the short period employed by the master in delivering his periodical instructions, any Brother may improve his mind by acquiring a competent knowledge of the Lodge Lectures; and they will abundantly reward his labours, by leading him to regard the works of creation not merely with the eye of a philosopher, but with the eye of a Christian. They will teach him to look from Nature up to Nature's God, as displayed in his glorious works in the starry firmament, which every Mason who is desirous of becoming perfect in the art should study with attention, as they display the wonders of his handy work. The canopy of the Lodge is an open book where he may read the tokens of power and magnificence which display the absolute perfection of T G A O T U. The annual recurrence of vegetation and decay affords striking indications of his powerful Hand, but the beauties with which he hath decorated the heavens, are evident manifestations of his supremacy, still more sublimely apparent. They harmonize with his Holy Word, and contain incontrovertible proofs of its truth; and the Master of a Lodge who omits to draw the attention of the brethren to these august phenomena, is deficient in his duties, and fails to make the science of Freemasonry subservient to the great end for which it is principally designed—the glory of God and the welfare of man.

The true mason will look with sentiments of awe and veneration on these and other great works which are open to his observation, although not, perhaps, specifically mentioned in the lectures. I refer to the treasures as well as the terrors which the earth contains within its bowels; minerals and metals; boiling springs and burning mountains; earthquakes and simoons, pestilence and famine. All these, if judiciously introduced as an illustration of certain portions of the lectures, will prove highly interesting to the brethren, and enable the intelligent Master to refer them severally to the power of the Most High. "For it is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder; it is the Lord that ruleth the sea; the voice of Jehovah is mighty in operation; the voice of Jehovah is a glorious voice. It breaketh the cedar trees; yea, it breaketh the cedars of Libanus. He maketh them also to

skip like a calf; Libanus also, and Sirion, like a young unicorn. The voice of Jehovah divideth the flames of fire; the voice of Jehovah shaketh the wilderness; yea, the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Cadés."¹

All your scientific disquisitions are invested with the same tendency. They serve to make us wiser and better men; and if they fail to do so, the fault is not in the institution, but in the indifference of the recipient to the real object and design of masonic teaching.

It will be readily admitted that the details of Freemasonry are somewhat faulty, and their amendment would tend to increase not only the benefits but the popularity of the Order. In the United States these details are carried out with much better effect than in some of our country Lodges; the consequence of which is, that the Order is so universally and widely diffused throughout every class of the community in that Republic, as to constitute almost a national establishment. This is owing, however, in some measure to the amicable antagonism and social intercourse of its numerous independent Grand Lodges, which being placed amidst the private Lodges under their individual jurisdiction, they are enabled to superintend the working, to restrain disorders, and to apply an instant and effectual remedy for any irregularity which may spring up amongst them.

It is a question, which the fraternity may answer, whether, if every province in England had its independent Grand Lodge, masonry would not be more prosperous, more regarded, and more abundantly useful. As this, however, is a consummation which can scarcely be reduced to practice, we must consider whether certain improvement may not lawfully be accomplished without it. And for this purpose we will again refer to the usage of the United States of America. One great cause of the overwhelming influence of transatlantic masonry, is the extensive encouragement given by its Grand Lodges to publications on masonic subjects. Their language is unanimous on this point. The Grand Lodge of New York, in its printed transactions, thus expresses its opinion: "In reference to the several masonic periodicals named by our D. G. Master, if judiciously conducted, as your committee entertain no doubt they will be, they are calculated to accomplish a vast amount of good, by diffusing more extensively those sound, moral, and benevolent principles, which so eminently characterize this venerable institution; we therefore recommend those publications to the liberal patronage of the fraternity.

And again in the same document, we find the following clause, "In relation to

¹ Psalm xxix., 2—7.

the recommendation of the D. G. Master, desiring some action of the Grand Lodge with reference to Lectures to be delivered in the several Lodge-rooms, not only on the principles of masonry, but on the Arts and Sciences, embracing any or all such subjects as shall improve the moral and intellectual powers, and qualify the brethren for greater usefulness in the several spheres in which they move, rendering them, in an eminent sense, the *lights* of masonry; we are of opinion that the adoption of such a practice would be attended with the happiest results, and add much to the interest of fraternal communications. The masonic institution is appropriately a school of the Arts and Sciences, as well as the moral virtues; and therefore the Grand Lodge recommend in the strongest language, the adoption of the above specified course of instruction by Lectures on the practical, as well as the moral and mental sciences, in each of the subordinate Lodges. This whole matter appears to be one of deep interest, and if judiciously conducted by brethren competent to the undertaking, will not only be productive of great good to individual members, but to those communities where such lodges are established."

The Grand Lodge of New Hampshire is equally explicit. Its Grand Master in 1843 thus promulgated his sentiments from the throne: "You will permit me, brethren, to bring before you, for your countenance and support, the Freemason's Monthly Magazine, published in Boston, Massachusetts, under the editorial charge of our valued brother, R. W. Charles W. Moore, Secretary of the G. L. of Massachusetts, and former publisher of the Masonic Mirror, which was suspended during the dark years when the anti-masonic party of that State followed up persecution on the rights of our ancient and honourable institution, with a zeal that could hardly be commendable, if used for a better purpose. This work is conducted with ability and interest. It is the fruit of reflection and study; animated by a spirit that breathes love to man, and expresses in clear tones the faith of an institution that will outlive all persecution; implanting in the heart of the initiated that charity which suffereth long and is kind. To such a work, conducted on the true principles of Freemasonry, which cannot fail to further the progress of the Craft,—I trust, and doubt not, you will give your support." This avowal and recommendation was warmly and eloquently advocated by several members of the Grand Lodge, who bore ample testimony to the high and exalted character of that publication; and it was unanimously recommended to "the Members of the Fraternity every where, as worthy and highly deserving their patronage and support."

Nor do we find throughout the United States an adverse opinion on this subject. Indeed, the several Grand Lodges attach so much importance to printed disquisitions which may be accessible to the brethren, and conduce to promote that degree of uniformity which is so desirable amongst the Craft, that at a general Convention of all the Grand Lodges in the States, holden at Baltimore in Maryland, May, 1843, a Committee was appointed to prepare and publish at an early day a text book, to be called the Masonic Treas-tle Board, embracing three distinct, full and complete Masonic Carpets, illustrative of the three degrees of ancient craft masonry; together with the ceremonies of consecrations, dedications, and installations: the laying of corner stones of public edifices; the funeral service, and order of processions; to which shall be added the charges, prayers, and exhortations, and the selections from Scripture, appropriate and proper for Lodge service. The Committee further reported, that they deem it expedient that a work be published to contain archeological researches into the history of the Fraternity in the various nations of the world. In compliance with a formal order to that effect, the Lecture on the Treas-tle Board has been printed, and is now before the public.

In England there is an influential party whose study it is to discourage all scientific disquisitions connected with Freemasonry. Such a course, if persisted in, would throw us back upon the dark ages, and furnish our adversaries with a weapon which they would not fail to wield with fearful effect. But happily we have a sufficiency of liberal minded brethren who are anxious to place the beauties of masonic benevolence, and the excellencies of masonic science fairly before the public, that its light may shine before men, to the glory of T G A O T U who is in heaven.

These two sections entertain very different opinions on the best means of promoting and cementing the general interests of the Craft. The former think it inexpedient to allow any alterations to be made in the system; lest, under the idea of improvement, innovations should creep in, which might, in process of time, change the very essence of the institution, and gradually deprive it of those characteristics which are considered to be its greatest ornaments. The other party, who are also numerous and influential, are of opinion that masonry ought to keep pace with all other scientific improvements; and that in the progress of mental enlightenment, which distinguishes the present era, if this Order alone should remain stationary, and take no part in forwarding the march of intellect in its own peculiar sphere, it will forfeit its claim to public notice or approbation.

In the present state of intellectual improvement, men do not meet together for the insane purpose of hearing repetitions of truisms with which they are already acquainted. Their minds reach forward to something new. They will not consent to retrograde, nor are they satisfied with remaining stationary. Time is considered too valuable to be wasted without actual improvement; and it is by the exercise of the intellect that it is strengthened and rendered capable of renewed exertion. To Freemasonry, as in all other human pursuits, the onward principle must be applied, if we would make it applicable to the poetry and philosophy of life; or the paralyzing question, *cui bono?* will be surrounded with difficulties that, in the end, will be found inextricable. The time is drawing near when the investigations of masonry must be carried on in common. Every member will demand his share of the work. The W. M. will be the Moderator to preserve the unanimity of the proceedings; and his task of instructing and improving the brethren in masonry, will admit of a participation with other talented brethren, who have had as much experience as himself. By such a course the Order will be ennobled, and will claim and receive the respect to which it is fairly entitled.

The former section of the Craft entertain a great aversion to publications on the subject of masonry, and discountenance them by every means in their power, under an impression that such writings, although exclusively confined to the philosophy and poetry of the Order, are calculated to do a great deal of mischief by enlightening the profane on subjects of which they ought to remain for ever in ignorance, except their knowledge be acquired through the legitimate medium of initiation.

But if nothing were lawful but what is absolutely necessary, ours would be but a miserable world to live in. Literary talent would be circumscribed within a very narrow compass; science would be consigned to oblivion; the fine arts be suffered to decay; and we should return to the state, almost savage, of the primitive inhabitants of England, who dwelt in dens, and caves, and wretched hovels, and according to Dio Niceus, would bury themselves in bogs up to their neck, and continue in that state for many days together without sustenance; and retiring from thence they would take shelter in the woods, and feed upon the bark and roots of trees. Instead of clothing, their bodies were tattooed with divers figures of animals and plants; living continually at war with their neighbors, and offering their prisoners in sacrifice to their gods. The above objection, therefore, is not of sufficient weight to counterbalance the bene-

fits which are derivable from masonic investigations.

For these reasons, the latter class of our brethren entertain a reasonable opinion that Freemasonry ought not to linger behind any other scientific institution; but in its onward progress ought to run parallel, at the least, with the very foremost, towards the goal of perfection. For this purpose they give their full sanction and encouragement to printed disquisitions on the general principles of the Order, because they consider such productions to be eminently calculated to carry out the scientific and benevolent designs of masonry, and to cause those who have been most bitter and active in their hostility, to entertain more modified views of the institution, and even to solicit the honour of initiation, that they may become acquainted with its real tendency and design.

The former would prefer the alternative, that errors and imperfections should eternally deform the institution, rather than see them dragged forth and exterminated by legislative enactment; and that silence on the subject will make the world believe Freemasonry to be perfect, and unimprovable even in the minutest particular. But mankind are not so easily deceived. They know very well that no human institution is perfect; and their lynx eye is too penetrating, notwithstanding all our secrecy and all our care, to allow our imperfections to escape their notice. If, therefore, we wish Freemasonry to be publicly esteemed as a popular establishment, let us boldly apply the caustic, and expunge every questionable doctrine and practice from the system; for a cure cannot reasonably be expected, unless we discover the cause of the disease.

Amongst the latter class we find many successive Grand Lodges from the time of the great revival in 1717, as is evidenced by the organic changes to which they have given a decided and unequivocal sanction. As for instance, the gradual increase in the names and number of the officers of Lodges. Originally these consisted of three only. In 1721, a Deputy Grand Master was first appointed. In 1722, the office of Secretary was instituted; and this was succeeded in the following year by the nomination of Stewards; but it was not till 1730 that the office of a Treasurer was added to the list. In 1732 a Sword Bearer; but the office of a Deacon was unknown till the very latter end of the century. These were succeeded by the Grand Chaplains, Architects, Portrait Painters, and, after the rennion in 1813, by an officer called Pro Grand Master which, however, appears to be considered necessary only when a Prince of the blood royal is Grand Master.

These are all changes in the original system, and were introduced for the im-

provement of the Order, under the following law of the first Grand Lodge: "that any Grand Lodge duly met, has a power to amend or explain any of the printed regulations in the Book of Constitutions, while they break not in upon the ancient rules of the fraternity."

It appears, then, from the above authority, that alterations, not affecting the Landmarks or fundamental principles of masonry, may be lawfully made under the sanction of the Grand Lodge; and also that such alterations have, from time to time, been considered necessary by that body, to meet the requirements of an improved state of society.

The question then arises, what are the Landmarks of Masonry, and to what do they refer? This has never been clearly defined. I have already recorded my opinion on the Historical Landmarks, in a voluminous work, expressly written for their elucidation; but it will be remarked that these are only the *Landmarks of the Lectures*, which, though practiced by the fraternity under the above high sanction, have been almost entirely introduced into the system since the period of revival in 1717. There are other Landmarks in the ancient institution of Freemasonry, which have remained untouched in that publication; and it is not unanimously agreed to what they may be confined.

Some restrict them to the O B, Signs, Tokens, and Words. Others include the ceremonies of initiation, passing, and raising; and the form, dimensions, and support; the ground, situation, and covering; the ornaments, furniture, and jewels of a Lodge, or their characteristic symbols. Some think that the Order has no Landmarks beyond its peculiar secrets. And the Rev. Salem Town, long the Grand Chaplain of the State of New York, whose book on Speculative Masonry was published under the sanction of the highest masonic authorities in the country, expressly declares that *our leading tenets are no secrets*. And again, "by a full and fair exposition of our great leading principles, we betray no secrets." Colonel Stone, in his Letters on Masonry and Antimasonry, says, "from the period at which I reached the summit of what is called ancient masonry, I have held but one opinion in relation to masonic secrets; and in that opinion I have always found my intelligent brethren ready to concur. It was this:—that the essential secrets of masonry, consisted in nothing more than the signs, grips, pass-words and tokens, to preserve the society from the inroads of impostors; together with certain symbolical emblems, the technical terms appertaining to which served as a sort of universal language, by which the members of the fraternity could distinguish each other in all places and countries where

lodges were instituted, and conducted like those of the United States." Another American writer affirms that, "the secrets of masonry are her signs, words, and tokens; these the oath regards, and no more. The common language of masons, in conversation on the subject of masonry, is a proof that this is the opinion of the fraternity in respect to the application of the oaths."³

If we adopt any of the above views of the subject, it will lead to a full conviction that some of the Landmarks have sustained considerable modifications, in order to adapt them to the improvements in science and morals which have distinguished the period when they were introduced. For instance, it is generally supposed that the O B is a Landmark. The Ex-President Adams, in leading the crusade against Freemasonry in the United States, A. D. 1834, which he hoped would elevate him to the presidency, calls it the chief Landmark of masonry, and that on which the very existence of the Order depends. And he adds dictatorially: "the whole cause between Masonry and Antimasonry, now on trial before the tribunal of public opinion, is concentrated in one single act. Let a single Lodge resolve that they will cease to administer the O B, and that Lodge is dissolved. Let the whole Order resolve that it shall no longer be administered, and the order is dissolved; for the abolition of the O B necessarily imports the extinction of all the others."

This is an extreme opinion; but there are many amongst ourselves who entertain a similar belief. Let us, then, enquire whether any alterations have been permitted on this vital point. There are very cogent reasons for believing that primitive Freemasonry had but one O B for all the three degrees, which was short, expressive and compact; and the penalty has been handed to our own times as an unalterable landmark. It was in this form before the year 1500, as appears from the old masonic manuscript which has been published by Haliwell, "A good trwe othe ehe ther swere to hys mayster and hys fellows that ben there; that he will be stedefast and and trwe also, to all thys ordynance, whersever he go, and to hys lyge lord the kinge, to be trwe to hym, over alle thyng. And alle these poyntes hyr before to hem thou most nede be yswore." The points here referred to were condensed by Desaguliers and his colleagues Payne, Anderson, Sayer, Morrice, and others in the O B of 1720.

At present every degree has its separate O B, with penalties modelled on the original specimen. But even the first O B has sustained several alterations under the sanction of different Grand Lodges; and

³ Letter vii. ² Ward's Freemasonry, p. 144.

at the reunion under the two Grand Masters, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, when a new arrangement of the Lectures was entrusted to the Lodge of Reconciliation by the United Grand Lodge, the ancient penalty was modified, and its construction changed from a physical to a moral punishment.

I would not have it understood that I disapprove of the alteration; although there are masons who consider it as the removal of an ancient Landmark, because I belong to that class who think that Masonry, being a progressive science, is susceptible of improvement in accordance with the temper and intelligence of the age, without trenching on established Landmarks. I agree with Grand Master Tannehill when he says, "the Landmarks of the Order have existed through unnumbered ages, if not precisely in their present form, at least without any essential variation, although they have been handed down from age to age by oral tradition. The progress of society, the various changes that have taken place in the political, religious and moral condition of mankind, have probably introduced various modifications in the forms and ceremonies of the Order; still its fundamental principles, and those characteristics which distinguish it from other human institutions, remain the same; so that by its symbolic language, a mason of one country is readily recognized and acknowledged in another. To preserve these Landmarks, and transmit them to our successors, is a duty we owe to posterity, and of which we cannot be acquitted so long as moral obligation has any force."⁴

The alteration of the Master's word is another instance of the discretionary power which is vested in the Grand Lodge, of authorizing organic changes; for although not expunged, it was translated from the third degree to the Royal Arch by the Grand Lodge of England *after the middle of the last century*, and a new word substituted in its place. Before that period its masonic meaning was explained by the words, "the Grand Architect and Contriver of the Universe, or he that was taken up to the top of the pinnacle of the holy Temple." Now, as no one was ever taken to the top of the pinnacle of the holy Temple but Christ, or the second person in the Trinity, there can be no mistake as to the meaning which our ancient brethren assigning to that sacred and sublime Word.

This construction was kept pre-eminent before the fraternity in every code of lectures which the Grand Lodge thought it expedient, as society advanced in intelligence, to recommend to the practice of the subordinate lodges. A series of types were first introduced; then they were ex-

plained as being applicable to the Messiah; and an illustration was appended explanatory of the five great points of his birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension. The herald and the beloved disciple were constituted the two great parallels of the Order, and symbolized by the figure of a circle, point, and parallel lines, which I have already, in a little work, devoted expressly to the subject, examined in detail; and to which I would refer the curious reader for further information respecting these two presumed patrons of masonry. The three great virtues of Christianity were embodied in another emblem on the same road to heaven; and which, as the authorized lectures expressed it, "by walking according to our masonic profession, will bring us to that blessed mansion above, where the just exist in perfect bliss to all eternity; where we shall be eternally happy with God, the Grand Geometrician of the Universe, and his only Son who died for us, and rose again that we might be justified through faith in his most precious blood."

Many of the above illustrations were expunged by Dr. Hemming and his associates in the Lodge of Reconciliation, from the revised lectures; Moses and Solomon were substituted as the two masonic parallels, and T G A O T U were referred to God the Father instead of God the Son; forgetting, as Bishop Horsley observes, that "Christ, the Deliverer, whose coming was announced by the prophet Malachi, was no other than the JEHOVAH of the Old Testament. Jehovah by his angels delivered the Israelites from their Egyptian bondage; and the same Jehovah came in person to his Temple, to effect the greater and more general deliverance, of which the former was an imperfect type."

The above changes were made under the idea that masonry, being cosmopolite, ought not to entertain any peculiar religious tenets, lest, instead of being based on the broad foundation of universality, it should dwindle into sectarianism. But, without reminding you, that so far from being a religious sect, Christianity, if we are to believe the Jewish or Christian Scriptures, is a universal religion, which is destined to spread over the whole earth, and to embrace every created people in one fold and under one shepherd—the substitution of Moses and Solomon for the two Saint Johns, is in fact producing and perpetuating the very evil which the alteration was professedly introduced to avoid—it is identifying the Order with a *peculiar religion*, which, though true at its original promulgation, was superseded by its divine author when the sceptre had departed from Judah.

At this period the religious atmosphere was enlightened by THE BIRTH OF LIGHT, in the appearance of Shiloh—the Day Star

⁴ American Masonic Register, vol. iv. p. 1.

from on high—a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the people of Israel; who introduced a new Covenant, of which the religion of the Jews was a type or symbol; except that as the Mosaic dispensation was temporary, that of Christ was general, for all nations, and everlasting, for all ages.

WHY A WOMAN CANNOT BE MADE A MASON.

BY HON. CHAR. SCOTT, A. M.

THE immutable rules and principles of Masonic jurisprudence are reasonable and just. The law which prohibits the fraternity from making a woman a Mason is universally obligatory; and when the reason of the law is considered, no just objection can be raised to it. We adopt the language attributed to Zerubbabel, in speaking of the power of woman: "Neither the force of wine, nor the power of princes, can be denied; but women have incontestably the superiority. Before the king, the mother of the king existed. The charms of women may compel us to abandon our country, relatives, and dearest friends, and attach ourselves wholly to them. But neither woman nor kings can be put in competition with the power of truth. *Truth is immutable and perfect*; the advantages we derive from it are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, but are pure, irreproachable, and eternal."

The reason why females are excluded from our rites, must be obvious to every reflecting Mason. It is not for want of moral or mental worth; but such is our peculiar organization, that men only can preserve its unity. "In the very organization of Masonry," says a learned brother, "man, alone, can fulfil the duties it inculcates, or perform the labors it enjoins. Our ancient brethren wrought at the building of King Solomon's Temple; and as Solomon only employed hale and hearty men, and cunning workmen, so our Lodges or laws demand, that none shall become members of the Order who are not every way capable of doing such work as the Master shall order to be done.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground," is a portion of the sentence pronounced upon Adam. *Labor* is the lot of man, and the history of our race testifies to the disobedience of our offending father. The sentence of labor rested upon him, and was made transmissible to his posterity. It was "beneficial as well as sanative." Every Mason is acquainted with both the necessity and benefit of punishment being inflicted for a wilful violation of law, and something also of the blessing which was contained in it. Did it not afford to the

workmen at the Temple some hope of Masonic redemption? As soon as Adam violated the law of his Maker, and the sentence of labor and death was pronounced, that very moment notices of mercy and deliverance were given.

When that vast multitude of the sons of Adam were employed under Solomon, in the forests of Lebanon and the quarries of Zarthan, their labor was directed to the preparation of materials for the construction of that Temple which was a splendid type of the kingdom of God. No woman was employed in the work. Women are not suited to be hewers of wood or drawers of water, stone-squarers or expert architects. The degrees of Masonry, being symbolical of labor, furnish a proper reason for the exclusion of women from our Lodges. Such exclusion cannot be founded upon their inferiority to man. Solomon knew the worth of a virtuous woman. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, not evil, all the days of her life. She stretcheth forth her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and called her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her." An ancient reason given for refusing females the privilege of enjoying the rites and benefits of Masonry, was the prohibition in Deuteronomy: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to the man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment." The dress or apparel of a Mason, and particularly the dress of one passing through the celebration of the mysteries, would not be suitable for a woman. In the language of Bishop Patrick, "If there were no distinction of sexes made by their habits, it would open the door to all manner of impurity; for which reason, if there was no other, this law was very wise and pious."

Again, to make women teachers in the house of God was forbidden, for the apostle hath said: "I permit not a woman to teach;" and again: "Let your women in churches be silent." These declarations of Scripture are generally supposed to be a prohibition of women's preaching. St. Paul also says: "I suffer not woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was formed, then Eve." And this seems to be in accordance with that recorded by Moses: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Before the fall, she had equal authority and jurisdiction with Adam over the animal creation; but, after the fall, God subjected her to the government of man. She was no longer free. She was in a state of

subjection. Man had the pre-eminence; and hence a woman should attempt nothing, either in public or private, that belongs to man in his peculiar function.

While the Fraternity have never attempted to alter or repeal this fundamental rule in regard to women, such has been their esteem for the wives and daughters of Masons, that ladies' lodges, called lodges of adoption, have been long common on the continent of Europe; and in America there are certain *side* or *honorary* degrees which may be conferred on the wives and daughters of Masons. But adoptive Masonry is not Freemasonry.

The laws of Masonry have made ample provision for the care, maintenance, and protection of the widows of our deceased brethren. While we are bound to protect their honor, under the most solemn sanctions, it is our privilege and duty to provide for their necessities, whenever we can do so without injury to ourselves or families. If they cannot participate in the labors of a lodge, they shall share our wages and enjoy our hospitality. We recognise the law of eternal justice, that "man cannot debase woman without becoming himself degraded: he cannot elevate her without becoming better." Formerly, there were widows in the Christian church who, because of their poverty, were placed on the list of persons to be provided for at the expense of the church. God frequently recommends to His people to be very careful in relieving the widow. He ever calls Himself the husband of the desolate one, and says: "Let your widows trust in me." St. Paul tells us to "honor widows, that are widows indeed;" that is, to provide for, protect, and support those widows who are really destitute and needy. The law is so particular as to describe the character of the widows who are entitled to our relief. They must be in want or distress; they must be worthy themselves, and the widows of worthy deceased brethren. The thought is scriptural, for St. Paul says: "Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, *trusteth in God*, and continueth in supplications and prayers, night and day." If she be well provided for, live in voluptuousness, indulge in criminal pleasures and desires, or take no care of her honor, then she is one without the pale of our charity. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." The widows of our deceased brethren are our adopted relations; and if they be good and true, it is our duty to assist them. "If any man or woman that believeth have widows, let them relieve them, and let not the church be charged, that it may relieve them that are widows indeed."

The Fraternity have an elevated regard for woman, and know how to appreciate her situation in the scale of social life.

Her honor is above all price; her virtue the object of their protection. Their fidelity, in certain cases, is supported and maintained by law, which no Mason has ever been known to violate. They look upon the nuptial union as sacred. Marriage, among the Israelites, was esteemed a matter of the highest obligation; and the inviolability of the marriage contract is beautifully represented in the Scriptures. The church, in the Old Testament, is often spoken of as a spouse. The prophet Isaiah, in prophesying the amplitude of the church, for the comfort of the Gentiles, saith, in regard to her: "Thy Maker is thine husband: the Lord of Hosts is His Name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: the God of the whole earth shall He be called." The writers of the New Testament have admitted and consecrated the image or figure. In speaking of the church, St. Paul says: "For I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." And St. John, our patron saint, in his holy visions, speaks of a period wherein there shall be joy and gladness: "For the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

OBJECTIONS TO FREEMASONRY ANSWERED.

IN the year 1765, there was published in France, a small work entitled, "*Apologie pour l'Ordre des Franc-Maçons, par M. N****, membre de l'Ordre.*" It successfully answered the popular objections then advanced against Freemasonry. And as these objections still obtain in the minds of many, we have judged it not amiss to republish such portions of the work above named as may tend to satisfy the skeptical and remove the lingering dislike with which many persons yet regard the Masonic Fraternity.

FIRST OBJECTION.

That these Assemblies may be directed against Religion in general; or at least may aim to establish one denomination of Christians, on the ruins of every other.

This first objection appears to comprehend two distinct and separate points; but as most of the arguments will apply equally to both, I have judged that it would be useless to divide them: they may be both answered at once, without affecting the clearness of the reasoning.

1. We carefully avoid admitting into the Order an Atheist or Deist, as far as it is possible to detect in a candidate any such opinions, or to observe in his conduct any

appearance that he is imbued with such principles. As, for example, when a man has for several years neglected public worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the communion in which he was baptized. Failings of this nature would be more than sufficient to prevent admission to the Order, with what good qualities soever a man might otherwise be endowed.

2. The Order admits Christians only. Beyond the pale of the Christian Church no one can or ought to be received; Jews, Mohammedans, and Pagans are ordinarily excluded as infidels.

These two remarks would be more than sufficient to prove to a demonstration that the Order, so far from being hostile to religion in general, or the Christian religion in particular, draws a part of its honor from the fact that it admits to its bosom Christianity only. By this course it shows that the fundamental principles of the Order flow from the profession of Christianity.

But the reply to the second point of the first objection will furnish still farther proofs.

3. All Christian communions have equal rights in the Order, and are admitted without any distinction: this is a well-established truth, supported by our constant practice, and no one will deny it. This point being established, how can any one imagine that one of these Christian societies can entertain the secret design of establishing itself upon the ruins of the other. It would be necessary to suppose the secret known only to the members of the communion, and this would be an absolute impossibility.

For, how many people, passing from one communion to another, would carry this dangerous secret with them? How many are there to whom all communions are equally different? Add to this the danger of being involved in a party which must one day fall under the attack of all other communions, justly combined against it. Here is far more than would be required to bury the whole Order under the ruins of its mysteries.

If, then, there is no reserved secret—if the whole Order without exception participates in the same mysteries, as must necessarily be the case, have I not a right to conclude that it is likewise impossible that one Christian communion should pretend, under shelter of this Order, to raise itself at the expense of all the others? Would not the members of different communions perpetually thwart each other in so senseless a project? and would they not be so many spies upon each other in every step that should be taken?

4. This argument gains additional strength from the following observation, which is directed against the pretended

irreligion of the Order: That we constantly find that men, after their initiation into the Order, remain as zealous supporters of Christianity as they were before, and just as strongly attached to the peculiar dogmas and modes of worship of the communions to which they belong. This truth is everywhere observed, and no one will deny it. Whence I conclude—First, that religion, and the Christian religion only, subsists in the Order; and cannot be separated from it, but it is in it as the basis and foundation: and, secondly, that it is not possible that any one Christian communion should seek to extend its powers to the prejudice of the other, since the Order admits to its mysteries all Christian communions indifferently.

How, then, can a Society, which cannot and will not exist separate from religion in general, and above all from the Christian religion in particular, tend to its subversion?

Or how can a Society, which admits into its bosom all Christian communions without distinction, have for its object to establish one of these communions on the ruins of one or all of the others?

SECOND OBJECTION.

That the great mysteries of these Assemblies lay them open to the suspicion of some secret disorder.

What I have just said, to demonstrate how much religion is venerated and respected in the Order, might be a sufficient answer to this second objection. For if religion is not only admitted into the Order, but is judged worthy of the same veneration as the Supreme Being who is the author of it, does it not plainly follow that nothing can take place in our Assemblies that is in the slightest degree opposed to the strictest laws of Christianity?

We, therefore, reply to this second objection only from the charity due to those who are in error with regard to a fact on which we have it in our power to enlighten them, and from a sort of cumulation of evidence; and, because, as there are always some men evil disposed, we are willing to drive these to their last entrenchments.

And here I premise that, if I sometimes avail myself of the support of religion to draw inferences in favor of Freemasonry, I do this always without pretending to put the one on a level with the other. We acknowledge and adopt with all our heart the proposition, that religion is the most ancient, the most necessary, and the most sacred of all institutions; and that to her alone we ought to give the first rank, because she derives her origin immediately from God, the Maker of all things.

1. Every one knows that the religious

assemblies of the first Christians, notwithstanding their purity and innocence, did not escape the odious accusations of the Pagans, sworn enemies of their faith and worship. The violence and cruelty of their persecutors obliged the faithful of those times to hold their assemblies at night, and in the most retired places, often in caves of the earth; and the very tyranny which forced them to this secrecy was the first basely to reproach them with the false consequences of the precaution; and the people, without examining into the cause, blindly adopted the ideas with which interested men sought to inspire them, to increase their hospitality both to the religion and to those who professed it. But at length a time arrived when the innocence of the believers triumphed.

If a religion so pure was attacked with such cruel calumnies, is it to be wondered at that Freemasonry has not escaped? which, although possessing secrets impenetrable to the uninitiated, has never laid the slightest claim to inspiration or infallibility?

That the places where the lodges meet are unknown to strangers, when the assemblies are not authorized by an express permission from the sovereign; when they are at best only tolerated; or that, in countries where they are permitted to meet publicly, they always sit with closed doors, are precautions from which it would be extremely unjust to draw invidious consequences; since, in the former case, respect for the sovereign would dictate a prudent use of the toleration he has granted; and, in the second place, it is very natural that the meetings should be held with closed doors, since secrecy is one of the most essential points of the Order.

It is unjust, then, to reproach Freemasons for their secret assemblies and their closed doors; for to change this practice would be to reveal the mysteries of the Society.

2. I go still farther: I will suppose for a moment that good and honorable men may have been entrapped among others, because, before their initiation, they had not foreseen the disorders that are practiced in these iniquitous assemblies; and that afterwards they had it not in their power to retrace their steps, having been constrained either by persuasion, or by violence, or by both united, to complete the ceremonies, so that when the fault was once commenced, it became absolutely necessary to carry it through.

But how is it that these persons of acknowledged probity and sincere religious character, after having been thus cruelly deceived, are observed to embrace the interests of the Order with such earnest zeal? would not their conscience for ever reproach them with the fault they had

committed? and would not a just indignation against societies so opposed to piety and sound morality induce them to abjure, at least in their hearts, such assemblies, and to absent themselves for ever from scenes of such licentiousness, even on the supposition that the engagements they had entered into rendered it impossible for them to make the secret known? It would be mere chicanery to argue that the same necessity which forced them to complete the work of their reception might engage them, by the most solemn oaths, to visit, at least at times, the assemblies of the Order, how great soever their natural repugnance to them.

Every one will at once perceive the weakness of such objection. Every Christian understands that an oath which binds him to commit a crime, even if taken voluntarily and without constraint, is of itself absolutely null and void: that it would be a greater crime to keep such an oath than to have originally pronounced it. Still more forcibly would he feel the indispensable necessity of revoking such an oath if it had been imposed on him by fraud or violence.

(To be continued.)

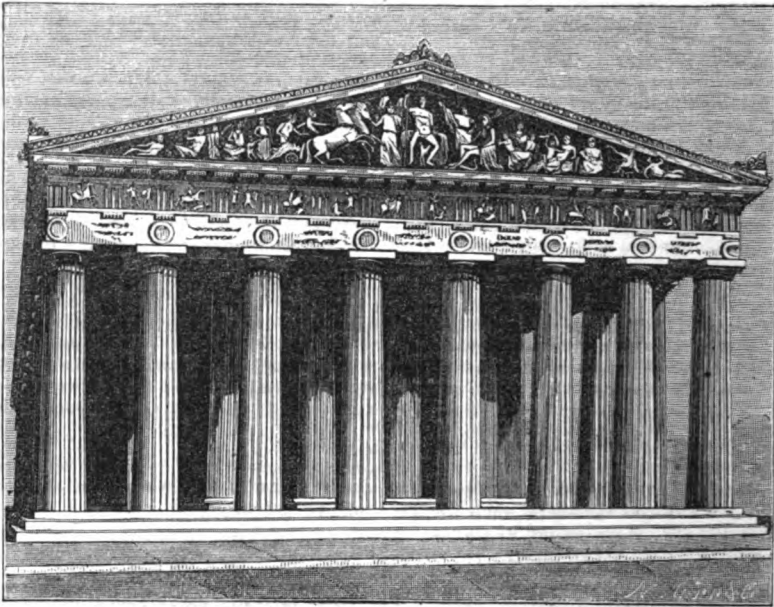
DECORATIONS.—In disposing of the furniture and decorations of a lodge, great discrimination is required; and very frequently the imposing appearance which a lodge ought to present to the eye, is lost for want of due attention to these preliminary arrangements. The expert Mason will be convinced that the walls of a lodge room ought neither to be absolutely naked nor too much decorated. A chaste disposal of symbolical ornaments in the right places, and according to propriety, relieve the dullness and vacancy of a blank space; and though but sparingly used, will produce a striking impression and contribute to the general beauty and solemnity of the scene.

HOPK is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.

SCOTT says that the most disagreeable of all things is a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll.

LOVE has its instinct. It knows how to find the way to the heart, as the feeblest insect that moves to its flower with an irresistible will which nothing daunts.

Architecture Illustrated.



THE PARTHENON : WESTERN FRONT.

LONDON, April 9th, 1859.

I NOW take up the subject of the Orders of Architecture, and will endeavor to show the origin of each from the most reliable authorities, an attempt which, I trust, will not be without interest to your subscribers, as well as to the general reader.

ORDER IN ARCHITECTURE.

Preston it was who first wrote: "By order in architecture is meant a system of the members, proportions, and ornaments of columns and pilasters; or, it is a regular arrangement of the projecting parts of a building, which, united with those of a column, form a beautiful, perfect, and complete whole. . . . The original orders of architecture were no more than three—the *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Corinthian*. To these the Romans added two—the *Tuscan*, which they made plainer than the

Doric, and the *Composite*, which was more ornamental, if not more beautiful than the *Corinthian*. The first three orders alone show invention and particular character, and essentially differ from each other; the two others have nothing but what is borrowed, and differ only accidentally; the *Tuscan* is the *Doric* in its earliest state, and the *Composite* is the *Corinthian* enriched with the *Ionic*.

"The *Doric* order, which is plain and natural," continues Preston, "is the most ancient, and was invented by the Greeks. Its column is eight diameters high, and it has seldom any ornaments on base or capital, except mouldings, though the frieze is distinguished by *triglyphs* and *metopes*, and the *triglyphs* compose the ornaments of the frieze. The solid composition of this order gives it a preference in structures where strength and a noble but rough simplicity are chiefly required. The *Doric* is the best proportioned of all the orders. The several parts of which it is composed are founded on the natural position of solid bodies. In its first invention it was more simple than in its present state. In after times, when it began

¹ The American lectures have it: "The ancient and original orders of architecture revered by *Masons*," &c. The words in *italics* were interpolated by Webb, and are certainly no improvement upon the original. No intelligent Mason will *revere* any order of architecture.

to be adorned, it gained the name of Doric; for when it was constructed in its primitive and simple form the name of Tuscan was conferred on it. Hence the Tuscan precedes the Doric in rank, on account of the resemblance to that pillar in its original state."

COLUMNS.—THE DORIC.

With the foregoing sketch of the history of order in architecture, and of the Doric order, your readers will be familiar, for all the different "Manuals" and "Monitors" in America—and their name is legion—have copied it from Preston, or, rather, they have copied the *amended* edition of it from Webb. In some points, discoveries made since the time of Preston show that the claim that the orders were "invented by the Greeks," must be abandoned; for we find the pure Doric column in the Brahminical temples in India, in the temple of Indra Sabah at Ellora, and also in many of the Egyptian temples, and especially in the rock-cut tombs of Beni Hassan, long before the Dorians had a place in history.

In the February number of your Magazine I endeavored to show the early attempts at building houses—first, skin-covered huts, and then the progressive developments in building, until architecture became a regular art, with fixed rules established for its guidance.

When the walls were built of stone, the wooden posts, of course, soon gave way to stone pillars. These were at first short, and therefore formed of a single piece of stone; but it soon became necessary to have them longer than single stones could be conveniently procured, in consequence of the increased height of the buildings; and they were then constructed of several pieces placed one on the other. The quadrangular pillar, however, in no long time must have become offensive to the eye accustomed to the circular form of trees, and the stones were rounded to form the column. After a time, the upper part of the column, or more properly the block which was placed on the top to afford a better bearing for the beams, was moulded into an oval or convex shape—the *echinus*. To form a more tasteful connection between the column and the echinus, a few horizontal stripes were made in the lower part of the top-piece, and another stripe was afterwards cut in some inches

below, and so the neck of the column was formed. The mouldings of the stripes and of the echinus itself are sometimes different, as may be observed in several Doric capitals. To give the column greater strength and stability, it was made wider at the foot than at the neck and capital; and to make it appear lighter, it was channelled with perpendicular stripes, and hence the origin of the flutes. These flutes were sometimes close to each other, and sometimes a small ridge was left between them. Sometimes the shaft was left plain, and at a later period the column itself was decorated with foliated work. Some Doric columns have flutes of a few inches in length close below the neck, and others of the same length at the foot, the remainder of the shaft being left plain. Columns of this description, when first met with, were considered unfinished; but after they had been observed on monuments, under circumstances which absolutely excluded the idea of an unfinished column, the opinion was established that they were purposely so formed, and these columns were called mantled columns.

The introduction of human figures as supports of the entablature instead of columns, was made at a later period, in order to convey the idea of the submission of the nations conquered by the Greeks, namely, the inhabitants of Caria and Persia. Hence the figures which represent females are called Caryatides, while the male figures are denominated Persians, and when naked, Telamones. Buildings constructed with figures instead of columns are styled stalagmatic. In all the foregoing kinds of columns, which belong to the Doric order, the base of the column neither projects, nor is it at all moulded or decorated, the column standing immediately upon the ground.

The columns are sometimes placed on a continuous plinth (*stylobates*.) The space between the columns is styled the columnar distance, and varies very much; different terms being applied to the various distances. If the space between the columns be equal to *four* diameters, they were said to be placed distantly (*aryostylos*;) if the space be equal to *three* diameters, widely (*diastylos*;) if *two* and a *quarter* diameters, beautifully (*eustylos*;) if *two* diameters, closely (*sistylos*;) and if only a *diameter and a half*, they are said to be thickly placed (*piconstylos*.) The

two corner columns, as a general rule, are for optical reasons placed somewhat nearer together than the others of the same row. Another contrivance intended to correct an optical delusion with regard to colonnades is mentioned by Vitruvius, by the name of *scamilli impares*. According to this author on ancient Roman architecture, a row of columns standing on a substructure would, when viewed from a distance, appear convex and elevated at both ends; and this effect would be averted by the *scamilli*. Unfortunately, all the drawings which might have illustrated the works of Vitruvius have been lost; and as, moreover, the ancient Roman buildings exhibit no architectonic moulding which seems to serve the purpose ascribed to the *scamilli* by Vitruvius, his commentators are greatly at variance in their explanations of the idea he means to convey. Most of these learned men agree in this, that the *scamillus* was a distinct moulding, which being placed above and below the column would make it appear to recede. Some columns found among the ruins of the theatre at Laodicea seem to corroborate the correctness of this view. Here were small mouldings inserted above the top of the capital and under the foot of the base; the latter slightly higher on one side, producing the impression of a slight inclination in the column; the upper one has excess of body on the opposite side, apparently leveling the slanting surface of the capital, and supporting the entablature with its full surface. But other authors say that these small mouldings had no other object than to relieve the mouldings proper of the base of the capital. Still others maintain that Vitruvius originally wrote *camillum*, and not *scamillus*, and that he applied it to the columnar distances, which were to decrease as they receded from the centre; and in proportion with them the panels in the substructure *camilla* were to be reduced in size. One commentator, Bertanus, is of opinion that a moulding introduced in the base would produce the effect ascribed to the *scamilli impares*; and another, Placentius, follows his general view, though he places the moulding differently. Blanconius, finally, explains *scamilli impares*, as applied to the inequality of the side walls of the flights of steps leading to the colonnade, and supposes that the first ought to be the highest,

whilst those following gradually become smaller to the top of the flight. It would appear that none of all these views is entirely satisfactory. A better explanation of the whole subject seems to be afforded by the latest discoveries, in re-surveying the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus in Athens. It was there found that the steps upon which the columns rest are slightly convex towards the centre, both in front and on the top, and the different blocks of which the columns are composed are not put together in horizontal joints, but are a little out of level so as to give the columns a slight inward inclination. The upper surface of the block is again placed in exact level, in order to support the architrave. This arrangement seems to serve the same optical purpose as the slight convexity of the surface noticed in the Egyptian obelisks.

MOULDINGS.

The object of architectural mouldings generally is either to separate the large masses of a building, or to form a connection between the several distinct parts, and to protect by their projection the plain surfaces and recesses of the buildings. The mouldings were either straight or curved. Among the former we distinguish:

- I.—The *fascia* or stripe, a continuous even surface, projecting from the main surface, and whose height must not exceed one half the diameter of a column.
- II.—The *tornia* or fillet, similar to the *fascia*, but only half its height.
- III.—The *quadra* or socle, which is very narrow, and is called the *superodium* or alab, if it be at the uppermost moulding, or the cover.
- IV.—The *face* or slanting plane, which connects two perpendicular surfaces in a diagonal line.

The curved mouldings exhibit a greater variety, viz:

- I.—The *torus* or cushion, which is nearly a semi-cylinder, somewhat pressed out at the lower edge.
- II.—The *echinus* or ovolo, which exhibits a curved outline nearly the reverse of the *torus*, being more swelled at the upper edge. It is an independent supporting member, whilst the *torus* serves as an assistant to other mouldings.
- The *quadrans* or cavetto, whose outline is a quarter of a circle.
- IV.—The *astragalus* or bead, which is a very narrow moulding, of a semi-circular outline, and generally serves to separate the capital from the main column.
- V.—The *stria* or flutes, which are concave mouldings, whose outlines are segments of a

circle, rarely a semi circle ; they are wrought in columns or pillars connecting the bases and capitals. On columns they are generally narrower at the top. Sometimes the flutes are separated by *strips*, ridges.

VI.—The *cymatium doricum* or wave, whose profile is a concave quadrant ; it is applied either erect or reversed ; in the former case the curve projects from the main surface, whilst in the latter it recedes.

VII.—The *trachylus* or *scotia*, similar to the last, but not exactly a quadrant, being composed of two different segments. It is applied both erect and reversed.

VIII.—The *apophyllis* or quirked moulding, a small acute channel or recess used between mouldings ; the reverse of the projection is called *apothesis*.

IX.—The *cyma lesbicum* or bell moulding, a combination of a concave and convex quadrant ; it is applied erect or reversed ; in the former case the upper half projects, in the latter case it recedes.

The different mouldings were in earlier times decorated with painted ornaments, and this is sometimes done even at the present day ; but at the flourishing age of the art bas-reliefs superseded the painting, and in all edifices of true merit bas-reliefs are still retained.

The *column* is among the most important architectonic pieces, and is, as we have seen, generally composed of the base, the shaft, and the capital. The Doric column is without base, and is placed only on a plinth. For all the other orders the Attic and Ionic bases are employed.

PILLARS.

The pillar (*pila*) differs from the column in its connection with the wall, on account of which it has often been identified with it ; though, on the other hand, the pillar has many relations to the column, being often placed in the same row, for the same purpose of supporting the architrave or entablature. It receives similar decorations, particularly in the capital and base, sometimes even in the reduction of size towards the top and the entasis. We distinguish the following kinds of pillars :

1. Pillars standing free on all sides.
2. Pillars which strengthen the corners of a wall (*antæ*.)
3. Pillars which stand in the place of door jambs (*postes*.)
4. Pillars which project from the wall, either to mark the beginning of a colonnade, or merely to break the simplicity of the wall : these are termed pilasters (*parastades*.)

5. Buttresses (*anterides*.)

6. Short pillars, which serve as pedestals for columns.

The pillar is composed of a foot (*spira*), a shaft or cube (*truncus*), and of a capital (*metopon*), which is always somewhat lighter than the capital of the corresponding columns, with which its ornaments are generally in keeping.

DOORS AND WINDOWS.

The trimmings and decorations of doors and windows in the walls correspond with the entablature of the different orders. Thus we have Doric doors, whose jambs and lintels are *cymatium doricum*, and *astragalus* mouldings, whilst the cornice has in addition an *echinus* moulding with considerable projections.

ARCHITRAVE, FRIEZE, AND CORNICE.

The entablature connects the supporting part of a building with those which cover the same, and consists of three parts :

- I.—The main beam or architrave (*epistylum*.)
The Doric architrave is smooth, surmounted by a fillet, whose face is divided by triglyphs which pierce a socle (*regula*), ending in drops (*guttae*.)
- II.—The frieze (*soes*), which connects the different beams resting upon the architrave. The Doric frieze is composed of triglyphs, which represent the ends of the beams, being laid on every column, and over the columnar distances. The triglyphs exhibit three ridges, separated by two deep grooves, and bordered by two smaller ones, the whole surmounted by a small capital. The spaces between the triglyphs are termed panels (*metopes*), which are generally smooth, but sometimes ornamented with bas-reliefs.
- III.—The cornice (*corona*) is composed of the projecting mouldings which form part of the roof. The Doric cornice is formed by a Doric cyma, the corona projecting considerably, and containing the ends of the roofing boards (*mutuli*), with the heads of the nails, and is furnished with a second cyma, and an erect bell moulding.

CEILINGS.

The plain ceiling, formed by a stone resting on the walls, occurs only in buildings of the very simplest description. The ceilings of temples and palaces were divided into deep panels (*lacunaria*), adopted from the architecture in wood, where they were often inlaid with gold and ivory. The wooden ceiling consisted of the beams resting upon the architrave, of the narrower and jointed cross beams, and of the caps covering the spaces between

the cross-beams. The same construction is imitated in stone, the different parts being usually wrought in one block.

The roofs of private dwellings were either flat or pitched from the centre towards all sides, like a tent. Public dwellings, particularly temples, had gables on the narrower sides of the building. In Grecian buildings the height of the gable was about one-eighth of the width of the building; in Roman buildings it was rather more. The gable or frontispiece (*fastigium*) is composed of the gable-field, which was frequently, as in our engraving, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs, and of the cornice and the cyma. The cornice of the gable is the continuation of the main cornice of the building, which is run up over the top of the gable, instead of being continued on a level with the long cornice, which would place it in a straight line at the base of the gable field. The corners and the top of the gable were usually decorated with masks, or flowers, or with pedestals for statues. The slope of the roof was covered with flat marble slabs, whose long edges form projecting ridges. These are placed close together, and the joints covered with semi-cylinders of marble, clay, or bronze, whose lower extremities terminate in handsome front tiles, *antefixe*. Similar ones are sometimes placed on the gable cornice. The water was conducted from the roof by small gutters piercing the cornice in different places, the outer openings being hidden in some of the ornaments.

Almost all the cities in Greece were originally built on mountains, their natural defence being increased by the Cyclopean walls with which they were surrounded. The increased civilization and wealth of the Greeks, together with an abundance of superior materials, and the assistance of Phœnician and Egyptian mechanics and artists, at an early period induced them to construct the buildings erected in honor of their tutelary deities exclusively of stone.

The oldest Grecian temples were built in the Doric order. The accounts of many of them, as found in the writings of Pausanias, are exceedingly interesting. Perhaps the most important of them is the Parthenon, or temple of Pallas Athene, an excellent view of the west front of which we give at the beginning of this communication,

This renowned building was in excellent preservation as late as the year 1676 when Wheler and Spoon visited it; but in the following year, when the Venetians bombarded Athens, a shell penetrated to the ammunition of the Turks, which was kept in the temple, and the explosion that followed did great damage to the building. The sculptures of the gable and frieze have been brought to England, and are now in the British Museum.

The temple, which was built by Ictinos and Callicrates B. C. 470, is a peripteros, with eight columns in front and seventeen at the sides, and a hypæthros, with its interior columns in double tiers. The porticoes had two rows of columns each. The length of the temple was 227 feet 7 inches, by a width of 101 feet. It presented the peculiarity that the usual corner pillars of the second row of columns in the porticoes are substituted by columns. The outer columns are 35 feet 5 inches high, by 6 feet 1 inch in diameter; those on the corners two inches thicker.

The ancient name of the Parthenon was Hecatompædon, because it had exactly 100 feet front. The width of the *cella* in the rear was 62 feet 6 inches, by a length of 98 feet 7 inches; the length of the vestibule being 43 feet 10 inches, and the total height of the temple 66 feet. The *cella* contained a magnificent statue of Minerva, by Phidias, made of the costliest materials, chiefly ivory and gold. The two gable-fields were also richly adorned with sculptures, which, as late as 1683, were in tolerably good preservation, when the French ambassador at the Porte, Nointel, caused them to be drawn accurately by a Dutch artist, whose drawings have been since consulted in the several attempts made at restoring the groups in recent times. The groups in the western gable-field, a tolerably clear representation of which will be found in our engraving, have reference to the birth of Pallas Athene; while those of the eastern represent her contest with Neptune² about the sway of the land. The panels in the ex-

² Poseidon (Neptune) and Pallas Athene (Minerva) contended with each other about the sway of the city of Athens, and the honor of giving it a name. It was agreed to decide the dispute in favor of the one who should produce the most valuable gift for the Greeks. Neptune struck the ground, and the *Ægeæ* arose; Athene created the olive-tree. The Greeks thereupon chose her for their patron deity, and called the city Athens.

ternal Doric entablature contained ninety-two bas-reliefs, representing the wars of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs; and the frieze around the cella and vestibule, which was upwards of 500 feet in length, bore sculptures representing the Parnathenæan games, which were instituted by Erichthonios in honor of Pallas Athene, which were held so sacred that the inmates of the prisons were released to take part in them.

There were several other Doric temples in Greece, an account of which I must defer till my next letter. G.

AN ESSAY ON DRESS.

COATS are not strictly men, and men are not strictly coats. Yet there is a remarkable tendency to identification between them. In considering the testaceous tribes, it is not the animals themselves, but the shells, that we chiefly regard; so, in our thoughts respecting men, we go little beyond the external covering. If we set ourselves to a candid recollection of the impressions which we are accustomed to receive from our fellow-creatures, we shall be astonished to find how much space is occupied by mere drapery—how essential to our notion of any friend is the image of his coat, his hat, his vest, or that garment which may be imagined but not expressed—and how impossible it is to form a notion of him in any other appearance. Even in thinking of individuals whom we have never seen, it is always in some habit that they come before us—some habit which we suppose it likely they may wear. So, also, in our ideas of official persons, the official dress, and not the man, is painted on the mental retina. What is a judge, in the abstract, but a certain quantity of wig, velvet, and ermine? What is a magistrate but an eidolon of scarlet, fur, and gold chain? What is a herald but something with a bedizened sheet before and a bedizened sheet behind? What is a soldier but a piece of scarlet, liable to a difference of facings? In all these cases, and many others, the costume, originally adopted from a sense of characteristic appropriateness, stands forth as the very thing which it clothes. The organized body within is but temporary and accidental: the dress is perennial. Ambition, therefore, might be defined as only an anxiety entertained by certain intelligent beings to get possession, for a certain time, of certain decorative integuments, which have been appointed to exist, and must always be kept filled, like the kingly office according to the English law-fiction. One wishes to get into a wig of three tails; another into

a wig of one tail; another is content if he can thrust his head into a wig with no tail at all. Rising in the army is but promotion from a coat with one stripe across the elbow, to a coat with two or more. At the university, men struggle their way from cap to cap, and from gown to gown, as if the *summum bonum* consisted in tassels. To become but the peg for the hanging of a bit of ribbon, will cause men to mount the “imminent deadly breach;” and the occupancy of a certain kind of garter is the highest honour that can be obtained by a subject. Merit is just so many balls on a coronet, and high birth is altogether a thing of coat armour. In all such matters the external alone tells. No one, in bowing to a grandee, thinks of bowing to the man; he bows to the star, which may be another's to-morrow, when it will call forth exactly the same homage. There is no proprietorship in glory. All that can be done is to obtain a short lease of some of its trophies. We can merely go to the property-room of Fame, and request the honour of being allowed to dress for some particular character which we desire to represent.

In the ordinary walks of life we find the same assimilation of the body to its vestments. A beau, above all beings, is to be known by his clothes, for he, above all, consists expressly of a suit. In his case it is not assimilation—it is clothes all over, and nothing but clothes. Every age, however, and almost every profession, can be distinguished by some external trait or other. There is always, at about twenty, a certain smartness in the attiring of the neck, and also a certain spruceness about the vest, which mark youth at once. In the decent drudgery of the public offices there is a tendency to short gaiters, which would declare his function in all circumstances. The skirts of a country gentleman can be distinguished by a certain obese breadth and intensity of dangle through a labyrinth of street passengers. There is no disguising the *peculiar black* of a clergyman, even where there is nothing in the cut, or in any other part of the aspect, to tell more unequivocally what he is. Though the face is averted, the years of all men can be told to within ten. Somehow, as we advance in life, a soberness creeps into our tailoring. The back-breadths decrease in friskiness of seam as people get on; and by the time they are fifty, there is as much graveness in their boots as in their tempers. A “rich fellow enough” betrays himself by a certain solidity and closeness of appearance which the poor fellow can never hope to imitate. Pockets become quite another thing when there is something to put into them—almost buttoning up of their own accord. Country people are easily distinguished from city figures. The clothes of a true

swain hang baggily and unthinkingly about him, speaking as broadly as his speech of rusticity. The true cit, again, has as much cleverness in his coat as in his character—

And you could almost say his body thought.

In street and in field every kind of speciality of disposition and habit blossoms in the vesture. The disorderly man, the orderly man—the dull man, the smart man—the droll fellow, the churl—the saddened, and the cheerful—all can be recognized in an instant by their cut or their color. A white hat is a confession of levity and good humor, as unequivocal as a vacant or a laughing countenance. If you see a man put on either that article or a light waistcoat for summer, you need not be afraid to accost him—nay, though he should be the keeper of a coach-office. Be scrupulous, however, how you enter into any serious relations with such persons. A light heart and a thin pair of breeches were well put together in the sailor's song. And a light heart, though extremely affable and pleasant, may not have much prudence about it. Beware, then, of the children of Nankin. On the other hand, if you see a man of the world steadily resist all the influences of July and August, and hold to his one unvarying suit of black, you may entirely depend on him. He must be a most determined person, not to be inveigled into pleasantry or error—a careful builder up and custodian of character—one who is not to be defeated either by himself or any other body. Your rigidly dark-suited men with white neckcloths are the very men who keep all the world right: the rest, or at least no small portion of them, only trifle and work mischief.

To prove still more clearly how unfitted are our ideas of human beings and their vesture, let us only reflect on the historical personages with whose external figures we happen to be acquainted. Can we suppose Dr. Johnson in any other costume than that of the eighteenth century—in anything else than that particular brown suit in which Boswell has described him? Could any one imagine Queen Elizabeth in the dress of a modern fine lady, or even so little altered as she would be by the want of that enormous standing frill in which she is usually painted? There is not one of the great men between the Restoration and the era of the French Revolution—the great peruke epoch—whom we could picture to ourselves in the cropped hair of the present age. The absence of the dressed head would change every one of them. Pope would be no longer the classic poet, nor Addison the prince of prose-writers, if unwigged: it would be more than taking the laurel from Petrarch. In like manner, our whole idea of the civil war would be revolutionised

by the extinction of the Vandyke collar. Were such an event to take place, we should need to discharge from our minds all we know of the "Great Rebellion," and read it over again with entirely new eyes—and even then, it is questionable if Edgehill would appear to us as quite Edgehill, or Copredy Bridge as Copredy Bridge. A sitting of the Long Parliament without steeple hats and plain cloaks and doublets, would never impress us as hitherto. A Milton without the costume of his time would be no better than that "mute inglorious" one whom Gray supposes: a Cromwell without buff, plate armour, and a red nose, could not be conceived as "guilty of his country's blood." And so on with the illustrious of antiquity. What would become of the Greeks without their majestic robes? How would the Romans look in drab trousers? Could any burlesque be so complete as a picture of Cato in the habiliments of Benjamin Franklin; or, better still, sage poor Richard in the toga of Cato? A Sylla in the green surcoat of a Bonaparte, or Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage in a greatcoat and top-boots, would they not excite any feelings but those with which we read of them in Roman history, or contemplate them in good historical paintings? Alexander, again, in a field-marshal's uniform, or the wife of Darius and her ladies visiting his camp in dresses copied from the last number of *La Belle Assemblée*—how inconceivably ridiculous! It is not surely that the one dress is in any degree less consistent with the dignity of history or of poetry than the other; pictures representing transactions in modern history are not found to be less effective on account of the modern costume. It is just that our associations in reference to these subjects are settled—that Alexander is only Alexander in an antique dress, and Franklin only Franklin in a modern one—and that, when any alteration is made in their proper external appearance, they entirely cease to be what we are accustomed to think them, producing a sense of the most ludicrous incongruity in our minds.

The moral of all this is, that since dress is a thing identical with us, and unavoidably enters into the estimates we are accustomed to form of each other, it can never but be a matter of considerable consequence in the economy of human life. Neglected it may be by the sloven, despised by the lofty speculator, and overlooked by many who have never given it any reflection; but none besides the hermit can be altogether independent of it.

A CONTEMPORARY says he lately met with one of his jokes thirty years old. We suspect that he has met with a good many of them much older than himself.

Monthly Record and Review.

THE GRAND LODGE OF VERMONT.

THE Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Vermont convened on the 12th of January, 1859, at Masons' Hall, in the city of Burlington. and continued in session during that and the succeeding day; M. W. Philip C. Tucker, Grand Master, and R. W. John B. Hollenbeck, Grand Secretary. There were present a full roll of officers otherwise and representatives from the subordinate lodges in the jurisdiction.

The M. W. Grand Master read his annual address. It is written in his usual forcible and perspicuous manner. His opening paragraph contains an assertion which, in this our day when it is maintained that Masonry does not recognize any religion, affords us much satisfaction. He says:

Brethren of the Grand Lodge—The religion of Masonry is embraced in faith in God, our Creator and Preserver, and a belief in the soul's immortality. Most fitting and appropriate is it then that we always, as now, in the presence of each other, and around our consecrated altar, renew our pledge of sincerity in that belief which instructs us that no man should enter upon any great or important business without first invoking the blessing of his God. We have looked on high to Him from whom cometh all help and blessing, and we may go on with the warmest confidence and hope that our Heavenly Father will smile upon our continued efforts in the cause of virtue, morality and benevolence.

CONDITION OF THE ORDER.

With the exception of one lodge, whose Master having resisted the authority of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Master arrested the charter thereof, the Order in Vermont has, during the past year, peacefully pursued the tenor of its onward progress. There are 47 chartered lodges in the State, and 2 under dispensation, with a total membership of about 2500 affiliated. What the means pecuniarily of the respective lodges are there is no way exhibited by the proceedings of knowing; but from the exhibit of the Grand Treasurer it is evident that a very low per capita tax is exacted of her subordinates by the Grand Body. It is plain that exertions

made on behalf of the institution in Vermont must be entered by those who make them as labors of love; for certainly they cannot be required as they are in other Grand Lodge jurisdictions, the "where-withal" being so woefully deficient. In view of this state of things, we would, without presuming to be impertinent, respectfully suggest that a levy by the G. L. of \$1 per head upon so respectable a membership would make things much easier—the Grand Master and the other Grand Officers could get that new set of jewels, collars, and sashes, which has been subject of thought to the former and earnest discussion with the latter, and the annual salaries of the Grand Secretary and Assistant Grand Secretary—of \$50 to the first and \$5 to the second—could be extended to a somewhat more munificently living figure.

CELEBRATION OF ST. JOHN'S DAY.

The Grand Master upon this subject is refreshingly vivacious. He says:

During the past year two public celebrations of the anniversary of the nativity of Saint John the Baptist have been had within this jurisdiction—one by Washington Lodge of Burlington, and the other by Vermont Lodge, of Hartland, at Windsor. Both were respectably attended; all the proceedings were conducted with propriety and prudence, and to the satisfaction and honor of the Order. I have no doubt of the good effect of such celebrations, well conducted, and of the favorable influence they have upon the community; and so long as public masonic speakers make these occasions what they always should be—opportunities for imparting masonic instruction, and for the discussion of questions of masonic history and principles, so long will they continue to be beneficial to the craft; but if we degenerate again into placing upon the rostrum men who can only talk vapid ignorance and inflated bombast, who are always for having a lodge in the garden of Eden, and another floating over the billows of a sunken world in the ark of Noah, just so long will the enlightened portion of mankind laugh at us for such nonsense, and we shall richly deserve it.

INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

The Grand Master depletes the ignorance (473)

rance generally prevalent in his jurisdiction as cause for much more extended labor at his hands than would otherwise be required. He says :

It is highly important that the grade of intelligence among the Deputies of Districts, and the Masters of subordinate lodges, should have its standard of information elevated above its present level. There is not enough study of our own constitution and by-laws, nor of the ancient charges and regulations, as embodied in the book of Constitutions of the Order. The Grand Master would be spared much labor in replying to enquiries constantly occurring—many of them upon questions clearly settled by our own constitution and by-laws—if suitable attention was given to these sources of information. As things are, my duty requires me to state what is strictly true, that there are among us some worse instructed and less intelligent, in masonic matters, than the artists who manufacture their sashes and aprons. Last year we republished our own constitution and by-laws with our proceedings. I recommend that this year we should publish with them the ancient charges and regulations, that they may be constantly accessible to those whose duty it is to be as familiarly acquainted with them as with our own constitution and by-laws.

THE MASONIC LECTURES.

The best history of the "lecturing subject" we have ever seen is given by the Grand Master, and as such we copy it entire :

Much has been said and written about the lectures of the order, and uniformity of work has been the subject of free discussion for several years past, in most of the Grand Lodge jurisdictions of the United States. The Grand Lecturer of New York informs us, notwithstanding all this discussion, that he found, during the last year, no less than five different systems of work and lectures existing in that State, and that four of them prevailed in a single lodge—so that, until the labor began, the brethren did not know which particular system was to be the order of the evening. Some masons are apt to be so prejudiced in favor of the particular mode of work, and the lectures in which they were taught, as to turn from all investigation, even as to their correctness. I have known some brethren so perfectly carried away with some petty passages, gaudily ornamented with stuff of the slightest tinsel, as to stop their ears against reason and argument, and stick to their fancies through life, at the expense of "leaving truth and common sense behind."

It is my purpose to say a few words to

you as to the work and lectures—and those *only*—which are authorized to be taught in this jurisdiction.

Several years previous to 1788, William Preston was Master of the Lodge of Antiquity in London, that lodge being one of the four old lodges which met at the Apple Tree Tavern in Charles Street, Covent Garden. In Feb. 1717, and constituted themselves into a Grand Lodge, the first regularly organized Grand Lodge of which we have any knowledge. Brother Preston gives us the following account of his action while master of this old Lodge of Antiquity.

"When," says he, "I first had the honor to be elected Master of a Lodge, I thought it proper to inform myself fully of the general rules of the society, that I might be able to fulfil my own duty and officially enforce a due obedience in others. The methods which I adopted with this view, excited in some of superficial knowledge, an absolute dislike of what they considered as innovations; and in others, who were better informed, a jealousy of pre-eminence which the principles of Masonry ought to have checked. Notwithstanding these discouragements, however, I persevered in my intention of supporting the dignity of the society, and of discharging with fidelity the trust reposed in me. As candor and integrity, uninfluenced by interest or favor, will ever support a good cause, many of my opponents began to discover their error, and not only applauded, but cheerfully concurred in the execution of my measures; while others of less liberality tacitly approved what their former declared opinions forbade them publicly to adopt.

"This success exceeding my most sanguine wishes, I was encouraged to examine with more attention the contents of our various lectures. The rude and imperfect state in which I found them, the variety of modes established in our meetings, and the difficulties which I encountered in my researches, rather discouraged my first attempt; persevering, however, in the design, I continued the pursuit, and assisted by a few brethren who had carefully pursued what ignorance and degeneracy had rejected as unintelligible and absurd, I diligently sought for, and at length happily acquired, some of the ancient and venerable landmarks of the Order.

"Fully determined to pursue the design of effecting a general reformation, and fortunate in the acquisition of the friends that I had made, I continued my industry till I had prevailed on a sufficient number to join in an attempt to correct the irregularities which had crept into our assemblies, and exemplify the beauty and utility of the masonic system.

"We commenced our plan by enforcing

the value of the ancient charges and regulations of the Order, which inattention had suffered to sink into oblivion, and we established these charges as the basis of our work. To imprint on the memory the faithful discharge of our duty, we reduced the most material parts of our system into practice; and to encourage others in promoting the plan, we observed a general rule of reading one or more of these charges at every regular meeting, and of elucidating such passages as seemed obscure. The useful hints afforded by these means enabled us generally to improve our plan, till we at last succeeded in bringing into a corrected form the sections which now compose the three lectures of Masonry."

This bears the date of January 1, 1788, and shows who had arranged the lectures at that time, and upon what principle they were put into form. Bro. Chase, of New Hampshire, however, tells us that Preston did this work as early as 1772. I have not at hand the means of verifying that statement, but I presume it to be correct.

About the year 1800—twelve years after the publication of Preston's "Illustrations"—an English brother, whose name I have been unable to obtain, came to Boston, and taught the English lectures as they had been arranged by Preston. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts approved them, and they were taught to Thomas S. Webb and Henry Fowle, of Boston, and Bro. Snow, of Rhode Island, about the year 1801. Bro. Benjamin Gleason, who was a student of Bro. Webb, received them from him and embodied them in a private key of his own. About the year 1805, Bro. Gleason was employed by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to teach them to all the subordinate lodges of that jurisdiction, and was paid for that service fifteen hundred dollars. To those lectures the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts still adheres, with a very slight variation in the Fellow Craft and Master's degrees.

Bro. Snow afterwards modified and changed the lectures he had received, mingling with them some changes from other sources, so that the system of lectures descending through him is not reliable.

Bro. Gleason was appointed Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1805, and that Grand Lodge appointed no other Grand Lecturer until 1842. He was a liberally educated man, graduated at Brown University in 1802, and was a public lecturer on Geography and Astronomy. He was a member of Mount Lebanon Lodge in Massachusetts, and died at Concord, in that State, in 1847, at the age of 70 years. He visited England, and exemplified the Preston Lectures, as he had received them from Bro.

Webb, before the Grand Lodge of England, and the Masonic authorities of that Grand body pronounced them correct.

In the year 1817, Bro. John Barney, formerly of Charlotte, Vermont, went to Boston, and received the Preston lectures there, as taught by Gleason, and as they were approved by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. I am unable to say whether he received them from Bro. Gleason himself or from Bro. Henry Fowle. My impression is that he received them from Bro. Fowle. In possession of these lectures he returned to Vermont, and at the annual communication of our Grand Lodge, in October, 1817, visited that Grand body and made known the fact. The subject was submitted to a committee for examination, which reported that these lectures "were according to the most approved method of work in the United States," and proposed to give Bro. Barney letters of recommendation "to all lodges and brethren wherever he may wish to travel, as a brother well qualified to give useful masonic information to any who may wish his services." The Grand Lodge accepted and adopted the report of its committee, and Bro. Barney, under the recommendation thus given, visited many of the then existing lodges of this State, and imparted to them a knowledge of these lectures. Among others, in the year 1818, he visited Dorchester Lodge in Vergennes, and imparted full instruction in them to R. W. Samuel Willson, now and for several years past Grand Lecturer of this State. Upon this occasion Bro. Barney wrote out a portion of them in private key, and Bro. Willson wrote out the remainder. Both were written in the same book, and that part written by Bro. Willson was examined carefully and approved by Bro. Barney. That original *manuscript* is still in existence, and is now in possession of my son, Bro. Philip C. Tucker, Jr., of Galveston, Texas, to whom Bro. Willson presented it a few years ago. Bro. W. has a perfect copy of it, and refers to it as authority in all cases of doubt. Bro. Gallup, of Liberty Lodge at Franklin, was one of the original Grand Lodge Committee, and is still living to attest the correctness and identity of these lectures, as taught by Barney in 1817.

These are the only lectures which have been sanctioned in this jurisdiction from October 1817 to the present day. The Grand Lodge has sanctioned no others. My predecessors, Grand Masters Robinson, Whitney, White, Wales, and Haswell, sustained them against all innovation, and to the extent of my power I have done the same.

I think, upon these facts, I am justified in saying that the lectures we use are the true lectures of Preston. Webb changed the arrangement of the sections, as fixed

by Preston, for one which he thought more simple and convenient, but, as I understand, left the body of the lectures themselves as Preston had established them.

Subsequently to 1818, Bro. Barney went to the Western and South-Western States. He was a man in feeble health at the time, and pursued masonic lecturing as a means of subsistence. Upon his return to this State a few years afterwards he stated to his brethren here—as I have been credibly informed and believe—that he found different systems of lecturing prevailing at the West and Southwest, and that upon presenting the lectures he had been taught at Boston in 1817, to different Grand Masters, they were objected to; and that various Grand Masters would not sanction his lecturing in their jurisdictions unless he would teach the lectures then existing among them; that desiring to pursue this occupation, he did learn the different systems of lecturing then existing in different States, and taught them in the different State jurisdictions, as desired by the different Grand Masters of each.

This circumstance accounts for the strange disagreement between the East and the West, and Southwest, as to what are the *true* Barney lectures. They meant one thing in New England, and another thing at the West. My worthy Indiana brethren of the foreign correspondence committee of 1855, who blew me up so strongly on this subject, and whom I have forgotten heretofore to answer, will please to consider this as my reply to the impulsive eloquence which they then inflicted upon my supposed ignorance.

While I am upon this subject of lectures, for the sake of getting what is known together, I shall venture, at the risk of being prosaical and tedious, to add something more.

Bro. Chase, of New Hampshire, in an address delivered before the Grand Lodge of that State, in June, 1857, makes the following statements about the lectures back of Preston's time to the year 1720. I am not familiar with the sources whence this information is derived, but as Bro. Chase is justly ranked among reliable and intelligent masonic writers, I presume he does not make them without competent authority, and I therefore place them here:

"Previous to about the year 1720, when a person was initiated, passed, or raised, the secrets were communicated to him and the explanations given him in such language as the Master could command at the time; but about this time, as an assistance to Masters of lodges, Doctors Anderson and Desaguliers, two eminent Masons, compiled and arranged the information necessary to be given to candi-

dates into the form of question and answer, still preserving the name that had been previously applied to the usual instructions of the Master—that of 'Lectures.'

"So favorably were these received that the Grand Lodge of England adopted the form, and ordered them to be given in the lodges.

"In the year 1732, the lectures of Anderson and Desaguliers were revised by Martin Clare, who added a brief allusion to the human senses and the theological ladder.

"A few years later, Thomas Dunckerly, who was considered the most intelligent Mason of his day, *extended* and improved the lectures, and, among other things, first gave to the theological ladder its then most important rounds.

"These continued to be used until 1763, when the Rev. William Hutchinson explained the three lights by the three great stages of Masonry: the knowledge and worship of the God of nature in the purity of Eden; the service, under the Mosaic law, when divested of idolatry; and the Christian revelation.

"Again, in 1772, these lectures were revised and improved by Preston, whose system was the standard in England until the Union of 1813, when Doctor Hemming established the system now generally practised in the English lodges."

Thus, my brethren, I have endeavored to throw together a general knowledge of the history of our lectures from 1720 to the present time—a period of about 139 years.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

This document from the pen of Bro. L. C. Butler, Assistant Grand Secretary, and Chairman of the Foreign Correspondence Committee, is lengthy and well written. Bro. Butler reviews the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of the United States in a masterly manner. In commenting upon the action of the Grand Lodge of Nebraska upon the Bible question, our good brother "out-herods Herod." He asserts that it was the Bible which is meant as "the book" used in the time of Prince Edwin. This cannot be proved. Neither can it be safely affirmed that the Bible was used upon a masonic altar prior to the year 1738, when the lectures were revised and amended by Martin Clare. On the contrary, Dr. Oliver asserts that it was upon the Church of England Prayer Book, called the Book of Common Prayer, Freemasons were obligated at and subsequent to the revival for many years.

We observe that the Grand Lodge of Vermont, through its Special Committee, refused to adopt at present this part of Bro. Butler's report.

His remarks, in commenting upon the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Maine, in reference to the views of that body in favor of a General Grand Lodge of the Fraternity in the United States, are clear and forcible. He says:

The project of a general Grand Lodge has met with little favor from the Grand Lodge of Vermont, and until some less cumbersome organization is proposed than has yet been, we presume this Grand Lodge will not be disposed to reverse their decision, adverse to the whole matter, made some years since. Indeed we cannot, as a Grand Lodge, commit any authority to such General Grand Body, without a violation of our constitution which declares that the Grand Lodge of Vermont is governed solely by its own laws. And yet the attention of our sister Grand Lodges is so generally directed to the subject that your committee deem it advisable to devote a small space to its discussion.

Masonry is peculiar to itself. It is entirely unique in its character. It has come down to us from remote antiquity, and its ancient land-marks are still acknowledged as of binding force and conclusive authority. Its meetings are neither controlled by parliamentary usage, nor governed by parliamentary law. It is an institution by itself and of itself. These Masonic axioms should be kept in mind in our discussion of this subject. Never, in all history, has any higher body than a Grand Lodge, limited by State lines or the boundaries of a country, been permitted to exercise authority in Masonry. The general land-marks were so well defined in the "ancient charges," and the idea so universally entertained that no "man has power to make innovations" therein, that no general Grand Body to supervise the Craft, seemed to be called for or required?

What need of a body to legislate where all the laws needed are already enacted and in force by the unanimous consent of those to be governed by them. What need of a body to enforce obedience to regulations, when once inclined in any wise to disobey? Was a more intimate union sought? What need, when no jars or discords had disturbed the reigning peace and harmony? So anciently, so in modern days. We have the same land-marks, "the same law and testimony." What need of an organization overshadowing all the Grand Lodges of our States, and to which they shall be made amenable? Such body can have no authority but that which it derives; no power but

that which is delegated to it. And whence shall its authority and power come? From the very bodies whom it is to govern. Itself is to be a creation having no inherent power to live or act; a machine whose wheels are set in motion or stopped, whose momentum is retarded or accelerated as its masters dictate. Well may we inquire then what good is to result from a body thus constituted. Does Masonry need a new set of laws for its government? "We agree that no man, or body of men can make any innovations upon the body of Masonry," "Ye have Moses and the prophets, hear them." Do we want uniformity in ritual and work? How shall we best obtain it? By the solemn edict of a body that has no power to enforce its mandates, or by the practical exhibition of that uniformity in all our Lodges? Do errors in practice, and errors in Masonic jurisprudence, sometimes creep in? Does some dashing "Young America," with more zeal than knowledge, attempt to foist some innovation into our midst? Shall we wait the coming of the royal edict to drive it out, or to correct the error? Or shall some calm, cool-headed, intelligent brother show us the land-mark that is infringed, the usage or law that is violated, and point out to us the way in which we should go?

Take if you please, a survey of the published correspondence of the Grand Lodges of the United States. Is any error committed? Is any new subject discussed? Is any "innovation" attempted? How quickly the learned in Masonic lore detect the "imposter," expose its shape and form, and drive it out from among us. And how readily is the instructive and useful gathered up and assimilated. Thus evils are speedily corrected if any exist, and good promoted.

On the score of utility and necessity, then we find no argument in favor of a General Grand Lodge. Its utility might well be questioned, if its necessity were undoubted. Its necessity would be doubtful, even if, practically a body of such huge dimensions--having no head but a borrowed one, no power of locomotion not derived from without itself, and no life but that obtained by transfusion--could be useful to itself or the fraternity.

We have endeavored to "review the subject practically," as our brethren in Main desired. Their idea of a "National Confederation worthy of our name," is a great conception, and evinces their zeal for the honor of Masonry. Brethren of the "East," this "National Confederation" we already have in fact, if not in name. Everywhere Masonry speaks essentially the same language. Her forms, and her ceremonies, are the same essentially in all places. The attentive ear hears the sound, the wakeful eye sees the sign, and heart

meets heart in the friendly grip. North, South, East, West, this mighty confederacy extends, and binds in one bundle of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, all who have knelt at our mystic altar. What need we more? The outward pageantry? the form? Poor, pitiable apologies for the real substance? A beautiful shell, gaudy and painted! Nay! Nay!

THE OLD CHARGES.

We observe, at the recommendation of the Grand Master, the Grand Lodge has published, in connection with the proceedings before us, what is known as the Ancient Charges, first published in connection with Dr. Anderson's History of Masonry in 1723. In glancing them over we perceive a very mischievous error has crept in, or rather crept out, viz., the omission of the word "the" in the fourth line of the third caption—"Of Lodges." As this Charge has lately become a subject of considerable interest in connection with the limit question, it would be well for our brethren in Vermont to have it correctly printed. As printed in the proceedings before us it reads :

A Lodge is a place where Masons assemble and work ; hence that Assembly or duly organized Society of Masons is called a Lodge ; and every brother ought to belong to one, and be subject to its By-Laws and general regulations.

This would, as it reads, imply that a lodge has the right to make *general regulations*, which the veriest masonic tyro knows is not the case. By the introduction of the word "the," however, between the words "and" and "general regulations," the original and correct language is preserved, and such implication removed.

ELECTION AND CLOSE.

This Grand Lodge does not affect the modern practice of rotating its officers. We observe that for the thirteenth term, M. W. Philip C. Tucker has been elected Grand Master ; for the seventh. R. W. Barzillai Davenport is Deputy G. M. ; R. W. Gamaliel Washburn, Grand Senior Warden for the sixth term ; William G. Shaw, Grand Treasurer for the fourth ; and R. W. John B. Hollenbeck elected Grand Secretary for the twenty-seventh year.

After installation by the Grand Master of the officers elect, and prayer by the Grand Chaplain, the Grand Lodge was closed in "due and ancient form."

ENTERED APPRENTICE'S CHARGE.

NO one who has ever read a Masonic Manual can fail to perceive that the "charge" in the first degree embraces the whole (masonic) moral code. Those in the F. C.'s and M. M.'s degree are comparatively trivial and unimportant. The authorship of this charge to an E. A. P. is attributed, in Calcott's *Disquisitions*, (edited 1769, p. 213,) to Bro. Thomas French, G. S. There is no doubt but that Cross appropriated it, with some alterations of his own, from Calcott and Webb. In the original it is as follows, and, to our mind, the alterations have been in some respects to its injury :

Brother—Being now regularly initiated into this society, permit me to offer to your serious consideration those virtues that will always distinguish you among men, especially Masons.

The Holy Scriptures, the standard of truth, and the unerring dictates of an unerring Being, I would recommend as the primary object of your attention.

Next, a general, and unlimited regard for men of virtue, honor and integrity, howsoever distinguished by private persuasion ; Masonry wisely removes such distinctions, and, by uniting all countries, sects and principles into one inseparable band of affection, conciliates true principles and effectuates the noble purpose of making each other happy and rejoicing in each other's fidelity. Hence, disputes on religion and politics are never suffered to interrupt the friendly intercourse of our regular assemblies—these are designed to improve, correct the morals, and reform the judgment.

Your experience in life has, no doubt, made familiar to you the three great duties of morality to God, your neighbor, and yourself—which I hope your new character as a Freemason will still more deeply imprint upon your mind, and render your conduct not only regular and uniform, but in every other respect agreeable to the dignity of this laudable profession.

As a Mason you are cheerfully to conform to the government under which you live, to consider the interests of the community as your own, and be ready on all occasions to give proofs of your loyalty to your sovereign and affection to your country.

Benevolence and charity being the renewed characteristics of Masonry, you are to cherish and promote ; and though you ought ever liberally to contribute to alleviate the miseries of the wretched, yet you are more particularly to extend your

pity to a poor brother whose unhappy circumstances may oblige him to solicit your friendly assistance—ever remembering that period of your life when you was introduced into Masonry, On which, if you but for a moment reflect, it cannot fail making you so far benevolent as never to shut your ear unkindly to the complaints of the wretched. But when a poor brother is oppressed by want, you will in a particular manner listen to his sufferings with attention, in consequence of which pity will flow from your breast, and relief according to your capacity.

The solemnity of our ceremonies will ever require from you a serious deportment and strict attention to the elucidating of those emblems and hieroglyphics under which our mysteries are couched.

And as order and regularity cannot fail to render permanent the harmony of this lodge, it is expected you will be obedient to the Master and presiding officers, and be particularly careful never to intrude any discourse that may tend to violate your character as a gentleman or a Mason, or to depreciate those virtues that always adorn an honest mind.

If, therefore, from among your friends and acquaintance you should hereafter propose a candidate for our mysteries, I would earnestly recommend that you know him to be worthy; and never, from a pecuniary or ungenerous motive, endeavor to introduce any but men of honor and integrity, whose character as well as principle justly entitles him to the privileges of this fraternity.

To expatiate on the necessity of a close application to the duties of Masonry will, I presume, be needless; as I doubt not but your own experience will soon evince the real value and utility of this science and the excellency of its precepts.

I shall, therefore, conclude this address in a sure expectation of your implicit obedience to the foregoing circumstances, as well as for your own honor as the credit of this lodge, and that you will cheerfully conform to all those salutary laws which are and ever have been the established basis and support of the Royal Art.

JOHN CUSTOS.

BETWEEN the years 1740 and 1750, the Freemasons were subject to great persecution in Portugal. A jeweller by the name of Marston was seized and confined in the prison of the Inquisition; and a friend of his, John Custos, a native of Switzerland, was arrested.

The fact was, that these two persons were the leading Freemasons in Lisbon,

which constituted their crime. Custos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries, the hollow groans of several other prisoners confined in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought before the inquisitors, who were very anxious to extort from him the secret of Masonry; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, and entreaties, and remonstrances in vain, Custos was condemned to the tortures of the Holy Office.

He was thereupon conveyed to the torture room, where no light appeared but what two candles gave. First, they put around his neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold. They then fixed a ring to each foot, and this being done, they stretched his limbs with all their might. They next tied two ropes round each arm, two around each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold through holes made for that purpose. These ropes, which were about the size of one's little finger, pierced through his flesh nearly to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound.

Finding that the tortures above described could not extort any discovery from him, they were so inhuman six weeks after, as to put him to another kind of torture, more grievous, if possible, than the former. They made him stretch his arms in such a manner that the palms of his hands were turned outward, when by the help of a rope that fastened together at the wrist, and which turned by an engine, they drew them nearer to one another in such a manner that the back of each hand touched and stood exactly parallel one on another, whereby his shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of blood issued from his mouth. The torture was repeated thrice, after which he was again sent to his dungeon and put into the hands of a physician and surgeon, who, in setting his bones, gave him excruciating pain.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—The Grand Lodge of Kentucky, at its last annual communication, declined to recommend its subordinate lodges to contribute toward the fund now being raised for the purchase of Mount Vernon.

RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF SUBORDINATE LODGES IN MASONIC TRIALS.

1. THE accusation must be made in writing over the signature of a Master Mason, and handed to the Secretary to be read in open lodge, and be spread upon the minutes, after which the accused shall be served with an attested copy of the charges and specifications, together with a notice through the Post Office or otherwise, at least ten days before the day of trial, to appear and answer, and should his place of residence be at a distance, or he require more time to prepare his defence, a reasonable time may be allowed. If the residence of the accused be unknown, or he fails to appear or to show satisfactory cause for delay of proceedings, then and in that case the lodge may proceed to examine the charges ex-parte.

2. The examination of the charges shall be had in a Master Mason's Lodge, especially notified and convened for that purpose, at which no visitors shall be admitted, except as counsel or witnesses, and the lodge must be called off during the necessary presence of such persons, if they be not Master Masons.

3. The accused may select his own counsel, and the witnesses shall testify on their honor. Hearsay evidence must be excluded. If testimony be taken out of the lodge, the accused, if he answers or appears, shall be duly notified of the time and place where such evidence will be taken, that he may have an opportunity of being present.

4. No irrelevant questions or testimony shall be allowed in the examination of witnesses. The Master may conduct the examination on behalf of the lodge, or it may appoint a committee for that purpose, and the questions to, as well as the answers by the witnesses, must be carefully noted down, read, and if necessary, amended in their presence, and then spread upon the minutes.

5. When the examination is closed, the accused shall then be heard in defence, either in person or through his counsel, after which all who are not members of the lodge shall retire, and if during the examination it shall have been called off, the lodge, must then be called on.

6. The question, guilty or not guilty, shall be put to the lodge, upon each separate specification, which a majority of the members present shall determine by ballot, and if the accused be found guilty of any one or more of the charges or specifications, then the penalty shall be determined in like manner, taking the question upon the highest penalty, (expulsion) first, a vote of two-thirds of the members present, being necessary to expel or suspend. The particular charges or specifications upon which the accused shall be

found guilty, together with the sentence determined upon, must be spread upon the minutes.

7. A brother feeling himself aggrieved by the decision of the Subordinate Lodge, shall have the right of an appeal to the Grand Lodge, he having given due and timely notice to the Subordinate Lodge of his intention so to appeal from its decision, and the Secretary of said Lodge, if required, shall furnish him with a copy of all the proceedings touching his case.

When a Subordinate Lodge shall expell or suspend a brother, all the proceedings, embracing the charges, specifications, evidence on both sides, verdict upon each charge or specification, and the sentence, shall be sent up, under the seal of the lodge, and attested by the Secretary, at the ensuing meeting of the Grand Lodge, for examination.

CONSTITUTIONAL RULES OF THE G. LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

COLLATED BY BRO. G. W. CHASE.

1. SENTENCE of expulsion does not take effect until confirmed by the Grand Lodge, though it operates as a suspension in the meantime.

2. Penalty for non-payment of dues shall be forfeiture of membership.

3. The suspension of a brother excludes him from all Masonic intercourse between him and his brethren during the time of his suspension.

4. No brother can be a member of more than one lodge, nor hold more than one office in the same lodge at the same time.

5. No lodge, or officer or member thereof, shall, under any circumstances, give a certificate or recommendation to enable a Mason to proceed from lodge to lodge as a pauper, or in an itinerant manner to apply to lodges for relief.

6. The election and installing of officers, balloting, and all general business affairs of the lodge, shall be transacted in a Master Mason's lodge.

7. None but Master Masons are admissible to membership in a lodge.

8. A brother suspended for non-payment of dues cannot be admitted to membership in any other lodge until his dues are paid.

9. No Mason can be interred with the formalities of the Order, unless it be his own special request, without a dispensa- from the Grand Master; nor under any circumstances, unless he was a Master Mason.

10. No lodge shall form a public procession, without permission from the Grand Master, or the District Deputy Grand Master within whose district it is located.

11. No lodge shall encourage or permit the delivery of any Masonic Lectures which have not been sanctioned by the Grand Lodge.

12. No brother should be elected Master of a lodge, who has not served one year in the office of Warden.

13. No one can receive more than one degree on the same day, nor at a less interval than one month from his receiving the previous degree, unless by a dispensation therefor.

14. The title of the Master of a subordinate lodge is "Worshipful Master."

15. Charges against a brother must be made in writing, under the signature of a Master Mason, and given in charge to the Secretary of the lodge.

16. Any brother aggrieved by the decision of any lodge, or other masonic authority, may appeal to the Grand Lodge against such decision. An appeal from the Master to the lodge is not allowable.

17. The majority of the members of a lodge, when duly assembled, have the right to instruct their Master and Wardens as their representatives in Grand Lodge.

18. A lodge cannot dissolve, or surrender its charter, so long as seven members remain true to their allegiance.

19. No one can be admitted into the Order without a clear and unanimous ballot in his favor, and every member present must vote on the application, unless excused by the lodge.

20. When there is no lodge in his town, a candidate for initiation must apply to the nearest lodge.

21. A member may object to the initiation, passing or raising of a candidate, at any time before the degree is conferred, and the lodge must investigate the objections before proceeding further with the candidate.

22. No lodge, in the absence of the Master and Wardens, shall initiate, craft, or raise a candidate, unless a Past Master is present to preside.¹

23. Any lodge may take cognizance of the conduct of any sojourning brother, not attached to any particular lodge, upon a charge of unmasonic conduct.

24. The Charter must be present when the lodge is opened.

25. A visiting brother, having presented his Grand Lodge certificate or diploma, has a right to call for the Charter of the lodge he desires to visit.

26. The removal of a brother into another jurisdiction does not, of itself, authorize his name to be stricken from the roll of the lodge of which he is a member.

27. No Mason, not a member of some

lodge, can visit the lodge, in the place where he resides, more than twice, without permission of the Master or vote of the lodge.

28. A lodge cannot suspend the operation of a by-law.

29. A lodge at a special meeting cannot alter or expunge any part of the proceedings of a stated one.

30. Any vote may be re-considered at the same meeting, or at the next subsequent meeting, provided notice be given at the meeting at which the vote originally passed.

IMPORTANT EDICT.

THE official proclamation of the Grand Master of New York, restoring friendly relations with the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, as of old, and recognizing the Grand Lodge of Canada as a lawful Masonic jurisdiction, we herewith present to our readers :

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 1st, A. L. 5838.

BY THE MOST WORSHIPFUL JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York.

To the Masonic Fraternity of the State of New York, and all others whom it may concern, GREETING :

WHEREAS, on the fifth day of August, 5857, an edict was issued by me, pursuant to a resolution of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, forbidding and interdicting all masonic intercourse with the lodges and brethren in the State of Pennsylvania, for reasons therein assigned ; which edict was to remain in force and effect only until the recognition of the Grand Lodge of New York by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania ; and

WHEREAS, the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania did, on the twentieth day of December last past, in a truly masonic spirit, and in the most fraternal and courteous manner, and on a fraternal interchange of opinions and feelings between the Committee of Foreign Correspondence of the respective jurisdictions, adopt certain resolutions recognizing the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and in effect restoring the ancient friendly relations existing between the said Grand Lodges and the Craft in their respective jurisdictions :

NOW, THEREFORE KNOW YE, that the aforesaid edict, forbidding and interdicting masonic intercourse between the lodges and brethren under the respective jurisdictions of New York and Pennsylvania, is hereby revoked and annulled, and is of

¹ The above applies only to meetings called to confer degrees upon candidates already accepted. Otherwise in the absence of the Master and Wardens a lodge cannot be opened.

no further force or effect; and the resolution of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, upon which said edict was founded, is in like manner declared to be inoperative and void, as the conditions upon which the said resolution was passed have been removed in manner as aforesaid; and we do hereby, as you are directed and required to do, cordially extend to the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and to the lodges and brethren under its jurisdiction, THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP; and

WHEREAS, at the last annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, the subject matter of our relations with the M. W. Grand Lodge of Canada was referred to the Grand Officers, with full powers to act in the premises; and

WHEREAS, at a subsequent meeting of said Grand Officers, such action was taken as fully to recognize the said M. W. Grand Lodge of Canada, and the lodges and brethren under its jurisdiction:

NOW, THEREFORE KNOW YE FURTHER, that we do in like manner recognize and acknowledge the M. W. Grand Lodge of Canada as a regular and lawful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and the lodges and brethren under its jurisdiction as regular lodges and regular and highly esteemed masonic brethren; and we request you in like manner to extend to them, as we do now, THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

Witness my hand and seal at the place and on the day and year first above written.

JOHN L. LEWIS, JR.,
Grand Master.

ATTEST,
JAMES M. AUSTIN,
Grand Secretary.

SELF-EXAMINING SOCIETY.

WITH some defects there is much good advice in the following extract, and it is conveyed in that pleasant, good-humored style that makes counsel so agreeable. The only serious error in it is that the writer has confused the duty of advising an erring neighbor with the "spy and tattle system," so diametrically opposite:

SELF-EXAMINING SOCIETY.

A New Society under this name has been recently established, the Constitution of which is as follows:

ARTICLE 1.—This Society shall be known by the name of the Self-Examining Society, and shall be composed of members of both sexes, whose minds and hearts are capable of moral improvement.

ART. 2.—The object of this Society shall be, while they see each other's faults, to feel and correct their own. To suppress all manner of deceit and hypocrisy, slander and defamation, backbiting and evil speaking, with all that tends to injure or defraud our neighbor, either of his property or character.

ART. 3.—This Society shall be independent of all other societies, each member being invested with full powers and privileges to attend to his own concerns; and he shall make it his duty to mind his own business and let others alone. And no President, Vice President, Secretary, Spies, Informers, Committees, or Delegates, shall ever be chosen by this Society to watch over the conduct of others, or make a report of their neighbor's misdoings, until such a work of charity shall have begun at home.

ART. 4.—There shall be no public meetings of this society on any appointed days, to manage its concerns or hear lectures delivered before it; but it shall be the duty of every member to meet himself alone every day, and listen to the lectures of his own conscience.

ART. 5.—No money shall be raised from time to time to support this Society, nor to circulate Self-Examining Almanacs, to convince us how much easier it is to examine others than it is to examine ourselves.

ART. 6.—Every member of this Society shall pay due regard to temperance in eating and drinking, and in every thing else. But he shall be his own judge what he shall eat, and what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed—while gluttony and drunkenness and tight lacing shall be left to the gnawings of their conscience and the consumption, with all the popular reproach they deserve.

ART. 7.—Every member of this Society shall be allowed to drink tea or coffee, cold water, buttermilk, or lemonade, as suits him best; or chew, or smoke, or take snuff, when it is not offensive to the company he is in, without being excommunicated from good society, or delivered over to the buffetings of the Pharisees.

ART. 8.—No member of this Society shall ever set himself up above his fellows, or seek to establish his own character and confidence, by blackening his neighbor's good name, thinking to make his own appear whiter; but it shall be the duty of every one to examine his own heart and disposition, and set a double guard over the sin that most besets himself.

ART. 9.—The members of this Society shall seek to do good, and not evil—love and not hate each other—bear with the faults and infirmities of others, knowing that they themselves are men (or women) of like passions and imperfections.

Notes and Gleanings.

HOSPITALITY.—The white stone mentioned in the Apocalypse, appears to bear some relation to a particular custom among the ancients, with which they commenced and perpetuated a refined friendship. For this purpose the contracting parties took a small piece of bone, ivory, or stone, and dividing it into equal and similar parts, one of the persons wrote his name on one of these and his friend upon the other, and they made a mutual exchange. This little ticket, or "keepsake," was retained as a sacred pledge and remembrancer of an attachment the most sacred and inviolable, entire, and permanent, that could be found. Including the word, sign, and token of an endeared fraternity, it was the means of ascertaining the heart's affection for the possessor, should he present it after many years' absence, and of securing for him a welcome to the privileges, and a share in the endearments of hospitality and love. Of course the token was carefully preserved. Though, in itself, considered of the smallest worth, yet as the memorial of a highly esteemed friend, as it renewed those kind emotions of which he was the object, and called up a history on which the heart delighted to dwell, its value became inestimable, and lest some one else should take the advantage of it, the possessor kept it with great privacy, and cautiously concealed from every one the name and mark engraved upon it.

INSTRUMENTAL MASONRY.—The instrumental consists in the use and application of various tools and implements, such as the common gauge, the square, the plumb-line, the level, and others that may be called mathematical, invented to find the size or magnitude of the several parts or materials whereof our buildings are composed, to prove when they are wrought into due form and proportion, and when so wrought, to fix them in their proper places and positions, and likewise to take the dimensions of all bodies, whether plain or solid, and to adjust and settle the proportions of space and extent. To this part also belongs the use of various other instruments or machines, such as the lever, the wheel and axle, the wedge, the screw, the pulley, &c., which may be called mechanical, being used to forward and expe-

dite our business, to alleviate our toils, and enable us to perform with a single hand what could not be done without many, and in some cases not at all; and those more properly belonging to our brethren of the second degree, styled Fellowcrafts.

JEWISH SYMBOLS.—The Jews had many symbols represented on the Tabernacle and the Temple. Moses placed in the former two cherubims, or sphynxes, as well as ornaments and decorations of flower-work; and figures of cherubims were embroidered on the veil of the Holy of Holies, on the hangings of the sanctuary, and probably on the curtain also. It is evident, therefore, that Moses never intended to prohibit the use of symbols; nor was such a thing understood by the Jews in any age. Solomon did not so understand him, for in his temple the cherubims were represented in the Sanctum Sanctorum, and he decorated the walls with palm-trees, cherubims, flowers, and other figures. The brazen sea rested upon twelve oxen. In Ezekiel's description of the temple are many figures, which, like the Egyptian deities, had heads of animals. The pillars, Jachin and Boaz, were decorated with lily-work, net-work, and pomegranates, as symbols of the peace, unity, and plenty which distinguished the building. Even after the Babylonish captivity the same symbolical system was used. The golden lamp in the second temple, of which a representation is still extant on the triumphal arch of Vespasian at Rome, was placed on sphynxes. In the roof, and at the gate of Zerubbabel's temple, there were golden vines, thickly charged with rich clusters of grapes.

IMPUTATIONS.—The errors or crimes of individuals ought only to reflect discredit on the offending; parties for a gigantic society like ours, whose professors are spread over the face of the earth, and are found in every civilized country on the globe, cannot be responsible for the misconduct of every single member of its body. It is very common to hear those who are not Masons urge this argument with all the force and confidence of conviction. A Mason has miscondacted himself most grossly, they will say, and therefore Masonry must be a bad institution. But this way of reasoning is absurd. Take

the argument in another point of view, and what does it end in? Why, a general condemnation of all institutions, human and divine. How would it shock our ears were it applied to Christianity. A Christian has been guilty of acts of violence; he has robbed one neighbor, slandered another, and murdered a third; and therefore—mark the consequence—Christianity must be a bad institution. Is not this preposterous? Does it follow because a wicked Christian commits murder, that the Christian religion must necessarily recommend the commission of murder? So Masonry. If some brethren so far forget their solemn obligations as to overstep the boundaries of decency; if they set the censure of the world at defiance, and disgrace themselves in the eyes of God and man, it cannot be urged that the institution recommends this conduct.

PEACE.—A Masons' Lodge is the temple of peace, harmony, and brotherly love. Nothing is allowed to enter which has the remotest tendency to disturb the quietude of its pursuits. A calm inquiry into the beauty of wisdom and virtue, and the study of moral geometry may be prosecuted without excitement; and they constitute the chief employment in the tyled recesses of the lodge. The lessons of virtue which proceed from the east, like rays of brilliant light streaming from the rising sun, illumined the west and south; and as the work proceeds, are carefully imbibed by the workmen. Thus while Wisdom contrives the plan and instructs the workmen, Strength lends its able support to the moral fabric, and Beauty adorns it with curious and cunning workmanship. All this is accomplished without the use of either axe, hammer, or any other tool of brass or iron, within the precinct of the temple, to disturb the peaceful sanctity of that holy place.

PRUDENCE.—The emblem of prudence is the first and most exalted object that demands our attention in the lodge. It is placed in the centre, ever to be present to the eye of the Mason, that his heart may be attentive to her dictates, and steadfast in her laws; for prudence is the rule of all virtues; prudence is the path which leads to every degree of propriety; prudence is the channel whence self-approbation flows forever. She leads us forth to

worthy actions, and, as a blazing star, enlightens us throughout the dreary and darksome paths of life.

OBSERVANCES.—Almost all the circumstances attending the promulgation of the Jewish dispensations have been introduced into Freemasonry; and the particular observances incorporated with its ceremonial. The divine appearance at the burning bush, the shoes, the rod, the serpent, and the sacred name, are equally embodied in the system. The plagues of Egypt, with the signs which attended the divine deliverance of the children of Israel from captivity—the pillar of a cloud and of fire, the mighty winds, the division of the Red Sea, the salvation of God's people, and the destruction of Pharoah and his host; the wanderings in the wilderness, the delivery of the law, the building of the Tabernacle, and the establishment of the hierarchy, the order observed in the frequent migrations, led by the banners of each tribe, and other important events, all form parts of the complicated system of Freemasonry, and show its connection with the offices of religion.

POETRY OF MASONRY.—An intelligible view of the poetry of Masonry may be gathered from its general principles. It inculcates brotherly love amongst mankind; it tends to soften the harshness of an exclusive feeling towards those who differ from us in our views of religion and politics although it allows of no discussions on either the one or the other; it suppresses the attachment to class, which is the bane of all other institutions; and, by the purity of its sentiments, it harmonizes the mind, ameliorates the disposition, and produces that genuine feeling of benevolence and Christian charity which "suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, doth not behave unseemingly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, endureth all things."

INTEGRITY.—As no man will build a house upon a bog or quicksand, a man of suspicious integrity will be found equally unfit to sustain the character of a true Mason.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.—“I am much inclined to think,” says Faber (Cab. vol. i. p. 227), “that the sacred ark, or boat of God, overshadowed by the protecting wings of the cherubim, has the very same commemorative allusion to the Noetic ark as the baris of Egypt. It is perpetually called the ark of the covenant, with a primary reference, I apprehend, to the covenant vouchsafed by God to Noah, though, doubtless, with a secondary reference to that same covenant renewed in a particular manner with the seed of Abraham. Hence, in the Jewish tabernacle, it was surmounted by the mercy seat and the cherubim, as the mercy of God rested upon the diluvian ark, and as his providence guarded it from surrounding dangers. In all the sacred processions, and in all the marches of Israel through the wilderness, it was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the priests, exactly in the same manner as the baris of the Egyptian ogdoad; but there was this essential difference between them, the ark was consecrated to the service of the Most High, and served perpetually to remind his chosen people of the most signal instance of divine mercy and justice; while the primitive use of the baris was miserably perverted to the purposes of a base and degraded idolatry.” Sacred chests, bearing much the resemblance in principle to this ark, have been found in different ancient and modern nations. We incline to suppose that those of the heathen were either copies of the Mosaic ark, or else that the idea was sufficiently simple and natural to occur among people who had no intercommunication or common source of knowledge. The Egyptians, on some occasions, carried in solemn processions a sacred chest, containing the secret things and mysteries of their religion. The Trojans also had a sacred chest; and the palladium of the Greeks and Romans was something not very unlike. It is further remarkable, that as the Hebrew tabernacle had a holy of holies in which the ark was deposited, so had the heathen in the inmost part of their temples, an adytum, or penetrale, which none but the priests might enter.

Some say that there were two arks. In Siphre, it says that the ark which moved in advance of the camps was the one that contained the two broken tables. R. Joda ben Lakish held the opinion that Israel carried two arks in the wilderness, one

made by Moses previous to that of Bezaleel, in which he put the broken tables, and the other made by Bezaleel after the construction of the tabernacle, in which the new ones were placed. Of these two, the one Moses had made went before the camp in the three days’ journey, and went out with the army when they offered battle, and was the one captured by the Philistines in the time of Eli; but that of Bezaleel, which contained the other tables and the law, always moved in the centre of the camps. This is, however, an error, because there was but one ark in the camp of the Israelites.

“The inhabitants of the north of Germany,” says Picart (Cer. vol. iii. p. 146), “and our Saxon ancestors in general, worshipped Herthum, i. e. the Mother Earth, and believed her to interpose in the affairs of men, and to visit nations; that to her, within a sacred grove, a vehicle or ark, covered with a vestment, was consecrated, and allowed to be touched by the priests alone, who perceived when the goddess entered into this her secret place, and with profound veneration attended her vehicle, which was drawn by cows.” The same custom was imitated in almost all nations. Even the savages in the South Sea Islands had their sacred ark, or chest, which was carried on poles, and was not allowed to be profaned by the touch of an unconsecrated person. The gold of the ark was symbolical of the divinity of Christ; the wood, of his humanity; the crown was typical of his *regal* character; the pot of manna, of his *priestly* office—feeding his people with spiritual food; and the mercy seat, of his *prophetical* dignity; while Aaron’s rod was an emblem of his resurrection—of the revival and blooming of his body after it had been consigned to the grave.

The most striking analogy between the ark of the covenant and the sacred chests of other nations, is exhibited in one of the South Sea Islands discovered by Captain Cook. Hawkesworth describes it as “a kind of chest, or ark, the lid of which was nicely sewed on, and thatched very neatly with palm-nut leaves. It was fixed upon two poles, and supported upon little arches of wood, very neatly covered; the use of the poles seemed to be to remove it from place to place, in the manner of our sedan-chairs. In one end of it was a square hole, in the middle of which was a ring

touching the sides, and leaving the angles open, so as to form a round hole within, a square one without. The first time Sir Joseph Banks saw this coffer, the aperture at the end was stopped with a piece of cloth, which, lest he should give offence, he left untouched. Probably there was then something within ; but now the cloth was taken away, it was empty. The general resemblance between this repository and the ark of the Jews is remarkable ; but it is still more remarkable that, upon inquiring of the boy what it was called, he said *Eloharre no Elau*, the House of God. He could, however, give no account of its signification or use."

THE CHERUBIMS.—The cherubims are pourtrayed by Ezekiel as being in the form of a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle. (Ant. Freemas. p. 202, note 48, new ed.) Some of our brethren are inclined to invest them with an astronomical character, and explain their views in the following manner:—According to the usual system of chronology, the world was created about 5845 years ago ; but making allowance for the precession of the equinoxes, the sun, at the winter solstice, was then in Aquarius (the *man* with the pitcher of water) ; at the vernal equinox it was in *Taurus* ; at the summer solstice, in *Leo* ; and at the autumnal equinox, in *Scorpio* ; instead of the latter the Jews and Babylonians used the figure of an *eagle* ; and thus these four cardinal constellations derived their names from the appearance of the cherubims. In process of time the knowledge of the cherubim was lost, and the equinoctial and solstitial constellations themselves held in veneration by idolaters. By degrees, however, the sun passed out of the bull, and got into the constellation of the ram at the vernal equinox ; and hence, while some of the Mystæ employed still their old deity, or deified bull, others adopted the ram. In the former case, the hierophant was clothed in a bull's hide, while others used a ram's skin ; which we now, to christianize the symbol, denominate a lamb's skin.

Rabba Abraham Ab Ezra thinks that the cherubim signify any shape, either of bird, beast, or man ; as in Ezekiel, the beasts which appeared having the face of a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle, are in a subsequent chapter called cherubims. But it must be observed that the prophet

calls them cherubims, not on account of the form or shape in which they appeared, but because he knew them to be angels or spirits of God. He therefore gave the same name to them all, and there their form is expressed ; but when they are called cherubims, without any determination of their form, they are always to be understood as appearing in human shape.

This shows they were made like flying creatures ; but had not the resemblance of any fowl that we know, (See Josephus, flying animals like to none of those which are seen by men ; but such as Moses saw figured in the throne of God, when he beheld his majesty in the mount, attended by the heavenly host. And again, nobody can tell or conceive what the cherubims were like. Some think that we may understand their true figure from what Ezekiel said of them, and that they had the face of oxen ; for that face which Ezekiel calls the face of an ox, is afterwards called the face of a cherub. But it is to be considered, that there is no proof that the cherubims spoken of by Moses had the same face with those mentioned by Ezekiel, but were rather a quite different representation. For here God was represented as dwelling, nay, sitting and abiding among the Israelites ; but there as removing and departing quite away from his dwelling-place ; and consequently, I conceive, his ministers and attendants appear then in quite different shapes from what they had now.

It is remarkable, how faithfully the heathen nations imitated the practice of the true worshippers in the construction of their symbolical machinery. The imaginary forms of the cherubim were multiplied in every fanciful variety, to accommodate the demands of a false worship. The sun was the great deity of most idolatrous nations ; and the cherubic emblems were enlisted to represent that potent divinity. The *man* was Osiris, or Apollo, or the solar deity under whatever name in all the countries under heaven ; the *lion*, with shaggy mane, and fire sparkling from his eyes, symbolized the same luminary ; as did the head of the *ox*, garnished with horns, like the rays of light which streamed from the head of Moses when he returned from the mount ; and also the *eagle*, from the swiftness of his motion, and his propensity to soar with steadfast look at the blaze of light by which every other

creature is overpowered. These animals being symbolical of fire, light, and air, became venerated and embodied in the persons of Ptha or Vulcan, Osiris or Mithra; and Cneph or Zeus. Thus the cherubic symbol of the true God was dissected, and converted into a radix whence were derived almost all the principal divinities in the mythological pantheon of the heathen world.

THE TABERNACLE.—Some have compared the tabernacle of Moses to the heavens, from the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. xii. 2,) who mentions three heavens corresponding with the three divisions of the tabernacle. The first heaven is the air, wherein winds, clouds, and fowls do fly; second, the upper firmament, where the sun, moon, and stars are set; third, the high places where angels dwell. The first of these is like the outward court of the tabernacle, and is most open to us; the second is like the inward court, less open, and abounding with starry lights or lamps, never going out; and the next is as the Sanctum Sanctorum, whither He is entered once for all, who is a priest for ever, and maketh intercession for us. In the two lowest is no felicity, for neither the fowls nor stars are happy. It is the third of these alone where the blessed Trinity enjoyeth itself, and the glorified spirits enjoy it.

SPANISH CATHOLIC INTERDICTION.—A few years ago the following placard was posted in the streets of Lisbon, to influence the people against the Freemasons: "Let the Queen deal death at one blow to the republican monster of Freemasonry. The gallows and the triangles must work conjointly and with energy, and fires must be kindled in every quarter of Portugal, to reduce to ashes the bodies and property of these vile monsters. Then, and then only, may we exclaim triumphantly—Long live our holy religion! Long live our beloved Queen! Long live all true loyalists! Death and destruction to all Freemasons!"

MASONS IN THE UNITED STATES FIFTY YEARS AGO.—In 1805 Webb gave a list of 16 Grand Lodges, and 588 private ones; and reckoning thirty members to each, which would be a fair average for the United States at that time, gives a total of

17,640 members, viz.: Massachusetts, 82; New Hampshire, 9; Connecticut, 46; Vermont, 20; New York, 102; New Jersey, 15; Pennsylvania, 100; Delaware, 5; Virginia, 65; North and South Carolina, 77; Georgia, 21; Kentucky, 6; and Upper and Lower Canada, 24 lodges.

Close of Our Third Volume.

IT is customary in histrionic performances for the manager of the work at the close to make his bow to the public who have patronized his exertions to please, entertain, and perchance instruct and elevate their ideas by the passing pageant he has been instrumental in evoking. In like manner we beg to be indulged by those who have considered our work for the past eighteen months worthy of their patronage. The scenes may not in every case have been as satisfactory as either them or ourselves could wish, but the effect of the three several acts which now have brought the play in all of its parts to a close, and completed the different arrangements necessary for that consummation, have been, we are free to believe, entirely satisfactory.

To please all is a task impossible, therefore we have not attempted it. To honestly speak out our solemn convictions of right and wrong, whenever and wherever they obtained, has been our highest ambition. Our sentiments on some leading questions, viz., the universality of Freemasonry and its antiquity, while they are not the generally received sentiments or opinions of the Fraternity, have not been settled upon by us without careful reading and study. This is not the place to recapitulate the reasons which have induced us to embrace the persuasion confessed upon these subjects in the pages of our magazine. If what we have said upon them in those confessions have not been satisfactory, then we must let time and an enlarged order of intelligence remove the doubts which still rest upon the minds of the more liberally minded. While the abstract sentiment which is alike the leading feature of religion and Freemasonry, viz., love to God and one's neighbor, is universal, the annunciation or belief that such abstract principle has ever

been exhibited by the Fraternity of Freemasons, and acted upon without regard to religious denomination, sect, or country, is mischievous, and the statement we believe untrue. To claim this as the rule of their conduct is claiming too much—claiming more than humanity can claim for any human association; and as an exponent of the principles of Ancient Craft Masonry, this magazine will never be found advancing such a claim. Change is written upon all things earthly, and human associations and societies partake of this character. That any thing, therefore of a human character could be perfect at its inception, or, being founded at a time when human ignorance and prejudice obtained in an eminent degree, could throw off the shackles that bound the members of its body, individually, and, as a society, step out as the universal lover of mankind, can scarcely be believed by the enlightened mind. We do not believe it, nor do we think less of the Fraternity as at present existing, because Freemasonry was fashioned and launched into position among human institutions at that time, and perfected in its several parts so far as could then be done.

If the institution is a correct sodality—one that is calculated to benefit mankind in an especial degree, more cannot be claimed for it than is claimed for the Christian religion; and no one, we presume, who is well read in the history or principles of the latter will assert that in its government, rules and regulations, it is universal, or that a man who openly expresses disbelief in its patent doctrines will be admitted into its bosom upon *any* terms of fellowship with those who openly avow their love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and belief in the merits of his atonement for the sins of the human race.

Whilst we are free to express our own opinion upon this, as well as all other subjects which claim the attention of the Fraternity in America, it must not be presumed that our pages are closed to a full or fair discussion of them by others. Had we never known darkness, we had never appreciated the glory and happiness of light. Articles written in a spirit of peace and gentleness, no matter how forcibly they may attack our own position upon any of the leading questions which engage the minds of the brethren, will receive the respect they merit, and place

in our pages—pages which for respectability, we believe, have fairly won the first place in the hearts and minds of the Fraternity in America. And be it known, generally and wide spread as our circulation is, that we invite the scholar, the poet, the jurist, the commentator, and men of letters generally, to contribute of their abundance—thoughts couched in language which will hand down their names, connected with their best efforts, to an appreciating posterity.

With the opening number of our succeeding volumes we propose laying before our readers the work in a new, and, we believe, more acceptable form. In the present shape of our page we have often found ourselves cramped by its double columns to destroy the beauty of flowing verse and attractive illustration. This we design to correct by a broad measure and a somewhat larger type. To the aged brother, whose eyes in the course of human nature's subjection to the ravages of time have lost their brightness, this change will, we know, be a gratification; whilst from all, the appearance which our new volumes will present, commendation may reasonably be expected. Without being vain, we believe it cannot be denied, that in the pages of the AMERICAN FREEMASON we have inaugurated a beauty of typography and tasteful arrangement of matter which was never before exhibited by any Masonic periodical in America or elsewhere; and we have only to say that our new volumes shall in no wise lessen the character we have acquired in this particular. The magazine will not be changed in the size of its pages or their number monthly, but a uniformity in this respect shall be always preserved. The change anticipated will lie chiefly in the adoption of a broad measure instead of two columns, and a substitution for the present size of a somewhat larger type to correspond with the increased length of line.

And now, friends, brothers, and kind patrons all, we tender you our sincere thanks for your manifest appreciation of our labors during the past eighteen months; and, in soliciting of you the continuance of material aid and friendly counsel, we promise you we shall endeavor to render the AMERICAN FREEMASON worthy of your constant regards and fraternal encouragement.



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